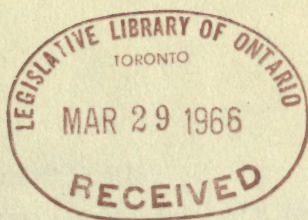
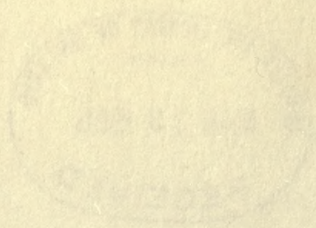


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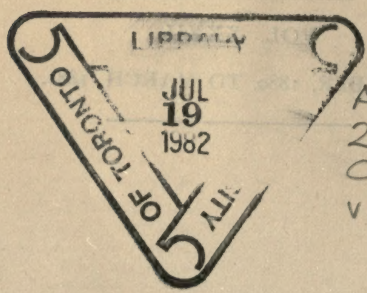
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THE CHANGES IN OXFORD.

A VISIT of Cardinal Newman to Oxford a few months ago, as a guest of the Fellows of Trinity, is suggestive of some hope for the future. It is suggestive also of recollections of the past. Half a century has gone by since John Henry Newman was elected a scholar of Trinity, and within that period such mighty changes have been wrought in the religious and academical life of Oxford that a new world of thought and a new compass of object may be said to have been begotten in the university. Cardinal Newman's own life has in real sense impersonated much of the change which has come over the Old World. He combines the past with the present—the best of the past with the best of the present—all the earnestness of research and of will with all the harvest of possession and reward. To his eminence the recollections of Oxford are always at once sweet and trying. The very remembrance of difficulties, of struggles, of separations, has much in it to give pleasure and pain. The acquisition of what is new, though at the same time it be precious, does not efface the deep loss of early sympathies. No one has written more tenderly and pathetically on the pain of separation from old friends, from old scenes, old interests and associations, than the eminent theologian who has done more to convert Anglicans than perhaps all other converts put together. It is this naturalness of sentiment, this kind, simple friendship, which has won the cordial sympathy of all Englishmen, and caused Protestants, however wedded to their prejudices, to respect, and even to love, Cardinal Newman. He has never willingly given offence to an adversary ;

he has never been the aggressor in controversy ; he has only defended any position which was assailed, and this, too, with immense charity and quiet modesty. If every Catholic controversialist had the spirit of Cardinal Newman, his especial gift of making the best of an adversary's case, more Anglicans would be drawn to the church by "a soft answer" than are now repelled from it by egoism or harshness.

At Littlemore, a village near Oxford, "Dr. Newman" established a religious community which was kindred, at least in spirit, to a Catholic monastery. It was in this retreat that Dr. Newman was led, by divine charity, to embrace the one faith of the one church. We in these days can hardly measure the extent of the struggle—the tremendous wrench of the man from his surroundings—which was involved in such a novel resolution. At Oxford, forty years ago, there was no more "movement towards Rome" than there was towards the church of the czar. When the Oxford movement first began the tendency was so half-hearted that the "Eastern Church" had more attraction than the Western. The idea of union, of return to Catholicity, was but partially apprehended by the "Tractarians." It was rather formulated in such a phrase as "Cannot the primitive Church of England be united, by concession on either side, with the Catholic and Holy Eastern Church?" than formulated by such a phrase as "Cannot we submit, heart and conscience, to the supreme authority of the Holy Roman See?" "Romanism," as it was then called, and as it is still called by the ignorant, was regarded as slightly inferior to czarodoxy. The notion was that the Church of England was primitive ; that czarodoxy was only a few shades less primitive ; but that Romanism was a growth of a later period, and therefore not quite so catholic as the Eastern Church. Accordingly we find that Mr. Palmer went to the East to try to open the way to reconciliation. But, to use a conventional word, he was "snubbed." The Archbishop of Canterbury was not recognized. The Church of England was regarded as a state invention, a state machine, which had never possessed even a priesthood. The history of that church was well known. It was no more primitive than was Henry VIII. or Queen Elizabeth. It had not one single link with the primitive church. The Eastern bishops and priests therefore repudiated an alliance with an institution which was born of illegitimacy. All the world knew that Queen Elizabeth's illegitimacy was the real cause of her repudiating the pope's authority, just as Henry VIII.'s most disreputable marriages were the real cause of his doing the same

thing. The East would not listen to English flattery. Mr. Palmer had to abandon his expectation of uniting English heresies with Eastern schisms.

Yet at Oxford there was an undercurrent of suspicion that the East, without the West, was imperfect. Besides, the West was so very much closer than the East, so much more familiar by association, that only the very learned knew anything about the East, whereas everybody knew something about the West. "Perilously near to Rome" was a phrase which had a meaning for every Protestant, man, woman, and child; but perilously near to St. Petersburg, to Moscow, or to all the Russias had but a very vague suggestion of proximity. The real truth came to be known that the coquetting with the Eastern Church was a veil, an apology, even a deception; and that if Catholicity was to be had there must be union with the Holy See, not with the successors of Peter the Great.

Dr. Newman was the first to break away from the pleasant delusion of substituting Eastern dreams for Western truths. When *he* became a Catholic every Englishman understood that Catholicity meant "submission to Rome." And though the Eastern hallucination continued to spread, and has even now some respectable votaries, the whole of England is aware that union with the Eastern Church would only add to the gigantic compass of schism. Indeed, the few Eastern ecclesiastics who have come over to England, and who have returned hospitality by soft speaking, have been laughed at as the allies of the magnates of the Broad-Church party, but as having nothing at all Catholic about them. The Ritualists have quite dropped their Slavonic idols, quite as much as they have dropped their own communion. The High-Church party has become "drier" than ever, and knows nothing of Russian "popes" or Ritualist priests. Indeed, the High-Church party is now quite pointless, a mere compound of respectability and moderation. The Low-Church party is much the same thing with Dissent, and only differs from it in belonging to the state church. The old Tractarian party, of which Dr. Newman was leader, has utterly faded away and is extinct. The sole object of that party, the pure, earnest aspiration, was search after the primitive church. The Ritualists assure us that they have found it. But what was called "Puseyism"—but which was more accurately "Newmanism"—has no votaries, and can have them no more. Catholicity was justified in Dr. Newman. His brother writers, his contemporaries, and his followers have lost their avocation, their *raison d'être*. The search has been completed,

the object has been found, but irresoluteness keeps "Puseyites" out of the church.

The Oxford of thirty years ago and the Oxford of to-day differ in more than one grave particular. Religiously there has been a considerable going back. Academically there has been a considerable march forward. Religiously, as has been suggested, the inquiry after truth has given place to a sort of speculative religiosity. Even the intellectual activities which worry the Oxford mind are devoid of the old religious earnestness. Such activities are in the direction of compromise. To suggest how it may be possible to retain the sentiment of Christianity, without authority, without dogma, without obedience; to advocate churchism on the ground of Christian seemliness, or nationalism on the ground of social unity; to avoid open schism by paring down differences, or rank scepticism by praising a few doctrines; to keep midway between the fantasies of an Ernest Renan and the hard lines of sectarian bigotry—such are the puzzling problems which the intellect has to work out, but with which the soul can have but little to do. There was always a certain section of university preachers who used to indulge a vain fondness for speculation; but in past times there were also many preachers who were earnest in the search after Catholicity. Even the late Dr. Wilberforce once said in St. Mary's pulpit: "Would to God we were one with our true sister, Rome, through whom we derive our orders, the sacraments, and all that we possess!" It may be doubted whether any preacher in these days would like to risk such an aspiration in the same pulpit. The newest fashion at Oxford is, as we have said, to cherish evasion and to try to make unreality look scholarly. The result is a "farrago," as the *Church Review* has called it, of contradictory and injurious speculations. And the fashion set at Oxford is copied throughout the nation with more or less feebleness or affectation. It is true that the Oxford religion is assumed to be academical, in the sense of being a culture of the intellect; and that "down in the country" there is less pretence of fine learning, and perhaps more real earnestness, or at least simplicity. But the "breadth" of the Oxford religion is the "breadth" of the country religion; and latitudinarianism abounds everywhere. The new proposal to found at Oxford "Theological Halls," at which graduates may study for holy orders, is but one more endeavor to cast dust in the country's eyes, that it may not realize the stupendous failure of Anglicanism. It is also a confession that, for the last three hundred years, Anglican clergymen have been half educated. The

Archbishop of Canterbury has said that it is "curious" that the Church of England, since the time of the Reformation, has never had any special system of clerical culture. It would have been much more "curious" if it had had any. "A hundred sects battling within one church," as Lord Macaulay has described the Establishment, were not likely to agree upon any system of culture for the candidates for orders for the whole "hundred." The hundred sects are still less likely to agree now. Ritualism has added a stupendous item of "battling" which makes agreement more improbable than ever. The Archbishop of Canterbury proposes to found the new halls on what he is pleased to call "the principles of the Reformation." But seeing that those principles have produced nothing but "battling," and that Ritualism is their most contemptuous condemnation, while Ritualism itself stands condemned by the fact that it calls its own church apostate from the beginning, we cannot see how new halls for the rehabilitating of the old fallacies can produce any logical Anglicanism. Unreality cannot be patched up into reality. Oxford cannot re-beget Christianity. The intellectualism of Oxford is pious rationalism and nothing more. It is rationalism *plus* the sentiment of Christianity.

Cardinal Newman preached two sermons at Oxford during his brief stay with the Fellows of Trinity College, not, indeed, in any university chapel, but in the Catholic church of St. Aloysius. Very aptly taking the divine mysteries for his first subject and the Catholic pastorate for his second, he showed that the Christian intellect has to be obedient, and that to be obedient it must have an authority to obey. Exquisitely simple yet convincing, the cardinal's style was the exact opposite of the pretentiousness which makes Anglican preachers preach *themselves*. If all the dons of the university could have listened to those two sermons they would have realized the simple truth, of which at present they seem unconscious, that intellectual humility must precede knowledge. If God tells us anything about himself, said his eminence, he must necessarily tell us a mystery; and if we are to understand what we are to believe about a mystery we must have a divine authority to inform us. This was the practical bearing of the two simple sermons which his eminence preached when at Oxford. Now, the Oxford "theology," as it is funnily termed, is grounded on two opposite postulates. The first is that no mystery need be believed which each Oxonian does not *think* he finds in the Bible; and the second is that when he *thinks* he has discovered it he may *think* about it just what he

will. No beating about the bush can make escape from the truisms which three centuries of Oxford Anglicanism have rendered patent. The unreality which is talked about the authority of the early church, of the early councils, of the early patristic doctors or saints, can make no escape from the truism that every Oxonian must interpret all such writings for himself. And since Oxford "theology" declares of the whole church that it taught errors for the space of "eight hundred years and more," and that consequently it must be always liable to go wrong, and indeed is much more likely to go wrong than to go right, the irresistible conclusion is that individual Oxonians must share the same painful religious ignorance. How, then, can any Oxford "select preacher" get into the pulpit of St. Mary's, and *teach* the eternal truth of the eternal mysteries, when he has to begin by assuring his hearers that *they* are his teachers, or that, at least, they are equally competent to teach *him*? And this is exactly the same thing with saying that nobody is competent to teach anybody. Away go the divine mysteries, with Christian faith in divine mysteries, at the very appearance of a "select preacher" in the pulpit. Such a preacher is only selected to preach himself because he has no authority to preach truth. He may be endowed with cunning capacity to preach "views," but the next preacher who comes after him will demolish them. The present writer has heard a select preacher, in the afternoon, cut up the preacher of the morning into little bits. And this not on points of mere opinion, not on open or debatable questions, but on the doctrine of Christian baptism, on the doctrine of confession, on such an awful divine mystery as the Real Presence. The afternoon preacher, no doubt most unintentionally, calls the morning preacher a heretic or an idiot. Oxford theology is a game at ninepins. The undergraduates are spectators of the pastime. And it is in church that such theological diversions are carried on for youthful edification. Coming out of church—from "the university sermon"—the undergraduates engage in friendly controversy on the merits of the "select" preaching combatants. It is obvious that they have as much authority to decide on doctrines as their teachers, who simply knock them to pieces. They may not be so well read in "the Fathers," but if they were they would have the same right to interpret them. They may not be so well "up" in the councils, but if they were they would have the same right to misjudge them. They may not as yet have put on their white ties, but if they had they would have only "ordained" their private opinions.

Oxford theology is the science of religious opinion, and Oxford holy orders are its consecration. Oxford dons are the moral police force of such opinion, and Oxford select preachers are its champions. Oxford doctrine is but systematized opinion. Oxford theology is the science of blending opposites. The Oxford University is designed to instruct young men in the arts of intellectual religiosity.

Cardinal Newman did not return to Oxford too soon, to suggest a wise escape from such dilemmas. The suggestion will probably not be adopted. The Archbishop of Canterbury's suggestion of "Theological Halls, to be founded on the principles of the Reformation," will probably be considered less exacting. Still, we must beg leave to tell his grace that his want of acquaintance with Catholic matters is hardly excusable even in a "primate." He expresses himself as approving Prince Bismarck's enforcement that Catholic students, before being ordained, should go through a course of philosophy. Now, why a Catholic student, who, by ecclesiastical rule, cannot be ordained to the Catholic priesthood without going through a course of philosophy, should be compelled to subject himself to the rationalist teaching of German free-thinkers who believe in nothing at all is not obvious—that is, religiously—to any Christian. If even Oxford philosophy—as the Oxford commissioners have told us—leads almost inevitably to heartless scepticism, what must be the result of the still more heartless kind of free-thought which Prince Bismarck is pleased to consider philosophy? However, let this pass. The subject was only worth mentioning as showing what the "primate" can do for Oxford. The great fact which the university has now to face is that the hour for decision has fully come. It is impossible to defer it any longer, if Oxford is to be saved from blank scepticism. Cardinal Newman may be said to have marked the period when the choice between extremes must be made. Oxford Protestant is now completely worn out, and Oxford sceptical has set in. Oxford Catholic is the only possible alternative, for even Oxford inquiring is at an end. What Oxford was in the days of William of Wykeham, of Waynflete, of Sir Thomas Pope, is the only Oxford that can supplant the present decadence, if the university is not to become free-thinking. The spirit of the past still calls out to the present to ask for the old paths and to be saved. It is the spirit of St. Frideswide—who laid the foundations of the priory where now stands the noble college of Christ Church—which must take the place of the spirit of Henry VIII. and Queen Elizabeth, whose portraits now

adorn the college hall. It is the spirit of the "warden and college of the souls of all the faithful deceased—*collegium omnium animarum fidelium defunctorum de Oxon.*"—which must take the place of the spirit of Grindall and Parker, who destroyed the eight altars, tore up the Catholic missals, and defaced copes, albs, and crosses when Elizabeth was pope of the new Anglicanism. It is the spirit of the founders of Magdalen College, who ordered a requiem Mass to be said for the patrons, every day in the year, in perpetuity, which must take the place of the spirit of those Protestants who "commuted" the Holy Mass for a few pieces of modern choral music to be sung, once a year, on the first of May. It is the spirit of Sir Thomas Pope, who ordered five obits yearly to be celebrated as festivals of Trinity College; it is the spirit of the charter of Corpus Christi College—of which the date was 1516—which recites that "the founder, to the praise of God Almighty, the most holy body of Christ, and the Blessed Virgin Mary, as also of the apostles Peter and Paul and Andrew, and of St. Cuthbert, St. Swithin, and St. Birin, doth found and appoint this college, always to be called Corpus Christi College"; it is the spirit of King Alfred, of Edmund le Riche, of Walter de Merton, and of a thousand Catholic contributors to the university, which must take the place of the spirit of such sacrilegious Puritans as Cromwell, or Fairfax, or Beacon, whose only idea of piety was depredation, and whose only charity was to rob the "holy souls." But *can* such a spirit be restored to Oxford? *Can* Oxford be once more really Christian? "Son of man, can these dry bones live?" It seems as if modern thought had so ploughed up Catholic foundations that the divine Architect would have to lay a new first stone.

Cardinal Newman has set the example of the only possible "spirit" in which a return to the old paths can be effected. This spirit is individual submission. It is not by "corporate union"—a fine phrase which shirks private responsibility—that conversion to the one truth is to be brought about, but by the individual apprehension of the individual duty—that is, by individual submission. It is an easier thing in these days for individuals to submit than it was five-and-twenty or thirty years ago. Even the illustrious "Dr. Newman" has told us that he had misgivings as to what he was about to go *to*, though he had none as to what he was going *from*. Anglicanism was hopeless; but there might be many a disappointment in untried spheres of thought, many a sensible loss of accustomed joys. The cardinal has told us since that there was no disappointment, no loss of any joy that was pos-

sessed. And hundreds of other clerical converts have said the same. We do not see with what excuse any Anglican can plead ignorance as to what he is going *from* or going *to*. And additional motives are being multiplied for making that great change on which present and future peace must depend. Take the developments of the "farce" of Convocation, at which Oxford is at least fairly represented; take the increasing wrangles of the clergy, of whom about one-third are Oxford men; take the growing impotence of the bishops, who have no more power to direct their clergy than have their butlers, yet who are all of them Oxford or Cambridge men, all of them typical apostles of modern Anglicanism—that is, ready to make a compromise with every heresy; and, finally, take the Archbishop of Canterbury, the "Archbishop of Heresy," as he has been called, who can only maintain peace where there is no peace by sacrificing all positive teaching, by begging his quarrelling clergy not to quarrel, and assuring them that they have nothing to quarrel about, because *credo* and *nego* are the same thing. Dr. Tait is a typical Oxford man, for he is scholarly yet charmingly pliable, a professing Christian who is unfettered by dogma, an English churchman who stretches "views" like india-rubber, an ecclesiastic who has little faith in church authority, a head of a church which does not believe in any head, a supreme authority at whom every curate smiles. In his person are united the respectability and the suavity which are so dear to every Englishman's conscience, the gentlemanly bearing which dispenses with severe obedience, and the plastic faith which greatly prefers private judgment; the breadth which includes many an error, and the sectarianism which condemns the Catholic Church. This prelate is the titular head of Anglicanism, the supreme pastor of a flock which has no shepherd—for not one of his sheep or lambs hear his voice. Oxford looks on "Canterbury" as embodying the essentials of the combination of Christianity with free-thought. Free-thought is the superior of Christianity, because Christianity is meted out by free-thought. Just so much and no more of Christian, doctrinal teaching is permitted by the free-thinking clergy as may coincide with individual apprehension, without obstructing clerical "advancement in the church." "If you could know the interior belief of all the clergy," said a lay Oxonian to the present writer but yesterday, "you would find it harder to strike a mean in their doctrines than to strike a mean in the shifting winds of a thunder-storm."

Now, Oxford is in real sense a nursery of Anglican developments; not precisely in regard to doctrinal changes—for doctrines

change continuously all over England—but in the fostering a spirit either of earnestness or indifference in regard to Christian unity or to free-thought. It is indisputable that at the present time the university of “Dr. Newman” is half rotten with unbelief—or speculation. The two spirits are in reality but one. The spirit of speculation is the spirit of unbelief, for it has no faith, no love, no emotion. It is the spirit of free-thought curbed by sentiment. It is scepticism kept from outrage by traditions. It is intellectualism piously toned by social habits. Christianity it most certainly is not. Just as attendance at morning chapel is a part of college discipline, making demand only on the energies of the early-risers, so swearing to the Thirty-nine Articles is a requirement of Oxford membership making demand only on the faculty of elasticity. It has been graciously conceded that Oxonians who are not Anglicans need not swear to the Thirty-nine Articles ; but this was mainly because persons outside Anglicanism are presumed to have more conscience than those inside. Everybody laughs at the Thirty-nine Articles—a ludicrous compound of assertion and negation—but since Anglicanism can only exist by such a compound all Anglicans accept the Articles as “a necessary evil.” Besides, since at Oxford there is an intelligence of the *history* of those Articles, an intelligence of their true character of compromise which is out of the question for merely half-instructed Anglicans, it follows that the act of “swearing” is made in strict harmony with the spirit with which the Articles were drawn up. That spirit may be called shuffling. It is a compromise between faith and private judgment. It is the subjection of the supernatural aspiration to the perfectly natural inclination to be a heretic. Nor can any one blame such a state of mind—that is, for its want of consistency. If at Oxford there is no supernatural authority, nor even “priestly” restraint, over the lay mind, save in purely conventional intercourse, the principle of private judgment is only perfectly carried out in the private interpretation of all the Articles. Let any one who has been present at the services in a college chapel, at the services in St. Mary’s on a Sunday, or even at theological lectures, given either privately or publicly, cast a stone, if he can, at the inconsistency of undergraduates in swearing to their own private views of anything. An Oxford graduate has thus summarized the religious characteristics of the Oxford college chapel and college don : “No sacrifice, no Presence on the altar—and the Oxford college chapel was a room. No priesthood that must not anathematize itself, its own history for three hundred years—and the assumption of function was

ludicrous. No sacramental or even personal relations between the dons and the lay undergraduates—and the don was in every way an anomaly.” With such total absence of *magisterium* in the teaching of Oxford in any other than an academical sense (we are speaking of Oxford during the last generation) every man became his own spiritual doctor, his own painfully fallible doctrinal pontiff. A regius professor of divinity was only a book-learned don, who was regarded as a sort of ordained librarian. “If you think of taking orders,” a tutor would say to a young graduate, “it will be necessary to attend the divinity lectures which are given by the regius professor.” And then, sitting in a cold hall, the young graduate would have to listen to a still colder treatise on certain evidences, to a string of books or of dry technicalities, “which was about as much like a course of theology as a puddle is like the full sea.” Thus, with no real science of theology, with no real study of philosophy, with no training of any sort for clerical duties, the young graduate would be launched on that supernatural career which consisted chiefly in getting married and in reading prayers.

One of the oddest things at Oxford—that is, to the Catholic apprehension—was the absolute nothingness of its bishop. He had no more to do with the spiritual governance of the university than if he had been lord-mayor of London. We have recently seen that Mr. Mackonochie, of Ritualistic celebrity, has openly defied his bishop in refusing to be suspended, or even to change any of his practices, though the bishop actually appointed another clergyman. At Oxford this principle of no-bishop was esteemed to be a privilege of the Oxford dons. It was thought to show the academical supremacy. It was only when a graduate presented himself for holy orders that the bishop became a living auxiliary. Oxonianism, like all Anglicanism, knows but little of bishops, except as the nominees of a prime minister. It knows equally little of priests. A don is a scholarly layman in a white tie, who reads prayers, gives Communion once a month, tries to look a little dignified if young men grow naughty, and perhaps “gates” them for non-attendance at chapel. It may be replied that a university is not a nursery for clergymen, but a national institution for education. Yet, since the universities were the *only* clerical nurseries which England ever imagined till a few years ago, we must cease to wonder that Anglican clergymen, bishops, priests, and deacons have been simply married gentlemen with a pious turn. The new institution of theological seminaries has only developed a more self-willed kind of clergymen, who,

imagining themselves theologians, fight the bishops and the laity with their small armory of coached-up Anglican traditions.

What, then, is to be the issue of the latest phase of Oxonianism—free-thought allied to active heresy? Probably the great mass of the “respectable” English laity will stick to their conventional Christianity—a sentimental and sometimes earnest religiousness—while the whole of the highly-educated and the whole of the listless classes will go over to sceptical indifference. This movement is now largely developed. You hear more free-talk—the result of free-thinking—in ordinary English drawing-rooms and club-rooms than you hear even in volatile Paris, while there is not that immense class of earnest Catholics in England which there is in the French capital and provincial towns, who at least preserve the faith for their descendants. The number of Catholics in England is necessarily but small—“necessarily” because of the national prejudice. And there is a certain barrier between Catholics and Protestants, not social nor resulting from antagonism, but thrown up by the diffidence of both parties to enter upon religious inter-communication. So that whereas Anglicanism goes down and down—more feeble, more irresolute, more shivered—Catholicism stands rather as a beacon, which may at any time be consulted by the earnest. But the earnest are, in most countries, the few; and the modern spirit of “modern thought” is in the opposite direction of earnestness, tending solely to pride of intellect and to ease. The pretensions of so-called science and the license of the infidel press are breeding a generation of indolent sceptics; so that the church has less to combat the developments of heresy than a spirit which hates everything but egoism. Such a spirit is very hard to convert. It is possible to convert from any sort of intellectual error, but not from listless free-thought or from pride.

His Eminence Cardinal Newman, in revisiting the university after more than a quarter of a century of Catholic experience, has invited, as we have said, the whole of the university to come out from the chaos of contradictories. He has seemed to say: “I have long set you the example of true conversion, and I now tell you what my experience has been. If Puseyism has proved a failure and Ritualism has proved a failure, and rationalism has been developed out of both failures, to whom shall you turn with any hope of finding rest, save to the mistress and mother of all truth? You have no guide who is capable of teaching you anything which you are not equally capable of teaching him. You have indeed dons, fellows, and tutors, but you have not one

authoritative guide. Return, then, to that religion and to that authority which, as Huber says, ‘made Oxford as early as the end of the ninth century the seat of the highest intellectual cultivation then existing.’” But the authoritative *guide* is just exactly that one personage for whom the Oxford undergraduate does not search. He used to search for him in the Tractarian days, but he has long since ceased to think that he can really find him. At the recent Oxford commemoration, when the lively undergraduates made sport of their unpopular dons, they were only “chaffing” the lay side of their character, knowing perfectly that they had no real priestly side. That white tie which the Oxford don wears is but the badge of decorous serenity ; it is no more accepted as the livery of priesthood than as the uniform of the regiment of the First Life-Guards. Priesthood at Oxford means reading prayers, with the unwelcome college duty of giving lectures and the objectionable prerogative of giving scoldings. The dons do not associate with the undergraduates, because they would lose their official dignity if they did so, and because they have no other kind of dignity save the official. They never perform one single priestly function, unless it be giving Anglican Holy Communion ; and that is known to be a feature in decorum which admits of very various acceptation. The Oxford proctors—who sometimes at commemoration are treated to a rude shower of hisses—are generally clergymen, whose priestly avocation consists in hunting up naughty students. They, and the four “bull-dogs” who go about with them—lay functionaries of a somewhat plebeian caste—are regarded as mere academical policemen ; and the proctors are regarded as clerical only because they are college fellows. If the proctors could be fellows without being clerical, they would, in all probability, much prefer it. The undergraduates appreciate the “supernatural” accident which is allied with the holding of a fellowship. They, too, are quite willing to be ordained, if the prize of a fellowship makes it desirable. Indeed, they have most of them some idea of being ordained, if no lay profession should seem more promising. Who shall blame them ? If Oxford theology is but speculation, and the Church of England an elastic sphere for its exercise, and the Catholic religion the *only* religion which is not professed in it, any young man of good morals can scarcely do better than take orders with a view to getting married.

A WOMAN OF CULTURE.

CHAPTER I.

THE SKELETON IN THE CLOSET.

TOWARDS the close of a certain day in January, some years removed from the present date of writing, a snow-storm was taking place in a Canadian city of note and position in its own country, but little known, save among the mercantile community, in the United States. The storm was one of the old-fashioned kind, when the flakes fell softly and thickly, and thought not of stopping for two days at least; when you could not see to any noticeable distance through the feathery veil, and enjoyed many surprising encounters in consequence; when the air rang with the music of invisible bells and human voices, and when every pleasure-loving heart was bright with the confidence of a month's uninterrupted sleighing. Those were the good old times celebrated in story and in song. Nature's generosity in the shape of a snowy, blowy, freezing winter was equalled only by the generous manner in which the Canadians celebrated its coming. In that city the winter has become a memory of the past, and so many changes have occurred in other respects as to make the period of which we write seem tinged with the romance of a century's distance. Then the woods ran close to the city limits, and occasionally, in spite of aldermanic fiat, still held with their rearguard some of the most popular thoroughfares. Now the virgin forest has fled northward, and only a rim of venerable trees ornaments the surrounding hills, the memorial of decayed glory, and a reproach to the civilization which banished so much of beauty.

The forest had been the guardian of the snow and the rain, and the friend of the rivers. Now the rivers run thin and tremulous to the lakes, shrunk into half their earlier size and deprived of all their loveliness; and the grandchildren of those who looked then with sparkling eyes and beating hearts on the piling snow, or drove day after day in the long winter season through the drifts to the tintinnabulation of the bells—those grandchildren, I say, now wait hopefully and patiently for a storm which will give them one hour of pleasant sleighing, and many days of slushy,

muddy discontent on the four wheels of a brougham. It was a city of simple, homely pleasures in the main, and these abounded to the fullest extent. Nature, like the people, was generous in her giving. In summer there was rain in abundance and cool, dry days; in winter the cold fairly sparkled, and the snow fell as it is falling this moment when the story begins, in showers that left marble appearances as common as in the days of the Roman fame.

It had been snowing for two days, and already the first indications of the clearing up of the storm were becoming apparent in the increasing volume of sleighbell music; in the rout and roar of the school-children whom careful mammas had kept within doors for forty-eight terrible hours; but more than all in the broad banners of light that waved across the snowfall from the west, where the sun was struggling, and not vainly, to throw his strongest winter light on the snow-bound land and the frozen waters of the lake. Forms were becoming more distinct, sudden encounters less numerous, and foot-passengers, although they had severe struggles in the snow-drifts, more venturesome. In those streets where wealth and respectability dwelt, ladies in furs, coachmen in liveries, and gentlemen in greatcoats were coming and going to and from every mansion, so eager were all to greet one another after a long imprisonment of two days. O the cheerful, smiling young faces that shone on every side with a brightness which their hearts had stolen from the returned sun! And the blessed old faces pressed against the windows to see the younger ones departing, with the memories of an earlier and a similar time to lighten up the wrinkles and the fast-dulling eyes! What a sight it was even to the indifferent looker-on! The greetings that were exchanged, loud and ringing as the greetings of their own sleighbells! The pretty cries from the young ladies, and the manly tones of assurance that answered them!

Up and down through the long thoroughfares went the sleighs, a winter mosaic of colored robes and silvered harness and sparkling eyes, crossing and recrossing the same streets, darting into side avenues and appearing again on the fashionable way, turning at times countrywards for a spin on the open roadway, and occasionally moving snail-like through a retired quarter, where nothing had escaped the mould of shabby gentility save undying love. But at one of the most favored points an awkward blockade occurred. It was a wide avenue leading straight to the lake, and bordered just now by the skeletons of trees. The stateliest houses of that time here had their foundations, and the bluest-

blooded of the city here sheltered their stately exclusiveness. On every gate gleamed a silvered inscription, and at every curb was a polished and carved footstone for the horsewomen of the house—for riding was an accomplishment of those days, much as it is now neglected. The blockade was extensive, and began in front of a building whose roomy grounds and numerous towers bespoke unusual wealth for the proprietor. Sleighs were constantly arriving to swell the throng already gathered, and, as the dwelling stood at the intersection of two streets, a goodly and heterogeneous crowd of vehicles was soon ranged northward and westward on the avenues.

The occupants stood on tiptoe of expectation. In the countenances of some not a little alarm was expressed, for a flame had crept from one of the chimneys of the stately dwelling, and was pushing its deft fingers along a part of the roof quite free from snow. The peril was not immediate. Moreover, the servants had come to the rescue, and a sturdy fellow was crawling on hands and knees to the spot of danger.

A little relieved from suspense, the silence of the crowd was soon changed into a murmur, and shortly the readier and more forward began to indulge their wit at the expense of their neighbors. Then the laugh followed, hilarity communicated itself with lightning speed to the whole assemblage, and it became clear that as the danger to the dwelling diminished the necessity of a speedy separation became more urgent. Some of the sleighs began to feel their way through the multitude—a proceeding which gave great offence to the majority, and brought down showers of sarcasms and biting repartee, not always of the most refined sort, upon the occupants. Others, not caring to risk receiving the same attentions, waited in silence and patience for escape from the situation, but showed plainly enough their distress and disgust. Prominent among these was a gentleman in the rear of the crowd, yet not far enough back to retreat in the direction whence he came. His turn-out was stylish and rich, but so subdued in its trappings as to attract more attention and envy from its extraordinary taste and refinement than from its richness. He sat quietly smoking a cigar and throwing contemptuous glances on those around him. They were as contemptuously received as given. The coarser ones did not hesitate to utter some sharp criticisms on his appearance, ambiguous enough, however, to apply to any gentleman in the crowd, and therefore not to be considered personal by any. Their attentions did not disturb his serenity or banish his looks of scorn. When at last

they had become bolder, and their wit was edged with a broader personality, he turned to his companion, who, holding the reins, had been as silent as himself, and said in a peculiarly cold, insulting tone: "Answer them, Quip," and returned to his cigar and his contempt.

An expectant rustle among the crowd followed the utterance of these words, a shifting of seats, a craning of necks, and a stretching of ears—as if the answers which Quip had been commanded to make were to be of a crushing and conclusive nature. The individual thus suddenly lifted into notoriety gazed for a moment on the enemy, with one eye shut after the fashion of a sage jackdaw, and then shook himself as though arranging a set of ill-natured feathers. His appearance was peculiar. The narrowness of his head and face, the Roman prominence of his nose, the backward curve of his forehead, and the surprising length of his neck gave him the air of a wise old bird. His eyes were deep-set, brilliant, and hard in expression, and his hair, dark and thick, hung straight as an Indian's over his neck. He had been eyeing the wits for some time in expressive though constrained silence. He had not, however, uttered a word, and the permission or command of the gentleman with whom he sat woke him to no further demonstration of eagerness than that which I have compared to an arranging of ill-natured feathers. The enemy seized upon the gentleman's words as a veritable challenge, and, without waiting to inspect their antagonist, crossed swords in an instant.

"Come out, Mr. Quip," said a horsey-looking youth in the distance; "unfold yourself, my hearty, to the public gaze. Don't be bashful, Mr. Quip. You'll be handled as gently as a fresh muffin." "Come out!" chorussed the jokers of minor degree. "I'm a-comin'," the gentleman answered glibly. "I like to be sure of a welcome, though. I'm poor, and there doesn't seem to be enough among the whole of you to invest in a square meal. I'm here," concluded Mr. Quip modestly, with a knowing wink at an old gentleman who was in convulsions across the way. "What are you fed on?" inquired a fast youth in an eye-glass. "Matches," said Quip; "and I blaze when rubbed against hard substances. You needn't be afraid to touch me, Johnny, for you're too soft to stand on your own legs. You shouldn't be out without your papa." "A crack in a door wouldn't be harder to photograph than you, deah Mr. Quip," lisped the other. "In a small establishment you are just the one to fill up the corners that nobody uses from being too small to get into." "Perhaps you'd like to hire me," said Mr. Quip. "No, no; yet I could

assure you of more food than you get in your present quarters." "More food to look at, perhaps; but I can do that every hour in the windows of butchers and grocers. You judge, Johnny, like a votary of the superficial world. You may feast on sirloin and honey, as it is said by the poet, and yet you can find people to swear that you are starved. But get a ten-cent dinner at a Dutch eating-house, borrow or beg a stylish rig which you never intend to pay for, and you are supposed to live on the fat of the land." And the gentleman, heaving a profound sigh, next burst into a series of explosive cachinnations that set all the horses prancing. "Now take my advice, dear friends," he continued blandly, as he saw indications of a break in the blockade: "pay your debts in this world, or the devil will collect them in the next, and he exacts a hundred per cent.; don't take it hard that some men can ride in their own carriages while you must steal one or walk—the world is full of such inequalities of fortune, and your satisfaction is that an hour must come when all will ride in the same kind of a coach; lastly, keep a civil tongue in your heads on all occasions. Adieu."

The front rank of the blockade had broken as Mr. Quip finished his moral discourse with a prodigious wink in the direction of the friendly old gentleman. All the sleighs were in motion. Down and across two avenues the stream went pouring, the horses snorting and plunging gladly at their release from unwilling bondage, and the ladies and gentlemen sparkling and glowing, as to cheeks and eyes and conversation, with redoubled fervor. Mr. Quip's enemies endeavored to make reply to his last onslaught when the movement reached their vicinity; but the bird-like fellow had already received his orders from his master, and with a bow of scornful politeness towards them, and a last and powerful wink at the merry old gentleman, had turned off into the drive of those grounds where stood the mansion so lately threatened with destruction. Another sleigh had driven to the door, and as the doctor—for of the medical profession Mr. Quip's master turned out to be—alighted and came slowly up the steps its late occupant disappeared within the house.

Within the lamps had just been lighted, and their soft brilliancy fell upon the panelled walls and rich adornments of the rooms with an effect that took the eye of the physician mightily, although he had seen it all many times. Everything was in perfect taste, and in keeping with the reputed wealth and fine social position of the man whose good fortune it was to hold the

highest business reputation in the city. Doctor Killany looked around him with the air of one accustomed to live and move among such luxuries, and he seemed more absorbed in the impatience of waiting than in actual observation of the costly comforts under his eye. Yet at that moment no picture could have been more distinct in the doctor's mind than that of the miserable, dingy bachelor rooms—miserable and dingy for his tastes and ambition, wretched by comparison with all this magnificence—which his income could with difficulty support in their tawdry grandeur. The doctor was a handsome man, not extraordinarily good-looking, but with the personal beauty which regular features, fine teeth, bright eyes, a good figure, and a polished manner can give to the most ordinary mortals. His complexion was too uniformly pale to please, and a certain pinched expression of some of the features gave a rather sinister touch to his countenance. The eyes shifted too often from one object to another. The mouth had about it the faintest suspicion of cruelty, and in his moments of meditation his brow fell to glowering with the ferocity of a Catiline. His head was intellectual in shape and size, and rested proudly on his shoulders, but the jaw was too massive to make the effect complete, whatever firmness it gave to his expression. Standing under the glare of the lamps, Doctor Killany appeared no ordinary personage. No one would forget to take a second glance at his pale face and elegant form, wondering, perhaps, that one so favored by nature should be so little favored by grace.

The servant came shortly to usher him into the library, where Mr. McDonell awaited him.

The merchant sat in his easy-chair, near the grate, his face partly hidden by a newspaper, which he did not lay aside at the entrance of his visitor. He was an old man, if judged by the whiteness of his hair and the wrinkles of his face. Care and weariness were its prevailing expression, and these qualities seemed to deepen and broaden when Doctor Killany had entered, and, walking to the mantel, stood with one arm upon the marble shelf in an attitude of superb and yet insufferable familiarity. He was smiling down upon the white-haired gentleman, who, without removing his eyes from the paper, contrived to say :

"Will you not be seated, doctor? I suppose you are to stay for dinner."

"Thank you," the doctor answered, "but my stay must be rather short. If you could give me your attention for a few moments I would be deeply grateful."

The slightest shade of annoyance passed over McDonell's face as he answered :

"It is not of so much value, sir, that your gratitude should be at all aroused. Do sit down."

"Thank you again," said the doctor smoothly ; "but please excuse me. I must feel grateful—extremely so. The minutes of a business man, I have heard, represent so many dollars."

"In business hours, perhaps, but not now, not now," returned the other, with visibly restrained impatience.

Doctor Killany drummed the mantel with his fingers for a few moments, and stared at the opposite wall. "You had a narrow escape a short time ago. I saw it from the street ; the roof was blazing prettily, and the avenues were blockaded."

"It might have been an awkward thing for us," McDonell said, "if the engines of the fire department had become necessary."

"So I thought. Miss Nano was in one avenue and I in the other. Neither was able to approach. Imagine our sensations."

"They must have been painful," said McDonell, with an amused smile.

"Indeed, indeed they were ; but, pardon my abruptness, I have come to speak of your daughter."

The older gentleman put aside his paper at this, folded his hands, and looked into the doctor's shifting eyes so long as they remained fastened on him. It was an attitude of confident defiance.

"I allow you," he said, with a blandness which did not quite conceal the peremptoriness of his tones, "to associate with Nano, to dine with her, to ride with her. I trust you have not the sublime impudence to desire any closer relations."

"To be plain with you, I have cherished such desires," said the doctor humbly, "but subject both to your permission and to Miss Nano's in their expression. I am not a susceptible man, but your daughter's intellect, beauty, and—"

"Her wealth and position," broke in the other.

"Her wealth and position," continued Killany, undisturbed, "were a combination of good qualities which neither my heart—"

"Nor your interest."

"Nor my interest, if you will so have it, could easily pass over ; and being once prisoner so favorably, you may be sure I am not anxious to escape from my chains."

"Not while the chains are golden, I'll be bound," laughed McDonell. "But you will never have from me—"

"I beg of you, sir," interrupted the doctor, with a warning gesture, "for your own sake not to make any declarations which it may pain you to retract before I leave."

His manner was gentle and smooth as usual, but contained a threat in its very smoothness.

"Your confidence would be amusing," said McDonell, growing a shade paler, "if the matter were less serious or our relations other than they are."

But he did not continue his interrupted speech.

"Precisely," the doctor murmured; "and it is on the strength of these relations that I stand before you to-night. As a distant relative of the rich merchant I might have held a precarious social position in this city and country; but as a poor professional I would not have dared to look up to the heiress with the boldness I at present assume. You see I am frank."

"It is one of your shining qualities," the merchant answered. "Yet, if you would deign to receive a little advice from me, do not presume too much on this secret matter. Poverty is a great misfortune, but not the greatest, and I would suffer it in preference to many things. Besides, it has often occurred to me that restitution might as well be made now to those I have wronged as when I am on my death-bed. It must be made in any event."

"Are there any to whom you could make it?" asked the doctor, with careless but cunning indifference.

"That is not to the point," the merchant replied, resting his head heavily on his hand; "if they do not live it goes to the poor."

"Have you thought of your daughter in this?"

McDonell raised himself haughtily, and threw an angry glance at the doctor.

"I understand you," he said coldly. "But Nano will not fail to follow her father into poverty, if it be necessary."

"And so to live after him?" questioned Killany, with the slightest suspicion of a sneer in his smiling face. "You do not know your daughter, Mr. McDonell. In spite of her philosophical pursuits, which she pretends teach her to despise everything; in spite of the careful education you have given her at the hands of strangers, Miss Nano has a high appreciation of the advantages of wealth. She has no religion. In fact, she despises all religions. A kind of philosophical morality has usurped re-

ligion's place. I believe that, if it were required, she would, as Christians say, peril her soul to retain this wealth."

McDonell stood up, his face as white as the marble mantel, his breath coming in short, quick gasps.

"You lie!" he whispered, "you lie, you lie, you lie!"

The doctor smiled at his anger and earnestness. The agony of the father found no sympathy in his heart. An atheist himself, he could not see in the principles which it pleased Miss Nano to profess anything inconsistent with the ordinary standard of virtue. He said nothing in answer to the intensely bitter and insulting words of McDonell, but busied himself with the papers, while the merchant, bowing his head upon the mantel, endeavored to recover from the sudden storm of anguish which had swept over his soul. During the silence that intervened neither saw the face which for a moment looked in through the partly-open door, and was reflected darkly mournful on the mirrors opposite. When the gentlemen resumed their conversation it was gone.

"Tell me why you have come here to-night," said McDonell, composedly taking his seat. "What more do you ask for?"

"The smallest of favors," said Killany; "and I have never been exacting, considering what I know."

"Considering what you know," returned the other sharply, "it was politic to have asked but little."

"Is it nothing," said the doctor, angered by the old man's tone out of his own calmness, "to know that the wealthy and stainless citizen, connected with the best families of the province, and a rising power in the political world, is, if justice were done, not much better than a pauper and the basest of criminals?"

"Proof, proof, sir!" cried the merchant.

"There I am weak," the doctor acknowledged. "I cannot drag you before the public tribunals, I cannot blast your name with actual disgrace. But society, the world, is exacting. A word, and your name is indelibly stained. Before the world's courts you will stand a criminal, tried and condemned, and, moreover, there will be no appeal. Do you care to risk that?"

"For Nano's sake, no," McDonell said; "and yet, as I have said of poverty, it is a great misfortune, but there are misfortunes still greater."

"To return to the object of this interview," said Killany—"and, I pray, leave off your silly innuendoes—I want your permission to woo your daughter honorably. It shall be in her power to reject me. I do not ask your influence—no, not even your neutrality.

From me she shall never hear of the unfortunate relations that exist between us, and if you choose to leave her penniless at your death-hour it shall make no difference for me. Can anything be fairer? Could you desire more in the wealthiest son-in-law?"

"Nothing more," McDonell answered carelessly. "I accept your conditions, and, further, there shall be no interference on my part. You have told me that I do not know my daughter. In the respects you have mentioned I do not, and trust that those hideous deformities of character may be as wanting in her as they are glaring in you. But this I do know," and a smile of loving, fatherly confidence lighted for a moment the gentleman's haggard face: "she will never marry you. Oh! you may exercise the ingenuity and cunning of a devil, but she will never marry *you*."

"I take all risks," the doctor said gaily. "'Faint heart never won fair lady.' Behold me in a twelvemonth your honored son-in-law."

"I shall bid you good-evening," the merchant said wearily. "You have obtained your request. I would say, may you regret the hour when you first asked it, but that I am sure you will."

"Good-evening, sir," the doctor coolly responded. "I would also say, may you regret the hour in which you first granted it, but that I am sure you will. Your servant, sir."

And he bowed himself, smiling and triumphant, out of the room. For some moments Mr. McDonell remained in his drooping posture at the table. Then he rose and surveyed his face at the glass.

"It must have been truth," he said with a sigh, "or it never would have struck home so keenly. O my child! my child! Through you God will punish me for my desertion of the orphans, for my desertion of the faith he gave to me and my fathers, for my love of power and wealth; above all, my child, that I did not bestow on you, motherless, the care and love that was your right. I must suffer doubly in your sufferings and my own. O my God!" and he clasped his hands in convulsive agony and fell on his face to the floor, "let me bear all! The wronged shall be righted; I shall repent through all my remaining years; but spare, oh! spare my child."

CHAPTER II.

WRECKED.

THE darkness of night had come on during the interview between the doctor and McDonell, and in all the rooms of the mansion the lamps had been lighted and the last ray of daylight shut out by the closing of shutters and curtains. In all the rooms save one. On the second floor the apartments of the lady of the house were situated—elegant and luxurious chambers, where wealth and art had joined hands, under one of skilled and tasteful eye, to make everything beautiful. Here were no lights. The curtains were still up and the blinds open. Only the cold light of stars shone through the window, and a soft gloom rested like a veil on the dimmed outlines of statues and busts and stately furniture.

On a low ottoman the lady herself was seated. She was looking up towards the sky with her hands clasped on her knee, motionless as her own statues, and more beautiful even in that twilight, which was strong enough to light up the lines of a fair, classic face and be reflected from large, soul-filled eyes. She had sat there just as she is sitting now since that moment when her ears had heard the scornful words of Dr. Killany to her father, and, looking into the library, she had caught a glimpse of a tableau which for an instant sent a spasm of pain through her form. She was thinking over the sneering sentences, and trying in a feeble way to feel angry at the indignant, passionate, agonized denial her father had made. She was wondering, too, at the attitude of humiliation he seemed to hold towards Killany, whose manner, though highly respectful and considerate, seemed flip-pant, and even impudent, in the presence of agony so keen and distressing. And between the two meditations she was confused, vexed, and restless.

The principles which Killany had represented her as holding were those to which she had given utterance many times, and had spoken of proudly as the true basis of life's enjoyment and usefulness, perhaps even its truth. For some reason she was annoyed then at finding they belonged to her; whether from the scornful manner in which Killany had mentioned them, or from a conviction that, when stripped of the glamour of cultured conversation and stated in plain English, their beauty and solidity were not so apparent, she could hardly tell. Perhaps it was not so much from

either of these causes her annoyance proceeded as from the impression which her father's bitter indignation and grief had made. In the circle of her friends such declarations as these were received with applause and admiration, quoted again and again, and were called the free expressions of a mind liberated from the slavery of custom and superstition. Yet here was a man, not at all given to piety, and totally averse in his outward actions to the superstitions of creeds, who, at mention of the fact that his child professed such doctrines, or negations of doctrine, must needs act as if a serpent had risen in his path, and stretch out his hands and roll his eyes in horror, and insult outrageously the person who gave the information. And this man was her father. He, who had never shown to her one-tenth part of a father's care and affection, found all his paternal heart racked and torn as it would not be if she lay dead in the stately house. She thought of this confusedly, and was a long time in clearing away the extraordinary mental fog in which it involved her. She went over aloud, one by one, the assertions of Killany, in order by this means to discover what in his language could reasonably cause her annoyance and her father pain.

"‘She has a high appreciation of the advantages of wealth,’ he asserted. And what is there in the world,” she said, with her eyes still fixed on the patch of sky, “which has a more powerful or extensive influence? Virtue is supposed to be the only power able to cope successfully with it, and yet virtue has a price and can be bought for gold. They who have it not would give their honesty to obtain it. They who have it would peril all to retain it. Love and hatred are its handmaids, and the passions generally bow before it. To be rich is to be divine, and Croesus was a god. If there were any meaning in these creeds, if their hereafter were but a certainty, one could afford to smile at the ups and downs of fortune. If it is a reproach to appreciate that which is most appreciable, then, Christians, despise your heaven. Wealth and station are mine, and why should I love them less?

"‘She has no religion—in fact, despises all creeds,’ he said. And is it not true? And if true, what reproach is it for me? The mummeries of Romanists and the quarrellings of Protestants—what have they which can allure any but the most ignorant minds or the most bewitched? I have no religion, if to despise the world's superstitions be that; but my heart is human, the love of my race is my religion—the religion of humanity, of culture, of refinement.

"‘I would peril my soul to retain this wealth.’ Not so fast.

There he was wrong. I have no soul in the sense which is theirs—a part of me which is to live in eternity, and as it has lived in time, so suffer or rejoice when time is ended. *That* the mightiest intellects of the world have looked upon as a myth. I peril nothing, for I have nothing to peril. But oh! if it were true beyond dispute that I had an immortal soul, what would I care for wealth or honors? Is there a God? Christians and I say yes. Are we accountable to that Being for all our actions? Christians and I say yes again. We differ only as to his personality. Their God is an impossibility, beautiful but intangible and unapproachable. Mine is a reality which begins and ends in time—myself. Why should I feel annoyed at hearing truths uttered? The doctor knows too much; and yet not too much, for all that he said I have many times repeated before my friends. My father is more childish on these points than could be supposed in one so indifferent. I have no God, no religion, in the bad sense which moderns have given these words. I love wealth and power, and despise and dread poverty and weakness. What if ever they should claim me, who detest them so much?"

In the whirl of distressing thought which this idea brought upon her she allowed her head to sink low on her breast and said no more. Later the servant entered quietly and lighted the lamps in the rooms. She rose then and stood before the mirror, as her father had done a few moments before in the painful solitude of the library. The face and form reflected there, in spite of the suspicion of care that rested on the brow, were very, very beautiful, and she smiled her approbation.

"Let them speak of you as they may," she said, with a harsh laugh, "let them think of you meanly or kindly, you have that which will subdue the fiercest of them—beauty, and birth, and wealth, and intellect. You may be wicked, an atheist, and unprincipled, but those qualities can gloss over so-called defects. And yet, poor figure! you have no stability. You want a soul. Your beauty will fade and crumble through disgusting rottenness into dust. There should be an immortal part of you to preserve that which is so frail yet beautiful. Would that this much of Christian superstition had some truth! If I had been educated differently perhaps—"

She broke off abruptly, seated herself on the ottoman, and gave herself once more to thought. Her last words were the keynote to her meditations. She was reviewing her past life, its successive steps, and the scenes of her youth and girlhood rose up before her with the painful distinctness which belongs to sor-

rowful memories. The twenty-four years of her existence had nothing in them to interest the general world, but to those who look upon a human life as infinitely more precious than numberless worlds the slightest incident in the career of one who presented so complete a spiritual wreck as Nano McDonell, the most trifling causes that worked upon the moulding of that haughty, inconsistent, and brilliant mind, were things of startling importance and worth.

The grave and often harsh expression that rested habitually on her face, the melancholy that always lurked in her eyes when the gayety or excitement of a moment had passed, were indications of a nature which at some time during its formation had suffered, perhaps insensibly, yet severely. Her mother had died in her infancy. To the child it was not a great loss, for the merchant's wife was as shallow a creature as ever breathed, spending her days in foolish intrigues to prevent her husband from returning to the "superstitions which he had rejected," and to induce him to attend the High-Church worship. Her ideas of fulfilling the offices of wife and mother went no farther than the bearing of children and the hiring of nurses, the mere animal instinct of caring for the young being absent from her nature, and the higher notions concerning the duties of a Christian mother utterly undeveloped. Her daughter would have found in her a hindrance rather than a guide in her efforts to escape from the maze into which she had fallen. Miss Nano was therefore ushered into the world under severe conditions. Her father had deserted his faith to obtain his present position of wealth and influence, and though his hair had grown prematurely white through remorse, yet to retain that position he had not scrupled to use fraud, and he had resolutely turned his back to the church which his heart sighed for and his reason acknowledged. He was indifferent to Nano. Business cares were of more importance to him than the care of the little child who was to inherit his property. Nurses and governesses were supplied at proper intervals, and the boarding-school received her when she had thrown aside her pinafores and taken to forbidden books and unlimited candy. She had been a trial to every one with whom she had come in contact. Her proud, violent, untaught nature burst forth regularly in childish rebellions, too serious in their consequences to governesses to make these indulgent ladies bring the case before the proper authority, her father. They coaxed and wheedled while Miss Nano tyrannized. She had a passion for books, and read everything, from the histories of Prescott down to the New

York *Ledger*, then in its infancy; refused imperiously to study the catechism or learn her prayers; laughed scornfully at the idea of a bad place or a devil; and went to the fashionable church under protest and through fear of her father.

He was not distant with her nor unkind. They chatted occasionally at the table. She made him little presents, which found their way to a waste-basket as regularly as received, but on her finding some of them in an ash-heap she put an end to these little tokens of a child's tender love. Sometimes she sat on his knee or drove out with him in the state carriage; but his preoccupation on these occasions, and his indifference to what she said or did, rendered her pleasure insipid, and often turned it into pain.

It did not require years of such behavior to separate them and to chill in her heart the lively affection she naturally felt towards him. But it remained for the boarding-school to put the finishing touches to the work which ill-training and neglect had so well begun. The teachers of the institution to which she was sent were of the transcendental school, were great admirers of Margaret Fuller and Emerson, and had each a master passion, in ministering to which they spent the greater part of their lives. All were disciples of culture, yet professed as much of Christianity as was consistent with their broad principles, and could satisfy the less visionary parents whose daughters were entrusted to their charge, and who required some show at least of the prevailing religion in the general make-up of the young ladies. In their philosophy Christianity meant culture, or the worship of the beautiful, the worship of mind as impressed on matter in the production of graceful statuary, solemn temples, fine paintings, musical compositions, and startling books. According to their ideas they retained the cream of Christianity, leaving the skim milk to the various creeds, and they spoke and wrote of Catholic doctrines in a peculiar fashion. Beauty was their standard of right and wrong, of truth and falsehood.

It was Nano's misfortune to fall into the hands of these self-worshippers. There was no doubt of the plastic material existing in the half-wild, impulsive, talented creature, and it submitted to the moulding process with wonderful meekness. For three years she walked with them through such mazes of absurdity and learning as it never occurred to the greatest or most erratic of scholars and philosophers to tread. The poetry and philosophy, the antiquities and religions, of all nations in all times were the objects of pretty and superficial investigation. The graduates

could spout more mythology in an ordinary conversation than an Oxford professor, and all talked learnedly of the Zendavesta, of Confucius and his maxims, of the Aristotelian theories, of the Copernican system, and of the philosophy of the eighteenth century according to Cousin. The habit of referring all disputed questions, however profound, to the decision of the cultured mind, to be decided not on its merits, which might or might not be a simple impossibility, but on its congruousness with the standards set up by transcendentalism, tended to create an excessive self-love in the pupils. The worship of self quite naturally supplanted the worship of the Deity, and a disastrous moral blindness followed.

Three years in such an atmosphere for a girl of Nano's sort meant spiritual death. When her education was finished, and she returned to rule as mistress of her father's house, Nano was fairly enlisted in the ranks of atheism. "Strivings after the unattainable" were become quite as much the strong points in her character as they were in the characters of those with whom she had so long associated; and by degrees her nature underwent the revolting but expected change which the sentiments she has just uttered indicate.

After the last-spoken words of the lady she remained for a long time in the same attitude of dejection and disturbed thought. The scenes of her life in the past were not pleasant memories. So deep and absorbing was her meditation that a gentle knock at the door, though twice repeated, passed unheeded. Even the opening of the door a moment later, and the entrance of a young, bright-looking lady in walking costume, were not enough to wake her from her reveries; and for a few moments the new-comer stood under the chandelier directly behind Nano, watching her bowed form reflected in the mirror. Then she stole forward, put her arms around Nano's neck and her lips to her cheek in a familiar but respectful way, saying:

"Always solitary, always thinking! Wrapped up in your contemplation of Hindoo deities or mythologies, Nano, when you should be getting into a pleasant excitement over the latest style of our winter hats."

Nano looked up and caught the gentle hands in her own, all her moodiness vanishing on the instant.

"Little witch, you are as mysterious in your comings and goings as the Roman—"

The witch put one hand quickly over the lady's mouth.

"No, do not mention one of those heathen deities. Have you

not promised me? And I would as lief be compared to a monkey as to a heathen goddess."

"I did forget my promise," said Nano, "but for the first and last time. Yet I was not thinking of the goddesses when you came in, but of some very practical things which do not often occur to me, as you will easily believe. I had said aloud, just before you entered, what a terrible thing would it be to become poor."

"Not so very terrible," said the girl slowly and with such a serious face that Nano laughed chidingly.

"Let us talk of more cheerful things," she said. "Now that I am to lose my companion, our parting must be made in a merry mood. Life has so little of what is actually pleasant in it that it is not good to borrow trouble. Now tell me of that young prodigy, your brother the doctor. Has he opened his office yet, and have you made all your arrangements? Oh! what shall I do without my companion? Sweet Olivia, where shall I find such another as you?"

"You can purchase anything for gold," said Olivia slyly.

"Very true, dear, if the 'anything' exists, which in this case I doubt. No other shall supply your place. It would remind me too much of my loss."

"Loss!" echoed Olivia. "Say rather gain. The companion has become a friend."

"True again. But you have not told me of your brother."

"He is quite well, thank you, and already at work. His shingle was hung out yesterday—Henry Fullerton, in gilt letters—and the sweetest music I ever heard was the swinging song of that shingle last night. I would not let Harry tie it down."

"Has he had any professional calls yet? The music ought to bring them, if nothing else."

"Yes and no," said Olivia, hesitating and gently blushing. "An old friend called on him to-day and lunched with us. You must know him—Sir Stanley Dashington, a baronet and quite wealthy."

"I know him, dear," said the lady blandly. "He is very handsome and very rich and very sensible. He is a Catholic, too, like yourself, and lives in some delightful place called Ballyna-bochlish, Ireland. I see he has wounded your heart already, and I know you have known him a long time. You deserted me; my revenge will be to help you to desert your brother also."

"My going will not surprise him," answered the young lady calmly. "It is to be expected, and I would soon be superfluous in the Fullerton household. My brother will get married some day, I suppose."

"And you must set him the example! Christian modesty, forsooth!"

"Christian modesty, forsooth!" repeated the young lady. "What in the world has my getting married to do with Christian modesty? I would give your transcendental doctrines a shot for that gratuitous attack, but really I have nothing to say. I have shown up their foolishness and absurdity, and I can't go any farther. To talk transcendentalism is to talk nonsense. Do put your theories of the beautiful into some practice. If you *must* worship beauty, come out to-morrow and worship the latest styles. Such colors, such—"

"In that way," interrupted Nano, frowning, "you always treat those things which with me are so serious. Do you suppose that I care for these vanities?"

"Ah! Nano," cried the young lady, "if you indulged your woman's vanity a little more, and your aspirations after the unattainable a little less, your life would not be the blunder it is. Why, the philanthropists, as they call themselves, ridiculous as their talk and actions are, do some good in the world, but your school is the most useless yet discovered."

"School is a hateful name," said Nano. "I am bound by no such fetters. My principles are truly Catholic. Whatever is good I love, and I try to assimilate to myself all good. Is there any nobler work than trying to make one's self better?"

"None, if you proceed in the right way," returned Olivia with much earnestness. "But to build and destroy at the same time is not making one's self better. You are doing that. You have deprived yourself of a soul, and of the eternal home of that soul. You believe in no God, no heaven, no accountability. You have gone farther. You have made yourself a god, and set yourself up in His place who made you and claims your homage. And while you have been doing all this that kind and talented soul whose existence you deny has struggled hard to save you from ruin. Have I not witnessed and calmed its tumult many a time? But you looked upon it as only the struggling of your worse nature, and resolutely put it down. Now the evidence of the conflict appears in your sadnesses and unrests, in your melancholy expression and manner. O. Nano, dear Nano!" and Olivia, rising from her seat, threw her arms once more around her friend, "in the last moments of your life that which you have conquered now will rise up like a giant, speak with tongues of thunder what you now deny, and render you the unhappiest of women. Take warning, dear, in time. Your intellect if applied but for a little

to the search for the truth, your great pride if humbled ever so little before God's goodness and power, would bring you out of trouble into peace."

"I would smile, child," said Nano, not in the least moved by her friend's earnestness, "but that you are so serious. Nothing can ever take from me the convictions that now are mine. There is no other refuge, and I look for none. Death is the end of all—beautiful, mysterious death."

"Beautiful, mysterious death!" repeated Olivia. "Beautiful to him who looks upon it as the entrance to a better life, but terrible to those who see only its flowers and lights and fancied peace; mysterious only to the pagan and the atheist. For us One who went that way and returned has laid bare all its mysteries."

"Mysterious withal," said Nano, closing her eyes as if to call up some forgotten image. "The sea is a secret thing, and the frozen North, and the human heart; but none express such strange mystery as the faces of the dead. Oh! to see them lying there in everlasting repose, the seal of an eternal silence upon their lips, all sense seeming to be turned inward upon themselves, as if they were listening to and seeing and enjoying such things as this world never knew, and from which no foolish, worldly pleasure can draw them ever again! Mysterious death!"

Both were for some moments silent.

"God of mercy," thought Olivia in agony, as she listened to the words and saw the looks of her friend, "that such a soul should be lost to thee!"

Then she said aloud:

"I am growing impatient, Nano, and despondent. I shall talk with you no more about these things. Your uncertain transcendentalism is too gloomy. It is best to leave you to—to—"

"Well?" questioned the lady when Olivia stopped.

"Why should I mention One whose existence you deny? I was about to say, to God."

"As I should say—to myself."

Olivia put her hand to her ears and expressed in her face terror and disgust.

"Oh! do not speak so," she gasped; "I shudder for you, dear, if God left you to the mercy of such a divinity. It is one of his punishments, and the most terrible."

"It is destined to be mine, then," said Nano, with a poor attempt at gayety. "But there is the bell for tea. Let us go down together. My father has not yet heard of your new departure."

AUSTRO-HUNGARY : ITS PRESENT CONDITION AND PROSPECTS.*

THE Emperor of Austria is one of the few reigning sovereigns of Europe against whose life no attempt has hitherto been made. The secret of this exception may be found in the general faithfulness of his subjects to two hereditary traditions to which their loyalty has never been questioned—the Catholic religion and the imperial family.

In spite of the various nationalities of which it is composed, and their fierce contests and rivalries amongst themselves, Austria is one again whenever the danger of separation appears to threaten on the part of any of the populations whose historical development has been bound up with the fortunes of the house of Hapsburg. Then private quarrels are forgotten, divisions disappear, rank joins to rank, and neither misfortune nor defeat can lessen the devotion to the empire which exists alike in the Tyrol, in Bohemia, in Hungary, and in Austria proper. We will briefly consider the reasons of this union, which are little understood by the world outside of Austria.

To a people united in ideas and interests a social organization is necessary in which the weak are not crushed by the strong, where the good customs and traditions of the nation are uninterruptedly transmitted, where the family is in full possession of the rights indispensable to its vigor, where all that is venerable is venerated, and where lawful authority has no need to threaten in order to make itself respected. Austria does not, certainly, possess all these conditions, but she possesses the chief among them, and, excepting the educational laws, which touch the very heart of the people, the defects of her constitution are external, and impede and inconvenience more than they corrupt. The populations of Austria are spread over three regions of different aspect. Hungary has its vast plains; the villages of the southern province rise height above height on the sides of the mountains; and the Bohemians dwell in the well-watered valleys of their gently-undulating hills.

Everywhere, with the exception of Carst, in Istria, the soil is rich and vegetation abundant. The Austrians have comparatively

* See *L'Autriche-Hongrie*. Par M. Xavier Roux. Paris : Palmé.

few great cities, and are for the most part an agricultural people ; thus their belief, traditions, customs, and costumes have been under the most favorable conditions for hereditary and peaceful transmission, and we find Austria preserving its individuality of races, provinces, and localities better than any other country in Europe. It is still a country distinct from other countries, and one in which the wretched despotism of fashion has made the fewest ravages. One happy effect of this originality of local customs and ideas is that they attach the people more strongly to their country. The internal disturbances of Austria have passed in Europe for an imitation or *contre-coup* of the French Revolution. This is a mistake. With the exception of a few large towns, the aim of all the Austrian agitations has been something purely local, and wholly foreign or contrary to the rage for equalization in France ; seeking not a republic but the monarchy, and the triumph of the intelligent classes rather than the omnipotence of numbers. When, in 1848, the Magyars fought with superb bravery under Kossuth for their own freedom, not for the idea of a universal liberty, the Hungarians would not name a ministry until the end of the struggle ; and when they had this ministry the revolted chiefs never thought of declaring for any other rule than that of the ancient monarchy. Thus, although the local patriotism of the various races appears at times a danger to the throne as well as to the national prosperity, the bond of belonging to the same great empire is to each of these races a motive of unhesitating devotion in the case of common peril.

Of the principal races which compose the empire, the Slavonian is the most numerous, amounting to 16,145,000 ; the German amounts to 9,155,800 ; the Hungarian to 5,153,000 ; the Latin, 3,493,000 ; and besides these are to be found representatives of the Gypsy, Greek, and Armenian races. There are also in Austria 1,600,000 Jews.*

Each of these peoples has its own customs, traditions, and pride. The Roumanian defies the Magyar and the German disdains the Slav, while each upholds its ancient rights and demands their restoration with an apparently implacable hostility to the rest. But these mutual animosities arising from pride of race are dominated by the greater pride of forming an integral part of the Apostolic Empire. This fact was curiously manifested in 1849, when, the emperor having refused to the Hungarian depu-

* In 1851 the Jews in Austria numbered only 680,000. Their increase since that time is unequalled by that of any other race in any other country. We commend this fact to the consideration of Dr. Colenso, the Protestant bishop of Natal.

ties the constitutional form of government, a fierce war broke out between Austria proper and Hungary. At the same time the other races considered this a favorable moment for pressing their own claims for a reconstitution of their ancient rights. The struggle had two phases. So long as the Hungarians fought for their liberty the other nationalities joined the insurrection, and with them threatened the government of Vienna, in order to obtain also what they wanted for themselves. Austria seemed on fire, and the ancient monarchy on the verge of destruction. A certain number among the Hungarians, however, pushing their requirements beyond their original limits, wished to create for themselves an autonomy in the heart of the monarchy. Upon this what was not the astonishment of Europe to see all the other peoples, forgetting their own causes of complaint and desires of liberty, turn fiercely and with one accord upon the race which dared to fail in its fidelity to the empire, and Hungary was forced to yield because a few only of her sons had for an instant spoken of separating from Austria.

The *cultus*, if we may so call it, of the imperial family springs in great part from the remembrance of the great things which many of the sovereigns have accomplished, and which are the honor of the monarchy.* A stranger is struck with the universal affection of the people for their rulers—an affection of which he finds abundant evidence in every part of the realm. He cannot enter a peasant's cottage or the humblest wayside inn without seeing on its walls the portraits of one or more of the members, living or dead, of the house of Hapsburg.

Not many years ago the Emperor Francis Joseph, while hunting in the neighborhood of Buda, lost his way. Evening came on, and, with the one officer who accompanied him, he asked hospitality at a cottage in the woods, and sat down, *incognito*, to sup with his host, the charcoal-burner.

"Since you are one of the king's hunting party," said the peasant, "there is one thing I wish very much that you could tell him."

"And what is that?" asked the emperor.

* For instance, amongst the principal benefits conferred on her people by the Empress Maria Theresa were the promulgation of a new penal code, the abolition of torture; the foundation of the Aulic Council of Commerce, the military schools of Vienna and Neustadt, and an Academy of Commerce; special schools for the poor children of noble families; the Aulic Commission of Instruction; the academies of Brussels, Roveredo, Mantua, Presburg, Raab, Agram, and others; the colleges of Antwerp, Ghent, Bruges, Namur, Luxembourg, Ruremonde, Ypres, and Courtrai; the Deaf and Dumb School at Vienna, etc. She made important and beneficial changes in the army regulations, improved the condition of the soldiers, built barracks and fortresses, and made improvements in the political, financial, and judicial administration.

"It is a matter of importance, and I say it plainly. His majesty would do well to quit the town of Vienna and come to live here in the midst of us. *We* know how to venerate our king, but those Viennese rascals have not the same fidelity. You know it was the Viennese who assassinated the great Emperor Matthias Corvinus."

Matthias Corvinus lived in the fifteenth century. This simple and affectionate fidelity exists in all the provinces, and is, next to religion, the chief strength of the Austrian monarchy.

But it is not only in the glorious past of the imperial house—which has given to the church so long a line of saints, as well as made itself renowned by noble deeds or knightly courage, and is respected for the dignity of its domestic life—it is also in the noble examples of the princes of the blood at this present time, that we see a source of the popular affection and admiration which surround the throne.

One of the principal objects of interest at Vienna is the Industrial Museum. Forming a portion of the same building with the school, to which capacity and good-will suffice to procure gratuitous admission, is a superb edifice provided with everything which can facilitate the professional culture of the young men, whether in architecture, sculpture, porcelain, glass, wood-carving, tapestry, iron-work, or any other form of industrial art. The admirable arrangements of the building are completed by a well-selected library containing the latest works on art and manufactures. This noble institution was founded and is kept up by the Archduke Renier, who is always on the watch to add to its collections, and in every way to promote the thorough preparation of the students for their respective careers. Again, every visitor to Pesth will remember the Margarithen Insel, which seems to have been set in the Danube as a point of view for one of the loveliest landscapes in God's creation—the wondrous isle which, in the midst of one of the largest rivers of Europe, itself contains warm springs. It is the generosity of an archduke which has made the Margarithen Insel the paradise it is; it is he who built the vast and splendid baths beneath its groves.

In the furthest parts of the empire are institutions founded and maintained by members of the royal family, who keep alive and vigorous the traditional respect by the benefits they personally confer in works of public utility.* The more we learn of the simple and useful lives of the imperial family, the more we can

* The memory of the frank and noble Maximilian, whom a sad destiny made Emperor of

understand the prestige it continues to enjoy among all the nationalities beneath its rule.

With regard to the authority of the clergy, there is no country in Europe, with the exception of Ireland, where their authority is so universally respected as in Austria. Even the revolutionists are afraid to attack them openly, although there is a portion of the Viennese press—that ignoble portion which thrives on scandal—base enough to endeavor, by the sedulous employment of calumny, to undermine this influence of the priesthood.

But in spite of this their influence is not only very salutary but very great. It is interesting to see, in a country so jealous of its liberties, how the people, the bourgeoisie and the nobility, in every local matter of any importance seek and appreciate the guidance of their clergy, who, being ardently patriotic, take the deepest interest in everything connected with the well-being of their country.

The Austrian clergy are rich, and so employ their riches as to make them the source of incalculable good. Bishops and simple parish priests, regulars and secular priests, rival one another in founding and maintaining useful institutions. In Hungary alone, where they are richest, they have founded no less than ninety schools of gratuitous instruction for the middle classes. Throughout the empire their generosity embraces every degree of education; in the universities and the elementary schools alike the professors are ecclesiastics, and thus, from the base to the summit of public instruction, it is, as a rule, the priest who builds the schools and who teaches in them, unwearied in promoting the diffusion of sound knowledge as a guarantee for preserving the influence of the church.

Besides the schools, numberless charitable institutions, in aid of every kind of misfortune, are founded by the clergy. Most of the cathedral and monastic chapters observe also the ancient custom of a weekly distribution of food and money to the poor; and thus there does not exist, even in the poorest quarters of the

Mexico, still awakens a lively emotion in the hearts of the people he was called to leave. The following letter written by him to his tutor, Mgr. Mislin, will not be read without interest :

“JERUSALEM, FRANCISCAN CONVENT, July 2, 1855.

“DEAR ABBE: After having, at the Vatican, received Communion from the hands of the Holy Father (a moment of peace and sweetness I shall never in all my life forget), and having prayed there for you, my dear abbé, with all my heart, I have now (yesterday) received the Blessed Eucharist at the Holy Sepulchre, where I again offered my fervent prayers for the excellent author of *The Holy Places*—a work which accompanies me throughout my pilgrimage. Since I have had the happiness of finding myself, in the course of a month, at Rome and Jerusalem, I only know the immense happiness it is to be a Catholic! May God grant us a happy meeting!

FERDINAND MAXIMILIAN.”

Hungarian cities, that squalid and frightful pauperism so common in modern England and (though to a somewhat less extent) in France. The Austrian clergy, not being hampered by poverty and civil restrictions, have free scope for their active beneficence, and are always on the watch, as it were, for any need, that they may supply it, and for any form of suffering, that they may hasten to its relief.*

In Austria the power of the aristocracy is based upon their beneficence and strengthened by their habit of work. Activity is there a characteristic of social life in every degree. It is scarcely possible to meet with a man of high rank who wastes his patrimony in idleness and pleasures, or a noble family which does not by its own endeavors carry out the beneficent traditions of its ancestry. The French *noblesse* lost its vigor by residence in the capital and at court. That of Austria, for the most part, remains all the year, or nearly so, among the rural populations.

But there are two sorts of aristocracy in the empire, the Hungarian and the Austrian. In Hungary the nobles are innumerable. In every village, every variety of condition, every profession and trade, even to the function of groom or valet, they carry their pride and loftiness with them, through prosperity or poverty alike. Nearly every Magyar declares himself a noble and affects an air of superiority and disdain towards all the other races composing the empire, making it a rule to yield to no man in point of precedence.† M. Roux relates the following characteristic incident:

A Magyar judge of Presburg was going down the Danube, when a fellow-passenger entered into a conversation with him which lasted some hours. The judge was charmed by the politeness of his new acquaintance as well as by his elevation of mind.

"You are a Magyar," said the unknown. "May I ask what function you fulfil in your part of the country?"

* The influence of the Austrian clergy has not hitherto been lessened by the "Confessional Laws" passed, under the pressure exercised by the "progressionists," with intent to weaken it. The principal prescriptions of these laws are: 1, that the nomination of priests to benefices must be made under control of the civil power; 2, that every priest in any charge must be also an Austrian citizen, thus preventing the bishops from obtaining auxiliaries from certain neighboring countries; 3, that all the revenues of the clergy should be subjected to heavy taxation.

† "The Hungarian nation is as ancient as the country it inhabits. We are, as all know, the ancient Pannonians, who under Attila and other chiefs accomplished such marvellous conquests, without our country having been really subjugated by any of the most famous conquerors who have made war against us. We are the sons of those peoples who have always chosen their own chiefs, giving them only power to command, but not to punish at their fantasy; for our brothers were so free that the only veritable masters they acknowledged were their gods."—Declaration made by the Hungarian nobles after the War of the Discontented, in their *Manifesto to justify the late Rising*. (Cassovia, 1707.) Nor are these pretensions in any way diminished at the present time.

"I am a judge at Presburg. And you, monsieur?"

"Archduke of Austria. I have the government of Hungary."

"Yours also is a pretty position," answered the judge, no way disconcerted; and he continued the conversation.

Proud and arrogant towards an adversary, the Magyar is gentle and benevolent with regard to all who do not question his rights. With them he takes pleasure in allowing free play to his great qualities, and thus, as a rule, the Hungarian nobles possess the devoted loyalty and affection of their tenants and dependants.

The character of the Austrian aristocracy does not share the domineering spirit of the Hungarian. It is more gentle, just, and judicious, and also more national and popular. There is, moreover, nothing imaginary in its title to nobility, which is founded upon no pretension of race, but relates to the family and the man. The ancestors whose portraits adorn the castles which rise among the woods at every turn of the fair valleys of Styria, Carinthia, and Bohemia have, as warriors, statesmen, or public benefactors, deserved well of their country, and at some period or other *won* the nobility as well as the renown of their name. The lustre of this name is increased by their descendants, who are the hereditary benefactors of the villages around them. "Often," says M. Xavier Roux, "in order to satisfy my curiosity, I have questioned the peasant, the laborer, the man in rags, whose indigence might excuse him from knowing or heeding the glories of his country, but have never met with a mind so ignorant or a heart so envious as not to know and appreciate the illustrious names of his province and the most celebrated personages of the Austrian monarchy. The memory confuses dates, but the heart makes no mistake in its comprehension of facts. From the mountains of the Tyrol to the plains of Hungary I can testify to the gratitude of the Austrian people to the heroes of their country."

The Austrian aristocracy is not only active in works of generosity, it is laborious also. In the Tyrol and the poorer parts of Styria and Carinthia it is no uncommon thing to see nobles felling wood in their forests and working in their fields in the midst of their men. The sons of great but impoverished families often become farmers, and by so doing lose nothing of the respect and consideration of their equals in rank. To undertake the cultivation of land for a richer neighbor surprises no one and lowers no one, but nobles who take to commerce and manufactures enjoy somewhat less regard in public opinion than those who become tillers of the soil—a difference doubtless arising from the survi-

val of feudal ideas long after the disappearance of the feudal system.

Nevertheless, whether in the factory or at the plough, the noble preserves his influence and authority by the fact of his personal labor, and in his example the people see, as it were, the glorification of their own toil. Thus the beneficence of the rich nobility—a beneficence in which their wives and daughters take an active share—and the laborious lives of the impoverished alike maintain the prestige of their ancient names and encourage the industry and content of those around them.

In Austria it is no unmeaning expression to speak of “the ruling classes.” The people not only accept but seek the direction of those whom they regard, because of their education, more enlightened, and because of their means and position more disinterested, than themselves. The legal reality of the division of classes into nobles, bourgeoisie, and people was swept away in the revolutionary tempest of 1848; but although feudality has been legally banished from the institutions, it still lives, not only, as we have already said, in the ideas, but also at present in the manners and customs of the empire.

We say *at present*, for one of the laws promulgated during that troubled period is slowly but surely producing a fundamental and, as will be seen, deeply injurious change in the country; and this is the law which deprived the nobles of all the land rented of them by others, leaving them only so much as they were cultivating themselves or having cultivated under their own direction.

Fifty years ago the class of bourgeoisie scarcely existed in Austria, except in the large towns. Now, however, the land is largely bought up from the peasants by *nouveaux riches* from the towns, and particularly by the Jews, who are disseminating themselves in all directions. In Hungary especially there are very few villages the best portions of which are not now their property, and their action in Austria proper, if less powerful, is none the less determined and aggressive. Thus the daily-increasing worship of riches is gradually destroying the influence of disinterested motives and ideas, and a new class of bourgeoisie is coming into power, bringing into the social life no other elements than greed of wealth, love of luxury and pleasure, and revolutionary changes in institutions and ideas, in place of the useful and healthy influence of a nobility and bourgeoisie devoted by their family traditions to the general good. It is with deep sadness that the patriotic Austrian contemplates the alarming increase in his coun-

try of the Jewish race, both in numbers and power, and perceives that in a few years they will to a most serious extent, if not altogether, have undermined or overpowered all the Christian ideas and motives of action which as yet constitute the most solid support of the Austrian Empire. Their chief instrument for evil is the press. At Vienna the "liberal" press, which is an odious affair of money as well as the sedulous propagator of impiety and immorality, is entirely in the hands of the Jews, who by these detestable journals infuse into the minds of the people a continuous stream of poison and corruption, together with the revolutionary ideas which have produced in different parts of Europe anarchy, socialism, and nihilism.

Three safeguards exist as yet against the inroads of the anti-Christian element—namely, the dignity of the upper classes in their lives, the respect of the people for lawful authority, and, lastly, their veneration for the traditions of the past and for the memory of their dead.

Until very recent times the social classes were three in number; the nineteenth century added a fourth, that of the mechanics and working-men—a category differing from *the people* in ideas, inclinations, and the economic conditions of their life, and in habits imitating, as far as lies in their power, the luxury of the bourgeoisie. The members of this category are agitated by a vague ambition and an eager thirst for pleasure, and convinced that "the proletariat," the "new social layers"—that is, themselves and their own class—are formed for "the regeneration of the masses," and that to them it belongs to take the upper hand in the affairs of nations. Hence it follows that those cities whose manufactures have involved the greatest agglomeration of workmen are as a rule the most restless and least happy regions in the world. Austria has been more fortunate in regard to the agglomerations of her working classes than either England or France.

Bohemia alone, of all the provinces, can be strictly called an industrial country. In the others also there are, however, a few great manufacturing towns. The tranquil lives and moderate aspirations of the workmen in these centres prove that they have escaped the chief dangers accompanying large agglomerations, and that socialism does not exist among them.

This happy exemption is due to the wisdom and foresight of the heads and directors of the works, and the active interest they take in the moral and material well-being of their employees, whom from the outset they have watched over step by step, often even anticipating their wishes—as, for instance, in the establishment of

savings-banks and benevolent funds in case of accident or sickness.

And this, as we say, has been done *from the outset*. At the moment when manufacturing life was beginning to develop in the Austrian Empire, and before the cities of Vienna, Pesth, Grätz, etc., had attracted a crowd of operatives within their walls, a priest of Mayence came to propose to the Catholics of Austria a plan which he had already tried with remarkable success—namely, that of uniting the workmen in an association for mutual succor and prayer.

His words and example speedily bore fruit. In 1852 were founded in the different parishes of Austria the first Catholic *Circles for Working-men*. These differ from the "Circles" in France by being at the same time not only religious associations but associations for material assistance as well—a feature which has largely contributed to their development and their stability. Their periodic meetings for religious purposes are accompanied by a deposit of money in the savings-bank and the mutual-assistance fund, interest being allowed on these deposits. By this and other means the forethought of the directors gave no time for discontent to germinate, and when the Austrian workmen read the violent appeals of their comrades in France and Germany they merely shake their heads and return to their work.

Besides the urban agglomerations there are others more recently created by the lines of railway, and which, when ill-affected, are still more dangerous than the former, since their action extends over the whole country.

The *Sudbahn* is one of the most important railway companies of the empire. Its action is felt in all the great centres as well as in the smaller towns and the large extent of country through which its lines pass. Under its orders are men of Italian race in Istria, of Slavonic in Croatia, Magyars in Hungary, and Germans at every point. Here, as elsewhere, at the outset of the formation of railways the germs of insubordination and impiety began to declare themselves; these, however, as well as jealousies of race, difficulties of existence, and the various dangers of agglomeration, disappeared before the benefits of a Christian and judicious administration.

The *Sudbahn* has established within itself beneficial institutions to meet every reasonable requirement; amongst others an Assurance Company, the benefits of which are shared by all its employees; a fund upon which its old servants are pensioned off when disabled by age, infirmity, or accident; for its active work-

men it has the *Workmen's Cities* at Vienna and Marburg, with schools for their children, and, for their domestic wants, stores where they can obtain good provisions at very moderate prices; in fact, nothing that affects their well-being is forgotten. These railway colonies, moreover, offer an encouraging example to timid directors who fear to lessen their revenue by increased care of their operatives. That of Marburg, for instance, brings in five and a half per cent. to the company for the capital spent upon it, and yet the men have a house and garden for less than four dollars—seven florins fifty kreutzers—a month! The married occupant can also in most cases let one of his rooms to an apprentice.

This colony stands on an agreeable plateau along the right bank of the Drave. Both sides of the long streets present a wooden railing, hung about with creepers and showing flowers and foliage above. The buildings, commodious and simple, stand each in the middle of a large piece of ground. Each building is divided into four sets of rooms, and each set, independent within, has its outer door independent also, and opening on to its own share of garden, which is large enough to furnish the family with vegetables all the year round. Each set of rooms has its cellar. The employees are exceedingly attached to their city, and the keenest regret of a workman who has to leave the company is caused by the fact that he must at the same time quit so cheerful and convenient an abode.

The beneficent measures adopted by the Sudbahn have been more or less imitated by the other railway companies of the empire; thus the men have no temptation to socialism or to political or religious contests, knowing that they would only be the losers by revolt or change.

We have spoken of the loyalty of the people to their sovereign, of the rural populations to an active and beneficent aristocracy, and of all classes (as a rule and where not infected by anti-Christian revolutionists) to the clergy. The root and foundation of this loyalty may be found in the sacredness of the family, and the dutiful respect for parental authority which is one of the chief causes of strength in the Austrian Empire.

The traveller in Hungary is struck by the singular arrangement of its villages. The houses, long and low, present an end only to the street. In this end are two narrow windows. The door opens into the court or garden which separates one house from the next. Often the houses are back to back, and the gardens between every two pairs separated by a wall; thus in many places the streets seem almost interminable from the long spaces

of wall intervening from one house to the next. The gardens are kept closed to the passer-by.

This arrangement is an exact picture of the independence and autonomy of each family, which has little in common with its neighbors, each house being a society complete in itself.

The following custom is mentioned by M. Xavier Roux as indicative of the filial affection and obedience expected by the parents, and commanded, under severe penalties, by the laws:

"We were present," he says, "at a marriage in the mountains of Hungary. The bride was clothed in sombre garments, and her crown made of purple or red flowers and dark green leaves. At the moment of leaving the parental abode she began to weep. In vain her companions endeavored to console her; she continued to sob the whole of the long distance to the church and back again. The bridegroom walked at the head of the wedding guests, with his eyes cast down and a woful countenance; the rest of the party, men and women alike, conforming the expression of their faces and demeanor to the same lugubrious air.

" 'This,' I remarked, 'is evidently a compulsory union, which both parties are unwilling to contract; there is no gladness and there are no white flowers.'

" 'On the contrary, monsieur,' was the answer, 'this marriage is one which both parties eagerly desire. Do not be troubled by these outbursts of grief: custom requires the betrothed thus to express their regret at quitting the homes of their youth.'

The solid organization of the family rests on a double respect—that between husband and wife, and that of children to their parents. "Our nation," said a noble Austrian, "is not yet enfeebled by the *poison* of civil marriage." Religious marriage is not only the surest safeguard of the mutual attachment of the father and mother, but also of filial respect. One expression of this respect, noticeable throughout the empire, is the deep and universal honor paid to the dead. On entering a church in Austria it is impossible not to remark the large portion of the edifice which is given up to the memory of the departed; every slab of the pavement is often a tombstone, every pillar a mortuary monument, and every chapel a mausoleum. A nation which honors its dead remains faithful to its ancient traditions. On the other hand, one of the first acts of the French Revolution was to desecrate the tombs of Saint-Denis and scatter the remains of the departed kings, as a prelude to the murder of their descendant.

It remains to say a few words on the parliamentary system as applied to Austria, and on the character of the revolution in that country. Modern progressionists are apt to overlook the fact that different countries often require different forms of government, and

that in nations of great diversity of race, customs, and ideas no single system can be expected to confer the same benefits or produce the same results. The parliamentary system, fruitful of good, though not of unmixed good, in Great Britain, has produced great evils in Prussia, and is doing the same at this moment in Belgium; and while it is in one country helpful to the promulgation of wise and good measures, in another it paralyzes, or goes far to paralyze, all healthful action. That the same may be said also of absolute and of republican government we need but, by way of proof, glance at Russia on the one hand and the South American republics on the other, to say nothing of the arrogant and aggressive injustice which the present composition of the government in France enables it to perpetrate against the majority of the country as well as against its most sacred rights.

Protected against despotism by its local liberties, Austria did not desire, nor does it even now understand, the new form of government imposed upon it by the agitation of a minority. The populations of the various provinces of the empire cannot take in the idea of ministerial responsibility, and at the present moment regarding their monarch, as they regarded him twenty years ago, as their sole responsible legislator, they are often heard to exclaim with wonder and regret on the passing of the new laws: "It is surely strange that the emperor should have become a revolutionist!"

There is in the Austrian people no love of parliamentary institutions, but *there is an ardent love of communal and provincial franchises*, and for all which enables them freely to carry out their ancestral traditions. It was the full restoration of these rights which they desired in 1848, and which they still desire in 1880. The representatives of the Tyrol unceasingly repeat that only in the interest of the public peace do they submit to the laws elaborated by the Parliament at Vienna, but that they do not in any way soever recognize its power or its right to legislate in the name of the nationalities composing the Austrian Empire. The revolution, in fact, deceived the people, turning to the profit of this new *régime*, which favored the ambition of the few, the aspirations of the provinces for their ancient liberties. The Germans and Magyars aspired to power, and the revolution served their purpose. The parliamentary system makes the king a shield for the revolution. The laws it makes are promulgated by the sovereign, the persecutions it sets on foot are carried on by his agents, and the oppressive measures planned and imposed by it against its political adversaries are sanctioned by his power and

enforced by his soldiers. Not one of these perils, not one of these wrongs, has been spared by the revolutionists against the dignity of their sovereign; on the contrary, they have done their utmost to debase it, and in particular by organizing the most iniquitous system for the return of deputies to parliament that has yet been invented. Into the details of this system we cannot now enter: we only give the results.

In Austria the Slavs amount to sixteen millions, the Germans to only half this number, and yet the electoral majority is so contrived as to belong inevitably to the Germans over the Slavs.

In Hungary the Magyars are 5,153,000 in number, their common adversaries (Slavs, 3,000,000; Germans, 1,850,000; Roumanians, 2,400,000) in all eight millions; and yet the electoral law makes these latter the minority of the kingdom.* This injustice is the more revolting from the fact that nearly all the commercial and industrial enterprise of the realm, whether in art, trade, or public works, is in the hands of the rejected races. Universal suffrage, which is the bane of France, would be the saving of Austria, where, under the new *régime*, the will of the people is a mockery, and the power of the sovereign, as a legislator, a lie.

The deputies returned by this iniquitous system lost no time in showing themselves worthy of it. The educational laws were passed with the avowed purpose of "liberating the understanding from the yoke of clericalism," besides other measures for cramping and restraining the action of the church. "The parliamentary power as now exercised in the Austrian Empire, with its trickiness, its false legalities, and a mendacious idea of justice to which no man would dare to appeal in private affairs, appears to us the most active and dangerous power which has yet arisen against the future of the people of Austria; and this power, more than any other, makes its detestable influence felt even in the smallest hamlets in the extremities of the empire. Daily and hourly it fills the thoughts of the German, in whose hands it is an arm of oppression, and of the Slav who groans beneath it. The one strengthens himself in the hope of revolt, the other in his ideas of despotism; all loyalty is departing from the political relations of the two races, and mutual hatred deepening in the hearts which ought to beat in harmony for the honor of their country."

And this is what the revolution has done for Austria. That the evil did not break out sooner was doubtless owing to the rigorous measures enforced by Prince Metternich against every

* *L'Autriche Hongrie*, p. 195.

appearance or suspicion of revolutionary propagandism. But if his severities preserved the heart of the empire from the contamination which had invaded the other states of Europe, his policy was not strong enough to prevent outside its limits the plottings of the secret societies against his country.

Nevertheless, in spite of her defeats and revolutions, in spite of the political charlatans who have tampered with her constitution, this great empire, full of vitality and vigor, and devoted as ever to her hereditary rulers, still defies the prophecies of those politicians who in succession during the past fifty years have continued to predict her fall; and not only this, but the conclusion arrived at by those who study her closely from a Christian point of view is that, with regard to religion and loyalty, Austria is the least disaffected country in Europe.

A REVISION.

I READ a legend, sweet and quaint,
The other day, amid the faint
Calm light of early dusk;
The story, odorous of musk,
Smiled in a dust-bound, silent book
Neglected in a lovers' nook.

Of course you know it: how he strove
To shape the marble like his love—
That ancient sculptor; how his hand,
Guiding the chisel, like a wand,
So perfect made the beauteous whole
Jove breathed in it his lady's soul.

The dainty myth in modern time
Will serve to tell in careless rhyme:
Our sculptor sneers there is no Jove;
Science has made a myth of love;
So practical the race has grown,
'Tis only Beauty's heart is stone.

THE CATALOGUES OF THE MANUSCRIPTS IN THE VATICAN LIBRARY.—II.

II.

WHEN the Papal Curia removed the treasures of the Apostolic See from Italy into France the archives of records, diplomas, documents of all kinds, and the codices were transported first to Assisi and thence to Avignon. In 1327 John XXII. ordered an inventory to be made of them at Assisi; in 1336–39, 1367, 1369 authentic catalogues were compiled in Avignon,* the last of which was published by Muratori.† Renascent learning, however, then required new collections of books and of emended copies of ancient works upon every subject, which were sought after with assiduous and intelligent sagacity by scholars of that noble age. All know the favor wherewith the Roman Pontiffs seconded the renewal of classical studies. In Avignon the popes had their private library,‡ and furnished it with classical books even, which were of great service to the learned, especially to Petrarch.§ The Antipope Benedict XIII. transferred a great portion of the pontifical library of Avignon and of the archives to the castle of Peniscola in Catalonia; the catalogue of the manuscripts conveyed thither in 1408 is preserved in the Latin Codex 5156A of the National Library of Paris. At the close of the great schism of the West a large number of those codices were not brought back to Rome, but given to the college founded at Toulouse by Cardinal Peter de Foix, senior, known as the *Fuxiense*, and finally lost and dispersed in the seventeenth century.|| The celebrated Ambrose Traversari, in 1432, speaks of this despoiled library of the pope, then in Rome, as well furnished with Greek codices, but almost entirely wanting in rare books, so dear to that sagacious seeker after lost works.

The damages sustained by the ancient library of the Apostolic See and by that of Avignon were splendidly repaired by Nicholas V., 1447, who instituted for the use of the entire court that

* See Gaetano Marini, *Historical Memoirs of the Archives of the Holy See*, cap. 6, 7 (edited by Mai, together with the history of the Bibl. Ottoboniana by Ruggieri; and Lacmmer, *Monum. Vat. hist. eccl. sæc. XVI. illustrantia*, append. i.)

† Muratori, *Antiquitat.*, vi. p. 76 et seq.

‡ See Delisle, *Le Cabinet des MSS. de la bibl. imp.*, i. p. 486 et seq. Cf. *Inv. gén. des MSS. français de la bibl. nat.*, i. p. cv., cvi.

§ See Petrarchæ, *De rebus fam.*, epist. xii. 5 (ed. Fracassetti, ii. p. 182).

|| See Delisle, l. c.

celebrated library which contemporaries, especially the publisher Vespasiano Fiorentino, lauded to the skies. John Tortelli compiled the catalogue of its contents, which unfortunately is lost, and styles it *omnium quæ fuerunt præstantissimam*, since, to provide it with the lost works of classical and of sacred antiquity, erudite and experienced men were sent at enormous expense *ad diversas extremasque mundi partes*.^{*} Calixtus III. was accused of dispersing the literary treasures collected by his glorious predecessor. The accusation has been recently examined into and judgment passed upon it with equal learning and impartiality by Eugene Müntz, historian of the arts at the court of the popes in the fifteenth century.† We have here, in Cod. Vat. 3959, the authentic catalogue of the codices of Nicholas V., found in the palace by his successor, Calixtus III., and preserved by his orders, which M. Müntz will probably publish before we do.‡

The great undertaking which redounds to the glory of Nicholas V. was brought to completion by Sixtus IV., who gave stable form to the *public* Palatine Library distinct from the *secret*—that is, from the archives and from the private library of the pontiff in the Vatican Palace. This was classified according to subject-matter and to authors; and Demetrius Lucense, under the orders of Platina, compiled a magnificent catalogue thereof, of which we have the original and more than one ancient copy. The famous bibliographer of Jena, John Burcard Struvius, possessed a copy of this catalogue, from which he published extracts.§ Other catalogues were compiled under Innocent VIII. and Leo X.; and during the fifteenth and in the early years of the sixteenth centuries not only was the use of the Vatican codices conceded to frequenters of the library, but the codices were even lent out to private individuals at their residences. This is proved by authentic registers and autograph receipts of codices then lent to students—notable documentary evidence of the culture and of the studiousness of the Roman court in that classic age.

Rome being sacked by the army of the Constable of Bourbon in 1527, the Vatican Library had its share of the general

^{*} See Tortelli, *Comm. Grammaticæ de orthographia*, Tarvisii, 1477, in proœmio. Cf. Vespasiani, *Vita di Nicolo V.*, and Giannozzo Manetti, *Vita Nicolai V.* in Muratori, *Scriptor. rer. ital.*, xxv. p. 282, iii. p. ii. p. 926.

† See Müntz, "L'Héritage de Nicolas V.," in the *Gazette des Beaux Arts*, 1877, p. 423 et seq. Cf. Von Reumont in *Archivio It.*, ii. ser. viii. p. 134.

‡ See Müntz, l. c. p. 423, note 2.

§ See Iugler, *Bibl. hist. litt. cuius primas lineas duxit*, B. G. Struvius, Jenæ, 1754, p. 284. In the Dresden Library. Cod. C. 253 (E), a copy thereof is preserved in the handwriting of W. E. Tenzel, entitled *Catalogus bibl. Vat. ante C.C. et amplius annos concinnatus et ex MS. codice descriptus a 1686*.

damage, and lost the catalogues, which were, however, recovered.* A new catalogue of the manuscripts was compiled *jussu et industria Cardinalis S. Crucis*—that is, of Cervini, afterwards Pope Marcellus II.; † it was published in three large volumes under the pontificates of Paul III. and Julius III. ‡ These volumes served for the common use of the *public* as well as *secret* libraries and of the learned throughout the sixteenth and in the beginning of the seventeenth centuries, § until the completion of the first six volumes of the present great catalogue, whose history is summed up in preceding pages. The compilation of this new inventory had been rendered necessary by the ever-increasing bibliographic wealth of the library. Pius IV. ordered Panvinus to collect books in every language. || Amongst the new acquisitions during the latter half of the sixteenth century are the manuscripts of Colocci, of the Manuzii, of the above-named Panvinus, and the valuable codices, as well as the impressions with manuscript marginal notes, bequeathed by will by Fulvius Orsini. Orsini had himself compiled a catalogue of his beloved treasure, and it is preserved in the Codex Vat. 7205; authors have recently spoken of its value and called for its publication. ¶ But neither Orsini nor others then dreamed of publishing similar catalogues. Nor is mention made of them in books descriptive of the new location provided by Sixtus V. for the Apostolic Library, of the splendid building erected for its reception, of its literary wealth, and of the measures decreed to ensure its being cared for and increased.

Already prior to Sixtus V., in the brief pontificate of the learned Marcellus II. (twenty-two days), and then in that of Paul IV., his immediate successor, 1555, the celebrated Vatican printing-press had been annexed to the library. The popes, too, had instituted the office of proof-readers to ensure the accurate printing of the ancient sacred texts and of the Fathers.** These proof-readers watched with special care over the emendation of the manuscript copies by the Vatican Greek copyists employed morning and

* See B. Gasparoni, *Letters and Arts*, appendix to t. ii. p. 119 et seq.

† Cod. Vat. 3946, which, through error of modern authors, is cited as containing the catalogue of the Vatican Library compiled by order of Bessarion, a catalogue which never existed.

‡ Cod. Vat. 3967-69.

§ See Greith, *Spicil. Vat.*, p. 6.

|| Rinaldi, *Ann.*, a. 1564. § 53.

¶ Beltrani, in the *Archives of the Roman Society of Native History*, 1878, p. 186; therein the codex cited is erroneously numbered 7250. I have somewhere read that the Vatican Codex 6477 contains a catalogue by Fulvius Orsini, whilst it is in reality an index of prohibited books.

** Rocca, *Bibl. Vat.*, p. 56; Polidori, *Vita Marcelli II.*, p. 125. Regarding the office of proof-readers, see Marini, *Archiatr.*, ii. p. 305.

evening in transcribing the ancient texts which were wanting to the library, or in making new copies of those which were falling to pieces from age. From the research after, and the special study of, the Greek codices arose apparently the idea of their divulgation by means of indexes and catalogues. The library of the Senate of Augsburg, in the sixteenth century, was esteemed rich in literary treasures, and an outline of a very concise catalogue of Greek codices was published anonymously in that city in 1575, and generally attributed to the celebrated Jerome Wolf;* later it was quadruplicated by David Hoeschel in 1595.† These are perhaps the first *incunabula* the history whereof I am delineating in outline. Manuscript copies of the Vatican Greek catalogues were multiplied in the sixteenth century, and were possessed by the libraries of the Escorial,‡ the Royal and the Colbertine of Paris,§ that of the Queen of Sweden,|| the Slusiana in Rome,¶ and others. Father Anthony Possevin, in his *Apparatus sacer*—edition of Cologne (a. 1608)—first collected and published a series of catalogues of Greek codices of the principal libraries, in truth somewhat imperfect; still, that of the Vatican Library is comprised in it, and was later republished by Spitzel.** Not long after (1636) Kircher published the catalogue of the Coptic codices, and in the second half of the same century (1675–93) Bartolocci published that of the Hebrew codices.†† That was but little in proportion to the enormous manuscript treasures of the Vatican Library, more than redoubled by the Palatine, Urbino, and Alexandrine collections, and to the twenty volumes of catalogues and of indexes compiled in the seventeenth century, as has been already narrated. But the times, the drift of study, and the inducements to the entire publication of catalogues of codices of the larger collections did not seem propitious. Towards the middle of the last-named century compilations were begun of the catalogues of the minor libraries, which could more readily be described in full. In Italy a notable example was given by Tomasini in the *Bibliotheca Patavina MSS.*, and later in the *Bibliotheca Veneta MSS.*, both published at Udine in 1639 and 1650.

* See Spitzelii, *Sacra bibl. arcana relecta*, p. 1 et seq.

† Hoeschelii, *Catalogus codd. graec. in bibl. reip. Augustæ Vindelicorum*, a. 1595.

‡ Mader, *De bibl.*, second ed. p. 124.

§ Cod. Reg. 2812, Colb. Reg. 5135. See Montfaucon, *Bibl. bibl.*, p. 4 et seq. 101; Blume, *St. Ital.*, iii. p. 103.

|| Cod. Vat. Reg. 562, 1593, 1994.

¶ Montfaucon, l. c. p. 176

** Spitzelii, l. c. p. 253 et seq.

†† See Assemani, *Bibl. apost. codd. MSS. catal.*, t. i. præf. c. i.

III.

In the latter half of the seventeenth century the Cesarian Library of Vienna was possibly the first amongst the greater libraries to have its full descriptive catalogue, compiled by Lambecius, who began to print it in 1665; it was continued by Nessel in 1690. In default of printed catalogues of the several libraries of codices an attempt was made to provide general collections of compendiums of the manuscript inventories. The leader of this move in bibliography was Sandero, who in 1641 and 1644 published his two volumes of the *Bibliotheca Belgica manuscripta*. Bernard arranged in two large volumes the classic collection, *Catalogi librorum MSS. Angliæ et Hiberniæ in unum collecti*, Oxoniæ, 1697. Montfaucon sought to do far more, and, comprehending in his vast mind and untiring industry all known libraries, he conceived the plan of the *Bibliotheca bibliothecarum manuscripta*—that is, the compendium or the *excerpta* of all the catalogues of codices of all libraries. This work embraced naturally that of the Vatican Library; and he was conceded the free use and examination of all the volumes of catalogues compiled in the course of the seventeenth century. Montfaucon made copious extracts not only from the seven volumes already existing of the Latin catalogue properly known as Vaticanus, but also from the most ancient catalogues and from the Greek indexes. He published an old catalogue of the library of the Queen of Sweden (Alessandrina), and that of the codices of Petavius, which, from its series of antiquated numbers, impeded and confused rather than furthered research, and was the cause of errors. He paid no attention to the Palatine and Urbino collections.

But the *Bibliotheca bibliothecarum*, when published in the beginning of the seventeenth century, could not suffice for the requirements of the erudite, nor respond to the progress of the bibliography of manuscripts. Amongst the most cultivated nations preparations were begun to publish the several catalogues of the best collections of codices of every language. The catalogue of the Vatican-Palatine Greek codices, by Sylburg, was then published in Frankfort, 1702. Rome was not slow to join in this. Joseph Simon Assemani, in 1719-1728, published the three volumes of the *Bibliotheca orientalis Clementino-Vaticana*, the result of the notable treasure of codices collected by himself in the East and secured for the Vatican Library through the provident munificence of the learned pontiff, Clement XI., who also presented to the library the Greek codices of the famous Æneas

Sylvius, afterwards Pope Pius II. Innocent XIII., successor to Clement XI., in 1721 began preparations for printing an ample catalogue of all the codices of every language. The work was continued in 1736;* from 1756 to 1759, thanks to the encouragement of Benedict XIV., were compiled and published the first three volumes of the *Catalogus Bibliothecæ Apostolicæ Vaticanæ codicum MSS. in tres partes distributus; in quarum prima orientalis, altera græci, tertia latini, italici aliorumque europæorum idiomatum codices*, ed. Steph. Evodius et Joseph Simon Assemani. This entire gigantic catalogue was to fill twenty volumes, describing *non modo scriptorum nomina ac singulorum voluminum argumenta, sed ea quoque quæ præcæteres conspicua notatuque digna in codicibus occurrunt.*† The magnificent programme of the Assemani, sanctioned by the solemn approbation of Benedict XIV., published in separate parts and praised by the learned of every nation, ‡ was adapted to the taste of the age and to the designs of contemporary authors of similar works. But if some were happily enabled to complete the like interminable catalogues of other notable libraries—as, for example, was the good fortune of Bandini in Florence—yet, viewing the immense mass of the Vatican codices, the undertaking and the design of the Assemani were disproportionate to human strength, nor could the longest life suffice to bring them to completion. It came to pass, therefore, that the first ten folios of volume iv. having been consumed in the unexpected fire of 1768, the Assemani lost heart; and that deplorable misfortune, the great age of the compilers, the difficulty of finding other scholars who might worthily succeed them in their task, and, finally, the political troubles of the close of the last century and of the beginning of this, interrupted the well-advanced publication of the Vatican catalogues.

IV.

In the present century Mai, desiring to resume in some measure the great undertaking of the Assemani, published in the large volumes of his *Scriptorum veterum nova collectio* the supplements containing the codices of Oriental tongues. He issued in a separate volume the catalogue of the Egyptian papyri of the Vatican Library, Rome, 1825. Recent writers assert that Mai published in 1833 the first volume of the Greek catalogue prepared by the Assemani.§ In reality we neither possess the pre-

* See *Leipz. gel. Zeitung*, a. 1736, p. 401. † Assemani, l. c. t. i. p. xv.

‡ See *Acta erud. Lat. suppl.*, t. viii. p. 2. § See Bethmann in Pertz, *Archiv.*, xii. p. 215.

paratory studies upon the Greek codices made by the Assemani, nor did Mai publish any Greek catalogue whatever. The false report above named proves that he had manifested some such intention; and in his time the learned Hellenist, Jerome Amati, revised and completed the Greek catalogues and indexes of Leo Allatius. But the great discoverer of so many inedited works had not time to devote to the editing of Greek and Latin catalogues. He published in Rome, and almost wholly from the Vatican codices, his famous collection of ten enormous volumes *Scriptorum veterum*, as many *Classicorum Auctorum*, and the like number of the *Spicilegium romanum*; and when his untimely death ended his active life he had already in press the volumes of the *Vatican Greek Bible* and volume viii. of the *Nova patrum bibliotheca*. His papers, which are preserved in the Vatican Library, contain plans, material, and notes for the completion of the last-mentioned gigantic collection in some twelve or fourteen volumes. He left entirely to those who were to come after him the care of compiling and publishing catalogues.

Meanwhile the Vatican catalogues were specially studied by foreigners, principally by Germans. Frederic Blume, who explored the libraries of Rome, 1821–22, published long notices of the Vatican Library and of its catalogues;* he was followed by Greith, who pointed out the codices relating to ancient German literature.† In 1854 Louis Bethmann examined, page by page, all the volumes of the Vatican catalogues, and copied thence the titles of all documents anywise relating to the history of Germany.‡ D. Bede Dudik did the same with regard to the history of Bohemia and of Moravia.§ Similar labors diffused abroad the renown of the Vatican catalogues and of their value, and still further increased the universal desire for the speedy publication of a complete edition of them.

We have already dwelt at length upon the labor undertaken and brought to completion in later years to classify and index all the still unexamined codices of the Vatican Library, thereby adding to the ancient catalogues several new volumes of manuscript inventories. No less care and attention were devoted to the printed matter, which, by reason of its change of location to the Sala Borgia, the purchase of the library of the lamented Car-

* Blume, *Iter Italicum*, iii. pp. 13–114, iv. pp. 264–283; *Bibl. librorum MSS. italica*, p. 125 et seq.

† Greith, *Spicilegium Vaticanum: Beiträge zur nähern Kenntniss der Vatikanischen Bibliothek für deutsche Poesie des Mittelalters*, Frauenfeld, 1838.

‡ Bethmann in Pertz, *Archiv.*, l. c. pp. 201–374.

§ Dudik, *Iter. Rom.*, Vienna, 1855, pp. 122–294.

dinal Mai, and of other collections brought from Germany, required an almost entirely recompiled catalogue; twelve volumes had already been prepared for the press. Likewise the *incunabula* of the Vatican Printing-Press and the precious editions of the Aldi had been accurately catalogued in four large volumes. All was ready for the resumption of the much-desired general publication of the Vatican catalogues of manuscripts, from which, as had already been done for the history of Germany and of Austria, extracts and fragments were being culled relative to other histories and subjects.* The wisdom of the present reigning Pontiff, from the early days of his pontificate, animated the officials of the Apostolic Library to renewed activity in literary labors. The eminent librarian of the Holy Roman Church, Cardinal Pitra, the worthy successor of Cardinal Mai and of his glory as a discoverer of priceless inedited texts, forthwith proposed to Leo XIII. an undertaking honorable to his pontificate and suitable to the present time; the enterprise was at once decreed, and has been already inaugurated.

The present system of the most competent and approved compilers of similar catalogues, as I have already stated, differs widely from that of their predecessors of the last century, which has been proved by experience to be interminable. In like manner the commission now appointed to publish the Vatican catalogues have determined to abandon the system of the Assemani, and to adopt the more simple method now become, as it were, classic in such works and general descriptions of manuscripts. The accurate catalogues already existing in the Vatican Library will form the basis of the edition, whence every superfluity will be retrenched and every want supplied; all the codices will be examined one by one, and confronted with the description given of them by our predecessors. Such is, in substance, the programme of the present undertaking, wholly in conformity with the present state and requirements of bibliographic science relative to extensive collections of manuscripts.

* Vincent Forcella is now publishing a catalogue of Vatican codices concerning the history of Rome, the first volume of which has been lately issued by the Brothers Bocca. The French School of Rome, in its celebrated *Bibliothèque*, commenced a series of *Notices sur divers MSS. de la Bibl. Vaticane*, two essays whereof have been already published. One is an interesting article by the learned Elie Berger upon the writings of Richard le Poitevin; the other the catalogue of the Greek codices of Pius II., compiled by the illustrious Abbé Duchesne. Of the latter codices, however, the library possessed from the time of Clement XI. an accurate catalogue, with alphabetical index, in the volume of that of the Greek codices of the library of the Queen of Sweden; Duchesne was in error when stating that no description of the manuscripts of Pius II. existed in the Vatican Library.

Besides its books the Vatican Library possesses rich cabinets and various collections of ancient articles, of the middle ages as well as specimens of modern art.

The delineation of the history of the Vatican catalogues has resulted, as it were, in an outline of that of the Vatican Library itself. But although many have written, still, as the illustrious Baron von Reumont affirms, it is the general desire to possess a complete and critical history of the library, enriched with documents connecting its vicissitudes with the literary annals of the Eternal City.* The writer has for long years busied himself with collecting the material for this interesting work, more particularly relating to the first centuries, to the origin and the contents of the *scrinia* and of the libraries of the Apostolic See prior to their deplorable dispersion during the middle ages. The publication of the Vatican catalogues will furnish an excellent opportunity to make known the result, be it what it may, of said studies. One of the grandest and most glorious epochs, in the history of the Vatican Library will be that of the pontificate of Leo XIII., who, inheriting the generous and wise love of liberal studies of Nicholas V., of Sixtus IV., of Clement XI., and of Benedict XIV., freely opens to all the use of the literary treasures of the Apostolic See, collected through the munificence of his illustrious predecessors. And if Nicholas V. and Sixtus IV. were the founders of the public Vatican Library, Leo XIII. will nobly crown their work with the publication *in extenso* of its inestimable catalogues.

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* *Archivio Storico-Italiano*, new series, t. viii. p. 142.

A DISH OF DIPLOMACY.*

THE relations of the United States with foreign powers are constantly increasing in intimacy and importance. Indeed, it is safe to say that there exists no state to-day whose foreign relations are so far-reaching and general. Its only possible rival in this respect is the great commercial power of Great Britain; but Great Britain's interests are largely centred on its own colonies. The republic of the United States, now a leading power in the world, has this advantage over all other powers: its foreign relations are eminently peaceful and progressive. It stands severely aloof from all their internal complications, and its geographical position sustains it in this. It is a great, an inexhaustible storehouse for the necessities of life; it has in abundance the means of securing life's luxuries; its soil is still, to a vast extent, a virgin field for the exercise and reward of human energy and activity. It would be impossible to depict in a brief compass the natural and commercial advantages that this fresh, unexhausted continent presents to the world over all other living nations. On the other hand, its political system and form of government are such as to favor the highest activity and energy of the individual. He is a free unit in a free state. The demands of the government on his services are only such as are needed to carry on the necessary business of government.

This is the new power that is now entering so freely into the world's life; and it needs the bare statement only of the facts enumerated to show the vast influence it is destined to wield over human affairs, more especially in their present troubled and complicated condition. Europe may be said to have spent the present and the last century in dynastic or international strife, and it is as far from even the hope of permanent peace as ever. The peoples, weary of the never-ending struggle, seek issue from their troubles in revolt. Industry droops and commerce dwindles, but wars and rumors of war and ever-increasing burdens go on; while over across the ocean is a great continent inviting them to its shores, to a peaceful soil and a land literally flowing with milk and honey.

With foreign relations of this kind, ever widening and deepen-

* *Papers relating to the Foreign Relations of the United States, transmitted to Congress, with the Annual Message of the President, December 1, 1879.* Washington: Government Printing-Office. 1879.

ing, it is of vast importance that this nation of forty millions of people be rightly represented among foreign states. The foreign service of the United States is not without illustrious names—men who were at once an honor to the country that sent them abroad and honored for their own worth by the countries to which they were sent. It is to be hoped that as the republic advances in wealth, population, and power the race of men fit to represent it among foreign peoples is not dying out. Judging, however, by the diplomatic correspondence of several years past, one must arrive at the conclusion that either the men capable of fitly representing this great republic and people abroad have died out, or they are kept in severe obscurity at home. So much is this the case that the question is frequently mooted in the public press, and by men competent to judge on the matter: What is the use of our diplomatic service? Under present aspects it seems, on the whole, devised to reward local activity in the political campaigns at home. The consequence is that a set of men are sent abroad as foreign ministers with about as clear an idea of the important duties of their office as they would have in taking up a class in Sanskrit. Most of them can hardly be dignified with the poor title of mediocrity. It is one thing to make an effective stump-speech in one's district, or to be a successful sugar or leather merchant. It is another thing to take such a man off his stump, or away from his leather and his sugar, and send him to London or Berlin, to Paris or Vienna, to protect, among men trained in diplomacy by severe service and long and close contact with public affairs and public men, the interests of this country, as well as to derive advantage to it from any opportunities that may occur or that a statesman can sometimes create.

The truth is, we have no diplomatic service worthy of the name. Men nowadays are sent abroad pretty much haphazard. Each in turn is more or less of an experiment. Americans have not yet quite got over the idea that they are competent to undertake at the shortest possible notice any position calling forth human skill, wit, and activity, no matter how incongruous for such a position a man's antecedents and previous surroundings may have been. It is so common here at home for one to have run the gamut of occupations and attained to eminent success at the end that we are apt to carry confidence in ourselves too far, and arrive at that pitch of ignorance where a man does not see that he is out of order and out of place. At all events there can be no question about the main fact: that if this country is to be represented at all among foreign peoples and powers, it is not too

much to demand that it be represented by gentlemen, if not of diplomatic training, at least of cultivated intelligence, of some knowledge of the world and of society, and with very clear ideas as to their duties and the exact object of their mission. It would be fitting, also, that they had a fair knowledge of the people and of the people's language to whom they are sent—of their history, customs, mode of thought and life. This would remove the possible harshness of first intercourse, prevent the annoying mistakes that sometimes occur through ignorance or misapprehension, and open doors that would otherwise remain coldly sealed. But that is a question, and surely a serious one, for the men in charge of state affairs to consider. If anything could quicken a Secretary of State to the necessity of overhauling the foreign office it would certainly be a perusal of the last published volume of correspondence from our diplomatic agents abroad.

One of our ministers has recently returned from Belgium and freely unfolded himself to a reporter of the *New York Tribune* (July 24). The interview, though brief, is interesting, and characteristic of the style of man too often entrusted with the charge of important public affairs :

“Colonel William C. Goodloe, of Kentucky, late United States Minister Resident at Brussels, has returned home in time to take an active part in the political campaign. He resigned his post in Belgium because he did not wish to remain longer away from his own country. In conversation with a *Tribune* reporter at the National Republican Committee rooms the other day he said he thought two years long enough for an American to spend in Europe, unless he is content to drop out of the current of affairs at home. Colonel Goodloe found life at Brussels very agreeable, so far as its social features are concerned. The diplomatic corps is made up of able men. Belgium is considered by all the European governments as an excellent point for observing what is going forward in the whole field of diplomacy, and they send first-class men to look after their interests there. Colonel Goodloe speaks in high terms of the intelligence of King Leopold, his interest in scientific matters and in the welfare of the people. The government, he says, is as free and liberal as that of England, the ministry being responsible to the legislative body, and the king being bound by the constitution to select ministers representing the views of the majority. The political questions which divide the people chiefly concern the schools, which one party wishes to separate from the influence of the clergy—a measure strongly resisted by the other. Colonel Goodloe's experience with regard to the expense of living in Europe was the same as that of most of our diplomatic representatives. He found it necessary to spend about twice the amount of his salary in order to live in a style befitting his position, and to keep on a footing of social equality with his colleagues representing other countries, and to return the hospitalities they extended him.”

Thus it will be seen that because this diplomatist “thought

two years long enough for an American to spend in Europe, unless he is content to drop out of the current of affairs at home," the ministry at Brussels is left vacant until a successor worthy of stepping into the shoes of Mr. Goodloe can be found. This will be an extremely difficult task, as it is impossible to measure fully the importance of Mr. Goodloe's communications to the Secretary of State. What could be more deeply interesting than his opening letter, dated January 2, 1879?

"The customary New Year's receptions," he informs Secretary Evarts, "were yesterday in this city almost universally observed, the central point of interest being, of course, the one held at the palace. The ladies of the diplomatic corps were received by the queen on the evening of the 31st. At noon of the 1st the chiefs of missions, with their secretaries and attachés, were received by their majesties the king and queen. Afterwards, in the order named, were received the senators and representatives, the judiciary, the officers of the army, the garde-civique, and citizens for whom permission had been previously obtained.

"All countries having ministers at this court were represented, save that of England, whose officers remained away on account of the recent death of the Princess Alice. An order temporarily suspending the court mourning for this occasion was considered sufficient absolution by the rest of us."

Now, it is impossible to exaggerate the dignity and worth to the state of an epistle of this kind, which is destined to go down in the country's archives from generation unto generation. This eminent member of "the rest of us" goes on to observe:

"As is their majesties' custom, they talked briefly with each of the ministers, beginning with that one longest accredited to this court, and closing with the latest arrival. Fortunately, however, the proper estimate of a country's worth and greatness depends neither upon the rank nor length of service of its representative."

After, this keen thrust at "the rest of them" Mr. Goodloe graciously remembers that there was present a representative of the United States, and informs Mr. Evarts that "the king to me was as cordial and gracious in his manner and language as possible, and it gives me great pleasure to make known to you his kindly expressions." These he gives and closes his letter.

In the course of his second letter, dated March 10, Mr. Goodloe throws off a little of his diplomatic reserve and hauteur, and becomes extremely confidential and proportionately entertaining.

"In the course of a short conversation with the king," writes Mr. Goodloe, "while in attendance at a ball held at the palace recently, in reply to an incidental remark of mine that the United States seemed now to be entering upon a more prosperous state than it had enjoyed prior to specie re-

sumption, his majesty said: 'I am very glad to hear it; you know well my feelings towards your country; I wish it the greatest prosperity and advancement, and strongly hope that commerce may increase between the two countries.'

"It is not uncharitable to conclude that while his majesty may not be adverse to Belgians purchasing goods from the United States, yet his great desire is that the balance of trade should be in favor of his own country. As a similar feeling is doubtless likewise entertained by the United States, it is essential that a healthy impetus should be given to commerce first, and then the country enjoy the greater benefit that may be the better entitled to it."

The last sentence is diplomatically obscure in its meaning; but doubtless it is intended to mean something. Mr. Goodloe proceeds to make some observations on the prospects of American trade with Belgium, which are in the main judicious enough, though given in a free and easy style that is quite exhilarating, though not exactly after the manner of either Talleyrand or Lord Chesterfield. "A man entering a store here," he writes, "and offering to sell goods by sample, would be at once pronounced an escaped lunatic; but when orders are once given to a manufacturer they are continued from year to year and not changed save for very good cause." He insists that a travelling agent's "knowledge of the language should be thorough, so that he may have his subject always at his tongue's end. But, above all, merchants should be cautioned against sending a 'smart,' 'sharp' fellow on their business."

Austro-Hungary being one of the leading European powers, it is only natural to expect that the republic should be well represented there. Mr. John A. Kasson is the American minister at the court of Vienna. He is not at all the same kind of man as Mr. William Cassius Goodloe. Mr. Kasson has a weakness for skimming the turbid surface of European politics, and giving Mr. Evarts the benefit of observations that are rarely profound and not always correct. As a consequence his communications are marked by voluminous asterisks, significant of great gaps. It is amusing to note how Mr. Evarts strives to keep Mr. Kasson to the practical business of the legation, which has little to do with European politics properly so called, but rather with matters affecting trade and commerce, and the mutual relations of the two countries in this respect. But Mr. Kasson will not be held, and flies off into the vague field of speculation at the faintest opportunity.

By the provisions of the Treaty of Berlin Austria was charged with the occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina. She marched

her troops into those districts. A party in Hungary was averse to the expedition and created some difficulty at the outset.

"In Hungary," writes Mr. Kasson (October 27, 1878), "the finance minister, an able and popular man, refused to undertake the work of providing for the additional expenses resulting from the occupation of Bosnia, and resigned."

It is surely scarcely a mark either of ability or patriotism to thwart one's government at a delicate crisis in affairs, and by way of preventing its fulfilling a solemn engagement even by force of arms. Mr. Kasson, if he thought it necessary, might easily have stated the fact of the resignation without extending his benediction to the obstructive minister. Committal expressions of this kind are frequent in his communications. It is a minister's business to state facts, not to take sides in matters where his government has no immediate concern. Treating of the commercial relations between Austria and Italy (*Relations*, p. 41), he writes:

"So sharp was the contest with Italy (toward whom Austria still appears to retain some feeling of offended superiority)," etc.

What in the world has Mr. Kasson to do with Austria's "offended superiority?" He confesses to having been caught napping by the French ambassador, M. Teisserenc de Bort, who paid him a long visit and pumped Mr. Kasson to his heart's content respecting the prospects of bringing about a commercial treaty between the United States and France "by which mutual special tariff concessions should be secured."

"Supposing at the time," says Mr. Kasson, "that it was a chance topic of conversation, I spoke fully of what I believed to be the sentiments of my countrymen, and of my personal opinions on the subject."

He afterwards discovered that the French ambassador's visit was by no means an idle one, but intended to elicit just the information that Mr. Kasson cheerfully volunteered. It is quite possible that no great harm was done one way or the other. But Mr. Kasson's tendency is towards gratuitous effusiveness, and occasions might easily arise that would convert this amiable quality into a serious danger to the interests that Mr. Kasson is sent especially to guard. He transmits valuable information when he suppresses himself and his love for advising the home government, and consents to sink his views in order to deal with plain matters of fact.

Of our ministers at London and Paris little is to be said, for they, fortunately perhaps, afford small opportunity for notice. The chief event in French politics on which Mr. Noyes was

called to comment was the fall of President MacMahon—an event at the time of international import. Mr. Noyes' communication on the subject occupies about a little more than a page of the published correspondence. Mr. Noyes at least does not sin on the side of superfluousness, as do many of his colleagues. They sometimes convert very small mole-hills into very large mountains; Mr. Noyes only sees a mole-hill in a mountain. At the same time the facts he does state he states dispassionately. Mr. Welsh's letters from London are chiefly confined to decisions in the courts, circular letters, and newspaper extracts. Mr. Welsh returned home, and Mr. Hoppin took charge of the legation until the appointment of a minister to fill Mr. Welsh's place. Mr. Hoppin continued Mr. Welsh's practice of transmitting to Secretary Evarts copious clippings from various English newspapers on every kind of subject from the question of fisheries to Lord Beaconsfield's speech at Aylesbury, Lord Derby's and Mr. Cross's at Southport, and Lord Salisbury's at Manchester in defence of the Beaconsfield administration.

There are only two letters from Mr. Bayard Taylor, one giving the law against the Social-Democrats, the other relating to the German Fisheries Society. Mr. Taylor, who died at his post, was succeeded by Mr. Andrew D. White, President of Cornell University. A comment on Mr. White's despatches is reserved for another portion of this article.

There is one other important mission calling for attention here, and that is the legation at Brazil, where Mr. Henry Hilliard is minister. Mr. Hilliard is, not to put too fine a point on it, a little gushing, and rather more effusive, with less substance and point, than Mr. Kasson. Mr. Hilliard seems to labor under the impression that he was sent abroad not so much to care for and advance strictly American interests as what are called "American ideas." He would, if he could, convert Brazil to republicanism, though it is hard for any sane man to admire the republicanism that exists in the South American states. As a class these states are very aptly described in Mr. Evarts' words as "communities where the conspirators of to-day may be the government to-morrow" (*Relations*, p. 582). But Mr. Hilliard seems to regard republicanism as the panacea to cure every possible human evil—a pleasing theory, doubtless, but one unfortunately that history has not thus far sustained.

Charged with this sublime sense of his "mission," of course Mr. Hilliard regards himself as occupying an infinitely higher plane than the people and statesmen to whom he is accredited.

He never hesitates and never loses confidence in himself, while he occasionally condescends to throw in a good word for the home government. His first letter treats of a convention concluded between the United States and Brazil for "the protection of trade-marks for articles of American manufacture and commerce." "It will ever," he writes encouragingly to Mr. Evarts, "be a source of great satisfaction to you and to myself to feel that we have been able to accomplish a convention that must exert the most beneficent influence upon the manufacturing and commercial interests of our country." This "most beneficent influence" still remains to be proved; the mere settling of a convention does not necessarily establish it. But imagine a minister writing to the Secretary of State in this style, and the secretary, with humble sarcasm, allowing it to go into the public records:

"I know how earnestly you desire to conduct the great department over which you preside so as to promote, in the highest degree, the interests of our country, and to give to the United States the most commanding advantages in our foreign relations.

"I shall be at all times ready to co-operate with you in the accomplishment of that object so long as I have the honor to represent our country at this important post."

What in the name of common sense does Mr. Hilliard imagine he was sent abroad for but to "co-operate" with the home government? He adds an amount of gush about the triumph of the administration abroad and at home which is quite gratuitous on his part, and for which he was certainly not asked. After this one is prepared to find Mr. Hilliard committing himself to statements that are likely to be received with painful surprise in Brazil.

In his second letter he volunteers the declaration that

"The leading statesmen of the Liberal party . . . wish to deliver Brazil from the influence of European ideas. . . . They regard the institutions of the United States as a splendid illustration of the principles of free government. . . . The wisest men of the Liberal party do not desire *at this time* to effect any change in the form of their government, but they do earnestly desire to free themselves from the dominion of European ideas."

There is much more of this style of writing. Of course, if Mr. Hilliard was sent to Brazil for the express purpose of indulging in free speculations on the possible conversion of that empire into a republic after the model of the United States, all this is eminently right and proper and cannot fail to be extremely gratifying to the Emperor of Brazil, who is accepted as a friend to this country.

"They (the Liberal leaders)," he adds, "favor what I name an American policy. From the day of my arrival here I have endeavored to stimulate the sentiment. In my address to the emperor I expressed my sentiments in strong language, and I have steadily pressed these views upon the public men of the empire from time to time."

Here follow some eloquent asterisks. But it is fair to submit, if Mr. Hilliard is permitted to do this in Brazil, openly to advance views in direct opposition to the institutions of the country to which he is sent on a friendly mission, why should not our ministers at the European courts, and with much more ostensible reason, follow his example and advise the monarchs and statesmen of those countries as to the true method of governing their peoples? It is easy to imagine what the response would be from Germany, or England, or Austria, or Russia. But the Emperor of Brazil is a good-natured man, who has seen something of the United States, and perhaps can appreciate the kind of character of which Mr. Hilliard is a decidedly pronounced and confident type.

In another letter Mr. Hilliard says (*Relations*, p. 137):

"There is in the empire a powerful party properly named Liberal. There are in its ranks men who decidedly approve a republican form of government." And yet he adds: "The best interests of this vast country are associated with the reign of the emperor. So long as he lives the empire is stable. This is a free government, essentially so, with an imperial form, but still the emperor might say in a high sense, 'I am the state.'"

It is hard to follow Mr. Hilliard in his self-contradictions. A Brazilian might accuse him of intriguing against the state; only that the intrigue is so flimsy and transparent. Possibly the advice would be lost on such a man that he is not sent to Brazil to regulate the affairs of that empire, or to assist in changing its form of government, which even he pronounces to be essentially free, but simply to look after the interests of the United States so far as Brazil touches them, and to inform this government dispassionately on important matters of fact of general interest. The first duty of an ambassador is to report accurately to his government; a man who is an avowed partisan can never fulfil this duty.

The representatives of this country in England, France, Austria, Germany, Belgium, and Brazil have now been fairly considered. The reader is in a position to judge by their own letters of the men sent abroad from the republic. The selection from the voluminous correspondence is sufficiently varied to justify a general judgment regarding our diplomatists. The average is extremely commonplace, though a harsher term might

in some instances be used. It is quite unnecessary to go the round of the world. Others are even worse than those quoted, both in the matters touched upon and in the style of their communications. Some of the diplomatic gentlemen seemed to regard it as their chief duty to give minute reports to the government of the movements of General and Mrs. Grant. Even Mr. Lowell, the minister at Madrid, and now the minister at London, devotes the whole of his first letter to this subject. He is as careful in his description of General Grant's movements as a newspaper reporter.* The general was, by Mr. Lowell's account, received with every possible honor and distinction by the king.

"Every possible attention and courtesy," he writes, "were shown to General Grant during his stay by the Spanish government, and the Minister for Foreign Affairs took occasion to tell me that these civilities were intended not only to show respect and good will to General Grant, but to the government and people of the United States." He adds: "General Grant several times expressed to me very warmly his pleasure and satisfaction at the manner in which he had been received and treated."

That being so, it is deeply to be regretted that General Grant did not make a more fitting return for the exceptional courtesy of the Spanish king and government. On the eve of General Grant's departure for Portugal an attempt was made on the young king's life. Congratulations on his happy escape poured in from every court. This honored American guest departed without a word or sign, without even the conventional civility of a formal leave-taking. Mr. Lowell relates the circumstance of his departure in lines that, meant to be kind, are extremely painful:

"General Grant left Madrid on Friday, the 25th (October, 1878), at nine o'clock P.M., for Lisbon, the Portuguese minister here having already telegraphed his coming, in order that he should be properly received. In consequence of this latter circumstance it was impossible for him to delay his departure in order to take formal leave of the king, as he otherwise would gladly have done. I made the proper explanations and apologies to his majesty at our reception next day."

Up to nine P.M. makes a fairly long day in which to find time to say good-by. A telegraphic despatch, under exceptional circumstances, can surely be countermanded. Mr. Lowell apologizing for the behavior of General Grant to General Grant's distinguished and gracious host is not a pleasing picture for an American to contemplate. It is easy to imagine the cold courtesy with which the Spanish gentleman, who happened to be a king, received the painful apology. Was it similar conduct that

provoked the incident recorded by Mr. Bingham, the United States Minister to Japan, on General Grant's arrival at Yokohama:

"The English men-of-war in port," writes Mr. Bingham, "made no recognition of the general, owing to the order issued by her Britannic majesty's Colonial Secretary, Sir Michael Hicks Beach, to the effect that her majesty's war-vessels should not salute General Grant, as he was but a private gentleman."

British Colonial Secretaries do not issue orders of that kind to their navy without special motive and without the consent of their Cabinet.

There is one matter yet to refer to, and that is the correspondence so far as it trenches on Catholic affairs. This was a constant and just cause of complaint which has more than once been advanced in this magazine. These remonstrances seem to have taken effect, for the present volume is singularly free from the customary faults in this direction. Even Mr. Foster, the inveterate enemy of Catholics in Mexico, has at last been prevailed upon to restrain his religious bias, not to say bigotry, and attend strictly to the regular and important business of the legation. Mr. Marsh, who used to rail at the Pope from Italy, still exists, but the old fire seems gone. There is a tone here and there of the anti-Catholic spirit in which he used to glory, but it is half-hearted and dull. For the rest his despatches are of the average order. Mr. Goodloe, as might be expected, blunders sadly over the Catholic question in Belgium and misstates facts with the cheerful ignorance for which this representative of the American people has a special talent. One hardly expected to find a similar bent in Mr. Andrew D. White, who was summoned from Cornell to take the place shadowed by the death of Mr. Bayard Taylor. Previous to his departure for the German mission Mr. White was treated to any number of dinners in and around New York. All sorts of pleasant things were predicted of his appointment, and he responded in kind; and yet it must be confessed that Mr. White's letters fall under the dead average. Well, where Mr. Lowell fails it is hardly to be expected that Mr. White would shine. He follows the London practice of sending voluminous reports of debates in the Reichstag and such like, which might be easily gathered from newspapers, and when he does venture on anything like an original letter he blunders sadly. He gives an account of the session of the Reichstag which was closed on July 12 "by a formal decree of the emperor," as Mr. White announces with unnecessary care. This long letter is broken up by ominous aster-

isks, which sufficiently gauge the value to the state of Mr. White's communication. He mistakes the whole drift of events as regards the resignation of Dr. Falk and the effect of that resignation. Secular journals on this side of the water were more alive to the situation than Mr. White at Berlin. He writes of the report that "the German government intend to give back to the Roman Catholic Church what the Kultur-kampf of the last seven years wrested from it" as being "probably without foundation." "The German government," says Mr. White, "can hardly have any real intention of re-establishing the supremacy of the Roman Church in matters of education." But the Roman Catholic Church neither had nor claimed such "supremacy." It simply claimed the freedom of teaching that Cornell enjoys in this country, and of which Cornell's president, instead of being the avowed foe, might have been expected to be the ardent friend. "Dr. Falk's resignation," he says, "has been generally lamented." That was a doubtful assertion, especially in face of the fact stated by Mr. White that his educational measure of March, 1872, "has been a continual thorn in the flesh to many Lutherans, to the Evangelicals, and especially to the Roman Catholics." Dr. Falk's enforced resignation may have been lamented by men who upheld Dr. Falk's ideas, but the lament was certainly not general, as Mr. Evarts was doubtless aware, or has at least become convinced by this time, as he has of the utter fallacy of Mr. White's unnecessary and unwise predictions. It is ill to predict on the wrong side. Dr. Falk, proceeds Mr. White, with a strange perverseness for mistaking facts, "has initiated into Germany the principle in the relations between church and state which prevails in the United States." This statement is altogether wrong. Dr. Falk initiated into Germany, possibly in a more rigorous form, the essentially vicious principle of the Code Napoleon respecting education, which is nothing less than the complete subjection to and absorption of education by the state. The president of Cornell is strangely ignorant to mistake that for the principle in the relations between church and state that prevails in this country. In this country the church is completely free of state control. Under Dr. Falk's system it was completely subjected to and ground down by the state; hence Prince Bismarck himself has been compelled to revoke it by reason of its evil working. It is to be regretted that our minister, who is undeniably an intelligent and well-meaning gentleman, having the good of all classes of persons at heart, should show himself so mistaken regarding important public questions. The Prussian government, which is certainly not

favorable to Catholics, has been compelled, of its own act, to overturn the Falk legislation which Mr. White so strenuously defends in contradiction to every sentiment of the American people. He falls into the too common error that what is ostensibly against Catholics is in favor of all non-Catholics. He, in common with thousands of excellent and otherwise intelligent men, loses sight of principles in the mist of preconceived prejudice.

There are a few other anti-Catholic communications, notably some from Mr. Hilliard, that might be touched upon, but they are so flimsy as not to be worthy of serious consideration. The main purpose of this article has been to set forth the intellectual poverty and absolute unfitness to represent this great people of the men whom the government sends abroad. Their letters, as a rule, are not nearly so full, so interesting, so well written, or so attentive to questions of large public interests as are many letters that appear in the daily newspapers. And yet these men are supposed to have close access to the governments to which they are sent, to have to a certain extent the ear of the state with which they are necessarily in constant communication, and to meet public men at every turn. The fault is plainly not with the mission but with the men. They are simply incompetent. A certain official training shows itself at once in the clear, crisp, intelligent letters of Mr. Hoffmann at St. Petersburg and Mr. Moran at Lisbon. These form refreshing oases in the dreary desert of dull verbiage that fills the volume. American interests advance of their own virtue, and by reason of increased and easy intercommunication. The country is worth something to other countries, therefore it makes its way. The official representatives of the country would seem better calculated to retard than advance its progress.

OBERON AND TITANIA.

A FAIRY TALE FROM SHAKSPERE.

A SUMMER night. The pale moonlight
Sleeps on the throbbing sea ;
The drooping flowers within their bowers
Are sleeping silently.

The birds upon the forest boughs
With folded wings are sleeping,
And the bird of night, with noiseless flight,
In mystic rings is sweeping.

Beneath the leaf, the ivy-leaf,
Crouches the dragon-fly ;
And the beetle bold, in his armor of gold,
Is booming drowsily.

The landrail shy, night's sentinel,
From his sequestered lair
In meadow deep or grassy dell
Sends forth his watchword clear.

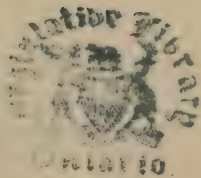
The lovesick maiden's closing lid
Enfolds the half-shed tear ;
On faithful breast sinketh to rest
The weary laborer.

"Come hither, hither, my goblin page,"
Says Oberon, fairy king ;
"There's work to be done of frolic and fun
Will make the greenwood ring.

"Away, away, on thy pinions gay,
To the brink of yon dancing rill :
Titania, my queen, is there, I ween,
Asleep in a daffodil.

“ With magic juice of virtue rare
Her heavy lids bedew,
And let some monster form be there
To meet her waking view.

“ Whate’er it be she first shall see
She needs must love and follow
(Beguiled her heart by elfin art)
O’er hill and ferny hollow.”



Now Puck he laughs, that page so sly,
He claps his filmy wings :
“ Yes, master, yes ” ; then up on high
All radiantly he springs.

Away with goblin glee he hies
Like a fire-fly through the shade,
Till below a rustic he espies
In drunken slumber laid.

Around the clown a fairy mound
With magic art he rears,
And behold the hapless rustic crowned
With an ass’s head and ears.

Elfishly laughs the dainty sprite,
The hideous form beholding,
And through the spangled depths of night
Darts off, his burden folding.

He lays him down, that monster clown,
Before the sleeping fairy ;
Her lids, with magic herbs bestrewn,
Then fans with pinions airy.

Now poised aloft, a song he sings,
Which unseen spirits waft her,
Balancing his perfumed wings
With a low, tremulous laughter.

Morning appears ; each flower uprears
Its sleep-o'erladen head,
And opes to heaven an eye all tears
Like liquid opals shed.

The queen beholds with wondering eye
The form before her lying,
And looks again, imploringly,
With low and amorous sighing.

Upon her knees in fond delight
His shaggy lips she kisses,
Anon with tapering fingers white
His long, rough ears caresses.

"Awake, my love," she cries, "awake!
Nor scorn Titania praying;
Awaken for thy true love's sake."
The monster answers, braying.

"O gentle music, notes divine!"
Th' enchanted queen replies;
"Here, here thy gracious head recline,
Here breathe fresh melodies."

Unearthly voices shout aloud;
Shrill peals of laughter ring;
And from a shroud of fleecy cloud
Darts Oberon, fairy king.

He breathes upon her, soft and warm,
Low, fairy music sings,
Then folds her frail and shrinking form
Within his gossamer wings.

Away the mists of error speed;
She loathes that form abhorred,
And sinks her spell-bewildered head
On the bosom of her lord.

GENESIS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

VII.

THE principal arguments adduced in proof of the theory of a human origin of the episcopal polity of the Catholic Church are taken from the indeterminate use of the names of bishop and presbyter in the writings of the apostles and from the comments of St. Jerome on this apostolic usage of terms.

In the Epistle to Titus, St. Paul, after reminding him that he had left him in Crete to complete and carry into effect the necessary dispositions for the more perfect organization of the church in that island, and particularly that he might appoint and institute presbyters in the cities where Christian converts existed, proceeds immediately to describe the qualifications of a bishop. In his Commentary on this Epistle (at ch. i. v. 5) St. Jerome remarks as follows :

“Therefore, a presbyter is the same as a bishop is, and before that by the instigation of the devil emulations in respect to religion arose, and people began to say: I am of Paul, and I of Apollos, and I of Cephas, the churches were governed by the common counsel of the presbyters. But, after that each one was accustomed to regard those whom he had baptized as his own disciples and not of Christ, it was decreed in the whole world that one chosen from the presbyters should be placed over the others, to whom the whole care of the church should belong, and the seeds of schisms be thus taken away. Some one may think that this is our opinion, not found in the Scriptures, that bishop and presbyter are one, one being a designation of age, the other of office, but let him read over the words of the Apostle addressing the Philippians, where he says: Paul and Timothy, servants of Jesus Christ, to all the saints who are at Philippi, with the bishops and deacons. Philippi is a city of Macedonia, and certainly there could not be several of those who in common parlance are bishops in one city. But because, at that time, they were accustomed to call the same persons bishops whom they also called presbyters, therefore he speaks of bishops without a distinction, as if he had spoken of presbyters.”

After referring to the address of St. Paul to the Ephesian Presbyters at Miletus, and his admonition to the Hebrews to obey their prelates, using the plural, St. Jerome proceeds:

“These things are brought forward in order to show that with the ancients the same persons were presbyters who were also bishops, but that gradually in order that the plants of dissension might be uprooted, the entire administration (*sollicitudinem*) was transferred to one. Therefore, as presbyters may know that by the custom of the church they are subject to the one who has been placed over them; so also bishops may understand that they are greater than presbyters more by custom than by the veritable

ordinance of the Lord, and that they ought to rule the church in common with them, imitating Moses, who, although he had the power to rule the people of Israel alone, chose seventy in conjunction with whom he judged the people."

There are a few similar passages in other writings of St. Jerome, but everything which can be adduced to show that in his opinion the superiority of bishops over presbyters was not of divine but human institution, is sufficiently expressed in the quotation we have given. There are also several passages scattered through his works, in which he speaks of the episcopate and of the priesthood and ministry in a more general way, not in reference to the origin and nature of that pre-eminence which belonged in his time to bishops in the government of their clergy and people. These are mostly incidental remarks, *obiter dicta*, since he never undertook to explain systematically and fully either the Catholic doctrine or his own opinions in regard to the hierarchical constitution of the church and the nature of its different orders. All of them, taken together, would not fill more than a few of our pages. It is well known to scholars, that the style of the great Doctor is somewhat rough and off-hand, and that all his expressions cannot be interpreted correctly by applying the rules of dialectical and exegetical criticism with precision. In the passage we have quoted and its cognate passages, a precise and accurate explanation of his complete and exact meaning is difficult, and the most learned commentators upon them, ancient and modern, are not altogether agreed among themselves. The main point, however, is to ascertain whether St. Jerome held and proposed the opinion ascribed to him by Calvin, Blondell, and many other Protestants, that the episcopal polity in the church, and the distinction of order between bishops and presbyters is totally a human institution, not at all founded in divine right, but introduced by a purely ecclesiastical law. All Catholic and many Protestant authors are agreed that this is far from being true. It can be proved, with a little trouble, by a careful consideration of what St. Jerome has written, making due allowance for his peculiarity of style, collating his different statements together, and giving due weight to extrinsic considerations derived from the common tradition and doctrine of his time, that this eminent Doctor held and taught substantially the common and Catholic doctrine that the hierarchy in the church consisting of Bishops, Presbyters, and Ministers was established by a divine ordinance. In respect to the superiority of bishops over presbyters, how much is *de jure divino*, and how much *de jure ecclesiastico*, in St.

Jerome's opinion, exactly what was the change in the regimen of the church introduced by the apostles after a certain lapse of time according to his supposition, it is not so easy to determine with precision and certainty. Some few things in his statements are obvious and indisputable. One is, that at first the titles of bishop and presbyter were often used indiscriminately, and this is acknowledged by other ancient authors. Another is, that the appointment of local bishops with full governing power, in all the churches everywhere, was decreed by the apostles and by degrees universally carried out. Still another, that in some essential sense, and in virtue of the dignity and power of their common priesthood, bishops and presbyters are of one order, in which even the apostles were included.

The most lax interpretation which can plausibly be made of St. Jerome's language, would represent the superiority of bishops as consisting not in an intrinsic character, but in an extrinsic and permanent delegation of a higher office with special honor and power annexed, like the superiority of archbishops over bishops, and of the Exarchs and Patriarchs over all other metropolitans. This interpretation, however, is only plausible, so long as certain isolated statements are considered in a superficial manner, apart from all others, and from a deeper examination of the scope and intent of the great Doctor, which was to exalt the office and dignity of the priesthood in opposition to the arrogant and despotic spirit of certain bishops, and to the insolence of some of those deacons who were in places of great trust and authority under the bishops of the great sees, as administrators of their financial and other temporal affairs.

It is not necessary to prove what every scholar must be aware of, that St. Jerome regarded the presbyterate of the Christian church as a true and proper priesthood whose essential character consists chiefly in the power given by ordination of consecrating and offering the Body and Blood of the Lord. This power over the real Body of Christ is intrinsically greater than that power over his Mystical Body, the church, which is conjoined with it; and the sacerdotal character is the highest and most perfect in respect to dignity which can be imparted to men. The Presbyterate, as a name of age or dignity, denoting seniority, or senatorial, patriarchal and venerable precedence and priority among the faithful of Christ, is the proper, generic name denoting the condition of all, even Apostles with their Prince and Primate, who have received a participation from Jesus Christ in his priestly character. The name of the episcopate, in itself, denotes only

the office of superintending, ruling, teaching, exercising pastoral solicitude and authority over the flock of Christ. Therefore, as all who had received the priestly character were presbyters, so all who had received any pastoral charge were bishops, in one common and general sense, according to the most primitive use of terms, and, in regard to their office of serving and ministering, were also called Deacons, which appellation is given in the New Testament both to the apostles and to Christ. Nevertheless, those who were deacons and nothing more were specifically called by that name, those who were presbyters and nothing more were specifically called presbyters, and those who were raised by a new consecration to a higher grade in the presbyterate, after they had become permanently constituted chief rulers and pastors of the churches everywhere were exclusively called bishops as their specific designation. Before this time, and while the local clergy were probably for the most part presbyters, the associates and coadjutors of the immediate apostles of Christ, who were missionaries and founders of churches, were called apostles. After the earliest period had passed away, ecclesiastical nomenclature became more distinct and precise, and the terms Bishop, Presbyter and Deacon were applied in a technical and exact sense to the three grades in the hierarchy.

The argument of St. Jerome is briefly this. A Presbyter is a Priest, and so far of similar dignity with a Bishop, therefore a deacon must honor him as far superior to himself, since he is not a priest but a minister of the priesthood; and a bishop ought to honor his own sacerdotal character in presbyters as well as in bishops. Moreover, presbyters actually exercised the pastoral and ruling office in certain churches under the direction of the apostles, before local bishops were appointed over them with the sole and exclusive authority of government and administration. Therefore, they are competent, by their order as constituted by the divine appointment, to share with bishops in governing the church, and the ecclesiastical law which has placed such absolute power in the hands of bishops for the sake of preventing schism ought to be administered by them in a mild and moderate spirit, by conceding to their presbyters voluntarily the privilege of consultation and concurrence in the government of their churches. The Saint makes a kind of appeal from a harsh and despotic use of episcopal authority to the higher law. "Let the bishops recognize that they are greater than presbyters more by custom, that is, by ecclesiastical law, than by any right which can be truly called divine."

Did St. Jerome think and did he mean to assert or insinuate that the episcopal polity in the church is not of divine appointment, but only of human origin, established by the apostles in their capacity of ordinary legislators and rulers? Or did he mean to say, that the superiority of bishops, even if it proceeds from a decree of the apostles made by divine inspiration, is nevertheless only a superiority of office and not of intrinsic character imparted by their episcopal consecration?

The first opinion destroys itself by the very statement. For, if the apostles were not *jure divino* bishops in the strict sense of the word, what legislative and ruling power could they have which was ordinary, and not confined within their extraordinary commission as the legates and plenipotentiaries of the Sovereign Priest and King over the Church, Jesus Christ? The second opinion, though not so manifestly false, is not at all probable.

The very words of the holy Doctor in which he seems to diminish the rightful pre-eminence of bishops indicate that they have, by the disposition of the Lord a real superiority over presbyters. "Noverint se *magis* consuetudine, quam dispositionis Dominicæ veritate, presbyteris esse majores." This can fairly be interpreted to mean that bishops have a certain superiority *jure divino*, which was left by the Lord to be more precisely determined in the matter of jurisdiction by the apostles and their successors. The divine right of bishops was certainly maintained by the other great fathers contemporary with St. Jerome and believed in as the common doctrine in his time. Aerius, a presbyter who was disappointed in his hope of obtaining a bishopric, disputed this doctrine and maintained the equality of all priests. This new tenet was at once condemned as heretical, and St. Epiphanius describes it as rather a piece of insane folly than an opinion worthy of serious refutation. It is not to be supposed that St. Jerome, who was never censured for his opinions on the episcopate, agreed with this man who became at length an Arian and is only known to history as an insignificant heretic. No one can doubt that the great Doctor recognized the utility and necessity of the episcopal polity as finally established by the apostles.

"The well-being of the church depends on the dignity of the Chief Priest, and unless a certain power which is unparticipated and high above men is given to him (*exsors** *quædam et ab hominibus eminens potestas*) there will be as many schisms as there are priests in the church." (Adv. Lucif.)

* *Exsors* may also be translated "above or beyond the vicissitudes of chance," which is its primary meaning.

It is to be presumed, in the absence of any evidence to the contrary, that St. Jerome ascribed the ordination of such a power in the church to the Lord, and not merely to a human provision. And this is confirmed by the parallel which he draws between the Jewish and the Christian hierarchy.

"And that we may know that the Apostolical Traditions were taken from the Old Testament; that which Aaron and his sons and the Levites were in the temple, the same Bishops and Presbyters and Deacons may claim for themselves in the church." (Ep. ad Evangelum.)

Speaking of the sacrament of confirmation, he says :

"If we inquire why in the church a baptized person does not receive the Holy Spirit except through the hands of a bishop, learn that this observance descends from the same authority which teaches that the Holy Spirit descended upon the apostles." (Adv. Lucif.)

He was not ignorant that by delegation from the supreme authority, Presbyters can be empowered to confirm, and that they had frequently in the East received this power. Nevertheless, he recognizes in bishops an ordinary power received from the apostles and not common with the extraordinary faculty given to presbyters of giving confirmation. But when he describes most precisely and accurately that power in which consists essentially the specific difference of a bishop from a presbyter, he mentions only ordination.

"For what does a bishop do, with the exception of ordination, which a presbyter may not do."

We justly infer that St. Jerome and the whole church regarded this power of ordaining bishops and priests, as residing in the bishop as such by virtue of his episcopal consecration, not only *par excellence* like the power of confirming in bishops, and the power of baptizing in bishops, priests and deacons, but incommunicably with any inferior grade in the church, just like the power of consecrating and absolving in a priest. Such a power could only come from Jesus Christ, the sole institutor of sacraments, the only one who can empower a man to confer in his name a portion of his own innate and supreme priesthood. By the universal belief and practice of the church the right of ordaining priests either of the first or the second order can only be possessed and exercised by bishops. The power is given to them in their episcopal consecration which is a distinct and separate rite from ordination to the priesthood, and transmits from the original apostles through an unbroken succession, the apostolic char-

acter. This succession of bishops to the apostles St. Jerome declares in plain and explicit terms.

“With us, bishops hold the place of the apostles.” (Ad Marcellam.) “All are successors of the apostles.” (Ad Evang.)

This last passage occurs at the end of a statement similar to several others of the same purport in the writings of other great Fathers, that all bishops are equal in regard of their episcopal character and dignity.

“Wheresoever a bishop may be, whether at Rome or at Eugubium, whether at Constantinople or at Rhegium, whether at Alexandria or at Tanis, he is of the same worth and of the same priesthood. The power of riches and the humility of poverty does not make a bishop higher or lower, but all are successors of the apostles.” (Ad Evang.)

The term “sacerdotium” which expresses the specific ratio of equality among bishops denotes here the fulness of the gifts and graces imparted to a bishop in ordination, and not merely the essential character of priesthood which is the same in bishops and presbyters. “Sacerdos” was the name given *par excellence* to bishops in ancient times, as it still is in the offices of the church, and “sacerdotium” the name of the episcopal dignity, though not in an exclusive sense. The most strictly and theologically accurate definition of the priesthood describes it as a bipartite order, generically one, and specifically divided into two. Those Catholic writers who say that the episcopate and presbyterate are two orders really mean nothing more than those who say they are but one order which has two distinct and specifically different grades. The only dogmatic definitions of the church are those of the Council of Trent.

“If any one shall say that there is not in the Catholic Church a hierarchy of divine ordination which consists of Bishops, Presbyters, and Ministers; let him be anathema.

“If any one shall say that Bishops are not superior to presbyters, or that they have not the power of confirming and ordaining, or that the power they have is common to them with presbyters, etc., let him, etc.” (Can. de Sacr. Ord. sec. 23, can. vi. vii.)

That there is a visible and external priesthood in the New Testament, and that Order or sacred ordination is a true and proper sacrament instituted by Christ, by which the Holy Spirit is given and a character imprinted, is also a dogma of Catholic faith.

“Sacerdotum ordo bipartitus est, Episcoporum scilicet, qui sacerdotes

primi appellantur, et Presbyterorum, de quibus Rhabanus (L. 1. Inst. Cleric. cap. 6) ait : *secundi vero ordinis viri presbyteri sunt.*"* (Theol. Wiceburg.)

F. De Augustinis of Woodstock (de Ordine) says the same, and this is in accordance with the doctrine of St. Thomas. The priestly character is given by ordination to the presbyterate and is the principal and necessary foundation of the episcopal character which is the plenitude of priesthood, the sacerdotal character with an extension and with complementary grace. Absolutely speaking, the only act which a bishop is enabled to perform by the sacramental grace of order which a presbyter cannot be enabled to perform validly, is the ordination of bishops and priests.† This is what St. Jerome and St. John Chrysostom distinctly affirm. The bishop possesses the priesthood in that full and complete manner that he can impart it to others. Bishops, as Fathers in the priesthood, and, as St. Ambrose says, princes over priests, by virtue of their consecration are set apart for the highest office of pastoral care and rule over clergy and people, and therefore by their order or by ecclesiastical law, when they receive lawful mission and jurisdiction they can do many things which priests cannot do simply by the rights imparted to them in ordination or belonging to their office as presbyters and subordinate pastors under their diocesan bishop. Nevertheless, many presbyters, who are abbots, vicars-general, generals of Orders, or promoted to other dignities, have a most extensive jurisdiction over other priests, a pre-eminence of rank and authority, and when they are invested with the Cardinal's robe even an extrinsic superiority over ordinary bishops which makes it strictly true that the only visible difference by which a bishop surpasses such presbyters, is the power of confirming and ordaining.

It is true, nevertheless, that in respect to Order any bishop *in partibus* is superior to a Cardinal who is not a bishop, and equal to a Cardinal-Bishop or the Pope. So, any priest in respect to the order of priesthood strictly so called, is the equal of any bishop, even the Pope. He can absolve in the sacrament of penance and he can offer the Eucharistic Sacrifice, and the Pope as a priest can do no more. A bishop can consecrate a deacon to the priesthood and a priest to the episcopate, even though he were the Pope.

* The order of priests is bipartite, consisting, viz., of bishops who are called the chief priests, and of presbyters of whom Rhabanus says that presbyters are men of the second order.

† We leave out deacons, because although we think it more probable that a priest cannot receive delegated power to ordain them, some theologians think otherwise. The power of ordaining to the inferior orders has often been delegated to priests, and even now abbots can confer the minor orders. But these inferior orders are probably of ecclesiastical institution.

elect. A Pope-elect cannot do this unless he has been already consecrated to the episcopate. By virtue of his episcopal consecration, he has no higher character and can perform no higher act than any other bishop. This is the only sense in which we can understand St. Jerome's statement that all bishops are equal because all are successors of the apostles. It is precisely as bishops that he predicates of them this sublime and equal character, which does not belong to them in common with presbyters. The superiority of one presbyter over others is only an extrinsic and official superiority. The superiority of one bishop over others is the same. In the time of St. Jerome there were almost everywhere metropolitans of ecclesiastical provinces. Over these metropolitans, in many parts of the church there were exarchs and patriarchs, and the Pope was the Primate of the universal church. After Rome, the Supreme Apostolic See, Alexandria had the first place, Antioch the second, and Jerusalem the third. The First Council of Nice, twenty years before the birth of St. Jerome recognized and sanctioned the rights of the patriarchal and other higher metropolitan sees as derived from immemorial antiquity.* Without doubt, they date from the apostolic age. It is evident from the Scripture itself that St. Timothy and St. Titus were archbishops, and this is confirmed by historical testimony, and necessarily inferred from the statement of St. Jerome that they were commissioned by St. Paul to ordain and govern bishops as well as presbyters. Now, the only right of pre-eminence over bishops for which the ordination of God was ever claimed or recognized is the supremacy of the Bishop of Rome as the Successor of St. Peter. Even this supremacy, as well as every inferior jurisdiction of archbishops over bishops delegated from the supreme power, was never considered as conveyed through a sacramental consecration or as raising the Pope, the Patriarchs and the Archbishops to a hierarchical grade above the Episcopate. On the contrary, bishops were always regarded as invested with a higher sacerdotal and hierarchical character than presbyters, imparted to them by episcopal ordination. The doctrine of St. Jerome cannot be explained otherwise than in agreement with this idea.

St. Jerome confirms and illustrates his general thesis of the

*It is very probable that the words of the sixth Canon, "this also is the custom with the Bishop of Rome," really mean to point out the ancient and customary recognition of the patriarchal rights by the Bishop of Rome from the time of St. Peter, as the ground of their validity. See an able essay by the Rev. Dr. McLaughlin on this subject in the *Catholic Quarterly Review* for April, 1880.

identity of the *sacerdotium* in bishops and presbyters, by a reference to the primitive custom of the Church of Alexandria, and his remarks, together with the statements of Liberatus, a deacon of Carthage in the sixth century, and of Eutychius a Patriarch of Alexandria in the ninth century are combined together to make a case of actual diversity from the general polity of the church, extending into the middle of the third century.

St. Jerome was writing a letter to one Evangelus against the presumption of certain deacons, especially those of Rome. The Roman deacons, who were the administrators of the temporalities of the Roman Church, held a position of great importance and authority, they had a very influential share in the election of the Pope, and in many cases one of their number was the person elected to fill the Chair of Peter. In short, they were the precursors of the Cardinal-Deacons of a later period. St. Jerome accuses them of arrogance towards priests, and sets himself to combat their pretensions by exalting the character of the priesthood and showing its similarity in essence to the episcopate. After having made statements respecting the important share which presbyters had in common with bishops in the government of the church during the earliest period of the apostolic age, similar to those we have quoted above from the Commentary on Titus, he proceeds to say :

“ At Alexandria, from Mark the Evangelist, down to the bishops Heraclius (who died about 246) and Dionysius (who died 265), the presbyters always nominated one chosen from among themselves and seated in a more elevated place, bishop; as if an army should make a commander; or deacons choose one among themselves whom they know to be a diligent man and call him archdeacon.”

How much does this prove? Merely, that at Alexandria there was a senate or chapter of the chief presbyters, a sort of college of cardinal-priests, who possessed the exclusive right of electing the patriarch, and, we may infer, aided him in the government of his diocese, as well as of his extensive province, where his jurisdiction was much greater than in any other patriarchate. Does it prove that he did not receive consecration from bishops? Not at all; for in this same Epistle St. Jerome says that a bishop alone can ordain. Does it prove that there is no more difference between a bishop and a presbyter than there is between a deacon and an archdeacon? By no means; for it is in this Epistle that the passage occurs, already quoted that represents all bishops as the successors of the apostles. The change which is supposed to have taken place in discipline somewhere in the

third century was from a peculiar mode of election to the common one, in which the com-provincial bishops had the chief part, with the clergy of the diocese as concurrents, and a certain concurrence also of the laity. Liberatus relates in addition, that the election having been made with as much promptitude as possible, the bishop-elect watched by the body of the deceased patriarch until it was laid in the tomb, when placing its hand upon his head and taking from it the pallium of St. Mark, he was immediately proclaimed patriarch and exercised the rights of his office. Liberatus says nothing of episcopal consecration, and he had no need to do so, for it was a matter of course. He is particular in mentioning what were peculiar customs of the Alexandrian Church, and passes over in silence what was in accordance with the universal practice. That the patriarch-elect was inducted into his office and assumed its administration before being consecrated proves nothing whatever against the Catholic doctrine. He could not ordain, indeed, but every other function he could perform validly and licitly by virtue of his priestly character and the rights conferred on him by his legitimate election. A priest is frequently the administrator of a diocese, during a vacancy or a prolonged absence of the bishop. A priest who is bishop-elect of a diocese obtains full jurisdiction from the moment the bulls from Rome are received and promulgated. It is the same with a priest who has been elected Pope, or even a deacon. If he is a priest he cannot ordain until he has been consecrated, if he be a deacon he cannot say Mass, or administer any sacrament, baptism excepted, until he has been ordained. But he is competent to exercise complete Papal jurisdiction before receiving the orders which he lacks. Martin V. who was a Cardinal-Deacon at the time of his election assumed his place at once as President of the Council of Constance and Supreme Ruler of the Catholic Church, and he was ordained priest and consecrated bishop afterwards.

Eutychius is the witness relied on to fill up all the gaps in the testimony of St. Jerome and Liberatus and make out a complete case for a Presbyterian polity at Alexandria. This is what he says in his Arabic history of the origin of the Alexandrian Church, translated into Latin by Selden:

“Mark the Evangelist constituted twelve presbyters together with Ananias, who should remain with the patriarch; so that when the patriarchate was vacant, they might elect one of the twelve presbyters, upon whose head the other eleven imposed hands, and blessed him and created him patriarch. . . . Nor did this constitution concerning presbyters, to wit, that they should create the patriarch from among the twelve presbyters

cease to be observed until the time of the patriarch Alexander, who was the *three hundred and eighteenth of the number*. He forbade that henceforth presbyters should create the patriarch. And he decreed, that when the patriarch died bishops should assemble and ordain the new patriarch. . . . From Ananias, whom the Evangelist Mark constituted patriarch of Alexandria, down to the time of the patriarch Demetrius there were no bishops in Egypt; nor did the patriarchs before him create any bishops. But he, when he was made patriarch, constituted three bishops. And he was the first Alexandrian patriarch who made bishops. At the death of Demetrius Heraclius was put in his place as patriarch of Alexandria who made twenty bishops."

From all this it is inferred that the patriarch was not only elected by the presbyteral college of Alexandria but consecrated by them, and that all the churches in Egypt, Pentapolis and Lybia were governed by presbyters subject to the patriarch. Whatever Euty chius may have intended to say or be thought to have testified respecting the original right of presbyters at Alexandria to consecrate their patriarch, his testimony ought not to be cited by a critical scholar. He was an Arabian, ignorant of Greek, who was patriarch of Alexandria at the end of the ninth century. Natalis Alexander long ago destroyed his credit as a competent historian, and Saumaise, the famous Protestant controversialist says that he is a man in whom but little faith can be reposed, a narrator of many fabulous stories. It is hardly credible, however, that he should have ascribed to the Alexandrian presbyters the power of consecrating a bishop, unless he supposed that at least some of them had received the episcopal character. Petavius relates that Abraham Echellensis, a Maronite, a learned Oriental scholar and professor of Syriac and other Eastern languages at the Royal College of Paris assured him, that there were three impositions of hands generally observed in the East at the creation of a bishop.* The representatives of the laity laid their hands on the head of the elect, to signify their acceptance of him as their bishop, the clergy did the same, and afterwards the bishop consecrated him with two or more other bishops assisting him. The statement of Euty chius that there were no diocesan bishops under the patriarch before the third century only amounts to this, that all the Alexandrian patriarchate was one vast diocese, and is moreover incredible in itself and contrary to historical evidence. One single fact in the history of St. Athanasius sufficiently proves that the doctrine

* Abraham Echellensis himself published a work against Selden, in which he makes the same statement.

and practice in Egypt respecting episcopal ordination was always the same with those which prevailed everywhere else throughout the world. The Arian Ischyra, who pretended to be a priest, was condemned as an impostor by a Council held at Alexandria, because it was proved that he had not been ordained by any bishop, but by Colluthus a schismatical presbyter. "Whence is Ischyra a presbyter?" says Athanasius. "And by whom ordained? Was it by Colluthus? . . . But that Colluthus died a presbyter, and that both his hands were *without authority*, is known to all and doubted by no one." (Apol. contr. Arian. n. 11.)

A canon of the Synod of Ancyra, the chief city of Galatia, probably held about A.D. 314, is also cited in proof of the ordaining power of presbyters.

"It is not permitted to *chorepiscopi* to ordain priests and deacons, also the same is not permitted to the priests in cities, in another diocese, without a written authority from the respective bishop."

Hefele remarks upon this canon :

"Although the first half of this canon is easily understood, on the other hand the second presents a great difficulty ; for it was never competent to the priests of cities to ordain other priests or deacons, and least of all in a foreign diocese. Many of the ablest scholars have therefore maintained that the Greek text of this last half of our canon, as it now stands, is incorrect or incomplete. There fails, namely, the phrase *ποιειν τι*, = *aliquid agere*, = to fulfil every ecclesiastical function. In support of this amendment, they appeal to several ancient versions, namely that of Isidore : 'Neither is it allowed to the priests of a city, for the future to issue any order without the bishop's commandment, or without the authority of his letters to do anything in any diocese.' (Some copies have in *another* diocese.) The old Roman *Codex Canonum* has the same, only substituting *provincia* for *parochia*. The ancient collator of canons Fulgentius Ferrandus Deacon of Carthage, translated it in the same manner : 'That Priests of a city without the bishop's command, may not order anything, or do anything in any diocese.' In the same sense Van Espen interpreted our canon. On the other hand Routh (Reliq. Sacr. t. iii. p. 432) took another way. He maintained that there was no word wanting in the text, but that, according to several *codices*, we should read in the beginning of the canon *χωρεπισκόποις* in the dative, then below, *αλλα μην μηδε*, instead of *αλλα μηδε*, then *πρεσβυτέρους πόλεως* (accus.) and at the end *εκάστη* for *έτέρα*, so that it must be translated thus : 'It is not permitted to *chorepiscopi* to ordain priests and deacons (for the country) but still less may they ordain priests for the city, in any diocese, without the written authority of the respective bishop.' In this way the Greek text as conformed to certain, and especially to Bodleian MSS. gives undoubtedly a good sense, yet *αλλα μην μηδε* does not mean—but still less, but—but indeed also not; which just here makes some difference. Besides, there can hardly have occurred the case of *cho-*

reepiscopi ordaining priests for the city; and if so, this was already implicitly forbidden in the first part of the canon."*

These *chorepiscopi*, i.e. country bishops, were a sort of Rural Deans, governing country-districts under the bishop of the diocese. Some of them had the episcopal character, either because those bishops who for any honorable cause were without a see and had returned to their original bishop's cathedral church were naturally deputed by him as his auxiliaries, or because they were specially consecrated for the purpose. They could lawfully ordain in their own rural deaneries, or in any other place, provided they were duly commissioned by the bishop of the diocese. They did, however, often exceed their powers, usurp in their little domain the proper powers of diocesan bishops, and perhaps even venture to go into the episcopal city, or into other dioceses, and ordain there priests and deacons. They became at length so generally troublesome and obnoxious to the bishops that the whole institution of *chorepiscopi* was universally abolished. Whichever reading of the canon of Ancyra, enacted in order to restrain their usurpations, is more probably the correct, original reading, it is certain that the unamended text makes nonsense, and it is condemned by all canonists as not authentic.

There are no other arguments based on what is claimed to be positive historical evidence, going to show a change in the apostolical constitution of the church during its early period, and to refute the claim of divine origin for the Catholic episcopate, which we think it needful to notice. We beg the reader to bear in mind that we have not undertaken to prove by documentary evidence the apostolicity of the Catholic Church. This would require a more extensive and detailed treatment of the subject, and would be foreign to our purpose. What evidence we have given is incidental to the answering of objections. Our direct aim in the discussion of the pages immediately preceding is to show, that there is nothing in these objections to break the force of the argument from prescription. Our positive argument begins from the concession of the most learned Protestant and infidel writers respecting the early existence of unity and catholicity in order to show by inference that the church which has been from time immemorial one and catholic must be apostolic and holy, and having these four marks must be of divine origin. The continuity of tradition, the *quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*, the witness of the Catholic Church to herself by the very fact of her perpetual existence, the proof of her divine origin by

* Conciliengeschichte, t. i, p. 200.

the principle of the sufficient reason and the efficient cause from her nature and attributes as an effect, is the line of our argument. By this argument we wish to prove that a change from the church of the semi-rationalistic and Neo-Evangelical theory to the church of the catholic theory could not have taken place in the interval between the Council of Jerusalem and the Council of Nice, the middle of the first and the beginning of the fourth century. Therefore the great, historical Christianity and church of the later, the mediæval and the early Ecumenical Councils, the church of Pius IX., Innocent III., Celestine, Leo, and Sylvester I., bears witness always and everywhere to her own beginnings and to her apostolic and divine origin.

In our next, which will probably be our concluding article, it will be our object to make this our express topic and to bring to a focus all the arguments by which we have been endeavoring to show that the lofty and attractive ideal of Catholicism must be admitted as divine by all those who believe that Jesus Christ, the Author of Christianity, is truly God.

THE CLASSICAL STYLE.

It is only the higher form of the imagination, where it is the faculty that shapes, gives unity of design and balanced gravitation of parts, which can unimpeachably assure to any work the dignity and permanence of a classic ; for it results in that exquisite something called Style, which, like the grace of perfect breeding, everywhere pervasive and nowhere emphatic, makes itself felt by the skill with which it effaces itself, and masters us at last with a sense of its indefinable completeness.—LOWELL.

THE CHARACTER OF ENGLISH POETRY.

OF the best English poetry it might be said that it is understanding aërated by imagination.—LOWELL.

MY RAID INTO MEXICO.

CHAPTER VII.—*Continued.*

AFTER a few prolonged whiffs of his cigarette Mr. O'Shea resumed: "After being refused by Miss Bolgibbie, and being informed by my aunt that she had altered her will, my heart went down into me boots. I resolved upon a little rustication, and a few days afterwards I set out for a walking tour in the beautiful county of Wicklow. It was a lovely evening in April that I trudged into the little village of Roundwood, distant from Glendalough about five miles. You remember the lines, Nugent:

"'By that lake whose gloomy shore
Skylark never warbles o'er,
Where the cliff hangs high and steep,
Young St. Kevin stole to sleep.'

"Well, sir, I put up at Murphy's Hotel, and, having ordered the usual bacon and eggs and a bottle of Double-X, was standing at the hall-door looking up and down the road, and over the way at the rival house, just to kill time, when a little fellow as yellow as a guinea, and with hair and eyes as dark as a blackbird's wing, came up to where I was, and, lifting his hat, wished me good-evening in a foreign accent; but his Saxon was sound enough. In a few minutes, Nugent, the little fellow and I were as thick as pickpockets; and when the slipshod girl announced that my bacon and eggs were ready I invited the little chap to share them with me. I've always had a habit of asking people to dinner, me boy, and so had me father before me, the Lord be merciful to him! The little fellow accepted with all the pleasure in life, and whipped out his card; and it took me from the hall-door, up the rickety stairs, and into the dining-room to read his name. I'll never forget it. Steady, Nugent, me boy, for I'm going to let it off now."

With a droll twinkle in his eye Mr. O'Shea, after a dramatic pause, discharged his petronel:

"Here goes. It will stagger ye, anyhow. Señor Pomposo, Verdugo, José, Ignacio, Nájera, Miguel, Ramon, Mata, Salvador, Corella, Manuel Gutierrez. What do you think of *that* for a name?"

"A howler. Some Spanish grandee, I suppose, on a trip to the Emerald Isle."

"A Mexican, me boy—a Mexican mining engineer, who, having heard of the Wicklow gold and copper mines, had resolved upon inspecting them personally with a view to developing them, just as if we were heathen savages that knew nothing! Well, Nugent, Gutierrez and I 'prospected,' as the Americans say, the entire county, he paying all the bills—for he had plenty of mineral in the shape of gold stamped with Queen Victoria's ugly mug, while every shilling I parted with made me lighter in pocket but heavier in heart; but barring a few grains of gold, which we got after crushing as much rock as would build a sea-wall from the Pigeon House to the Hill of Howth, we extracted about five shillings' worth of gold.

"'We can do better than that in Mexico, anyhow,' says Gutierrez, 'and I'll go back and become a millionaire.'

"I parted from him with extreme regret. He wanted me to go to Mexico with him, but Dublin had its fascinations for me, the red militia uniforms and the Castle balls being too much for me altogether; and I tell you what, Nugent, that that same Viceregal Court plays the deuce with half the young squireens in the country. Not to have been there taboos you from what is termed society, while to have been there unfits you for your every-day life. No person in business is qualified to be presented at court, and 'pon me conscience I believe that this is the cause of all the professions in Ireland being overstocked."

Having lighted a fresh cigarette, Mr. O'Shea resumed:

"I was on the Shaughraun for some months, and was very much out at elbows, when a friend of mine got me a clerkship in the Union Bank, then just established. This brought me in thirty shillings a week, and this, with my seventy pounds a year, kept me going like a Rathmines omnibus. I was enabled to attend the levées and drawing-rooms and St. Patrick's Ball. I did the Kingstown Pier on Sundays in summer, and the Donnybrook Road and Merrion Square in winter. Four o'clock every day saw me discharged from the financial institution to walk up and down Grafton Street. I dined usually at Anderson's—"

"Now Spadacinni's," I interrupted.

"The same, me boy—and spent my evenings, I regret to say it, at Jude's, where I saw more heads broken by the Trinity College boys than ever were whacked in at Donnybrook Fair. I was not much of an accountant, but I was a sort of favorite with the customers at the bank, for I was a good punster, and I kept the dapper counting-house clerks going in this way, so that my desk always commanded a crowd. The directors remarked this, and

after five years I was promoted to one hundred pounds a year, less income-tax. I then resolved to look out for an heiress, and having been invited by Town Councillor O'Mulligan to visit him at his marine residence on Dalkey Hill, and having ascertained that he had an only child, a daughter, who was being educated at the neighboring convent, I accepted the invitation and repaired to Howth View Lodge. Miss O'Mulligan was a very pretty girl, and I made love to her, as racing men say, from the start. Her father seemed nothing loath; her mother never tired of hearing of the life at the Viceregal Court, of which I gave her the most vivid description, calling upon my imagination for my facts, and filling up by personal reminiscences with yours truly for the centre-figure—ahem!"

Here Mr. Van Dyck O'Shea took a sip from his liquor glass.

"I made such good running that after half a dozen Sundays I spoke to the town councillor after dinner.

"'If ye can get Tilly for to say yes, she's yours, and I'll settle six thousand on her *now*, and she'll have all I have when I'm gone; but I'm afeard that she's bint on the convent.'

"Alas! the worthy civic father was but too correct in his surmise, and although I kept going there Sunday after Sunday for over eighteen months—the dinners were solid, I tell *you*, and always a couple of bottles of champagne—Miss Matilda would have nothing to say to me, and she's now mother-abbess of a convent in New Zealand."

"You didn't break your heart, Mr. O'Shea?"

"Well, my heart wasn't in it, Nugent; it was my pocket. And you see it's lucky that I was not crazy about her, for if I had been the Prince of Wales it would have been all the same. Well, sir, the town councillor, who was a real good-hearted fellow, never lost sight of me, and, having been elected chairman of the Lugganure Copper Mining Company, he at once came to me to the bank and offered me the secretaryship at three hundred a year. Whew! didn't I jump at it. Didn't I strut into the bank every day, and lean over the counter and chaff the poor beggar who succeeded me! Our mine flourished. We paid a rattling dividend. We dined—that is, the directors and secretary—at Breslin's at Bray, and had our special train to the Meeting of the Waters, close to which the mine was situated. I spent much of my time during the summer in the neighborhood of the mine, as the trout-fishing in the little Avonmore River was elegant; and all went merry as a marriage bell when, at our half-yearly meeting, a crotchety shareholder hinted that the auditors passed everything

that was put before them, and that he, for one, while he rejoiced at the dividend of fifteen per cent., would wish to be publicly informed whether the said dividend was being paid out of capital or profits. This led to an investigation, which proved the auditors to be dummies, the directors noodles, and the cashier to be worse. As for the secretary, he really knew nothing of the business, as his post was made so easy for him by the cashier, and when the *dénouement* came and the whole thing 'busted' he was honorably acquitted, but he was branded as an idiot."

"What became of the O'Mulligan, Mr. O'Shea?"

"Oh! he was made alderman and J.P. in reward for his martyrdom, and the directors were all more or less repaid for their dummydom. It was when I found myself an inspector of public buildings—as we call a man out of employment in Dublin—that I bethought me of Pomposo, Verdugo, José, Ignacio, Nájera, Miguel, Ramon, Mata, Salvador, Corella, Manuel Gutierrez. I wrote him a letter, telling him that I would be glad to accept office in Mexico in any capacity; that since I had seen him last I had been a banker, and secretary to one of the most famous mining companies in Ireland, as indeed it was. In fact, I blew my own trumpet so loudly that the music charmed Gutierrez, and he at once replied, from a place with an unpronounceable name in the interior of this country, offering me a share in a mine upon which he was then engaged in exploiting. I pawned my annuity of seventy pounds for two hundred and fifty, and came out here, and here I have remained. Such is the brief outline of the uneventful career of yours till death, Van D. O'S."

Mr. O'Shea told this story of his life in a manner impossible to write. His winks, smirks, raising of eyebrows, drawing back of his mouth, and general drollery and archness were simply irresistible, and I found myself, whilst listening to him, one vast, expansive grin.

"I'll take ye out to me mine, Nugent. You'll see the *caballero* with the string of names, and I'll tell you what you'll hear, me boy—only think of it!—you'll hear the Irish language spoken in the heart of a Mexican silver-mine."

"How is that, Mr. O'Shea?" I asked.

"My aunt taught me the real Connaught Irish, and I never forgot it. When I was learning Spanish from one of the overseers here, a keen, intelligent Indian, I let him have Irish in exchange, and he in turn let the miners have it in explication. But here's the señora. It is time for the drive on the Paseo."

The sunset was absolutely gorgeous as we drove along the

Paseo de Bucarelli. We were steeped in a sort of yellow haze, a golden splendor that gradually deepened into purple. High up against the keen, full blue sky were the snow-capped summits of Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl stained a luminous pink, while on our right, like a jewel set in the Tyrian-tinted Ajusco Mountains, stood the castle of Chapultepec, the favorite residence of the ill-fated Maximilian and Carlotta. This Paseo is the Bois de Boulogne, the Rotten Row, the Phoenix Park of the Mexican *descu-rrés*. It derives its name from Bucarelli, a Spanish viceroy, who was so deeply loved by the natives that to this time he is spoken of as "the Indian's friend and protector."

Here every evening at five o'clock all carriage-riding Mexico turns out, the ladies in full evening dress, their hair minus covering save the black lace mantilla with the addition of natural flowers. The young bloods show in full *charro* and bestriding priceless mustangs or Arabs. I thought I knew something about riding. I imagined that I had rather a graceful seat myself; but I freely confess that I gazed on these gay *caballeros* with feelings of the keenest envy. I never saw a horseman till I visited Mexico. Of course I consoled myself with the idea that across country they would be nowhere, but here the sight of man and horse absolutely delighted me.

"You can't do better than that in Royal Meath, Joe," laughed the señora, who followed my fascinated gaze.

"The riding *is* superb, señora. Just see how that young fellow handles his horse. Isn't it marvellous!"

"You should see them lassoing a bull, Joe. I shall get Mr. O'Shea to arrange a 'meet' for you. It requires more dexterity than taking the brush. Beside it fox-hunting becomes very tame indeed. That," added the señora, "is the statue of Carlos IV. You see it is the centre point for four branching avenues. Over there stands the Tivoli del Eliseo, and behind it is the property that the martyred Maximilian gave to the traitor Bazaine. It was confiscated and sold by the so-called government of Juarez. Over yonder is where the *Corrida de Toros*, or bull-ring, used to rear its head. We have no bull-fights in the capital now, Joe, but in the provincial cities, especially Puebla, they flourish as they do in Spain. And now for Chapultepec."

Our road was bordered by eucalyptus-trees, and all beyond them were fields devoted to the great sword-leaved maguey-plants from which the native beverage *pulque* is manufactured. In the distance, on the left, was the aqueduct of Belem, which conveys the *agua delgada*, or pure water, from the *Albatoca*, the basin at

Chapultepec, to the city, its arches clothed in the luminous greens of ferns and mosses and lichens.

"The last time I entered these gates," said the señora sadly, as we spun past some slovenly-looking soldiers engaged in cooking *tortillas* opposite a red brick guard-house, "it was to urge upon his imperial majesty—but this will not interest you, Joe. See, they have torn away the imperial monogram, the M. C., which used to stand over the gilded gates—senseless savages!"

Chapultepec is situated about three miles from the city, at the extremity of the fashionable drive known as the Calzada de la Reforma. High above us, as we wound in and out of the venerable *ahuehuete*-shadowed grounds—cypresses beneath which the luckless Montezuma was wont to muse upon the ultimate fate of his country while Hernando Cortez and his daring followers were making merry in his capital—clear as if cut *en silhouette*, rose the white towers, and galleries, and terraces, and colonnades, and balconies of the palace seated upon its lofty bed of porphyry, tinted by the setting sun with lines of living fire. Gorgeous flowers glowed upon all sides—on terrace walks, on slopes and buttresses, on crags and balconies.

In the many-tinted foliage appeared parasites, resembling red and yellow and purple butterflies, while at the base of the beetling rock upon which the fortress is perched stand the guard of cypresses beneath the shade of which Montezuma, arrayed in garments covered with the feathers of birds, would wander for hours.

The castle is a long and narrow building, spreading along the summit of the porphyritic rock, and necessarily following in form the outlines of its foundation. It stands on the exact site of the Aztec royal palaces. As we ascended the zigzag roadway the view became every moment more enchanting, while we were compelled to pause at every turn of the path to linger over the entrancing panorama that gradually unfolded itself to our gaze. The city of Mexico, set like a glittering gem in the fertile valley; the lakes Tezcoco, Chalco, and Xochimilco stretching away in filmy blue; the hill-shrined Guadalupe with its magnificent church; the quaint and many-arched aqueducts of Belem and San Cosme; the ruins of Molino del Rey, and towering above all, in appalling and majestic silence, the snow-peaked Popocatepetl and Iztaccihuatl. The approach to the terrace of the castle is beneath a white marble arch. This was in melancholy disrepair, as indeed was the castle itself and all its surroundings. Everything wore a sad, depressed, neglected look. I noticed that the im-

perial monogram had been removed from the brazen gates, upon which the traces of gilding still faintly lingered. There were pedestals and niches without statues, frescoes were obliterated, and æsthetic tiles were broken, while hideous gaps showed in the once even and elegantly-laid-down terrace walk.

"I feel like one who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,"

quoted the señora as we entered a set of apartments giving upon the luminous green valley.

"Here is vandalism!" she cried. "Just look at this cheap paper covering this exquisitely-painted panel, and what a hideous contrast to that gloriously-fretted ceiling! I must say for the Mexicans that as regards harmonies of color they are as dead as Montezuma. I suppose this arises from the fact that they are surrounded by so much natural beauty they disregard the artificial."

The stairways were crazy and broken, the balusters falling to pieces. We went out on the leads to take one long, last, lingering look at the ever beautiful view, and even as we stood there the rose-pink on the peaks of the volcanoes flushed rosy red, then deep claret, and then the crimson became purple.

The garden—poor Carlotta's—was a mass of tangle and weeds.

"Ah!" exclaimed the señora, "let us get to the carriage. I feel as if this were the tomb of the unhappy man and woman whom the Fates called to a throne that hurled one into a blood-stained grave, the other," here she shuddered, "into the living death of insanity."

But by far the most interesting and beautiful part of Chapultepec is the forest of ahuehuets, or cypresses, by which it is embowered. These cypresses are mighty trees of extraordinary age, which can count their years by centuries. The witnesses of Montezuma's daring and his ancestors' adventures, they were regarded already by his contemporaries as objects of wonder and renown, and are at present, perhaps, the most curious memorials in the world of trees.

The gnarled trunk of the oldest and largest cypress, called Montezuma's Tree, measures forty-eight feet in circumference—I walked round it—and is one hundred and sixty-five feet high. I never saw anything grander than the twisted stem of this ahuehuete, with its mystic pavilion of lofty branches, and its garlands of Spanish moss hanging down in delicate ribbons from every

twig with the grace of the drooping pennants of the weeping willow. This moss—*barba Español*, Spanish beard—is one of the strangest parasites imaginable. It is a tangle of pale green tendrils, in thickness like an ordinary string, and while one end is closely wound round the branch of the tree, the remainder drops in long, straight festoons. It is called *heno*, or hay, by the natives, and at a distance it imparts the idea that a hay-shower has fallen on the trees, leaving its traces in this singular and remarkable manner.

“The good citizens of Mexico are fond of picnicking under these trees,” observed the señora, “and at every turn you will find al-fresco parties.”

We did surprise one picturesque party engaged in dancing the *fandango*. The snow-white attire of the Indians as they glided silently through the embowered avenues imparted a ghostly atmosphere to the whole scene impossible to describe.

It was past seven o'clock when we returned to the Calle Marascalá, and it was only while I was engaged in my ablutions preparatory to descending to dinner that I recollected Conchita's letter.

CHAPTER VIII.

SAN ANGEL.

CONCHITA'S last words, as I hurriedly dressed for dinner, actually smote me:

“Here is a letter which you will read, but not until you have reached the city of Mexico. It tells you all. Enclosed is another letter addressed to a certain person, which, if after reading your own letter you feel inclined to deliver, you will hand in person. If you decide not to deliver it, burn it!”

I had permitted the busy whirl of sight-seeing to erase all thoughts of Conchita's mission from my mind, and could scarcely realize the fact. Obeying her instructions as to the reading of the letter addressed to myself, I had resolved upon bursting its seal at the moment I struck the Capital, but what between the señora, and the padre, and Van Dyck O'Shea both the girl and the letter had vanished from my mind.

I sought it where it lay in my portmanteau, and was about to tear it open when the dinner-bell rang. As the señora was punctilious to the last degree with reference to table ceremonials, there

was nothing for it but to thrust the missive into my pocket and hurry to the dining-room.

During dinner I was so abstracted that more than once the hostess asked me if I was ill.

"He is undergoing the purgatory of sight-seeing," laughed Father Gonzalez. "There is nothing so fatiguing. I remember on my first visit to Rome that I wanted to see everything in the compass of a single day, and set out in the morning to do the entire city. I managed to get through a great deal, but ere 'evening's best light' I would not have taken a thousand scudi and have allowed my eyes to ache on the Coliseum."

"He'll have to do the play to-night," observed O'Shea. "I've got a box at the Teatro Nacional. He will see Offenbach's last done into Mexican."

"We must not run our young friend to death," said the señora.

"Pshaw! my dear madam, when I was his age I have danced till six in the morning, gone from the ball-room to the Pigeon House Wall for a dip in the briny, have breakfasted on a red herring and a bottle of soda-water, have turned into the bank—this was when I was a clerk in the Union Bank in College Green, Dublin—at half-past eight, and at five P.M. I have turned out of the bank for two hours up and down Grafton Street, and nine o'clock found me waltzing again at the rate of fifty spins a minute; and, by the bones of Montezuma, I do believe if I was put to it I could do it at this writing."

"You'd try it, at all events," laughed the señora.

Pleading an excuse, I withdrew after dinner, and, proceeding to my own room, eagerly tore open Conchita's letter.

It ran:

"My brother is an officer in the Mexican army. He commands the Twenty-fourth regiment of the line. The Oaxaca Regiment it is called. He is a man of considerable influence, as he has proved himself a very brave soldier. It was he who led the three sorties from Fort Guadalupe at Puebla against the French, and was wounded in each sortie. The *murder* of the Emperor Maximilian made him an Imperialist. He considers that his country has been for ever disgraced by the murder, and so thoroughly imperialistic is he that he is now engaged in an intrigue to place a Grand Duke of Austria on the throne steeped in the martyred Maximilian's blood. I need hardly say that the discovery of this plot would lead to my brother's being shot within twenty-four hours. A letter from the exalted personage in question has been forwarded to me, to be conveyed by safe hand to my brother. This letter is enclosed in the envelope, addressed Colonel Enrique Mojelos. I am a Mojelos, though I have adopted the name of my dearest, kindest pro-

tectress. You now know enough to decide whether you will endeavor to deliver the letter or burn it. I warned you of danger. You see yourself face to face with it. Act as you think best, and in whatever way you decide to act remember you have the gratitude of

C."

I did not hesitate a second.

"Where is the Oaxaca Regiment quartered now?" I asked when I rejoined Mr. O'Shea, whom I found over his Chartreuse and cigarette in the balcony overlooking the *patio*.

"The Oaxaca? Oh! that's the regiment that Diaz distinguished himself with."

"Diaz! Who's Diaz?"

"Porfirio Diaz—our coming man. By George! I think his name ought to be Dyaz, for he's as fond of fighting as a Tipperary man." And Mr. O'Shea gave me a brief account of the record of the man who has since risen to the presidency of the republic.

"Where is the Oaxaca Regiment?"

"How the dickens should I know? But if you're very anxious about it I can find out in two minutes. There is a barracks, as we would say in Ireland, right forninst the Alameda, and that's *not* ten minutes from where we sit."

"I'd feel awfully obliged if you would."

"Hi, Pedro!" A servant appeared, to whom he gave some orders in Spanish, whereupon the latter vanished, to return almost ere Mr. O'Shea could indulge in a sip of his favorite post-prandial *chasse*.

"The Oaxaca Regiment is quartered at a place called San Angel, Nugent—that is, the first battalion," said O'Shea, translating the servant's parting words.

"Where is San Angel?"

"It's about fifteen miles from here. It's a swell summer resort at the foot of the Ajusco Mountains, where the thermometer keeps well below eighty in the shade. The view from it is lovely, and, bad luck to the irreligious scoundrels who rule us! the magnificent old convent is now turned into a barracks."

"How do you strike San Angel?"

"Easy enough—by tram-car the entire way. But the señora is sure to drive you out there some day; it's on the bill of fare, me boy. The road," he added, "isn't quite safe from gentlemen of the Dick Turpin class—perfect gentlemen, who, like Claude Duval, would rob the señora of every real she had about her, to say nothing of her jewelry and a portion of her garments, and then compel her to dance a fandango by the roadside."

"Are you serious when you say the road isn't safe?"

"Well, I am. You see since the war—if you like to dignify it by that title—several disbanded imperialists have been wandering about the country living upon—faith, what we all subsist upon—chance. They haunt the Ajusco Mountains, where to follow them would take ten thousand men and then miss them. Sometimes they pounce on a tram-car carrying the money to pay the factory-hands at Tacubaya or the farm-hands on some large *hacienda*. They are usually pretty well posted, and know the car on which the great cart-wheel dollars—you've seen our silver dollars; don't they remind you of the great big copper pennies we used to see in Dublin? Musha! but many a wan of them I paid for a tray or snuffer-dish of Crofton apples at the Metal Bridge that stands over the Liffey between Carlisle Bridge and Essex Bridge. Well, sir, the authorities send an armed guard, consisting of two men, with each tram-car along the line; but, baithershin! there's such a thing as firing at the church and hitting the parish."

"I should like to visit San Angel without bringing any risk upon the Señora San Cosme. I shall visit it alone."

"And so you can, with me. We'll go out there some day next week and visit the place. It's really well worth seeing."

"Could we not go to-morrow morning?"

"Not very well, for we've the Picture Gallery, and the Museum, and the Minería on the board for you."

"Wouldn't they keep?"

"So will San Angel."

"You've piqued my curiosity, Mr. O'Shea, and to-morrow I mean to see San Angel."

The señora made no objection.

"I'll take you in the carriage," she said; "I owe it to myself to visit the two dear, good sisters whom our *paternal* government have allowed to remain there, provided they dress in secular garments. They are permitted to keep a wing of the beautiful old place clean and to teach the village children. The remainder of the convent is used by the soldiers."

"Take your revolver with you to-morrow," said Mr. O'Shea as we were about to part for the night. "I'll bring mine—in fact, I never travel without one. *Voilà!*" showing me the deadly instrument as it peeped out of a back pocket in his trowsers. "We all carry them in Mexico. It used to be the *macheta*, or knife, but no *caballero* carries a knife now; it is left to the lower classes, who use it pretty freely, I can tell you. *Par exemple*, I visited the prison here the other day, and found that out of twelve hundred

male prisoners nine hundred were juggled for using the *macheta*. That's a lively percentage."

I should mention that I accompanied Mr. O'Shea to the theatre—the Teatro Nacional. The house is very roomy, but lighted by oil lamps, which imparted a sepulchral appearance to the interior. The opera was not one of Offenbach's, but a very clever *bouffe* by a Spanish composer. It was entitled "*Il Barbarillo de Lavapiez*," and had all the *chic* of Lecocq, Hervey, or the *maestro* already named. Each act was of very long duration, and upon commenting on this to my guide, philosopher, and friend, O'Shea, he informed me that the Mexicans pay for one act only, and at the end of each act they turn out, when, if they like the performance, they purchase tickets for the second act, and thus to the end of the piece.

Seated in the pit was a very handsome, distinguished-looking young man, whose startling likeness to Conchita filled me with considerable interest. His eyes met mine more than once, and in reply to my scrutinizing gaze he bestowed upon me so haughty a stare that it almost amounted to a challenge.

After the performance Mr. O'Shea brought me to the Café Concordia—the Delmonico's of Mexico—for supper, and we had hardly taken our seats when the *caballero* whom I had noticed in the theatre, and who had noticed me, entered, accompanied by a friend. Seating themselves at a little table near ours, my eye again encountered his, and, being now close to him, the likeness to the girl was something so forcible that I resolved upon ascertaining whom he might be.

"Just turn your head, Mr. O'Shea—not yet a minute—and take a look at the man with the black pointed moustache sitting at the table to the right. Not yet a minute, for he has already queried my stare."

Following my instructions, O'Shea cast a look round the room, taking in the object of my curiosity in his revolving glance.

"Don't know him."

"Could you find out who he is?"

"Certainly. Pean!" And calling a waiter, he directed him to discover who the gentleman might be without attracting attention. Ere the son of the napkin returned the personage in question arose, and with his friend strode out of the café.

"He's a soldier," said O'Shea, to whom the waiter had imparted the information. "His name is Mojelos. He's a colonel. Now for our *pescado de lago*," helping me to a little fish not unlike our Dublin Bay flounder. "This is one of our delicacies, me

boy ; it is caught in the lakes that surround us—Chalco, Texcoco, and Xochimilco. Just scarify the little beggar and squeeze a few drops of lemon-juice into the furrows. Now top-dress with cayenne pepper. I'll give you a drop of *Tequila* punch to swim it in."

The señora, at the eleventh hour, resolved upon visiting San Angel by tram-car instead of taking her carriage.

"The roads are so execrable," she explained, "that no springs are worth a peso's purchase ; besides, by standing out with the driver, Joe, you'll see the country, which is extremely beautiful."

The tram-cars in Mexico are drawn by mules, and two cars start within a few yards of one another. The first car is second class, and, being cheaper, is used by the Indians. The second car is first class, and just the same as the cars I had seen in New York. The driver is a picturesque fellow in richly-laced sombrero, and a whip such as Sancho Panza should have basted the ribs of Dapple with. The very crack of it was like the report of a pistol. The conductor's chief business is to blow a horn at all street-crossings. He collects no fares, this operation being conducted by special employees, attired in French uniforms, posted at certain portions of the road. These financial acrobats leap on and off the car while the mules are going at full gallop. How it is done without accident is to me a marvel.

Each car is provided with two of the *Guarda Civil*, or civil guard. These men, armed to the teeth, stand, one with the driver, the other with the conductor. Their uniform is the most picturesque I have ever seen: gray felt sombrero crusted with silver, buff-leather jacket, white shirt, blood-red sash, and buff boots to the hips. They wear great gauntlet-gloves and carry a carbine.

Availing myself of the señora's permission, I went out on the front platform of the car and stood behind the driver. How that man did screech, and yell, and vociferate as he urged his mules into a gallop ! How he cracked his whip and shook his entire body over his long-eared team ! What a pace we went at, never flagging, but keeping up the stride, until we spun into Tacubaya, the "swell" suburb of the capital.

Here are the country residences of the "best people" in Mexico—bankers, merchants, lawyers, *et id genus omne*. The houses are magnificent and the gardens one clot of color all the year round. I was delighted to be told by O'Shea that the handsomest residence of all, a baronial hall, in fact, belonged to an Irish-

man, a Waterford man—Barron, a banker, and one of the most respected and wealthiest men in the country.

"You will see the place, Joe," said the señora through the window; "you will be asked to dine there. They are charming people. I want you to see a genuine Murillo, a Crucifixion, that Mr. Barron has, and also a quaint old picture representing a city scene in the time of Cortez."

The scenery after we had quitted Tacubaya became magnificent. Before me stood the purple Ajusco Mountains towering to the azure and covered with vegetation to their summits—a perfect *sierra*. On the left were Popocatepetl and the "Woman in White," seemingly touching the sky. Around me were corn-fields of luminous green, here and there interspersed with tufts of trees gorgeous in scarlet and yellow blossomings. Ever and anon we would pass some tiny church, its green-tiled dome flashing in the sunlight, while shrines and *adobe* dwellings embowered in perfumed foliage dotted every turn of the road at irregular intervals.

In something less than two hours we arrived at our destination, without let or hindrance, and, ascending a gentle slope, the wondrous old convent burst upon our view, the high walls of its enormous garden stretching away till lost in the dip of the valley.

On a great green before the gateway, soldiers in undress were engaged in playing games, children in noisily disporting themselves, and sheep in browsing on the short, crisp grass.

The rich carving over the oaken portal was rudely effaced, the sculpture on the stone arch clotted with lumps of mud, while a statuette of the Mother of God had not escaped the sacrilegious hands of the soldiery of Lerdo de Tejada.

Our right of entrance was questioned by the sentinel on duty.

"I come to visit the sisters," said Señora San Cosme, with quiet dignity.

"I cannot let you pass till the officer of the guard consents," retorted the sentinel.

"Send for the officer of the guard, then," exclaimed the señora, her nostrils expanding, her eyes flashing.

The officer, after some delay, made his appearance, a greasy, unhealthy-looking fellow, who kept buckling on his sword as he crossed a courtyard that once resounded but to the soft footfall of the pious sisterhood. After scrutinizing us with considerable pertinacity this valiant warrior permitted us to pass, detaching a sergeant to shadow us.

"Ask the sergeant if Colonel Mojelos is here," I urged O'Shea.

"Yes, he is," was that worthy's reply after he had made the inquiry.

"I would like to see him." We were passing along a hooded cloister.

"This is the name of the chap you saw last night at the Café Concordia, and probably the same boyo."

"I wonder if he speaks English?"

"English! Why, what next? Why, man alive, the officers of the Mexican army are the most ignorant, uneducated set of blackguards of any service in the world."

"I am obliged to differ with you, sir," said a deep, stern voice directly beside us, and Colonel Mojelos stepped from a door-way and directly confronted O'Shea.

"My conversation was a private one, sir," said O'Shea haughtily, "and with it you have nothing whatever to do."

"Your conversation was loud and forced upon me, sir, and you have made a statement which I characterize as—" here his eyes fell upon Señora San Cosme, who was a little in advance, and dropping his voice into a whisper, he added: "Your name and address, sir."

"Faith, I'm proud of both," retorted O'Shea. "My name is Van Dyck O'Shea, and my present address is the Calle Marascalá. And now, as the gentleman in difficulties said to his Satanic Majesty, who are you?"

"This is my card." And Mojelos hand him the bit of paste-board.

"A word with you, colonel, if you please," I said.

Mojelos bowed stiffly.

"If it's going to try and patch up my broken crockery you are, Joe Nugent, just don't give yerself the least trouble in life. Van Dyck O'Shea has been nearer the Fifteen Acres in the Phoenix Park, Dublin, than *you* know of."

"I don't intend to meddle in the matter at all," I hurriedly exclaimed. "Please go on with the señora; make an excuse for my absence—say anything you like."

"Well, I'm first cousin to a leprechaun if—"

"Go."

O'Shea saw by my tone that I had some object in view, and clinging to his theory that I was about to endeavor to throw oil upon the troubled waters, he exclaimed:

"Joe Nugent, you're a gentleman—I say no more; I'm in

your hands." And turning on his heel, he rapidly followed in the direction taken by Señora San Cosme.

Colonel Mojelos regarded me with an insolent curiosity, twirling his mustache with one hand, while he played with his sword-knot with the other.

"Well, sir," he exclaimed, as for a second I speculated as to the best mode of addressing him, "what do you wish to say to me? Have you any insult to offer to the officers of the Mexican army?"

"None whatever," I replied. "I wish to speak with you privately, and alone."

"Speak!"

"Not here."

"Follow me, then."

He entered the doorway from which he had so unexpectedly come upon us, and crossing a large apartment, the walls frescoed with scenes taken from Holy Writ, ascended a broad oaken staircase, and, passing down a red-brick-paved cloister, halted at a low, narrow door, and, slightly bowing, motioned me to pass in.

The room was neat as a new pin. In one corner was a camp bedstead, in another a tin toilet service. A table covered by a white cloth beautifully embroidered in color stood in the centre of the room, on which there was a bouquet of exquisite flowers. A few oaken chairs, evidently part of the wreckage of the convent, were scattered about. In a corner lay a military chest. Over the mantel was a picture of the defence of Puebla, with the words "Cinco Mayo" written in a bold hand right across it, followed by a scratchy signature. A writing-table did duty near a low, deep-embrasured, diamond-paned window, while guns, lances, and cigar-boxes formed to make up the *impedimenta* of this soldierly apartment.

"Be seated, sir." And Mojelos, motioning me to a chair, flung himself upon one exactly opposite to me.

I plunged my hand into my breast-pocket and drew out Conchita's letter—the letter addressed to myself.

"Do you recognize that hand-writing, colonel?" I asked.

"One moment." And he sought a pair of *pince nez*, which with considerable deliberation he adjusted to his somewhat aquiline nose.

He flushed as, raising his eyes from the superscription on the envelope, his gaze met mine.

"I do know that writing," he said, and that was all, while he seemed to read my very soul.

"It is, if I am not mistaken, the writing of the Señorita Conchita Mojelos."

He nodded two or three impatient nods.

"Your sister?"

"My sister, sir; and may I ask if you are the Mr. Nugent to whom it is addressed?"

"Here is my card, colonel." And I handed him my visiting-card, which he perused word for word.

"Are you the bearer of a letter of introduction to me, Mr. Nugent?" he asked.

"Be good enough to read that letter, sir," I retorted, considerably nettled at his cold, reserved manner, "and you will see whether a further introduction is necessary or otherwise."

"I shall," glancing at me over the now unfolded epistle. As he read it the expression on his face altered as if by magic; he clutched the paper as though holding on to it for dear life, while his lips formed the words as he devoured line after line.

"Forgive me!" he cried, springing to his feet, and embracing me, after the Mexican fashion, by enfolding me in his arms and clapping my back several times very rapidly. "My friend, my sister's friend, the friend of a great cause! You are good, noble, generous, brave! My darling sister would never have trusted you if you had not been a true man. Mr. Nugent, I am yours, your friend, your brother, your slave. Do with me as you will. For God's sake let the impressions of the last five minutes be erased from your mind for ever! I shall embrace your friend when I meet him. All will be joy and brightness. You have a letter for me from a certain personage—is it not so?" Terribly excited, he made a supreme effort to control himself.

"I have it here, colonel, and while you peruse it I shall, with your permission, rejoin my friends." The fact being that I did not care to mix myself up in the secrets contained in the epistle.

"As you will. Permit me to escort you to your friends. Not a word, please. My first duty is to offer my hand to Mr. O'Shea. Under any other circumstances I would have endeavored to have run him through or shot him."

O'Shea's astonishment was considerable as Colonel Mojelos advanced to him and exclaimed:

"Mr. O'Shea, you may pitch into the entire Mexican army, for all I care, but with me you must be friends. Shake hands."

"What the divvle does this mean?" asked O'Shea of me in his richest brogue, while the colonel effusively wrung his right hand.

"It means that Mr. Nugent is my very dear friend."

"Your very dear friend!"

"Yes, mine."

"Why, he never saw you till last night, and never spoke to ye till a minnit ago."

"It's all right, Mr. O'Shea. I'll tell you all about it by and by," I exclaimed with a laugh.

"Faith, I'm fairly bothered between you."

"You'll do me the honor of visiting my quarters after your visit to the sisters. We'll see how a bottle of Burgundy will go under the shadow of the Ajusco Mountains." And giving O'Shea's hand another ring and nodding gaily to me, the colonel quitted us.

"Well, if this doesn't bang Banagher!" muttered O'Shea. "Joe Nugent, what does it all mean? I hope that you kept up the honor of the old country, anyway; but to have a man challenging you wan minnit, and the next asking you to crack a bottle of Burgundy—by the powers, it bothers me."

I was uncertain how to act. Mojelos had evidently avoided all mention of my acquaintanceship with his sister.

"How did ye put yer comether on him at all, Joe?"

"Well, you see we had some mutual friends in New York; that is the reason why I wanted to learn all about him last night. He seems a very nice, gentlemanly fellow."

"He's nice enough *now*, but, faith, I didn't love him ten minutes ago. He's as brave as a lion, and has a good fighting name. They say he has the army in his pocket, he and Diaz. If he chose to 'pronounce,' as they call it here, to-morrow, he'd have fifteen, aye, more than fifteen, out of our thirty thousand troops at his bugle-call. Anyhow, *we'll* 'pronounce' on his Burgundy."

We found the señora in a distant cloister, engaged in conversation with a venerable sister, who turned a pair of sweet, pure eyes upon me as I approached.

Luckily, she spoke in French, and we had a delightful chat.

"The gentleman in command of the soldiers here is a gentleman and a devout Catholic," she observed; "he makes our imprisonment as little painful as possible, and is very severe with any of his men who trespass beyond the Nazarene Cloister garden, which marks the boundary-line. He sent a corporal to prison for six months the other day for crossing the garden-wall. The commander who was here before him was a terrible man. He allowed his men to go anywhere, and encouraged them to do it. He entered the church with a cigar in his mouth one Sunday

morning. I called his attention to it; he laughed at me and spit out on the floor. I plucked the cigarette from his mouth and would not return it to him. He threatened to imprison me. I said: 'You may insult me as long and as often as you will, but you shall never insult my Lord and my God while I can raise my voice in His cause.' After that the terrible man did not come this way, but his soldiers did, and they poisoned the air with their ribald songs and awful blasphemy. They smoked, and sang, and did what they pleased at all hours of the day and night. I protested, and was laughed at for my pains. The archbishop, to whom I wrote, protested; he was insulted. It would have gone on, but that the godless commander was sent to Guadalajara to quell a threatened insurrection. I believe he was killed. Sister Guadalupe and I prayed for his conversion. Perhaps," she added with a delightfully *naïve* simplicity, "he was penitent at the last moment."

Accompanied by the good sister, we visited the church, part of which was falling into decay, owing to the condition of the roof, which the government refused to expend a peso upon. The altar was extremely handsome, and the Virgin in a painting above it as starry-eyed as the San Sisto Madonna in the Dresden Gallery, Raphael's masterpiece.

"Now, Sister Monica, we must let our young Irish friend see that robe that is being worked for the statue of the Virgin by my protégée."

"It is in the sacristy. She is at work on it now. This way."

"You're going to see one of the prettiest girls I ever laid my two eyes on, Nugent, me boy," observed O'Shea, who had fallen back a little with me. "If I was twenty years younger I'd be a raging lunatic about her. If your heart isn't as tough as stirrup leather her eyes will burn a pair of holes in it. They're violets, me boy."

"Is she a nun?"

"Not a bit of it."

"Then I suppose she's on the high-road, like Miss O'Mulligan," I laughed.

"I don't think so."

"Who is she?"

"The señora knows. There's some mystery about her. Hush! here we are."

We descended three steps and found ourselves in the sacristy, a poem in the darkest oak, relieved by sacred pictures and stained glass. The apartment was long and low-ceilinged.

Around the walls at intervals were oaken chests in carving such as might have come from the steel of Verbruggen himself, bound in wondrous brasses; at one end a row of confessionals, and at the other an altar occupying the whole width of the sacristy. The ceiling was adorned with a superb copy of the Assumption. An oaken table stood in the centre; beside it two high-backed chairs upholstered in crimson Utrecht velvet, chairs such as Ysabella "the Catholic" and her right royal consort might at one time have sat bolt upright upon. The table was covered by a snow-white cambric cloth; upon the cloth was a robe of heliotrope satin.

A girlish form bent over the robe. A daintily-shaped head was bowed reverentially. The sun shot shafts of gold through the stained glass; one of them crowned the girl's head like an aureole. A pair of small white hands were engaged in sewing pearls on the heliotrope satin.

"Inez," said the señora.

The girl looked up. I saw nothing but a pair of great violet eyes and the blush of the white rose.

She kissed the señora again and again.

"Isn't she a beauty?" asked O'Shea in a whisper.

"Hush!" I said, for I wanted to hear her speak.

"Joe, come here," said the señora, "till I present you to my protégée, the Señorita Inez O'Hara."

Inez courtesied deeply.

"May I not claim you as a countrywoman, Miss O'Hara?" I asked.

"You may and you may not, Joe," laughed the señora. "She was born in Ireland and reared in Ireland, but since—I mean she has been in this country for ten years, and I mean to make a Mexican of her. Don't I, *Amigo de mi corazon*?"

"*Sí, señora*—I mean yes." And the girl was as red as the blossom of the *flor de pasqua*—that crimson flower one sees nowhere but in sunny Mexico.

"Do you recollect old Ireland, señorita?" I asked.

"Oh! yes. I could never forget it. We lived in a great house with fields, oh! *so* green, that sloped down to a river, and there was a crowery—"

"Rookery, dear!" put in the señora.

"Rookery—and the rooks made such a terrible noise. And we had a jaunting-car. And papa went to hunt in a red coat nearly every day in winter, and we had ever so many beautiful dogs; and I remember going up to Dublin in the train, and I recollect

that poor papa pointed out the old Irish Houses of Parliament to me in College Green, and the statue of King William. I was seven years of age then ; I am seventeen now."

There was a delicious freshness about the young girl. Her manner was *naïve*, graceful, and earnest. Her foreign accent, too, added piquancy to the general effect, while her voice was delightfully low and musical. Her violet eyes looked fearlessly into yours, yet with an alluring softness. The rich red lips seemed loath to part with the words that came from them ; her utterance was slow. The señora had entered into a discussion in Spanish with Sister Monica *apropos* of something I wot not of, in which O'Shea joined, so I had the señorita all to myself.

"I am sewing pearls on the cloak of our Blessed Lady," she said. "We are to have a great feast next Monday. The señora is coming, and I suppose she will fetch you. Are you a Catholic?"

"Thanks be to God, I am!"

"Oh! I'm so glad. Poor mamma was a Protestant, and wanted to compel me to leave the true faith; but the grace of the Almighty was with me and I clung to Him. I suppose the señora has told you all about me?"

"Not one word."

She was silent a moment, her beautiful head bowed, while a wave of intense, desolating sadness swept over her expressive face.

"Have you come straight from Ireland, Señor Nugent?"

"Straight."

"And merely to pay the señora a flying visit?"

"She was my dear mother's school-fellow."

The tears welled up in her eyes. I saw that the word "mother" touched a chord, so I dashed into a rattling description of my departure from Dromroe, my stay in London, describing my sister, my voyage across the Atlantic, the trip to New Orleans, and finally the sail over the gulf and the railway ride to the capital.

"The señora has spoken of you, oh! ever so often. I know you quite well. I know your sister, too. Why didn't you bring her with you? How I would have loved her!"

"You can love her by proxy," I laughed.

Inez blushed deeply, and commenced to trifle with a string of pearls. If she had been less unsophisticated I could have had some fun with her over my joke; but it was evident that she wondered what I meant, and took what I said in sober seriousness.

"Do you often come on to visit the Señora San Cosme?" I asked.

"Every week. I spend four days here learning Latin and French from Sister Guadalupe, and assisting her in teaching the children of the village. I am going in to the Calle Marascala so soon as I shall have finished beading this robe of our Blessed Lady."

"You prefer being in the city to being out here." I was horribly commonplace, but what could I talk about?

"If I could have the señora *here always* I think I would like to remain here. It is so tranquil, so absolutely quiet!"

"Do you ever see the dashing young officers who are quartered in the other wing?"

The señorita shuddered as she replied, "Never."

Suddenly I recollected the copy of Raphael's Madonna in my bed-chamber at the Calle Marascala.

"You are an artist, Señorita O'Hara," I said.

"Has the señora told you?" she asked in some confusion.

"She has, and some of your work meets my eyes the very moment I open them in the morning, and the last thing as I close them for the night—your copy of the Madonna San Sisto."

"Oh! you are in the Emperor's Room. It was in that room that the poor martyr sat a whole day during the crisis in the Cortes. The señora was honored by his confidence. It has been called the Emperor's Room ever since. I have done an original head of our Lord," she added. "Would you like to see it?"

"Immensely."

She stepped over to one of the quaint old bureaus, unlocked a brass-bound drawer, and produced a picture on canvas, sketched but unfinished. It was a head of the Divine Master—not in agony, but in beatification. The design was admirable, the execution wonderful for one so young and so untutored.

"Who taught you to paint, señorita?"

"The good Padre Gonzalez. You should see some of his sketches; they are superb, inspired. But he never shows them, he is so modest, so retiring. I—I fear you—you will think it rather—bold—of me to have shown you this, señor."

"On the contrary, señorita, I feel highly flattered. And now I want to ask you a question: What are you going to do with this picture?"

"*Sabe Dios*. Send it to the raffle they are getting up for the benefit of the poor fathers."

"Would you sell it?"

"Who would buy it?"

"I would."

"Would you really?" The joy, the rapture in those violet eyes as, bending forward, the girl gazed at me, awaiting my reply!

"I will give you anything you ask for it, *señorita*."

"And I will take anything you offer."

"Would twenty—*thirty* pounds be too little?"

"Too little! Why, five pounds. How many Mexican dollars go to five pounds, Señor Nugent?"

"About twenty-five, I think."

"Sixteen twenty-fives make one hundred and fifty. O *señora*," she cried addressing Madame San Cosme, "Sister Monica, we shall be able to purchase that white satin robe for the Virgin after all. Señor Nugent wants to buy this," thrusting forth the picture, "and has offered me one hundred and fifty dollars for it. Isn't that too much? May I take it?"

"For sweet charity's sake," I exclaimed, gently removing the picture from her hand. "I shall make it a present to a dear old friend in Ireland for his little chapel, with the condition that—"

At this moment a sergeant entered with an urgent message from the colonel that I should come to him at once.

"Au revoir," said the *señora*. "Do not remain too long, Joe."

"What about the bottle of Burgundy?" whispered O'Shea. "Stir him up."

TO BE CONTINUED.

OUR EPOCH.

CERTAINLY our century has brought forth a Great Epoch,
But most of the men who live in it are extremely small.

—Schiller.

THE EARLY CATHOLIC MISSIONS OF CALIFORNIA.

THE church in California has passed through as many phases within the past hundred years as in other countries it has required centuries to develop. With the conquest of Mexico by Cortez the purely military achievements of the Spanish monarch ended, and a singular but effective combination of military, civil, and religious administration replaced the army.

In the light of recent modern history, which relates the subjugation of nations and sections through the bloodiest contests, sending the victims of national greed into the next world unshriven, it would be manifestly improper and unjust to urge against the church the important part her priests took in the Spanish conquests. No apology now is necessary on behalf of the church of Christ for perfecting her mission of carrying the "glad tidings" to the uttermost parts of the earth, and availing herself of the favorable opportunities afforded by the Spaniards to accomplish the purpose she has always been destined to effect—to wit, the conversion of the heathen. Hence, wherever the Spanish conqueror or adventurer penetrated, there also penetrated the servant of God.

The dream of the soldier was the acquisition of gold and the hope of reward or preferment from the king he served; his motives were human, transitory, and related to the present only, while to the priest occurred the promises of Christ—the world was to be redeemed and an earthly kingdom, a church militant, established; visions of future glory existed in his mind. With prophetic instinct, and led by the Spirit of God, he sought, as an instrument of the divine will, to fulfil the decrees of Heaven by converting souls to the true faith. The soldier, tired of conquest, and his greed for gold satisfied at last, rested; but the priest, impelled by a dominant power, penetrated into unknown regions and among hostile savages, becoming at once a pioneer explorer and the harbinger of salvation to those for whom the Saviour had shed his blood, but who knew it not. And so we find the members of the Society of Jesus, as early as the year 1642, civilizing the Indians in Lower California with success, until the year 1683, when the Jesuit fathers, under the leadership of Salvatierra and Eusebius Kino (Kuhn), the latter a learned astronomer from Ingolstadt, were invested with the ecclesiastical, civil, and military administration of the missions, and in a short time brought

into the true fold the whole of the peninsula of Lower California. It was the same Father Kino who, in pursuit of further spiritual conquests, made his celebrated explorations to the north of the peninsula and along the Rio Colorado in the years 1701 and 1703, among other missions establishing that of St. Xavier del Bec in Arizona, in the Pápago Pueblo, nine miles south of Tucson, erecting so remarkable a church edifice that it stands to-day both a wonder and a reproach—a wonder that the hand of man, in a region destitute of materials, could have possessed the skill to perform so great and beautiful a work; and a reproach that the practical civilization effected by this learned priest and his co-workers should have been rewarded with confiscation by the destructive hand of an abortive republic in the name of “God and liberty.” The walls of St. Xavier del Bec are silent as the graves of those who worshipped within them, but the day will come when every stone shall be an accusing witness against the follies perpetrated in the name of progress.

Later, Fathers Guillen, Ugarte, and Consag made further explorations of the Colorado of the West, extending the domain of the missions, and organizing new missions with a view of rendering practicable an overland route from Sonora to California. Twenty-eight missions in Arizona should testify to the zeal and energy of these missionaries; but nothing now remains except a few ruins and deserted pueblos, and the tradition living only in the clouded memories of the Poma, Maricopa, Moqui, and Pápago Indians distributed along the Gila River and between Tucson and the Colorado of the West.

These missions were governed with paternal care and prospered not only spiritually but temporally. The savages were taught the art of agriculture and such other employments as their nature permitted them to understand. All was peace and happiness—two blessings not permitted long to any one on earth, much less to the followers of the Society of Jesus. The storm came and the Jesuit fathers were driven from the scenes of so much labor. King Philip of Spain, in recognition of their services, had granted them an annual pension of thirteen thousand dollars; but Carlos III., fulfilling, perhaps, the prophecy of St. Ignatius, expelled them from his dominions on the 25th of June, 1767. The civil power, presuming, naturally enough, that injustice would be resisted, placed the execution of the decree of Carlos III. in the hands of the Catalonian captain of dragoons, Gaspar de Portalá, appointing him at the same time governor of the Peninsula, and placing under his command fifty well-armed men to expel the

Jesuits from the missions, by force if necessary. Fourteen Franciscan friars to succeed the Jesuits accompanied Portalá. Arriving at Loreto, the decree was communicated to Father Bonito Ducrue, the superior of the missions, who, with all the Jesuit fathers, respectfully submitted to the order and left California on the 3d of February, 1768.

Thus for eighty years these pioneers had converted and civilized the whole of the peninsula of Lower California and a large part of Arizona, had given to the world a correct geographical knowledge of a region which mariners from Maldonado down to Captain Shelvocke sought in vain to gain, and had established a new empire for Spain, which to-day, after the lapse of over one hundred years since the Jesuits were forced to leave it, is in such a bad and backward condition that it is not worth annexation to the United States.

After the expulsion of the Jesuits in 1768 the labors of the Franciscan friars began, and the fruits of their missionary work were as wonderful as those of the Jesuits. Under the leadership of Friar Junipero Serra, whose name is pronounced with reverence in California, the conversion of Upper, or what is now the State of, California was effected.

The civilization and development of California was the desired object of the Spanish king, and he was urged to accomplish his designs, more particularly because the marvellous conditions of climate and soil of the country were such that its agricultural resources and productions must be incalculable. It was to become the seat of an immense population and of a highly civilized and prosperous people; these would form the nucleus of an empire of great power, which would exercise a controlling influence over the whole coast bordering upon the Pacific Ocean.

The Franciscans, as the successors of the Jesuits, were entrusted with the establishment of a civilization which, when compared with that generally inaugurated by civil or military power, was singularly adapted to endure for ages and provide for every contingency that might arise in human affairs. A long line of missions gives evidence of a perfect system of homogeneous pueblos, frequently differing in rank, but always the same in kind and in organization.

It was under the laws of Spain that for the first time was built up, codified, and promulgated a complete system of civilized and Christian law (*Las Siete Partidas* of Alphonso X., in 1260), under which municipalities or communes, whether called cities, villages, or towns, first obtained a representation in the Cortes.

But the California communes, pueblos, or missions, although founded upon the Spanish system, were enfranchised from the political distinctions of class and the social distinctions of rank, and exhibited a higher grade of civilization than any cities, villages, and towns which have replaced them. The missions were built up from a uniform basis, perfectly resembling each other in all their features and emancipated from the irregularities and uncertainties which deform more modern communes. All this was the work of the priest, who knew how to mould the temporal affairs of mankind in perfect shape by the addition of the leaven of religion. As soon, however, as the civil power assumed control religion was eliminated and disorder followed.

The first of a long chain of missions in Upper California was founded by Friar Serra at San Diego, fifteen miles from the present Mexican boundary-line, on the 16th of July, 1769, and in fifteen years this holy priest had established in this State five Spanish and nine Christianized Indian missions, and baptized 5,800 Indians, dying at Monterey on the 28th of July, 1784, at the age of seventy-one years.

Twenty-one missions in all were founded in California on a line from San Diego to San Francisco, and down to the year 1823. All were in the most flourishing and independent condition, while the whole State shows evidence of the assiduity of the missionaries not only in providing for their dependants but in increasing the agricultural resources of a prolific soil. It is matter of tradition that the fathers, in their travels from place to place, carried with them grain, which they scattered in favorable localities, trusting to nature to reproduce and fill the land with crops for future generations; and it is a fact which can be verified at the present time, particularly in the southern counties, that hundreds of acres of oats sprout, mature, and are garnered annually without any cultivation or preparation of the soil. The meadows are clearly defined and the crops, free from weeds, grow spontaneously. These "oat-hills," as they are termed, have always been sources of astonishment, both on account of the wonderful vitality of the seed and the providence and wisdom of the missionaries, who, indeed, fulfilled their mission to Christianize, civilize, and develop the country.

Down to the year 1834 the missions—in fact, the whole State—existed under the religious administration of the Franciscan friars, and in the latter year were in their most prosperous condition, morally and financially, as will appear from the following table, compiled from De Mofras' *Californie* :

TABLE OF THE MISSIONS OF UPPER CALIFORNIA UNDER THE RELIGIOUS ADMINISTRATIONS IN 1834.

Names of missions, going north from the south.	Date of foundation.	Distance from preceding Leagues.	Indians.	Horned cattle.	Horses and mules.	Sheep, goats, hogs.	Crops of wheat, maize, etc.
San Diego	June 16, 1769.	17	2,500	12,000	1,800	17,000	13,000
San Luis Rey.....	June 13, 1798.	14	3,500	80,000	10,000	100,000	14,000
San Juan Capistrano.....	Nov. 1, 1776.	13	1,700	70,000	1,900	10,000	10,000
San Gabriel	Sept. 8, 1771.	18	2,700	105,000	20,000	40,000	20,000
San Fernando.....	Sept. 8, 1797.	9	1,500	14,000	5,000	7,000	8,000
San Buenaventura.....	Mch. 31, 1782.	18	1,100	4,000	1,000	6,000	2,500
Santa Barbara	Dec. 4, 1786.	12	1,200	5,000	1,200	5,000	3,000
Santa Inés	Sept. 17, 1804.	12	1,300	14,000	1,200	12,000	3,500
La Purísima Concepcion.....	Dec. 8, 1787.	8	900	15,000	2,000	14,000	6,000
San Luis Obispo	Sept. 1, 1771.	18	1,250	9,000	4,000	7,000	4,000
San Miguel.....	July 25, 1797.	13	1,200	4,000	2,500	10,000	2,500
San Antonio.....	July 14, 1771.	13	1,400	12,000	2,000	14,000	3,000
N. S. de la Soledad.....	Oct. 9, 1791.	11	700	6,000	1,200	7,000	2,500
Mission del Carmelo.....	June 3, 1770.	15	500	3,000	700	7,000	1,500
San Juan Bautista.....	June 24, 1779.	14	1,450	9,000	1,200	9,000	3,500
Santa Cruz.....	Aug. 28, 1791.	17	600	8,000	800	10,000	2,500
Santa Clara.....	Jan. 18, 1777.	11	1,800	13,000	1,200	15,000	6,000
San José	June 18, 1797.	7	2,300	24,000	1,100	19,000	10,000
Dolores de San Francisco.....	Oct. 9, 1776.	18	500	5,000	1,600	4,000	2,500
San Rafael.....	Dec. 18, 1817.	8	1,250	3,000	500	4,500	1,500
San Francisco Solano.....	Aug. 25, 1823.	13	1,300	8,000	700	4,000	3,000
Twenty-one missions on a line of.....		262 leag.	30,650	424,000	62,500	321,500	122,500

To the Indians mentioned in the table should be added at least one-half as many whites.

The reign of the church had brought peace and contentment upon the land; the hills teemed with cattle, the soil was cultivated and its resources developed to a greater extent every year. The management and discipline were simple and patriarchal, and so wisely conceived that no exceptions or disorders could possibly occur. The architecture of the missions was of a superior order, nearly all of the same type, differing only in beauty of design and extent of decoration. De Mofras thus describes the mission of San Luis Rey, in San Diego County:

"The building is a quadrilateral. The church occupies one of its wings; the façade is ornamented with a gallery. The building, raised some feet above the soil, is two stories in height. The interior is formed by a court. Upon the gallery which runs around it open the dormitories of the fathers, of the major-domos; and of travellers, small work-shops, school-rooms, and store-rooms. The hospitals are situated in the most quiet parts of the mission, where the schools also are kept. The young Indian girls dwell in the halls called *el monjero*, and they themselves are called 'nuns' (*las monjas*). Placed under the care of Indian matrons, they learn to make cloths of wool, cotton, and flax, and do not leave the monastery (*el monjero*) until they are old enough to be married. The Indian children mingle in the schools with those of the white colonists. A certain number, chosen among the pupils

who display the most intelligence, learn music, chanting, the violin, the flute, the horn, the violoncello, and other instruments. Those who distinguish themselves in the carpenter's shop, at the forge, or in agricultural labors are appointed *alcaldes*, or chiefs (overseers), and charged with the direction of a squad of workmen."

"The administrative body of each mission consisted of two fathers, of whom the elder had charge of the interior and of the religious instruction, and the younger of the agricultural works. The regulations of each mission were the same. The Indians were divided into squads of laborers. At sunrise the bell sounded the Angelus and every one set out for the church. After Mass they breakfasted, and then went to work. At eleven they dined, and this period of repose extended to two o'clock, when they returned to labor until the evening Angelus, one hour before sunset. After prayers and the rosary the Indians had supper, and then amused themselves with dancing and other sports. Their diet consisted of fresh beef and mutton, as much as they chose, wheat and corn cakes, and boiled puddings called *atole* and *pinole*. They also had peas, large or small beans—in all an 'almud,' or the twelfth part of a bushel, to each every week. For dress they wore a linen shirt, pantaloons, and a woollen blanket; but the overseers and best workmen had habits of cloth like the Spaniards. The women received every year two chemises, a gown, and a blanket."

Such was the simple and peaceful life at all of the California missions when in their last year of prosperity, in 1834.

The results of the missionary scheme of Christianization and civilization in California were so great and so successful that the exultation of the pious men who arranged it and devoted their lives to its accomplishment was justifiable. Neither civil nor military power, neither Protestantism nor modern paganism, can claim any share in the magnificent work which the religious of the Catholic Church alone, out of its free and untrammelled elements, began and completed. The wisdom of civil governments and statesmen will appear when we come to the secularization of these missions.

In sixty years of labor the missionaries of California had planted twenty-one prosperous missions upon a line of seven hundred miles from San Diego north to the latitude of Sonoma. More than thirty thousand Indian converts were lodged in the mission establishments and taught a variety of useful arts, besides receiving religious instruction. Their tasks were easy and cheerfully performed, and in the glorious climate of California life was a pleasure. More than four hundred thousand horned cattle pastured on the plains and grazed on the hills, as well as sixty thousand horses and more than three hundred thousand sheep, goats, and swine. Seventy thousand bushels of wheat were raised annually, and sufficient beans, maize, and other grain to make an an-

nual crop of one hundred and twenty thousand bushels. The missions rivalled each other in the production of wine, brandy, soap, leather, hides, wool, oil, cotton, hemp, linen, tobacco, salt, and soda. Of two hundred thousand horned cattle annually slaughtered the missions furnished fully one-half, realizing from the carcasses, hides, and tallow a net income of one million of dollars from that source alone. De Mofras says that the income derived from the cattle and other articles, of which no definite statistics can be obtained, reached a total production by the missions alone of two millions of dollars annually.

Gardens, vineyards, and orchards surrounded all the missions, except the three northernmost, and, according to their latitude, these missions were ornamented and enriched with plantations of palm-trees, bananas, oranges, olives, and figs, with orchards of European fruits, and with vast and fertile vineyards. In addition to these valuable properties and the mission buildings the self-moving or live stock of the missions, valued at their current rates, amounted to three millions of dollars of the most active capital, bringing enormous annual returns upon its aggregate amount, and, owing to the great fertility of animals in California, more than repairing its annual waste by slaughter. This was the great religious success of the Catholic missions in California, and this their material prosperity in the year 1834, even after many depredations had been committed upon them by the first governors of the régime of "independence."

"What is remarkable in the establishment of these missions," says De Mofras, is, "*they cost the government nothing.*" When the missions of Lower California were first founded the viceroys of Spain furnished some assistance. Philip V. gave them in the first years of his reign an annual pension of thirteen thousand dollars, but in the year 1735 the Jesuits added to the capital of their funds by the purchase of productive real estate. In 1767 a lady of Guadalajara, Doña Josefa de Miranda, left by will to the college of the Society of Jesus of that city a legacy of more than one hundred thousand dollars, which the Jesuits, however, refused. This was the beginning of what is known as the "Pious Fund" (*fondo piadoso*). The property belonging to the "Pious Fund of California," with its successive additions, comprised landed estates, including several mines, manufactories, and immense flocks, with more than five hundred square leagues of land, all situated in the province of Tamaulipas. In 1827 the government forcibly seized seventy-eight thousand dollars in specie deposited at the mint in Mexico, the product of the sale of the Arroyo Zar-

co, an estate of the society, and the "Pious Fund" was also despoiled of immense tracts of land by the Congress of Jalisco.

Under the Spanish government the revenues from the "Fund" amounted to about fifty thousand dollars per year, which paid the salaries of fifteen Dominicans at six hundred dollars each and forty Franciscans at four hundred dollars each. The balance was used in the purchase of cloth, implements, tools, church accessories and ornaments.

From 1811 to 1818, and from 1828 to 1831, the missionaries, on account of political troubles, ceased to receive their stipends, and, including the revenues already seized by the Mexican government, a total of more than one million of dollars was appropriated from the revenues of the Pious Fund, leaving, however, the capital intact.

On May 25, 1832, the Mexican Congress directed the executive power to rent out for a gross sum for seven years the property of the "Pious Fund," and pay the proceeds into the national treasury. But a second decree of Congress on the 19th of September, 1836, directed that the "Pious Fund" should be placed at the disposal of the new bishop of California (Garcia Diego) and his successors, to the end that these prelates to whom its administration was thus confided might employ it in the development of the missions or in similar enterprises, according to the wish of its founders.

General Santa Anna, Provisional President, now came upon the scene, and on February 8, 1842, deprived the bishop of California of the administration of the "Pious Fund." And this *pious* president administered it so successfully that he sold it in a lump to the house of Barrio and to Rubio Brothers shortly after. The value of the "Fund" was not less than two millions of dollars, and the proceeds were incorporated in the national treasury. This ended the "Pious Fund." Steps were taken some time ago by the archbishop of San Francisco and others to recover at least a portion of this property through our own Congress, but the returns have not yet begun to come in.

The missions themselves had not been interfered with to the year 1834, at which time, as has been said, they were in their most prosperous condition. The Mexican government had absorbed the outside property and floating cash belonging to the missions, and now proceeded, in the name of "God and liberty," to "administer" the temporalities of the missions in California.

It was discovered that Spain never intended that the church should have any property in the missions; that the Spanish

government, in engaging the missionaries in this work, intended solely that they should convert and colonize the Indians, and, having accomplished these objects, the system of missions became spent, and the Indians, being now good, pious, and useful, were ready to become citizens. Hence the duty of the state was to come in and relieve the missionaries of their burdens, and the state accomplished this object in an effectual manner. Besides, the idea of the regular clergy holding curacies was wrong, the system of secular curacies being the normal one in the church. This was the theory of secularization. Another reason urged—and all governments have a number of “reasons” and excuses for confiscating church property—was that the friars, who were mostly Spaniards, were hostile to the newly-acquired “independence” and should be invited to go out of the country, leaving California fully colonized, with uniform and homogeneous institutions, united, prosperous, and contented.

In 1834, therefore, the decree of secularization was passed, and, following a forced construction put upon the laws of Spain providing for the establishment of the missions, it was determined to convert the religious communities into civil municipalities and place their property in the hands of civil administrators, appointing secular priests in place of the missionaries of the regular orders. As a natural consequence private individuals, taking advantage of the *liberal* offers of the “God and liberty” style of government organized in Mexico, began to petition for grants of grazing-lands which were located upon the well-stocked portions of the religious establishments. These petitions were readily acceded to by the government, and a systematic course of plundering pursued with such success that in 1842, not quite eight years after the “civil administration” of the missions had begun, the latter were practically ruined, showing the following difference as the result of the “progress” of statesmanship :

	Religious administration. 1834.	Civil administration. 1842.
Indians.....	30,000	4,000
Horned cattle.....	400,000	28,000
Horses and mules.....	62,000	3,000
Sheep, etc.....	321,000	31,000
Grain.....	122,000	7,000

Even the counter-revolutionary governor, Micheltorena, who came from Mexico with an army, was dismayed at the ruin, and in his proclamation of March 29, 1834, recited that—

“The pious and charitable institutions of social order for the conversion

of the savages to Catholicism, and to an agricultural and peaceful life, are reduced to the gardens and enclosures of the churches and buildings, . . . that the Indians, who are naturally lazy, now, from additional labor and scarcity of nourishment, being in a state of nudity, having no fixed employment or appointed mission, prefer to keep out of the way and die impenitent in desert woods, in order to escape a life of slavery filled with all privations and destitute of social enjoyment; . . . that there is no other way of *reanimating* the skeleton of a giant like the remains of the ancient missions except to fall back upon experience, and to fortify it with the appliances of civil and ecclesiastical power."

This governor makes an attempt to restore the missions, but the evil has been done and the skeleton of the giant could not be reanimated. The immense benefits conferred upon the world by the civilization of an empire, considered from a purely worldly point of view, and independent of the spiritual benefits to the souls of the people, were utterly disregarded, and the same insane, unbusiness-like spirit which has possessed nations from the foundation of the world exhibited itself in destroying what had been intended for the world's benefit, and involving in ruin the civilization perfected by the church, without which governments cannot endure.

With the destruction of the missions began the return of the reign of violence and lawlessness, and the church, as it now exists in California, is obliged to begin its work anew, as if the history of the past hundred years had never been. There is no State in the Union, no country on earth, in which the highest form of civilization attained, by and through the church, and the lowest form, that without God or morality, appear in such striking contrast as in California, and nowhere is there less said about it as an argument to maintain the claims of the church to be the light of the world and the best promoter of even worldly prosperity.

THREE CATHOLIC POETS.

A SKETCH.

"No young man," says our old friend, the estimable Duke of Omnium, in Anthony Trollope's last novel, "should dare to neglect literature. At some period of his life he will surely need consolation; and he may be certain that, should he live to be an old man, there will be none other, except religion." The Duke of Omnium, however, is not of our time; it is not strange that he is puzzled and bewildered by the breadth of view which permits agnosticism as a decoration to the real business of life—enjoyment—and denies none of the pleasant vices to exalted gentlemen or none of the picturesque frailties to no less exalted ladies. Were the worthy duke abreast of the age he would not except religion, for it has become an axiom with the most exact thinkers that culture is the highest and best thing in life; and what is culture, judged by their standard, but the art of reading in perfection? Matthew Arnold comes as near blasphemy as any man can in this period, in which the saying of smart things about the Creator has come to be regarded as a mark of much wit, when he places poetry even above science as the consoler of men.

"Without poetry," he asserts in a preface to Thomas Humphry Ward's admirable work, *The English Poets*, which is the text of this article—"without poetry our science would appear incomplete; and most of what now passes with us for religion and philosophy will be replaced by poetry. Science, I say, will appear incomplete without it. For finely and truly does Wordsworth call poetry 'the impassioned expression which is in the countenance of all science'; and what is a countenance without its expression? Again, Wordsworth finely and truly calls poetry 'the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge.' Our religion parading evidences such as those on which the popular mind relies now; our philosophy pluming itself on its reasonings about causation and finite and infinite being—what are they but the shadows and dreams and false shows of knowledge? *The day will come when we shall wonder at ourselves for having trusted them, for having taken them seriously; and the more we perceive their hollowness the more we shall prize the 'breath and finer spirit of knowledge offered us by poetry.'*"

The day has come when men reared among the shams of Protestantism have turned away from the weak support of an emasculated religion to seek rest in a philosophy which offers no certitude, and in a science which is only half understood. They stretch out

their hands for bread, and the priests of culture give them a stone.

Poetry, exalted, God-inspired as it is, interpreter as it is of the voiceless messages that man and nature hold for each other, fails when we go to it for that consolation which all men crave some time or other, and without which the highest attainment is valueless—that consolation which the soul craves, and craves more strongly, when it has conquered the intellectual world and reached its *ultima thule* of culture. At a certain time in his life the French poet, Maurice de Guérin, found what he deemed consolation in resting against the trunk of a lilac in his garden, “le seul être au monde contre qui il pût appuyer sa chancelante nature, comme le seul capable de supporter son embrassement,” in the struggle between pantheism and faith that was going on in his soul. Poetry must fail those who go to it as a last resource, as the lilac failed De Guérin. It is the experience of men in all ages that hearts only can comfort hearts, that the purest abstractions are cold and unsatisfactory. Humanity that can console humanity must be itself, yet higher than itself. The church offers, not poetry, but the Sacred Heart.

Goethe did not find consolation in poetry or the highest flights of his intellect, and Matthew Arnold, the most polished and complaisant of the priests of culture, is not, it would seem, free from that divine despair in which we may imagine Sappho looking from her rock. Poetry is a seraph on whom the light of God falls, but poetry is not God. Poetry may bear the soul to supernal flights, but it cannot give rest, serenity, hope, which make consolation. It ever asks that “Why?” to which religion gives an eternal answer.

The Scriptures contain great poems—the greatest poems; but he who, reading them, tries to eliminate the Godhead of Christ loses himself in what Ruskin calls the *verde smalto*—the helpless green of the Elysian Fields. Homer, cold and joyless, offers no consolation; Horace and Theocritus are without joy in their *verde smalto*. Roses and wine soon lose their savor and the cicada is only harsh when the heart is sad. Christianity gave to poetry all its joyousness, all that sympathy with men and nature which makes us glad. Poetry no longer echoes the sea-like moan of restless souls, as in Homer; it interprets and elevates, as in Dante. It is impossible to divorce Christianity from the poetry that is nearest to us. Christianity has made it what it is. It was not till after the Resurrection that the spring clothed itself in gladness. The rain came and departed,

and the voice of the turtle was heard in the land; but the full glory and gladness of the spring did not make itself known to the human heart until after the first Easter. Who, going to Shakspeare for consolation, is not referred to Him who is beyond? And where is the sublimity of Dante without the Divine Persons from whom that sublimity radiates? Such poets as Swinburne and Gautier cannot escape from the light of the cross. Their paganism is not the paganism of the Greeks; they cannot bridge over the stream that flowed from Calvary. The light deepens their shadows. Their effects are in *chiaro-oscuro*, and this has given them that vogue for which they sacrificed so much.

All poets have longed for clearer, more exact and fervent expression of their inspiration than any earthly language can give, and all poets have felt that the highest poetry here falls short of that sublime poetry which their boldest thoughts only see as through a glass darkly. No poet seems to have known this longing and this limitation better than Robert Southwell. To him poetry brought no consolation, as we may judge from his poems. To him it brought no false quietism, which both Wordsworth and Cowper seem to take for consolation. He burned to manifest the divine love that lived within him; and, in the usual expression of poetry, he cried out. Southwell was a priest whom religion forced to be a poet; it is doubtful whether either Habington or Southwell would have been poets had they not been spurred on to ardent expression by the motive which religion gives to devout souls. This is true, perhaps, in a lesser degree of Habington and Crashaw than of Southwell. The former, however, would have been only *dilettanti*, had not religion given them clearness and strength. All three were, as another writer has expressed it of one of them, not merely poets who happened to be Catholics, they were poets and Catholics; and their religion and inspiration were so near each other that it is difficult to tell which bade them sing.

No man can read the story of Robert Southwell's life without a feeling of reverential admiration. His life and his poetry are alike above our ordinary sympathy, for he was a martyr, and a poet whose theme was always of sacred things. Martyr and poet are epithets so grand that when a man deserves them he becomes superhuman. For this reason the poetry of Southwell will never become popular. His poems had some vogue in England, not because the public really preferred strength and real passion to the fashionable word-building and quaint conceits which passed for poetry, or felt his power as a poet, but because

the heroism and pathos of his death attracted popular sympathy to his work. Even his enemies admitted that his death was worthy of an ancient Roman; and zeal, inflexible faith, and heroic endurance were not without honor even in days when the politicians had found it wise to lead the English nation to regard a Catholic priest as worse than a leper.

Southwell did not think much of poetry as an art; but this fault was not uncommon among the Elizabethan poets. His richness of expression is unbounded, unhusbanded. Nature, as nature, had no message for him. Nature was God's footstool; of the myriad voices, of the myriad phases in earth and heaven, he took no note for themselves. The rose and the lily were for him in their best place before the tabernacle, and the breath of the new-mown fields was less sweet to him than the incense that wreathed the pillars of a church. Rhythm and rhyme were fetters to his thought rather than helps to it. Verse in his hands was the nearest earthly approach to that divine expression which the seraphs have; it was powerless to hold the fervor of a heart that burned with desire for union with our Lord. "St. Peter's Complaint," the most worthy expression of his genius, is an evidence of this.

Southwell doubtless considered Shakspeare's contemporary poem of "Lucrece"—if, indeed, he read it—as Ulysses looked upon the sirens. Professor Hales, who contributes a brief but appreciative notice of Southwell to *The English Poets*, points out the striking resemblance, in a literary way, between "St. Peter's Complaint" and "Lucrece." In each poem there is an overpowering wealth of imagery, a crowding of illustration, a luxuriance of thought, and a minuteness of narration. "St. Peter's Complaint" is the stronger poem, not only in its motive but in treatment. "It is undoubtedly," says Prof. Hales, "the work of a mind of no ordinary copiousness, often embarrassed by its own richness, and so expending them with a prodigal carelessness." But it is something more than this. It is the outburst of a heart burning with divine love and poetic fire; it is unique in literature. It is not artistic; it contains little sweetness, no sympathy with the humanity of the saint, which a modern poet would have made the most prominent part of the "Complaint." The silence of a Stylites only could better express the penitence of such a soul as Southwell portrays. The poem is long, consisting of one hundred and forty six-line stanzas. These are striking and beautiful:

- " Like solest swan, that swims in silent deep,
And never sings but obsequies of death,
Sing out thy plaints, and sole in secret weep,
In suing pardon spend thy perjured breath;
Attire thy soul in sorrow's mourning weed,
And at thine eyes let guilty conscience bleed.
- " Still in the 'lembic of thy doleful breast
Those bitter fruits that from thy sins do grow;
For fuel, self-accusing thoughts be best;
Use fear as fire, the coals let penance blow;
And seek none other quintessence but tears,
That eyes may shed what entered at thine ears.
.
- " When, traitor to the Son, in Mother's eyes,
I shall present my humble suit for grace,
What blush can paint the shame that shall arise
Or write my inward feelings on my face?
Might she the sorrow with the sinner see,
Though I'm despised, my grief might pitied be.
- " But ah! how can her ears my speech endure,
Or scent my breath still reeking hellish steam?
Can Mother like what did the Son abjure,
Or heart deflowered a virgin's love redeem?
The Mother nothing loves the Son doth loathe;
Ah! loathsome wretch, detested of them both.
.
- " Weep balm and myrrh, you sweet Arabian trees,
With purest gems perfume and pearl your rine;
Shed on your honey-drops, you busy bees,
I, barren plant, must weep unpleasant brine:
Hornets, I hear, salt drops their labor plies,
Sucked out of sin, and shed by showering eyes.
- " If love, if loss, if fault, if spotted fame,
If danger, death, if wrath or wreck of weal,
Entitle eyes true heirs to earned blame,
That due remorse in such events conceal:
That want of tears might well enroll my name
As chiefest saint in calendar of shame."

These quotations give only a slight idea of the beauty and richness of the poem. It is over-wrought, and the constant alliteration detracts somewhat from the simplicity of statement which would otherwise have strengthened many of the lines. One cannot help speculating upon the heights which Southwell might have reached in the art of poetry, had he not suffered death at the

age of thirty-three—at the age when he desired most to die, if God willed it, as bringing him nearer to that sublime Model of his life whom he loved so well to imitate. It is hardly possible that he would have written much, even had he lived to remain in England. The life of a priest in the days of “good Queen Bess” had little leisure in it for dalliance with a muse that does not love turmoil. And, moreover, theology is not the most tender nurse of the poetic art. Theology is apt to restrict its steps and hold it in leading-strings, that it may not forget men’s souls in plucking flowers for the sake of their perfume. Dante, it is true, was a theologian, and Milton probably thought that he was one; but Southwell was a priest, and the holy office cannot accept a divided heart. It is probable that in “St. Peter’s Complaint” he reached his highest water-mark in poetry. It may have been in him, as it was in the author of “Lucrece,” to write a poem that would move the hearts of all the ages to come; but to him, as a priest and poet, fame was nothing. The soul nearest him was more important to him than the admiration of centuries. Southwell is one of a very few poets who never felt the touch of earthly passion or of that sentiment, half-human, half-divine, that we call love. Even Crashaw’s address to his mythical mistress, impersonal as it is, expresses a feeling which Southwell never experienced. He lent no ear to the Circe who transformed so many of his brother poets into a semblance of bestiality. As a priest, he felt the sacredness of his place above angels; and there is no sign of that conflict between the sensuous and the spiritual to which poetic temperaments seem especially prone. In this Southwell offers a striking contrast to a rare and delicate modern genius, Maurice de Guérin, who, likewise a Catholic and with a strong instinct towards the entire consecration of himself to God, shattered himself in a struggle between the sensuousness of nature and the asceticism which he felt in Christianity. But Southwell was the highest type of a Catholic. This fact, from the ordinary literary point of view, doubtless restricted his scope as a poet; but from the ordinary literary point of view the manner is above the thing, the art of Gautier above the fervor of Southwell, and human love is only worthy of the poet’s song. Southwell is none the less a poet that he sang to God alone. The texture of his work is stained in the blood of the Sacred Heart, not iridescent with the changing hues that arise from corruption. “Love’s Plot,” which is not inappropriate here, is full of a characteristic sententiousness that shows his firm poetical grasp by never becoming prosy or commonplace:

"Love mistress is of many minds,
Yet few know whom they serve ;
They reckon least how little love
Their service doth deserve.

"The will she robbeth from the wit,
The sense from reason's lore,
She is delightful in the rind,
Corrupted in the core.

"She shroudeth vice in virtue's veil,
Pretending good in ill ;
She offereth joy, affordeth grief,
A kiss when she doth kill.

"A honey flower reigns from her lips,
Sweet lights shine in her face ;
She hath the blush of virgin's mind,
The mind of viper's race.

"She makes thee seek, yet fear to find ;
To find, but not enjoy ;
In many frowns some gliding smiles
She yields, to more annoy.

.
"Like winter rose and summer ice,
Her joys are still untimely ;
Before her hope, behind remorse,
Fair first, in fine unseemly.

"Moods, passions, fancies, jealous fits,
Attend upon her train ;
She yieldeth rest without repose,
A heaven in hellish pain.

"Her house is sloth, her door deceit,
And slippery hopes her stairs ;
Unbashful boldness bids her guests,
And every vice appears.

.
"Her sleep in sin doth end in wrath,
Remorse rings her awake ;
Death calls her up, shame drives her out,
Despairs her upshot make.

"Plough not the seas, sow not the sands,
Leave off your idle pain ;
Seek other mistress for your minds—
Love's service is in vain."

"Times go by Turns" and "The Burning Babe" are already too well known to Catholics to need reproduction. It is strange that his "Child of my Choice"—a tender and fervent address to the Child Jesus—has not found its way into our hymn-books.

Southwell was not the only poet who suffered on the scaffold. The gallant Surrey had preceded him, and in after-years André Chénier died by the hand of the executioner; but no poet in modern times died the glorious death of Southwell. The deaths of Surrey and Chénier were as mournful sunsets; his a glorious sunrise. Like his own "solest swan," his last songs in prison were sweetest, for he had already pierced, with a martyr's vision, the splendors of heaven.

From his childhood he was fervently religious. He was the third son of Richard Southwell, a Catholic gentleman of Norfolk. Robert was born at his father's seat, Horsham, St. Faith's, about the year 1562. There is a tradition to the effect that a gipsy woman made an attempt to steal him, in the hope of gain; and he never ceased, it is said, to show his gratitude to God for having saved him from a semi-savage and vagrant life. Although the Southwell family was Catholic, Richard Southwell never permitted his religion to stand in the way of his preferment; and in those days Catholics could obtain worldly advantage only by the sacrifice of principle. Robert's tendency towards the religious life was so strong that he was sent to Douay to be educated for the priesthood, and from there to Paris. This fact speaks well for his father, who risked much by having him educated abroad. Robert went from Paris to Rome, where he was received into the Society of Jesus. Early in the year 1585 he applied for permission to return to England. The thought of souls perishing for the sacred nourishment that he could give them filled him with a solicitude that was agony, and he longed for the crown of martyrdom. The peril that faced him was not vague: "Any papist," according to the statute 27 Elizabeth c. 2, "born in the dominions of the crown of England, who should come over thither from beyond the sea (unless driven by stress of weather, and tarrying only a reasonable time), or should be in England three days without conforming and taking the oath, should be guilty of high treason." Southwell knew that a Jesuit was doubly obnoxious to the herd of Englishmen who blindly followed time-serving leaders; he knew, too, that if discovered he should be hanged, drawn, and quartered. He did not shrink. Perhaps he reverently repeated the words of his "Burning Babe":

"Love is the fire and sighs the smoke, the ashes shame and scorn,
The fuel Justice layeth on, and Mercy blows the coals;
The metal in this furnace wrought are men's defiled souls;
For which, as now on fire I am, to work them to their good,
So will I melt into a bath, to wash them in my blood."

Southwell's letter to his father which he wrote soon after his return to England shows that the poet who wrote "St. Peter's Complaint" might as easily have spoken an apologia before the despots who in England imitated the persecutions of Diocletian in the name of "reformation." The letter is full of that earnestness and faith which were ingrained in this remarkable man:

"Who hath more interest in the grape than he who planted the vine? who more right to the crop than he who sowed the corn? or where can the child owe so great service as to him to whom he is indebted for his very life and being? With young Tobias, I have travelled far, and brought home a freight of spiritual substance to enrich you, and medicinable receipts against your ghostly maladies. I have, with Esau, after a long toil in pursuing a long and painful chase, returned with the full prey you were wont to love, desiring thereby to insure your blessing. I have, in this general famine of all true and Christian food, with Joseph, prepared abundance of the bread of angels for the repast of your soul. And now my desire is that my drugs may cure you, my prey delight you, and my provision feed you, by whom I have been cured, enlightened, and fed myself; that your courtesies may, in part, be countervailed, and my duty, in some sort, performed. Despise not, good sire, the youth of your son, neither deem your God measureth his endowments by number of years. Hoary senses are often couched under youthful locks, and some are riper in the spring than others in the autumn of their age. God chose not Esau himself, nor his eldest son, but young David, to conquer Goliath and to rule his people; not the most aged person, but Daniel, the most innocent youth, delivered Susannah from the iniquity of the judges. Christ at twelve years of age was found in the temple, questioning with the greatest doctors. A true Elias can conceive that a little cloud may cast a large and abundant shower; and the Scripture teaches us that God unveileth to little ones that which he concealeth from the wisest sages. His truth is not abashed by the minority of the speaker for out of the mouths of infants and sucklings he can perfect his praises. Timothy was young, and yet a principal pastor; St. John a youth, and yet an apostle; yea, the angels, by appearing in youthful semblance, gave us a proof that many glorious gifts may be shrouded under tender shapes. All this I say, not to claim any privileges surmounting the rate of usual abilities, but to avoid all touch of presumption in advising my elders; seeing that it hath the warrant of Scripture, the testimony of example, and sufficient grounds both in grace and nature.

"If you," says this earnest poet, "if you were stretched on your departing bed, burdened with the heavy load of your former trespasses, and gored with the sting of a festered conscience; if you felt the hand of death grasping your heart-strings, and ready to make the rueful divorce between

body and soul ; if you lay panting for breath and bathed in a cold and fatal sweat, wearied with struggling against the pangs of death, oh ! how much would you give for one hour for repentance, at what rate would you value one day's contrition ? Worlds would then be worthless in respect of a little respite ; a short time would seem more precious than the treasures of empires. Nothing would be so much esteemed as a moment of time, which is now by months and years so lavishly misspent. Oh ! how deeply would it wound your heart when, looking back into yourself, you consider many faults committed and not confessed, many good works omitted or not recovered, your service to God promised but never performed. How intolerable will be your case ! Your friends are fled, your servants frightened, your thoughts amazed, your memory distracted, your whole mind aghast, and, unable to perform what it would, only your guilty conscience will continually upbraid you with most bitter accusations. What will be your thoughts, when, stripped of your mortal body, and turned both out of the service and house-room of this world, you are forced to enter into uncouth and strange paths, and with unknown and ugly company to be carried before a most severe Judge, carrying in your own conscience your judgment written, and a perfect register of all your misdeeds ; when you shall see *Him* prepared to pass sentence upon you against whom you have transgressed ; he is to be the umpire whom by so many offences you have made your enemy ; when not only the devils but even the angels will plead against you, and yourself, in spite of your will, be your own sharpest impeacher ? What would you do in these dreadful exigencies, when you saw the ghastly dungeon and huge gulf of hell breaking out with most fearful flames ; when you heard the weeping and gnashing of teeth, the rage of these hellish monsters, the horror of the place, the rigor of the pain, the terror of the company, and the eternity of the punishment ? Would you then think them wise that would delay in such weighty matters, and idly play away a time allotted to prevent such intolerable calamities ? Would you then account it secure to nurse in your bosom a brood of serpents, or suffer your soul to entertain so many accusers ? Would not you then think a whole life too little to do penance for so many iniquities ? Why, then, do you not at least devote the small remnant and surplus of these your latter days in seeking to make an atonement with God, and in freeing your conscience from the corruption that, by your treason and fall, has crept into it ; whose very eyes that read this discourse, and very understanding that conceiveth it, shall be cited as certain witnesses of what I describe ? Your soul will then experience the most terrible fears, if you do not recover yourself into the fold and family of God's church."

For six years Southwell labored in his native land. Many Catholic souls, even priests in hiding, were strengthened by his example and consoled by his fervent piety. His zeal made many return to the church and saved others from apostasy. Protected by Lady Arundel, whose confessor he was, he performed his sacred duties and wrote at intervals ; but the crown of martyrdom, like a pillar of fire, was always before him. It led to the Promised Land ; and he was soon to gain the end for which he

worked. The manner of his betrayal and imprisonment is related graphically by Mr. Turnbull in his biography affixed to Mr. Russell Smith's edition of the martyr's poems:

"There was resident at Uxendon, near Harrow-on-the-Hill, in Middlesex, a Catholic family of the name of Bellamy, whom Southwell was in the habit of visiting and providing with religious instruction when he exchanged his ordinary close confinement for a purer atmosphere. One of the daughters, Ann, had in her early youth exhibited marks of the most vivid, unmistakable piety; but, having been committed to the Gatehouse of Westminster, her faith gradually departed, and along with it her virtue. For, having formed an intrigue with the keeper of the prison, she subsequently married him, and by that step forfeited all claim which she had by law or favor upon her father. In order, therefore, to obtain some fortune she resolved to take advantage of the act of 27 Elizabeth, which made the harboring of a priest a treason, with confiscation of the offender's goods. Accordingly she sent a messenger to Southwell, urging him to meet her on a certain day and hour at her father's house, whither he, either in ignorance of what had happened or under the impression that she sought his spiritual assistance through motives of penitence, went at the appointed time. In the meanwhile, having apprised her husband of this, as also of the place of concealment in her father's house and the mode of access, he conveyed the information to Topcliffe, an implacable persecutor and denouncer of the Catholics, who, with a band of his satellites, surrounded the premises, broke open the house, arrested his reverence, and carried him off in open day, exposed to the gaze of the populace. He was taken in the first instance to Topcliffe's house, where during a few weeks he was put to the torture ten times, with such dreadful severity that Southwell, complaining of it to his judges, declared in the name of God that death would have been more preferable.

"The manner in which he was agonized may be seen in Tanner's *Societas Jesu Martyr*. But all was to no purpose; the sufferer maintained an inflexible silence; nothing could shake his constancy; and the tormentors affirmed that he resembled a post rather than a man. He was then transferred to the same Gatehouse which was kept by the husband of the wretch who had betrayed him, and, after being confined there for two months, was removed to the Tower and thrown into a dungeon so filthy and noisome that, when brought forth at the end of a month to be examined, his clothes were covered with vermin. Whereupon his father presented a petition to Elizabeth, humbly entreating that if his son had committed anything for which by the laws he had deserved it, he might suffer death; if not, as he was a gentleman, he hoped her majesty would be pleased to order that he should be treated as such, and not to be confined in that filthy hole. The queen, in consequence, ordered that he should be better lodged, and gave his father permission to supply him with clothing, necessaries, and books; of which latter the only ones which he asked for were the Bible and the works of St. Bernard. During all his protracted confinement, although his sister Mary, who was married to a gentleman of the name of Bannister, had occasional access to him, he never discoursed of anything but religion."

He was kept in prison for three years. At last, upon his own petition, he was brought to trial. According to Challoner, Cecil's reply to this petition was "that if he was in so much haste to be hanged he should quickly have his desire." He was removed from the Tower to Newgate, and on the 21st of February, 1595, he was taken to Westminster and tried. His conduct before the court was worthy of his life. He was serene, manly, and not presumptuous. He denied that he was guilty of treason, but confessed that he was a Catholic priest, and that his purpose in England was to administer the rites of the church to her faithful children. He was condemned, and on the morning of the 22d of February was executed at Tyburn. Through the blundering of the hangman his agony was prolonged, and he "several times made the sign of the cross while hanging." He was drawn and quartered; but "through the kindness and interference of the bystanders the martyr was allowed to die before the indignities and mutilations were allowed." And this happened in the reign of a woman whom historians have named "good," and whom Englishmen have been taught to reverence as "great"!

William Habington, who was born in 1605, has been strangely neglected by Catholics and the public in general. The pathos of Southwell's death did much toward keeping his fame alive; but it is difficult to understand why, when Crashaw is remembered, Habington is almost forgotten. In those wonderful *mélanges* of literature compounded "for the use of schools and colleges" it is difficult to find mention of him, and well did he write in "The Holy Man":

"Grown older I admired
Our poets as from heaven inspired;
What obelisks decreed I fit
For Spenser's art and Sydney's wit!
But waxing sober soon I found
Fame but an idle sound."

It is not surprising that we, who have left the name of a real Catholic poet, George Miles, fade away, and to whom the Catholic Canadian, Louis Fréchette, is only an unknown name, should not delve into volumes of forgotten law for Habington's poems; it is surprising that at this time, when the resurrecting of musty poets has become a mania, that so little has been done for one who, if not a born singer, was yet so near the divine voice as to catch some exquisite echoes. He was pre-eminently the poet of conjugal love, as Southwell was the poet of the higher love. His song is always of two pure hearts feeling hope and fear, to whom

the fever of passion is unknown. Habington came of a good Catholic family, which is a distinction in a country where the good families had been so willing to barter faith for fortune. The stanchness of his blood was proved by the way his ancestors had kept the faith. His uncle, Edward Habington, having been implicated in Babington's famous conspiracy to rescue the Queen of Scots, was hanged, drawn, and quartered at St. Giles in the Fields. As usual, there was a Protestant minister at the scaffold, who urged him to be of a lively faith. He answered that he believed steadfastly in the Catholic faith. The minister feared that he deceived himself, and asked what he meant. "I mean," he answered, "that faith and religion which is holden in almost all Christendom, except here in England." After this, much to the disgust of the reverend gentleman, he would answer no question, but prayed to himself in Latin. In his dying speech he "cast out threats and terrors of the blood that was ere long to be shed in England." The poet's father, Thomas Habington, was also implicated in the same conspiracy. He escaped probably because the people were becoming tired of the shedding of the blood of some of the noblest men in England. It was not hard for the public to sympathize with generous youths who, as if to return to the days of chivalry, had risked their lives in behalf of a beautiful and unfortunate queen. The people at heart were not entirely devoted to the daughter of Anne Boleyn, and the wily politicians around her throne knew when it was prudent to stop the shedding of blood. Hence Thomas Habington escaped the fate of his brother. He went to prison, however, and when he was released Mary Stuart had bidden farewell to earth and gone, let us hope, to a land happier than even "*le plaisant pays de France*." He retired to his ancestral manor, Hendlip, where he led a life of lettered leisure, producing several works of local topography and a translation of the epistle of Geldus à Britain. He suffered a second imprisonment for suspected implication in the Gunpowder Plot. That he sheltered the Jesuits, Father Garnett and Father Oldcorne, afterwards most unjustly hanged, at Hendlip, was the only evidence against him. James is said always to have been partial to the partisans of his mother, and it is possible that Thomas Habington's connection with the Babington plot may have worked in favor of his release. His brother-in-law, Lord Monteagle, interceded in his behalf, and after his escape a second time he betook himself to the company of his children and books.

Of his son, the poet, little is known, except his love-story. He was educated at St. Omer and at Paris. Returning to England

with the down just sprouting on his lip, he fell in love. The lady of his thoughts was Lucy Herbert, the daughter of Lord Powis. Habington was a gentleman of small estate and the bearer of a name that of late had not been on the winning side. Lord Powis felt that the niece of Northumberland and the granddaughter of an earl might look for a more splendid suitor. But Lucy—the incomparable *Castara* of Habington's poem—looked with favor on the poet. The course of true love did not run smooth, but its variations were rather the ripples of an April shower than the waves of an autumn storm. Following the fashion, young Habington wooed his lady-love in verse. It does not take much to excite turmoil in a poet's soul, and Habington's troubles must have been mild indeed, since they did not excite anything but the most proper and gentlemanlike protest :

“ Parents' laws must bear no weight
 When they happiness prevent,
 And our sea is not so strait
 But it room has for content.”

This is about the most violent sentiment he utters. Lord Powis belonged to the Catholic branch of the Herberts, and the stanchness of the Habington faith must have had some effect in softening his opposition. He was not a very cruel parent, and the fact that Habington had a small estate neutralized his demerit, in a father's eyes, of occasionally dropping into poetry. In all his raptures of *Castara's* sighs, glances, eyebrows, and bosom Habington never loses a certain consciousness of “deportment.” He is never tired of protesting that the bent of his love is honorable and his purpose marriage—an iteration that the occasion does seem to require. But if his verse was somewhat mannered—and even the spiritual Southwell did not escape the conceits of his time—his sentiment is always honest, manly, and pure. His thoughts did not wander from his wife, the wonderful *Castara*. Next to religion she was the lodestar of his thoughts. He was married at the age of twenty-eight, and the years of his life afterwards kept the peaceful and happy promise of his wedding-day. His description of *Castara* is the most exquisite passage in his greatest poem :

“ Like the violet which alone
 Prospers in some happy shade,
 My *Castara* lives unknown,
 To no looser eye betrayed.
 For she's to herself untrue
 Who delights i' th' public view.”

"Such is her beauty, as no arts
 Have enricht with borrowed grace;
 Her high birth no pride imparts,
 For she blushes in her place.
 Folly boasts a glorious blood :
 She is noblest being good.

"Cautious, she knew never yet
 What a wanton courtship meant ;
 Nor speaks loud to boast her wit,
 In her silence eloquent.
 Of her self survey she takes,
 But 'tween men no difference makes.

"She obeys with speedy will
 Her grave parents' wise commands.
 And so innocent that ill
 She nor acts nor understands.
 Women's feet run still astray,
 If once to ill they know the way.

"She sails by that rock, the court,
 Where oft honour splits her mast ;
 And retiredness thinks the port
 Where her fame may anchor cast.
 Virtue safely cannot sit,
 Where vice is enthron'd for wit.

"She holds that day's pleasure best
 When sin waits not on delight.
 Without mask, or ball, or feast,
 Sweetly spends a winter's night.
 O'er that darkness, whence is thrust
 Prayer and sleep, oft governs lust.

"She her throne makes reason climb,
 While wild passions captive lie,
 And each, each article of time
 Her pure thoughts to heaven fly.
All her vows religious be,
And her love she vows to me."

He was friendly with all the great literary men of the time. There is a tradition that he was not absent from those feasts of reason and flows of sack in which Jonson, Massinger, and the jolly crew of the famous old inns indulged ; with him all things were enjoyed in moderation. Tranquil, serene, surrounded by his children and supported by a firm faith, of which "The Holy Man," the fourth part of "Castara," is an evidence, he ended a happy and peaceful life in 1654.

He had not been unaccustomed to the pomp of that court in

which Charles I. and Henrietta Maria reigned, in which Waller sang and Vandyke painted, and in his volume of poems (republished by Arber in 1870) the most celebrated names of the epoch appear in dedications. His tragi-comedy of "The Queene of Arragon" was acted in 1640 at Whitehall. The favor of the court did not disturb him, nor did the Civil War draw him from his seclusion. He was not a man to act except under strong impulse, and it is probable that neither the Cavaliers nor the Roundheads wholly had his sympathy.

"Castara" is divided into four parts, "The Mistress," "The Wife," "The Friend," and "The Holy Man." It speaks well for the unpoetical constancy of Habington that Castara as the wife is even more beloved than Castara the mistress. The muse did not say imperatively to him, as she did to a later and very different bard,* "Poëte, prends ton luth." Indeed, one cannot help suspecting that he often took up his lute because he had nothing else to do. From lack of perception Habington is often uneven. That perfect art that welds all parts into simplicity was unknown to him or to most of the Elizabethan poets. He startles the reader with vivid lines which are like the bright scarlet of the salt-marsh's bushes among the tawny hues of autumn. He cares little for the technical part of his art. His sonnet to "Castara in a Trance," although very fine, lacks the dignity of the sonnets of Milton, which he must have known. To those scornful critics who assert that the sonnet at its best is only fourteen jingling lines, it will be an interesting comparison with any one of Dante's or with Wordsworth's "The World is Too Much with Us."

"Forsake me not so soon ; Castara, stay,
 And as I break the prison of my clay
 I'll fill the canvas with my expiring breath,
 And sail with thee o'er the vast main of Death.
 Some cherubim thus, as we pass, shall play :
 'Go, happy twins of love !' The courteous sea
 Shall smooth her wrinkled brow ; the winds shall sleep,
 Or only whisper music to the deep ;
 Every ungentle rock shall melt away,
 The sirens sing to please, not to betray ;
 The indulgent sky shall smile ; each starry choir
 Contend which shall afford the brighter fire ;
 While Love, the pilot, steers his course so even,
 Ne'er to cast anchor till we reach to Heaven."

This is a jingling sonnet ; but it is not the sonnet's highest

* De Musset, "Nuit de Mai."

form. These striking lines, like most striking lines in his poetry, are too epigrammatic; nevertheless they are beautiful. He addressed roses in Castara's bosom :

" Then that which living gave you room
Your glorious sepulchre shall be ;
There wants no marble for a tomb
Whose breast has marble been to me."

In this stanza there is much melody and truth :

" They hear but when the mermaid sings,
And only see the falling star,
Who ever dare
Affirm no woman chaste or fair."

His reverence for the Blessed Virgin, and, after her, for Castara, made him believe in the virtue of all women. Sensuousness, which is not lacking in his poems, never degenerated into sensuality. The boldest flight of his fancy is stayed by the influence of religion on a clean heart. He believed that

" Virtuous love is one sweet, endless fire."

To poets who thought otherwise he said :

" You who are earth and cannot rise
Above your sense,
Boasting the envied wealth which lies
Bright in your mistress' lips or eyes,
Betray a pitied eloquence."

The exquisite lines,

" When I survey the bright celestial sphere,
So rich with jewels hung that night
Doth like an Ethiop bride appear,"

remind one of Shakspeare's

" Her beauty hung upon the cheek of night,
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear."

There is no greater similarity between these passages than between Wordsworth's

" Violet by a mossy stone "

and Habington's

" Like a violet which alone
Prosperes in some happy shade."

But why blame poets for limning coincidences which nature makes? The poet who is truest to nature must often seem to plagiarize from those who have been true before him. Habington's worst faults are those of taste. They go no deeper. "Castara,"

as a whole, is a noble poem that deserves to live. Probably in no other poet's works—if we except Tennyson—has a higher, yet not superhuman, idea of womanhood been given. The most exceptional and beautiful characteristic of the three truly Catholic poets, Southwell, Habington, and Crashaw, is their spotless purity of word and thought. Faith and purity go hand-in-hand. If "Castara" were studied in this age it might almost make chastity fashionable among men. This virtue of Sir Galahad was not common in Habington's time, and it has always required much courage in a man of the world to proclaim that he possesses a quality which is generally regarded as the crowning attribute of womanhood. To this poet, who dared to dedicate, in a licentious age, his work to the woman who was to him as the church to Christ, we owe honor; it was his Catholic faith and practice that made him so noble among the men of his time. Habington ought to be studied by all young Catholics. Americans have inherited his poems along with that language which was forced on the ancestors of some of us, but which is none the less our own. His faults of *technique*, so glaringly apparent in this day of almost perfect *technique* in poetry, offer lessons in themselves. No man can read "Castara" without feeling better and purer; and of how many poets can this be said? Since Pope taught the critics to place execution above conception Habington has found no place. It remains for the rising generation of young Catholics who read and think to give him a niche that will not be unworthy of the poet of that chaste love which was born from Christianity.

If Richard Crashaw, a poet who, by reason of his entire devotion to his faith and his absolute purity, belongs to this group, had written nothing except the final of "The Flaming Heart," he would deserve more fame than at present distinguishes his name. "The Flaming Heart," marred as it is by those exasperating conceits which Crashaw never seemed tired of indulging in, is full of the intense fervor which the subject—"the picture of the seraphical Saint Teresa, as she is usually expressed with seraphim beside her"—would naturally suggest to a religious and poetic mind. After what Mr. Simcox very justly calls "an atrocious and prolonged conceit," * this poem beautifully closes:

"O thou undaunted daughter of desires!
By all thy dower of lights and fires;
By all the eagle in thee, all the dove;
By all thy lives and deaths of love;

* *The English Poets.*

By thy large draughts of intellectual day,
 And by thy thirsts of love more large than they;
 By all thy brim-fill'd bowls of fierce desire,
 By thy last morning's draught of liquid fire,
 By the full kingdom of that final kiss
 That seized thy parting soul and sealed thee His;
 By all the heav'n thou hast in him,
 (Fair sister of the seraphim!)
 By all of him we have in thee,
 Leave nothing of myself in me.
 Let me so read thy life that I
 Unto all life of mine may die."

The mystical fire which lights this poem is a characteristic of all Crashaw's religious verses. "Intellectual day" is a favorite expression of his; "the brim-fill'd bowls of fierce desire" is one of those lowering conceits that occur so jarringly in Habington's poetry and that are intolerably frequent in Crashaw. Born about 1615, he began to write at a time when a poem lacking in quaint conceits was scarcely a poem, and his verse, delicate, tender, original, and singularly fluent in diction, lost much strength from this circumstance and from his habit of diluting a thought or a line until all its force was lost. No poet since his time has been given so greatly to dilution and repetition, except Swinburne. In the famous "Wishes," written to a mythical mistress,

"Whoe'er she be,
 That not impossible she
 That shall command my heart and me,"

he plays with one idea, fantastically twisting it and repeating it until the reader grows weary.

In 1646, four years before his death, Richard Crashaw published "Steps to the Temple." Reading it, one may well exclaim, with Cowley:

"Poet and saint to thee alone are given,
 The two most sacred names in earth and heaven!"

It glows with an impetuous devotion which is like the rush of a fiery chariot. It carries the soul upward, although an occasional earthly conceit clogs its ascending rush. And yet it is evident that the devotion of the poet was so genuine that he did not think of his mode of expression. He tore out the words that came nearest to him, in order to build a visible thought. Pope did not hesitate to borrow the finest passages in "Eloisa and Abe-

lard" from Crashaw, and there are many lines in Crashaw's poems which unite the perfect finish of Pope to a spontaneity and poetic warmth which the "great classic" never attained.

Crashaw was born in an "intellectual day" tempered by a dim religious light. His father, like Habington's, was an author, a preacher in the Temple Church, London, near which the poet was born. He took his degree at Cambridge. He entered the Anglican Church as a minister. But his views were not orthodox; he was expelled from his living, and soon after he became a Catholic. From his poems it is plain that Crashaw was always a Catholic at heart. He entered the church as one who, having lived in a half-forgotten place in dreams, enters it without surprise. Crashaw went to court, but gained no preferment. The "not impossible she" whose courtly opposites suggested the portrait never "materialized" herself. He became a priest, and died in 1650, canon of Loretto—an office which he obtained, it is said, through the influence of the exiled Queen Henrietta Maria. Crashaw's poems are better known than Habington's, though, with the exception of "Wishes," which, like Herrick's "To Daffodils," is quoted in almost every reader, and the lovely poem beginning,

"Lo! here a little volume but large book,
(Fear it not, sweet,
It is no hypocrite,)
Much larger in itself than in its look,"

they are read only in odd lines or striking couplets. Crashaw had the softened fire of Southwell with the placid sweetness of Habington. He possessed a wider range than either of them; the fact that he was at his best in paraphrases shows that he did not own the force and power which Habington had in less degree than Southwell, or that his fluency of diction and copiousness of imagery easily led him to ornament the work of others rather than to carve out his own. As he stands, any country—even that which boasts of a Shakspeare—may be proud to claim him. For the fame of our three Catholic poets it is unfortunate that they wrote in the great shade of Shakspeare; but in the presence of great intellectual giants they are by no means dwarfs. Flawless as men, unique and genuine as poets, they cannot die as long as the world honors goodness and that divine spark which men call poetry. They were Catholic; true alike to their faith and their inspiration; faithful, and, being faithful, pure as poets or men are seldom pure.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE GROWING UNBELIEF OF THE EDUCATED CLASSES. An Investigation. By the Rev. Henry Formby. London: Burns & Oates. 1880. For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.

We take this occasion to correct an error of the press in our Notice of Mr. Formby's great work on Rome in our August Number. The second sentence of the second paragraph reads: "He stands on the same ground with Leo XIII. and many others of the most learned and soundest historical writers." It ought to read: "he stands on the same ground with Leo, etc.," referring to the celebrated German historian, Prof. Leo of Halle. The Universal History of Leo is constructed on the idea that Religion, Revelation, the History of Redemption, the Mission of Christ are the central, dominating facts and the true scope of all human history. This is the master idea in all Mr. Formby's writings. In the present pamphlet he assigns as a principal cause of the growing unbelief of the educated classes the isolation and separation which has taken place in their minds of all secular history from the history of the true and revealed religion of God. He takes occasion to criticise the plan of studies which is traditional in Catholic colleges as an imperfect and faulty one which separates classical literature and ancient history from the religious instruction which is given, at the same time censuring the measures of precaution which are taken against modern infidelity as inclining to confine and repress the powers of the understanding, and the piety which is cultivated in the young pupils as being of a capricious and luxurious nature.

We have no doubt whatever, that one of the greatest objections to the truth of the Catholic Christian religion in the minds of the modern sceptical generation is: that it is not universal enough, that it excludes from the true church and the way of salvation the majority of mankind in favor of the minority. It is also plain, that one of the best ways of destroying the plausibility of this specious and sophistical objection is by presenting a true philosophy of universal history which sets forth Christ in it, as its central object, the illuminating Sun of the universe "enlightening every man who cometh into this world." Probably many who are charged with the great work of education will agree with Mr. Formby that the Course of Studies might be improved and made more suitable to the present state of things by aiming more directly and efficaciously at this presentation. A bishop from a remote part of the world, who is an Englishman, not a convert, but educated from early youth in Catholic schools and in one of the ecclesiastical colleges of France, lately expressed to the writer his judgment on the thesis of Mr. Formby's pamphlet, formed in the light of his own experience and observation. He remembered that the effect which the classical education he received tended to produce in his own mind would have been that which Mr. Formby points out and deplures, had it not been prevented by reading Bossuet's Discourse on Universal History. Yet, he thought the case stated and defended in the pamphlet to be over-stated, and too much influence assigned to what is only one of many causes combining to produce the present sceptical tendency in educated men. Pro-

bably, this opinion will be very generally concurred in by those who are equally competent to form a judgment.

Mr. Formby's criticism of the methods by which personal piety is cultivated in the youth who are brought up in Catholic schools and colleges seems to us captious and ill-sustained to a very considerable extent. Assigning the cause of future aberration to a defect of early training may contain the fallacy of *post hoc ergo propter hoc*. All beginners and imperfect Christians need to be led in great measure in the way of sensible devotion, and this is especially true of the young. Besides, there is no method more solid, more intellectual, more truly spiritual, for grounding sincere and well-intentioned persons both young and old in faith and virtue, than the way of Retreats. These retreats are given regularly and systematically in all colleges, and in the schools for both sexes which are conducted by ecclesiastics and religious. No doubt, thorough instruction ought to be given in Christian Doctrine and a really solid religious education. Is it certain that this is generally neglected? Perhaps attendance at the examinations of even young girls in the best convent schools would show that it is not. Very likely, there is room for improvement, as there usually is plenty of that kind of room everywhere. We hope Mr. Formby's strong admonitions will stimulate the effort after this improvement.

THE LIFE OF REV. CHARLES NERINCKX. With a chapter on the early Catholic Missions of Kentucky; copious notes on the progress of Catholicity in the United States from 1800-1825; an account of the establishment of the Society of Jesus in Missouri; an historical sketch of the Sisterhood of Loretto in Kentucky, Missouri, and New Mexico, etc. By Rev. Camillus P. Maes, priest of the diocese of Detroit. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. 1880.

This is a history of the life of one of the earliest missionaries of Catholicity in the West. A great deal of attention has been called of late to the remarkable progress the church has made during the last one hundred years in the United States. Perhaps the best way of appreciating this progress, and of realizing the wonderful change that has taken place in ecclesiastical affairs, is to look at the lives of the early missionaries. The hardships they underwent and the sufferings they endured seem almost incredible. St. Paul's description of his own life when commending himself to the Corinthians, indeed, very aptly applies to theirs. But, like the martyrs of old, they merited by their self-sacrifice an outpouring of God's grace on the young American Church which made it prosper and grow, until now the eyes of the world are on us in astonishment. We certainly owe an enormous debt to the Old World for the many valiant souls it sent out to cultivate this portion of the Lord's vineyard. Father Nerinckx was one of the most prominent of these. "No priest," says Father Maes, "ever came to the missions of the United States who left an impress so clear and distinct as Father Nerinckx." He went out to Kentucky, where he exercised his ministry, when there was but another priest in all that region, and there he spent the best years of his life. From the first moment of his arrival till his death his life was an heroic one in the truest sense of the word. Shortly after his death Bishop Flaget, writing to Bishop England, says that "his whole life was a continued martyrdom and holocaust." Bishop Spalding, in his *Sketches of Kentucky*, says that "in the annals of

the missionary life in the West few names are brighter than the Rev. Charles Nerinckx's." Had Father Nerinckx done nothing else than found the Sisterhood of Loretto his name would have been worthy of a place in the pages of history; but when we come to consider the supernatural life of the man it can be truly said that he deserves to be ranked among the first fathers of the American Church. This book will, then, be read with a great deal of pleasure not only by that large class of our people who admire virtue and heroism wherever they see it, but especially by those who sympathize with the church in her progress in this country.

The volume possesses an additional interest on account of the great number of historical documents it contains. For this reason it is a valuable book for those who wish to make themselves familiar with the history of the church in the West.

The publishers deserve a great deal of praise for the good taste they have displayed in doing their part of the work.

LIFE'S HAPPIEST DAY; or, The Little First-Communicant. By the author of *Golden Sands*. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co. 1880.

Any work that treats of the matter of First Communion is worthy of attention. First Communion is by all acknowledged to be one of the most important events in life, yet the paucity of proper books of instruction in English, whether for the use of teachers or children, is deplorable, and unless the teacher has a special adaptability for this peculiar kind of work, and devotes a great deal of attention to it, the children must be poorly prepared. Indeed, the proof of this is seen every day by the parish priest and the missionary.

The present work needs little more to recommend it than to say it is by the author of *Golden Sands*. It is not intended to supplant the catechism, but to supplement it. It is divided into three parts. The first, which is doctrinal, treats of grace, the sacraments of Penance, Eucharist, and Confirmation; the second contains instructions on the principal virtues; and the third inculcates certain pious practices to assist the child during the time of preparation for First Communion, and also to preserve its effects in after-life. The first part is really a series of instructions explaining the catechism, and, we fancy, would be of more use as an aid to the teacher than as a text-book for the child. It presupposes that the child knows the catechism; and we doubt if, after this latter is accomplished thoroughly, as it should be, there would be time enough left in most schools to have these explanations learned and written out by the children after the plan of the author. The idea is a good one, if it could be executed.

We especially commend the interrogative form in which all of Parts 1 and 2 are written. Any one who has had experience in instructing children in catechism must have found that the only way of keeping up the interest and attention is by frequently introducing the interrogative form. If the book is intended for children we are sorry to see the translator has occasionally allowed a word to slip in entirely beyond the capacity of First-Communion children. Few children of eleven or twelve years can master "thwarted," "depository," "docile," "infectious," "vivify," "ravages"; and confession is defined an "avowal or acknowledgment." We do not call attention to this fault as a prominent one in the book; on the

contrary, we congratulate the translator on the simplicity of the book generally. But we speak of it because it is of importance in making books for children, and something which seems to have been entirely ignored by most of our catechism-writers. We have many catechisms in English which are admirable theologically, but are practically useless because the children for whom they are intended cannot even pronounce many of the words, to say nothing of understanding them. In Part 3 there is what is intended as a table for examination of conscience, and it is admirably adapted to children; but it is put in the form of a confession, and, we think, is thus apt to mislead a child.

The book is printed in the same style as *Golden Sands*, and would make a very neat present or prize; but it is a book which will never be *read* by children, and for a text-book the price is too high.

THE LIFE, PASSION, DEATH, AND RESURRECTION OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST. Being an abridged harmony of the four Gospels in the words of the sacred text. Edited by the Rev. Henry Formby. With an entirely new series of engravings on wood, from designs by C. Clasen, D. Mosler, and others. New edition. *Narraverunt mihi iniqui fabulationes, sed non ut lex tua* (Ps. cxviii.) New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1880.

We are glad to see a new edition of this excellent little work from the pen of the learned and industrious Father Formby. It follows as far as possible the language of the Gospels; its simple style and very clear arrangement, as well as the creditable illustrations, make it a good book to put into the hands of young persons.

THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER, AND OTHER TALES. By the author of *Marion Howard*, *Maggie's Rosary*, etc. London: Burns, Oates & Co. 1880. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

On the 5th of November every year the Speaker of the British House of Commons, attended by other worthy gentlemen, has to go through the sad farce of looking in the cellar of the House of Parliament for "Popish" gunpowder. Other than this absurd ceremony, no official recognition, we believe, any longer given in England to Guy Fawkes' Day, a day that even within recent years was a terror to peace-loving Catholics in that country. "Down with the Pope, and God save the Queen!" if it is now shouted through the streets, is a cry that has become distasteful to all decent Protestants. Nevertheless, long-established customs do not die easily, and innocent Protestant children, who know nothing of the Holy Father still find amusement in burning a hideous figure that they have dressed up to represent either Guy Fawkes himself or "the Pope."

The little story of the above volume is a charming recital of how a Protestant family was led to the church by the firmness of a Catholic neighbor's child in refusing to cry "Down with the Pope!" even though the affair was represented to the child as empty and harmless. Three other pleasant tales follow *The Fifth of November*. The book will be found entertaining and instructing for children from twelve to fifteen years old.

A HISTORY OF OUR OWN TIMES, FROM THE ACCESSION OF QUEEN VICTORIA TO THE BERLIN CONGRESS. By Justin McCarthy. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co. 1880.

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DECLINE OF THE STUDY OF METAPHYSICS.

THOUGH it has been customary ever since the so-called revival of letters to vilify the philosophy of the schools, to pursue it with the triple lash of ridicule, sarcasm, and invective, this was done by writers who at least subscribed to some system of metaphysics. Nowadays, however, it is a sad as it is a significant feature of scientific treatises to sneer at and belittle all metaphysics and relegate it to the region of exploded fancies and superstitions. A writer * in a recent number of a leading periodical, obeying the instinct of his short-sighted philosophy, has given utterance to the following conceit:

"Let us observe at the start that metaphysics is but a minor branch of philosophy, and one that is daily declining in importance. It is a science of definitions without bases. It contains a vast amount of laborious logic that leaves us no wiser than we were."

If this language is flippant and savors of that superficial dogmatism which imparts to the page of the essayist the air of smartness which editors sometimes insist upon because it carries away the hasty reader, it also reveals a general disposition to acquiesce in the sentiment it embodies.

The ordinarily successful because popular magazine-writer is he who seeks to reflect but not to mould the thought of a period, and we must accordingly regard the above utterance as exhibiting a general disesteem for metaphysical pursuits. But we will

* *North American Review*, May, 1880, F. H. Underwood, art. "Ralph Waldo Emerson," p. 484.

quote language much stronger in its condemnation of this branch of human knowledge, from a source that claims to be far more authoritative than the pages of a review. Dr. Henry Maudsley, in his treatise on the *Physiology of the Mind*, says:

“Two facts come out very distinctly from a candid observation of the state of thought at the present day. One of these is the little favor in which metaphysics is held, and the very general conviction that there is no profit in it; the consequence of which firmly-fixed belief is that it is cultivated as a science only by those whose particular business it is to do so; who are engaged, not in action, wherein the true balance of life is maintained, but in speculating in professorial chairs or in other positions where there are little occasion for hard observation and much leisure for introspective contemplation; or if by any others, by the ambitious youth who goes through an attack of metaphysics as a child goes through an attack of measles, getting haply an immunity from a similar affection for the rest of his life; or, lastly, by the active and ingenious intellects of those metaphysical philosophers who, never having been trained in the methods and work of a scientific study of nature, have not submitted their understanding to facts, but live in a more or less ideal world of thought.”

We have quoted this passage in full, as it both strikingly expresses the objections which are daily urged against the study of metaphysics and conspicuously abounds in the faults with which every arraignment of that science may be charged. The quotation proves how noticeable a feature it is of the accusations that are made against metaphysical studies that their authors invariably fail to explain what is meant by the term. They inveigh against “metaphysical psychology” and “metaphysical abstractions,” as though the disparagement implied in the very use of the term sufficed to fasten the seal of condemnation upon it. This failure clearly to explain what certain writers so severely reprehend is all the more amazing when we find them adopting the principles and applying the conclusions which the science of metaphysics has established for them, and which they consequently would fain gladly disavow. Indeed, they are driven to this by the very necessity of the case, for there can be no true science existing apart from the principles which metaphysics supplies. It lies at the root of all knowledge, and it alone furnishes to us the means of constructing an intelligible philosophy of the cosmos.

A reference to the true meaning of the term, a statement of that which the science of metaphysics embraces in its compass, a *résumé* of its achievements, will convince the least reflecting that it is the corner-stone of all the other sciences, that it is indeed the wellspring of all systematized knowledge. What now

is meant by metaphysics? A science, the queen of all the sciences—that, namely, which treats of things transcending the limits of the sensible universe, and offers to our contemplation the true properties of real being. Are there such things? Are there objects of human cognition other than those which are revealed to us through the senses? Are there properties of being far more real than the sensible qualities of matter with which we are placed in immediate contact? Dr. Maudsley, just quoted, together with the whole tribe of materialists, reply in the negative, and call such objects vain conceptions, the brood of a disordered intellect and product of a heat-oppressed fancy. Let us see if such is the case. When the most illiterate man mentions the name of the commonest object he performs an intellectual action at the bottom of which necessarily lies a notion that transcends the scope and grasp of the senses. The “tree” or the “field” of which the laborer speaks represents a general idea from which all sense-operation is excluded. Both are general terms, and as such have their origin in the first known individuals of both species. The knowledge we first obtain of an individual of a class is a direct universal conception. We know the object, indeed, together with its individual characters, the latter being revealed to us by the senses; but when we name it we abstract from those characters and give expression to that pure essence which is common to it with all other objects essentially identical, and we consequently embody in the concept which the name of the object symbolizes nothing whatever of what is contained in the sensible representation. The color, weight, shape, and other sensible qualities pertain to the individual and must be cognized in it; but the essence is common to all, and this, once cognized, supplies to us the means of determining a common identity. Should we now recognize this identity as common to many objects, the direct universal conception or knowledge of the essence of the object in conjunction with its individual characters becomes reflex—*i.e.*, we now consciously exclude from view the true individual characters, all operation, namely, of the senses, and by a new act of the intellect embody in one general conception all the individual objects of the class so far as they agree in essence. Thus it is only by the aid of metaphysics that we can rationally explain the manner in which generalization, that commonest as well as most important of all mental operations, is performed, and we must consequently admit the validity of the claim of that science to deal with supersensible objects, and that these objects possess a reality—the chief reality, indeed, of things—very differ-

ent from the fictitious and purely subjective value which the relativists and agnostics would alone allow to them.

It is very easy to charge against a certain branch of human knowledge that it does not directly tend to increase the sum total of scientific discoveries, and to belittle it accordingly; but when we reflect that it supplies a rational basis to physical science, and that it is invoked at every step of a scientific procedure, rash assailants should hesitate before penning words that condemn and stultify themselves. The advocates of the anti-metaphysical school, if we may be permitted so to designate it, contend that there can be no legitimate knowledge but that which comes to us through the channel of experience and observation, and they infer that the position they hold both furnishes a key to the solution of the inductive method, excludes *à priori* conceptions as invalid, and reduces all mental function to sensation. This assumption that *à priori* conceptions are invalid, that they are purely subjective and arbitrary forms of the mind, representing nothing real in the objective order, is the strongest argument those can wield who extol the grandeur of physical investigations and claim the superiority of physical science over metaphysics. We will now see how far the facts justify this assumption.

Two principles underlie all systems of cosmology and cosmogony, and these are the principles (1) of causation, and (2) the uniform and invariable constancy of the physical universe. Are these principles really known to us as the result of experience and observation, or do we know them *à priori*—i.e., as a necessary consequence of the natural activity of our intellects. We hold that the latter is the only philosophical view that can be taken of the question. And, first, as to the principle of causation. The advocates of the former view, consistently with their *primum philosophicum*,* maintain that in the relation of cause to effect nothing else can be found beyond mere invariability of sequence and antecedence, since observation and experience disclose nothing more; so that, according to them, the variable and irregular sequence of phenomena, notably bearing no relation to each other, differs from the relation of causality only in the one element of invariability. If this be the case what is to prevent the mind from substituting invariability for variability in a given instance, where common sense revolts against the supposition of cause, and thus logically conceiving the relation of causality? A flash of lightning is not deemed the cause of an ague chill, since the mind can perceive no relation between the two phenomena; but the mind *can* conceive the invariable succession of one event to the other,

and thus may, without more ado, according to these philosophers, conceive the one as being the cause of the other. Common sense refuses to acknowledge the operation of cause in such a case, and is, by the nature of the mind itself, compelled to invoke the indispensable element of power in order to constitute the true relation of causality. The notion of cause is the expression of a law of the mind; it is founded in its constitution; it cannot be demonstrated; and a due consideration of the instance just alleged abundantly proves that reason cries out against a view which emasculates a necessary and absolute conception. Thus, then, observation and experience are not the source whence we obtain our knowledge of the principle of causality on which rests the general law of physical science, but, in order to impart validity to this corner-stone of knowledge, a metaphysical principle is necessarily invoked. Following in the wake of the late John Stuart Mill, the disciples of the new school also refer the principle of the uniformity of nature to the same source, and contend that, had not daily experience from our tenderest years taught us that the physical universe runs in unalterable grooves, we could attain to no knowledge of that fact. We grant that experience confirms the truth of the analytical principle, but we at the same time hold that we come to a contemplation of the phenomena of the universe with the necessary and preconceived belief that uniformity is the fixed condition of their occurrence. Were it indeed the growth of experience we would witness its gradual development in the minds of the young; we would note its broader and deeper establishment concurrent with the enlargement of the experience which had given it birth. Now, so far from this being the case, children, in whom reason is only dawning and whose experience is decidedly limited, are the firmest believers in this principle, and instinctively apply it at each moment of their lives. Moreover, John Stuart Mill has most unwarily fallen into a vicious circle in striving to uphold the opinion that our belief in the constancy of natural phenomena has its sole origin in experience. His reasoning is virtually: Our senses attest to us the uniform succession of the events of the physical universe; therefore we know that such uniformity exists, and in consequence we formulate this principle: The laws of the universe are constant and invariable. Were we now to ask why it is that the testimony of our senses may be trusted implicitly from day to day, we are met with the reply from the followers of Mr. Mill that, nature being constant and uniform in her operations, our senses deliver to us a constant and uniform testimony, and hence cannot deceive us. This prin-

ciple, therefore, as well as that of causality, does not derive its validity from experience and observation, but, like the latter, is strictly *à priori*, analytical, and absolutely certain.

We have been at pains to insist upon the logical necessity of regarding those pure principles of reason upon which avowedly all knowledge rests as the legitimate outcome of metaphysical research, in order that we may the better estimate the spirit and appreciate the illogical position of those who spurn the peerless science of metaphysics, who look from the sun to study the properties of light in the weak reflections of the moon. When an English statesman, at a public distribution of prizes, does not hesitate to warn his youthful listeners against the study of

“Metaphysics of any kind whatever; that it was absolutely a waste of time—far better read a novel of Dickens, because metaphysics began by assuming something that was not true, and ended in something that was absolutely absurd.”*

we stand aghast and question our very eyes and ears. Surely there must be a deep-rooted cause for this widely prevailing aversion to a science which fed the keenest intellects of the past, which supplied material for thought to the colossal mind of Aristotle, whence the subtle Plato drew forth those sublime speculations which continue to thrill every truly noble and lofty human bosom with grand and rare emotions, which inspired the pen of St. Augustine, and, above all, constituted the substructure upon which St. Thomas Aquinas built his magnificent *Summa Theologica*. If the study of metaphysics is justly reprobated, then we must conclude that the writers mentioned, together with many others whose names were once household words in the great seats of learning—such as Albertus Magnus, St. Anselm, Suarez, Bellarmine, Descartes, De Lugo, Leibnitz, Locke, Stewart, Reid, and Hamilton—so far from having augmented the sum total of human knowledge, helped rather to retard scientific progress by their speculations and hampered men’s minds by their systems of philosophy. The supposition is not tenable, and in rejecting it we are compelled to seek in the conditions of the mental activity of the day the causes which are leading to a decline and threaten an eventual abandonment of metaphysical research.

Many are justly convinced that chief among these conditions is the exclusive and consequently too ardent prosecution of physical science. Far be it from us to lift our voice against the grand

* Father Harper, *Metaphysics of the Schools*, Introduction, p. 11 (name of statesman not given).

achievements of modern science, nor would we seek to relax aught of the vigorous prosecution of those scientific investigations to which we are constant and delighted witnesses. We desire simply to point out the peculiar mental bias which a very general and exclusive direction of mental effort has produced. Physical science deals with the sensible properties of matter, and therefore studies the individual, while metaphysics, divesting its object in the sensible order of all material conditions, ignores the individual and abstracts therefrom the essence, to which it bends all its energies and labor. Herein already we perceive points of a radical dissimilarity between the two sciences which constantly tend to place them in antagonism, and do most certainly antagonize the minds devoted to either one with pernicious exclusiveness. Metaphysics deals with the abstract, while physical science is concerned with the concrete; and though this latter is compelled to employ abstraction in the formulation of its general laws, it does so unconsciously, because instinctively; but when it consciously weighs the abstract with the concrete, that with which it has no concern against that which is the supreme aim of its efforts, it naturally exalts the latter over the former, and assigns to it the first place in the hierarchy of the sciences.

If we wish to look deeper for the cause of this preference for mere experience and observation on the part of physicists, we shall find it in a misconception of the true function of the inductive method and a wrong estimate of its rôle in the history of philosophy. The inductive method essentially consists in establishing a progressive synthesis of natural phenomena till their number and unvarying uniformity justify a general statement or law. The naturalist, no matter in what branch of physical science he may be engaged, who thus by reason of continued induction has succeeded in formulating a general conclusion, triumphantly points to the supreme value of the inductive method as having helped him to the discovery of an important law in the government of the physical world. Now, we contend that here he misconceives the true function of the inductive method and assigns to its operation that which is properly deductive. The man of science continues to employ the inductive method so long as he accumulates facts bearing on a general conclusion, but he can never, while adhering to induction, conclude numerically more than the ascertained facts warrant. The moment he does so he necessarily includes in the conclusion more than is contained in the premises, and so violates that rule of the syllogism, *Latius hunc quam præmissæ*, etc. And yet he is by no means

compelled to accumulate particulars beyond a certain point; indeed, to accumulate all were impossible. How, then, is he justified in reaching a general conclusion? As soon as the particular instances are sufficiently abundant he measures them by the *à priori* and analytical principle. Uniformity is the law of the universe, and he accordingly deduces his general conclusion. With the last particular instance gleaned induction ceases, and deduction begins and ends in the general statement based upon all the particulars that have been ascertained. Moreover, the stickler for the paramount value of the inductive method, while mistaking its true function, falls into a habit of mind most fatal to accuracy and precision. As has just been remarked, no amount of experience and observation can amass a number of particular instances commensurate with a general conclusion, so that the mere experimentalist is compelled to assume the difference between the particulars and the universal extension of his terms. Were he to admit that his formula is based on an *à priori* principle there would be nothing illogical in his conclusion; but since he rejects as undemonstrated whatever experience and observation have failed to establish, his general statements are necessarily mere assumptions. The habit of mind thus engendered unfits a man for the study of metaphysics, which proceeds by the method of strict demonstration and submits its conclusions to the crucial test of syllogistic reasoning. The Rev. Thomas Harper, S.J., in his recent able work,* alluding to this defect in the inductive method, as employed by many of our scientific men, very pertinently remarks:

"When, therefore, the mind has been long accustomed to those imperfect forms of thought, it is liable to become loose in its logic from being wholly unaccustomed to the use of stricter and perfect forms. Hence arises, or may arise, a mental slovenliness, if I may so express myself, which is wont to manifest itself in a neglect of logical order; in the use of an undefined terminology; in causeless repetitions; in careless and imperfect definitions, when they are given at all; in the perpetual confusion of legitimate physical inductions with mere theories, or with deductions which, because they are deductions, belong to some other science."

That these are not "wild and whirling words" too many sad proofs are furnished by contemporary scientific treatises. That much-used and, we may be permitted to say, that much-abused term, force, is in evidence to show that modern science is anything but exact in its definitions. The writer has pondered over ten different definitions of the word, all more obscure

* *The Metaphysics of the Schools.*

than the term itself, and none conveying a definite and satisfactory notion. As for instances of loose reasoning referred to by Father Harper, they abound in any manual of science that may be taken up at haphazard. All the attacks that have been levelled at teleology, or the doctrine of final causes—a doctrine of a purely metaphysical origin—are blemished by extreme looseness and inaccuracy. The champions of natural selection tell us that organic development is the result of a progressive heterogeneity dependent upon blind, necessary law, and that there is no such thing as intelligent design apparent in the structure of the universe. Dr. Maudsley holds even that our conscious purposes are the result of organic changes wrought in the independent ganglia of the spinal cord, and would have been as effectually worked out unconsciously. This surely is the very straining of common sense, and would seem to verify the saying: "*Quos Deus vult perdere, etc.*" But Dr. Maudsley does not utterly disdain reasoning in support of his paradox. He says:

"But an organic action with never so beautifully manifest a design may, under changed conditions, become as disastrous as it is usually beneficial; the peristaltic movements of the intestines, which serve so essential a purpose in the economy, may, and actually do, in the case of some obstruction, become the cause of intolerable suffering and a painful death. Where, then, is the design of their disastrous continuance?"

We submit that this argument scarcely bears the semblance of reasoning. Who would say that the fly-wheel of an engine was not constructed for a purpose because it sometimes bursts and deals swift destruction all round? or that a watch was not made for the purpose of recording time because its movements become sometimes clogged and out of order? Again, he impresses into service as an argument against design an interesting experiment made by M. Bert. M. Bert cut off the paw of a young rat and grafted it in the flank of another rat; it took root there and went through its normal growth, beginning to dwindle after a time.

"Where," asks our author, "was the design of its going through its regular development there? Or what, in the temporary adoption and nutrition of this useless member, was the final purpose of the so-called intelligent vital principle of the rat on which the graft was made?"

This reasoning is vitiated by three salient defects. In the first place, it assumes that perversion of design is equivalent to its entire absence; in the second place, it supposes that there can be no design where there is no knowledge of it; and in the third

place, it supposes that design must exist, if it exist at all, in the secondary causes whose natural functions we witness. In regard to perversion of design being compatible with its prior normal existence numberless proofs may be given. A locomotive is designed to run on rails, but, should derailment occur, it will keep right on for a little distance till the impetus has ceased: case of the grafted rat-paw. The fact that this manner of locomotion did not enter into the design of the builder of the locomotive is no argument that he did not intend it to go at all. That ignorance of design bespeaks its absence is the height of absurdity. An ignorant navigator whose ship has crashed against an iceberg curses the circumstance which makes ice an exception to the law of expansion and contraction, and wishes in his heart that ice would sink as it forms. He is ignorant of the fact that all animal life would perish helplessly from the face of the earth were his most unreasonable wish granted. And yet our modern materialists blame Christians for admitting the possibility of a design lurking in certain phenomena of the universe, because their meaning is hidden from us, because our imperfect minds cannot unravel their intricacy nor dip down into the vision of their depths. And so they cry out with Spinoza that to cloak his ignorance and to deceive his understanding the Christian seeks shelter in that grand asylum of ignorance—the will of God. In regard to the third supposition implied in the example alleged by Dr. Maudsley—viz., that intelligent design does not exist because it is not found in the operation of unintelligent secondary causes—the objection is of a piece with his previous reasoning. No one dreams that the tree has a design in drawing its sap from the earth, but surely that is no reason why an intelligent Creator did not fashion it in such sort that it should do so.

It has been our purpose, in bringing forward these views of contemporary science concerning the doctrine of final causes, to show the puerility of those who attempt to arraign metaphysics on special charges, to barely hint at the glaring defects which maim and mar their reasoning, and to exhibit specimens of that loose reasoning which has placed the mind of the physicist in an attitude of conflict with the exacting closeness of reasoning which the science of metaphysics demands.

When Bacon directed men's minds to the folly of attempting to investigate the secrets of the physical universe by a synthesis of its facts, he did not, as many ignorantly suppose, invent the inductive method. He merely insisted upon its greater suitability for physical exploration. Indeed, it were absurd to suppose that

any philosopher could have invented a method of inquiry (provided it be a legitimate one) which no man had hither employed. A legitimate method of inquiry is a natural one, and, being such, finds its application in the rightful employment of each man's logical faculty. Our young men, in overestimating Bacon's influence upon science, have made him the founder of the inductive method. The writer has heard that statement made this summer* by a graduate of one of our foremost colleges in his commencement speech. Now, the truth is, Aristotle not only employed induction in his *Natural History*, but categorically insists upon the necessity of its employment in certain cases. And if either Bacon is entitled to the credit of having revived the inductive method—for a revival, after all, it only was—the history of philosophy rightly gives the palm to Roger. This overweening estimate of the inductive method naturally led men to a misuse of it, and in this misuse we may find the deepest source of the current hostility to the study of metaphysics. The laboratory is not the Grove, and, though we all admire those marvels of mechanical skill which modern ingenuity has wrought, we should not therefore disallow to purely speculative thought its influence in contributing to the higher happiness of man, nor subject its conclusions to the imperfect tests of an imperfect method. The inductive method becomes a method of madness when it presumes to adjudicate upon what immeasurably outlies its scope and groping reach, and the saddest result of its attempt to do so has been to make men attach a trifling value to questions that affect their interests beyond the grave. Hence even if the physicist were theoretically disposed to allow to metaphysics its proper rank among the sciences, his long-continued and ardent pursuit of purely material aims tends to distort his mental vision, and he unwittingly tries to bring supersensible objects of cognition down to the square and compass of his pet methods of procedure. Thus, then, it is a law of the mind that it must acquire an ineradicable bias and take on an indelible complexion from the character of the work in which it is engaged; "its nature is subdued to what it works in." The result is a lack of adaptability to other pursuits, a certain mental inelasticity which may snap but does not yield.

Moreover, since the senses and imagination are a constant misleader even to the student of metaphysics, how much more so must they prove a stumbling-block to him whose whole life is

* Columbia College, speech on Francis Bacon.

plunged in the ocean of the sensible, and to whom it represents all that is noblest in life and nature! A modern physicist of note* has even gone so far as to proclaim his undying faith in the potency and supremacy of matter and the yet undreamt beauties and virtues pent up in its bosom. Now, every student of metaphysics is too well aware that his most annoying enemy in the contemplation of the properties of real being is the imagination, which constantly interposes illusory images and distracting sensible representations between the mind and its proper object. Let him attempt to understand the scholastic doctrine of the multilocation of bodies; and his imagination at once with untiring activity keeps different objects before his mind's eye, which he, with mere mechanical rote, keeps on calling one and the same. Despite his most strenuous efforts, he cannot at first distinguish multiple occupation of place, which is mere multiple relation, from the multiplication of the body itself, and this because of the tyranny which the imagination exercises over him. It compels him to confound extension *in ordine ad locum* with extension *in ordine ad se*, and he cannot discern the pure intellectual truth till he has purged his mind of the delusive flicker of the imagination. The senses and imagination are undoubted helps in the lower orders of inquiry, but once we attempt to outleap their barriers they stretch octopus-like tentacles round about us and strive to hold us fast in their meshes. Like the purple mists of the morning which roll between us and the upper air in bewitching and fantastic shapes, these weird wantons stand between us and the eternal hill-tops of truth, and are dispelled only by the continued radiance of everlasting light. They play admirably the part of Ariel to Stephano and Trinculo.

Another source of retardation to the progress of metaphysics is our exceeding jealousy of all encroachments upon the independence of thought. Metaphysics, like all sciences, like everything that has struck its roots deep down into our nature, has necessarily been slow of growth and needs on our part an acknowledgment of what has been accomplished in the past. Now, an excessive regard for independence of thought makes us reluctant to accredit the past with what has been done, and men love, like Penelope, to undo to-day the labor of yesterday. Says Father Harper:

"The man who digs out a way for himself may be very original, but his originality will probably show itself in missing the right direction. To

* Tyndall.

follow one's own lights before they can possibly appear is but doubtful policy; and such eccentricities will eventually assume the form of errors. . . . Such a one will be toiling for a foundation for himself while a solid foundation has already been provided ready for his service. . . . He should take up the skein of truth from where it has been set free and continue the work of disentanglement. It surely argues the foolishness of childhood to unwind the wound silk and to throw it back into a heap of twisted confusion, in order to ensure to one's self the weary task of unravelling it from the commencement."

Independence of thought is an excellent thing, provided it knows how to discriminate; provided it can determine upon what foundations already cast it can build with safety; provided it knows how to guard against the mirage and shun the dangers of the morass. Indeed, well-informed and impartial observers need be but at little pains to become convinced that the latest contributions to metaphysical knowledge are but a mere aftermath of truth, that the more glorious harvest has been reaped by those who went before. Even the advocates of independent thought have but to open their eyes and study the facts of history in order to be convinced of this.

ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE.

ALEXIS DE TOCQUEVILLE intimately allied his name with America by his great work on democracy, and as an author is well known in the Old and in the New World. His life as a citizen and as a Christian is, however, less well known than his work as an author. Nevertheless that life does not lack interest. Born in 1805, when the First French Empire was still in its glory, he died when the Second Empire had lost little of its splendor. By family a Legitimist, he saw unmoved the overthrow of the Bourbon dynasty; unripe as he considered France for a republican form of government, he saw without surprise, if not without fear, the downfall of the French monarchy; nor could the Second Empire, based on universal suffrage, have come upon him unawares. All these events in the life of the great French nation he regarded as so many steps made along the path to democracy which he considered all peoples would have to tread. This idea—the keynote of all his writings—he has himself clearly set forth in his introduction to his great work.

"Everywhere," he says, "we have seen the events of the life of nations turn to the advancement of democracy; all men have helped it onward by their efforts—they who designedly assisted its successes and they who never thought of serving it; they who have fought for it and they who are its declared enemies; all have been carried pell-mell in the same path, and all have labored together: the one sort in spite of themselves, the others without knowing it, as blind instruments in the hands of God."

This idea was so strongly impressed on him that, in spite of family connections and a soul impressionable to all that was great and good in the old state of French society, he never for a moment seems to have thought that the pre-revolutionary society could be restored. On his mother's side he was descended from the celebrated Malesherbes. That renowned man, it will be remembered, did much to improve the criminal procedure and prison discipline of France, and was extremely fond of travelling. De Tocqueville inherited these tastes of his ancestor. The father of Alexis was prefect of the department of Seine et Oise, and, under the Bourbons, was made a peer of France. He trained his son for the bar. The latter, on finishing his legal studies, was appointed a magistrate at Versailles, and he held and kept that post during the revolution of 1830.

One of his colleagues in the magistracy was Gustave de Beaumont, with whom he now formed a close friendship. The new government soon discerned the merits of the two friends, and sent them on a mission to the United States to report on the penitential and prison systems of this country. Here the two young men remained for nearly a year. On their return home they embodied the results of their investigations in a report which greatly helped to modify the discipline and improve the condition of French jails. This American expedition had more immediate consequences on the lives of the two friends. They resigned their posts as magistrates and devoted themselves to lives of study. Alexis, as the first fruits of his labor, gave in 1835 to the world the first part of his great work on democracy in America. The second part appeared five years afterwards. In 1841 Alexis was elected one of the forty of the French Academy. In thus honoring De Tocqueville the Academy honored itself. Its choices have not always been so wise, as the recent elections of a Littré and a Renan have proved. And in the past the Academy has sinned, although rather by omission than commission. Even Molière could not obtain an entry to the Academy on account of this learned body's too strict adherence to rules. His bust, however, now stands conspicuously in the hall of the Academy, with

this inscription on it: "Nothing was wanting to his glory—he was wanting to ours."

A little time before his election as an Academician De Tocqueville married. About the same time he began his political career, and during the ensuing nine years of his life he was a deputy to the French Chambers and actively shared in the parliamentary struggles of those days. In 1849, however, his health gave way and he was forced to seek repose at Sorrento. His constant companions there were the younger Ampère and Mr. Senior. The latter has left on record some interesting details about his friend and their conversations together. Nothing delighted De Tocqueville more than bright sunshine, bold mountains, and wide expanses of sea. Nature pleased him most when seen on an extensive scale. The country around Sorrento yielded him this delight, and, when his health permitted, he enjoyed it by rambling straight on across the mountains, scrambling up the steep rocks, and allowing few obstacles to turn him aside. This mode of taking exercise, while it dismayed his less active friends, showed them his bold, straightforward character. In all he did it was his way to go fearlessly forward. As in his walks nothing could stop him, unless something called on him to do an act of kindness—a bed of wild violets, for instance, whence a few flowers could be culled for his wife at home—so in his life he never turned aside from his labors, unless to help a friend or to serve some one in distress. After passing some months at Sorrento he returned for a brief space to parliamentary life in Paris. Soon, however, the halls of the Academy, the brilliant drawing-rooms of the capital, and the dinner-parties of his political friends were no longer enlivened by the pleasant, playful talk, and the anecdotes related without guile, and the sound political views of Alexis de Tocqueville. Ill-health again forced him away from the busy world of Paris to the quiet of his country-seat at Tocqueville, near Cherbourg. There he spent much of his time in improving his estate, in planting trees in one part, in cutting them down in another, so as to make the place as pleasant as possible to the friends he loved to draw around him. Proudly delicate in all his dealings with men, lovingly tender to his family, truly kind to all, he was a noble and generous master. The peasantry around Tocqueville still remember with gratitude one who not merely relieved their wants with his purse, but in person visited and consoled them in their sorrows. While conscientiously discharging the duties of a landlord and acting the part of a generous host, he continued unceasingly his literary labors,

in spite of intense physical sufferings. In 1857, however, he visited England, where he was warmly welcomed and honored. The following year his health again failed and spitting of blood returned. Once more, he had to seek milder climes, this time at Cannes. The change availed him not, and, seeing his end approaching, he carefully fulfilled all his religious duties. "Your father," remarked the latter's confessor to the son, "on the eve of his death sought consolation from me—I found edification in him." The same words might be applied to the son. Alexis de Tocqueville through life had always clung to his faith. "Doubt," he was wont to say, "has always seemed to me the most unbearable of evils in this world, and I have ever judged it to be worse than death." He loved to meditate on the great truths of religion as set forth by Bossuet and by Bourdaloue, esteeming the latter the greatest of all French spiritual writers. Death at last freed Alexis de Tocqueville from his earthly sufferings on April 16, 1859. His funeral at Cannes was a public homage done to his memory. Lord Brougham was among the mourners. "The death of M. de Tocqueville," he said, "was a cause of mourning for England." M. Ampère wrote of him that "he was a man such as this generation will never produce again." M. Villemain called him "a martyr to noble studies and noble aspirations."

Although during his political career he did good service to his country, it is not as a politician that his memory will live. He was not a great orator. He needed that physical force necessary to command the attention of large and noisy assemblies such as the French Chambers too often are. Still, his speeches were always vigorous and solid, and sometimes even eloquent and brilliant. His voice was pleasing; his delicate, well-marked features, when lit up by the heat of debate, were attractive. In public as in private life he was ever one of the most exact and punctual of men. His courage, physical and moral, was undeniable. On the coast of Algiers, when shipwreck seemed certain, he and his brave wife were an example even to the sailors by their calm presence of mind. When, in the midst of the revolutionary excitement of 1848, the mob of Paris broke into the Chambers, De Tocqueville was unmoved. "I felt," he said, "that they had no idea of firing." Nor in face of the barricades did he display less courage. When, during those troublous times, he became Minister for Foreign Affairs, a friend expressed surprise that De Tocqueville should accept so difficult a post. "I am not afraid of responsibility," was the calm reply. His action in the Roman question showed that his words were no empty boast.

It was he who sent M. Corcelles on his mission to Pius IX. at Gaeta. He wished to see France exercise a legitimate influence in Italian affairs. He hoped that Pius IX. would continue the reforms in the temporal government of the Pontifical States which that pontiff had begun before the revolution drove him into exile. He was opposed, however, to anything like pressure being brought to bear upon the Pope to force him to continue such reforms. He considered that such a policy was an insult to an independent sovereign and to the head of the Catholic Church. Accordingly, when Louis Napoleon wrote his absurd letter to Edgar Ney, De Tocqueville retired from the ministry. That letter was dictated by the revolution, which dreaded nothing so much as to see the Pope spontaneously reforming his government. After that letter it became impossible for Pius IX. to continue his work. It is worthy of mention that one of the reforms which the Pope contemplated was the introduction into the Pontifical States of the Code Napoléon. In a despatch written by M. de Rayneval on July 31, 1849, he says:

"The Pope said to me: 'I am going to give you some good news. I wish to do something that will please France. We have been lately working at a code of laws; well, yesterday I said that we must simply take for model the best of all codes—the Code Napoléon. Some changes would be necessary; still, it is always easy to correct the details of great and noble things.'"

It was not, however, as Foreign Minister that De Tocqueville did his country most service. It was rather in committees on such great subjects as the abolition of slavery, and the management of the Algerian colonies, and the reform of the prison system that his calm, well-trained, judicial mind was most serviceable to France and to the world. As for his views on passing events, the general character of them has been mentioned already. As to the republic, he thought France was not ripe for it; as to the republicans, it was General Cavaignac who alone inspired him with respect. "His figure," he said, "is the only noble one which has appeared before the colorless background of the revolution of 1848." The Second Empire filled him with sorrow, although he did not share the fears of many of his friends.

"I do not think," he wrote to Ampère, "that we shall end as did your Roman Empire; . . . there are many points of difference between us, and this one especially: that whereas we only sleep, your Romans were dead."

The despotic rule of the empire only made him sigh the more after freedom:

"At any epoch I would, I think, have loved freedom; nowadays I am inclined to worship it."

Any bad political news affected him as much as some personal sorrow, and towards the close of his life it became necessary to conceal from him such news, if it arrived at night, as after hearing it he would not have slept. Still, his fears for the future were always of that healthy kind which he has himself described—fears which make men "watch and fight, and not those which, sluggish and helpless, soften and unnerve the hearts of men." His foresight was considerable, and in his work on democracy in America he clearly foreshadows the struggle that would take place about the slave question. Nor did he less clearly discern the great division, now daily growing clearer everywhere, between Catholics and unbelievers.

"The men of our times," he wrote, "naturally incline to disbelief; still, when once they possess a religion they find in themselves a hidden instinct drawing them, in spite of themselves, towards Catholicity. . . . I am led to think that our heirs are more and more inclined to divide into two parties, one deserting Christianity altogether, the other entering into the bosom of the Roman Church."

The fame of Alexis de Tocqueville in the future must rest not on what he did as a politician, but on what his literary labors produced. The two works by which he will be remembered are his *Démocratie en Amérique* and his *Ancien Régime et la Révolution*. The latter book was originally sketched as early as 1836 in the pages of a London review, at the request of De Tocqueville's friend, John Stuart Mill. The first-named work was, as has been said, published in two separate parts. Critics differ as to the merits of the two parts. In our opinion both are of the same sound workmanship. The interest of the subjects treated gradually increases as the work proceeds, and the whole is connected together by a logical chain of great strength. His chapters, as a competent critic remarks, are just what chapters ought to be—little books within a big one. No doubt, to many, the writings of De Tocqueville are heavy reading, and unless the reader takes an interest in the matters discussed he will soon, and perhaps wisely, throw his books aside. De Tocqueville did not write easily. With much labor he strung his paragraphs together, completing each carefully before going on to the next. He paid more attention to what he said than to how he said it. His ideas are too closely packed together and weary the mind by the very closeness of their array. The very neatness of each sentence,

the absence of all idle epithets, and the formidable way in which each sentence is blocked out give the reader that sense of weariness felt in the midst of a garden wherein the flowers are all in perfect bloom, wherein no weeds riot and the hedges are all symmetrically clipped. He has not, it has been remarked, any of the piquancy of Montesquieu nor any of the bitter raillery of La Bruyère, who was one of his favorite authors. At times the ease with which his prose moves equals that of Voltaire, and in correctness of expression he vies with Pascal, while it is clear that his models have been the great writers of the seventeenth century. No man ever was better qualified to write, yet no man was ever so weighted by his very qualifications, as De Tocqueville. He had carefully gathered among men and among books matter for his works. Ideas he had in plenty. His thoughtful, observant mind supplied them in abundance. Thus his wealth of matter and thought became his first difficulty. The daintiest dishes pall the palate of him who feeds day after day on them. Continual sunshine is more tiresome than continuous changes of weather. So too much matter, however good, satiates the reader's appetite, too much wealth of thought fatigues his attention. This is, so it seems to us, De Tocqueville's weak side as an author. He is never rhetorical for the sake of pleasing; he is never trivial, never commonplace. His style is always lofty; his reason never is clouded by passion; he is always master of his ideas. He probes every subject to the quick. He sounds every depth to the bottom. He critically inspects every side of a question, while from one demonstrated point he is capable of deducing a thousand corollaries with all the relentless exactitude of a mathematician, until, in sheer despair, the reader cries, Hold, enough!

His great work on democracy in America is divided into two parts. In the first part he examines the laws, institutions, and customs of the United States, and analyzes in a masterly manner the only government that has succeeded in reconciling true liberty and equality. In the second part of his work he considers the influence of democratic principles on the intellectual life and habits of democracies. Professedly treating of democracy in America, the work in reality is an examination of democracy in Europe as well as in the United States. "It behooves us," somewhere remarked Montalembert, "to give to this admirable prophecy its true title, that of democracy in France and in Europe." Montalembert was right in wishing for the work a better title and in styling it an admirable prophecy, for a prophecy in truth it is.

The meaning of this prophecy De Tocqueville has explained in one of his letters.

"To those," he writes, "who have imagined an ideal democracy—a brilliant dream easily to be realized—I have sought to show that they have charged their canvas with deceptive colors; that the democratic government they advocate, if it can give those who live under it some solid advantages, has nevertheless none of that loftiness with which their fancy clothes it; and that such a government, moreover, needs for its existence certain conditions of enlightenment, of personal morality, and of religious belief which we do not possess and which we must strive to obtain before we can enjoy the political consequences of them.

"To those to whom the word democracy is a synonym for riot, anarchy, plunder, murder, I have striven to show that democracy can govern society while respecting property, recognizing rights, preserving freedom, honoring religious belief; that if a democratic government was less favorable to the development of certain noble faculties of men's souls than other forms of government, it at least had its beautiful and noble aspects; and that, perhaps, after all, it was God's will to spread abroad a portion of happiness among the greater part of mankind rather than to give to a few a great sum of happiness and to bring a very few nigh to perfection. I tried to show that whatever might be their opinions on the subject, the time for choosing was gone; that society daily was hastening on, carrying all before it, to a state where equality would be the normal condition of men; that now there was nothing left except to choose from among evils that were inevitable; that the question was not whether we would have an aristocracy or a democracy, but whether we would have a democratic society, progressing in an orderly and modest manner, yet without any poetical grandeur, or a democratic society riotous and licentious, the prey to every frenzy or the victim of a yoke heavier than any borne by man since the fall of the Roman Empire. I wished to check the ardor of the first, and, without disheartening them, to show them the right road to take. I wished to lessen the fears of the second and to bend their desires to a thing that was inevitable, so that, some showing less impetuosity and others less doggedness, society might work out its destiny in a more peaceable way."

De Tocqueville's work on *L'Ancien Régime et la Révolution* equals, if it does not surpass, his earlier efforts.

"As to the way affairs were conducted," he says, "during the eighteenth century, as to the part various institutions played, as to the attitude of different classes of society towards each other, as to the conditions and feelings of those who as yet could not be seen and heard, even amid the lowest degrees of opinions and customs, we have only confused and often faulty ideas"

To throw light on such subjects De Tocqueville published this work, the result of much long and patient labor. He

searched the shelves of obscure provincial libraries; he ransacked the archives of towns of which the names are hardly marked on the map; he read through the often voluminous correspondence of land-agents, stewards, tax-collectors, and minor officials; he compared the state of things in France with those of England and Germany, and, to do this the more thoroughly, set himself to learn German. Of English he was already master. After such labors he sat down to write his work, of which often a single page contained the results of a month's researches. He never was satisfied to take his information at second hand. He loved to find the fountain-head, and there to form his judgment, unbiassed by the already-expressed opinions of others. In one of his letters he describes his method.

"When," he says, "I have to treat a subject, it is, as it were, impossible for me to read any book that has been written about it; the contact with the ideas of others so excites and disturbs me as to make the reading of such works positively painful. As far as possible I keep from myself the knowledge of the meanings, the judgments, and the ideas other authors have derived from the facts I am examining, although I thus expose myself to the risk of repeating what others have said before me. On the other hand, I take every care to search out in contemporary documents the facts I am in want of, often at the cost of great labor finding only what I might easily have had by other means. My harvest thus laboriously gathered, I then retire, as it were, into a solitude, and carefully pass in review all the ideas I have got together for myself, comparing them and arranging them, and then at last I make it a point to set forth these ideas, wholly my own, without caring for the consequences that this one or that one may derive from them."

A book written so conscientiously and so laboriously must always be an authority. To analyze it would be impossible within the limits of this paper; a quotation or two must suffice. Of the French clergy at the epoch of the revolution he speaks in terms that might have been used by Burke.

"I know not," he says, "if, in spite of the staring vices of some among its members, the world ever saw a more remarkable, more enlightened, more patriotic clergy than the Catholic clergy of France when surprised by the revolution—a clergy fuller of public as well as private virtues, and fuller of faith, as they showed amid persecution. When I began to study the state of society in the old times I was full of prejudices against it; I ended by respect for it."

De Tocqueville did not live to complete his work, which would not have been merely a study of the *ancien régime*; it would have

been a perfect history of the French Revolution. Of this history he left the outlines, which only make us regret the more that he was not spared to complete his labors. Still, to murmur would be wrong, and our consolation for our loss must be found in the eloquent words of another noble Frenchman who likewise left his literary labors incomplete. "We are on earth," wrote Ozanam, "only to do the will of Providence. That will is fulfilled day by day, and he who dies leaving his task undone has wrought as much in the sight of the Supreme Judge as he who has had time given him to crown his work." Lacordaire, writing to Ozanam, said: "Let us crucify ourselves to our pens!" And the friend answered: "My labors, I feel, are killing me; but God's will be done!" "Both," remarks the biographer of the great Dominican—"both died as became brave knights, their weapons in their hands, truly crucified to their pens." As valiant a knight was Alexis de Tocqueville, who too died clutching the greatest weapon of modern times—the pen. "Daily," to quote Ozanam once more—"daily our friends, our brothers, as soldiers or as missionaries, encounter death on the shores of Africa or before the palaces of mandarins. Meanwhile what are we doing? Do you think that God has made it the duty of some to die for the cause of civilization and of the church, and left to others the task of living, their hands idle, dozing on a bed of roses? Workers in science, Christian men of letters, let us show that we are not cowardly enough to believe in a division such as it would be wrong to charge God with making and a shame for us to accept. Let us hasten to prove that we, too, have our battle-fields, whereon, if need be, we know how to die." Alexis de Tocqueville, like Ozanam, was not among those who dozed. Both were numbered among those who died laborers to the last.

GENESIS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

VIII.

THE question of the divine origin of the Society which is one and catholic in its organic constitution, a perfect and unequal society composed of a hierarchy and people under the regimen of one Supreme Head, turns, as we have proved, upon the fact of the apostolical succession in the Catholic episcopate. The note of apostolicity gives new lustre to the notes of catholicity and unity, by giving a new and distinct evidence that the efficient cause of the manifest and actual unity and catholicity of the historic church of Christendom is the institution and perpetual conservation of its Founder, Jesus Christ. It gives the same lustre and evidence to the note of sanctity, by showing that all the essential causes and means of holiness and salvation in the church are of divine institution. The note of apostolicity is located in the episcopal succession from the first apostles, including the succession of the Primate of bishops to the principality of St. Peter in the apostolic college. The fact of the external succession is historically certain, and we have already shown the futility of the few plausible arguments against its uninterrupted continuity. With the external fact the intrinsic nature of the succession is indissolubly bound. It was, namely, a succession in true and proper priesthood having a transmitted and indelible character, a succession in the mission and jurisdiction conferred by Jesus Christ, and in the office of preserving and teaching the faith and morality of the New Law, with supreme authority, involving a corresponding obligation of subjection and obedience on the part of the whole world.

All this, and whatever is implied in it or necessary to its completion can be proved by a continuous tradition, received *semper, ubique et ab omnibus*, which is contained in a series of genuine and authentic documents beginning from the apostles. This argument from Holy Scripture and Written Tradition is one however, which demands a considerable degree of learning, leisure and opportunity for study, and is therefore suitable only for a minority out of the whole number interested in knowing the truth of the matter. Yet, there is the tradition itself, as distinct

from its documents, the living tradition embodied in the church, made visible and palpable by the very existence and perfect nature of the church, in all times and places where it lives and has its being. The church itself is its own living, perpetual, omnipresent witness, bearing testimony to itself and to its Founder. The church of the present age is a witness to the church of the eleventh century, of the fifth, of the third and of the first. The sex, the integrity of physical organization, the race-characteristics of an adult, are evidence of the same attributes in the individual as a child and as an infant. When you see a white, an Indian or a negro boy of ten years of age, you know that he was born a white, Indian or negro infant of the male sex. As, in the present instance we are supposing all those who read what we write to have the capacity of knowing with reasonable certainty what the church was in its early adolescence, we begin our argument from that period. There is a way of inquiry and argument suited for the learned, and another suited for the unlearned. But, there is also a middle way which is suited for those who are somewhat learned or capable of becoming so, and which may be to a certain extent suitable though not altogether sufficient even for the most thorough scholars. And we conceive that, in the present case, such a way is the method of arguing from the historical position of the church during the period which elapsed between the beginning of the second and the beginning of the fourth centuries, and especially from the last half of this period, to the constitution and attributes of the apostolic church. The argument is intended to prove that the theory we have all along been considering, of a transformation into the Catholic Church from an apostolic church of a different species is untenable and false, and that such a transformation was impossible. Wherefore the church of the Nicene Council, which is identical with the church of the Tridentine and Vatican Councils, is also identical with the church of the apostles.

There is no sign or trace during these first three centuries of any other religion having the slightest claim to be considered orthodox Christianity, than the Catholic. There are no signs or traces of a change in the great Christian body, there is no break in the continuity of tradition. There has been no break since then in this continuity. The only adequate cause for this persevering unity and catholicity under the form of one organic society which can be assigned is its apostolic, that is, divine origin. The adult, the adolescent and the infant church must be the same. Growth and accidental changes there *may* and indeed

must have been. We have already said that we recognize a principle and law of development and true progress in Christianity. But this is not what is called development by Gibbon, Guizot, Milman, and other theorists of the same general type. The man in his adult and infant ages is essentially and specifically the same, but with accidental distinctions. The infant and adult church is likewise identical with itself though its ages are mutually distinguished one from another. The specific difference is congenital and original, impressed by the hand of the Creator and unchangeable. This specific difference of the true, genuine Christianity and church is precisely Catholicity. It shows itself clearly and unequivocally at the earliest period which is illumined by abundant historical light, and more obscurely under the dimmer light which preceded. In a word, so far as we can know anything of historical Christianity we know it as Catholic and nothing else. From what we do know, it is certain by a moral demonstration that it did not change and could not have changed during the earliest and most obscure period of its existence.

Mr. Gladstone, one of the most subtle, as he is also one of the most accomplished in literary culture, of the modern antagonists of the church, has attempted to prove the contrary. He refers to the silent, insensible change which corrupted throughout almost the whole world the primeval religion of mankind, changing the common, universal Monotheism of the patriarchal ages into the religions of heathendom. These religions, he says, got, after the lapse of time, antiquity and continuous tradition in their favor, and were so far like the Catholic Church. Therefore, notwithstanding its antiquity and continuous tradition, the Catholic religion may be a corruption of a primeval Christianity which was changed into it insensibly without any violent convulsion, any struggle, any distinct notification in the history of the men, the instruments, the influences and the events by which the change was wrought.

This is plausible in its first aspect, but really one of the most hollow and transparent of sophistical bubbles, which a breath is sufficient to annihilate. It is just like the parallel which infidels draw between the progress and extension of Buddhism and Mahometanism and the propagation of Christianity. The possibility of some sort of extensive and long-continued sway of a false religion is easily enough proved, and no advocate of Christianity ever thought of questioning it. But the impossibility of such a conquest as Christianity won; considering the nature of the reli-

gion, the instruments and means of its propagation, the time, place, circumstances of its birth and progress; without the intrinsic force of truth, supernatural powers, and the intervention of God; remains where it was, in the position of an irrefragable proof of the divine origin of Christianity. A false religion may come to have a certain antiquity, a certain continuity of tradition, a certain sanction of prescription and possession. A true religion may become changed and corrupted by insensible degrees, and a tract of time with its products and events may hide from the common view the anterior time when an apostasy from primeval truth and pure morality began. But this does not show what the exigencies of the anti-Catholic argument require that it should, viz., that such a religion as Christianity, under such circumstances as really existed, could undergo such a change as is supposed, completely, insensibly, universally, and in so short a time, and that the counterfeit could be substituted for the genuine with all the argument from prescription in its favor.

The patriarchal religion was revealed religion in its inchoate and most simple and imperfect form. Its existence and preservation in primitive purity depended on the fidelity with which men adhered to the oral tradition by which the faith and the moral law were transmitted from the original ancestors of mankind. It rested on a general consent, and was embodied in the natural institutions of the family, society, and the commonwealth; with no separate organization of church and priesthood, with few and simple forms of worship, few and brief written records. Its law was written in the heart and conscience, its unity and universality were the result of voluntary agreement in following the footsteps of the fathers and foregoing generations; and, therefore, just as soon as corruption of the heart and conscience became general the bond was too weak to hold mankind in religious unity, and the different nations took each its own way downward into multifarious errors and superstitions. Nevertheless, the pure, patriarchal religion was preserved in a chosen tribe which became a nation, and in that nation the revelation of God was augmented, embodied in a strong organic constitution and transformed into Judaism. The Judaic institution, in its essential and corporate being, was incorruptible and imperishable, so long as its prescribed period lasted. Thus, in its lineal and legitimate succession, the patriarchal, prophetic and sacerdotal order, descending from the truly primitive and original antiquity, and by an unbroken continuity of tradition going back to the beginning, transmitted the revelation of God to the time when the Messiah was born and

the Catholic Church established. The antiquity and traditional continuity of the Catholic religion go back to this original epoch of the new creation and begun restitution of all things, in Jesus Christ. Their parallel is, therefore, in the pure tradition of the Old Law, not in the aberrations of heathendom. With these, the sects and heresies which have fallen off from the Catholic Church are parallel. All this Mr. Gladstone studiously and artfully evades, under the pretext of incompetence in polemic theology, so that he may stick in the mere surface of things and find scope for his fanciful and superficial analogies.

But this is not a way worthy of a Christian. The Christian religion is from God, and for all mankind. It has its definite character and this can be ascertained by reasonable and diligent inquiry. The church is the last, the most perfect form of revealed religion; and therefore in its organization, in its strength, its durability, its incorruptibility, its power of resistance and aggression, its adaptation to all races, times and conditions of human life, it must surpass all the preceding forms. To suppose that its genuine and pure ideal was universally subverted by a counterfeit substitute, within two hundred years from the death of the last and most beloved apostle, is to represent it as inferior to its precursors, and indeed as a failure.

But we come now to the direct argument from historical facts positively proving, that by its very nature and its whole environment, the Christian Church of the first three centuries was an insurmountable barrier to every essential alteration and transformation, and must necessarily have been originally instituted with the same intrinsic form and external organization which it possessed at the time of the First Council of Nice.

The apostles and their coadjutors preached the gospel and founded the church over such an extent of territory, in so many distinct and widely distant parts of the world, among so many different and separate races of men, that the church became really catholic in its diffusion during their lifetime. This work was continued during the second century, and during the third, so that the way was prepared for the great event of the fourth century, the formal recognition of the Christian religion by the two great divisions of the Roman empire, the Western and the Eastern.

Jerusalem was the starting-point, and became the patriarchal centre of the churches of Palestine which were largely composed of Jewish Christians, until the final destruction of the city. Here, the mixed multitude of foreign Jews and proselytes was first met

and evangelized by the apostles. Soon after their first labors in Jerusalem and Palestine they undertook the conversion of the Syrians and Chaldæans, who were a mixture of Cushites, Turcomans, Aryans and Semites, some cultivated and luxurious, others living in primitive simplicity of manners. Churches were founded all through these vast and varied regions. At Antioch on the Orontes the disciples of Jesus were first called Christians; there St. Peter fixed for a time his supreme chair, and, when he transferred it permanently to Rome, left to the bishop of the see a wide patriarchal jurisdiction with the dignity of precedence among bishops next after the bishop of Alexandria. St. Mark evangelized Egypt and Lybia, and St. Matthew probably Ethiopia. Persia and Armenia, the Hellenic peoples, probably even the Hindoos, the Arabians, the Romans and Italians, the Gauls of France and the adjacent regions, and the people of Spain, in short, the inhabitants of the principal portions of the Roman empire, and of many others beyond its limits, in Asia, Europe and Africa, had the gospel preached to them by the apostles and their companions or emissaries. They did, really and in person, fulfil the commandment to evangelize the world. The prophecies of the Jewish seers and the promises of Christ were fulfilled. In the second century the church was, and was called by all men, heretics and pagans as well as true believers, Catholic. Points were occupied, incipient churches were established, congregations of converts were gathered, over an immense surface where false religions with gorgeous rites and temples, powerful priesthoods, and the immense mass of superstitious and vicious populace, still to the outward view gave the world a pagan appearance. These spots were the points from which the active force radiated in all directions which in a few centuries made the orb of the Roman world Christian. Gibbon and the whole school of infidel historians have done all in their power to belittle the wonderful work begun and carried very far onward by the apostles, and pushed still further forward by their successors during the first three centuries. The semi-rationalistic and so-called impartial and critical Christian school are too much imbued with the same spirit. The writers of ecclesiastical history among Protestants who take sounder and more correct views of early Christianity, and even Catholic authors of books generally read, are by far too superficial and jejune in their account of its first period.* Nevertheless, even the minimized presentation of the great leading and gene-

* As a work of very different character, replete with information which is not elsewhere found, we refer to F. Thébaud's *The Church and the Gentile World*.

ral facts suffices for our purpose, and the most elaborate attempts to explain them in a purely human sense only serve to bring out more clearly the futility of the effort.

At the close of the great era of persecution, when the successor of St. Peter came out of the catacombs into the Lateran palace, and, with the concurrence of the Emperor Constantine, called together the First Œcumenical Council of Nice, the universal tradition of the Catholic Church gave utterance to its voice. Even those who revolted and began a deadly warfare against the faith defined by the council, by an heretical interpretation of the ancient creed, concur in their testimony to the apostolic antiquity of all that part of Christianity we are engaged in especially vindicating from the charge of novelty. There can be no doubt that the universal church recognized in itself a society constituted in organic unity under the hierarchical regimen of bishops, successors to the apostles, with the successor of Peter as their Primate. There can be no doubt that the religion universally professed was sacramental and liturgical, that the true and proper Sacrifice, the true and proper priesthood conferred solely and *jure divino* by episcopal ordination, were recognized by all as essential parts of the New Law of Christ. There can be no doubt that the authority of the church was recognized as the proximate Rule of Faith, and communion with the one, true and Catholic Church admitted to be necessary for salvation. The same reasons which prove that all the bishops and the faithful everywhere; with the exception of the few who stood self-condemned by the novelty of their doctrine and their schism from the great body of Christians; could not have erred in the profession of the Apostolic Faith in the Son of God, prove that they could not have all conspired together in one common error and departure from Apostolic Order and Doctrine by a false interpretation of the article in the Creed "I believe in the Holy Catholic Church." These reasons are numerous, but they can all be traced to one root, viz., that the apostles, fully instructed by Jesus Christ and filled with his Holy Spirit, committed the sacred deposit of his faith and law to so many, so various, so widely separated and independent channels of transmission, that the failure of secure and pure transmission was a moral impossibility. Those who were converted by the apostles, and especially those who were ordained by them as their associates and successors in the apostolic ministry, were most assuredly imbued by the effect of their instruction and example with the genuine and pure spirit of the Christian religion. It is impossible to suppose that they could have wished to make an alteration

in religion. This first generation continued into the second century, and from these disciples of the apostles, the Christians of the second century received that instruction and that impress of example which stamped upon them that type of religious character which every one may recognize without difficulty as specifically Catholic. The same process went on through the third, and in the same way that "the boy is father of the man" this early childhood of Christianity produced the adolescent manhood of the fourth and fifth centuries. These first three centuries were ages of faith, of holiness, of heroism and martyrdom. The inner and the outer fires kept away the moral degeneracy and corruption from whose fetid cesspool heresy comes forth as an intellectual malaria. Those early Christians were sincere and zealous, and their religion was their all. One of their most characteristic marks is their traditional and historical spirit. Their religion was an inheritance, a legacy of the New Testament of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, of which the apostles were the administrators and executors. The first of the great Doctors of the fourth century, St. Athanasius, was thoroughly imbued with this spirit, although he was of Alexandria, where Christian philosophy first began to flourish, and he himself was a great reasoner and dogmatic theologian. In St. Irenæus the same spirit is not only dominant but exclusive. St. Ignatius of Antioch, the second successor of St. Peter in that see, is completely filled with it. To a modern Episcopalian or Presbyterian his letters read like the charges of Bishop Hobart and Bishop Doane, as if he were writing a "*High-Churchman Vindicated*," with the express purpose of exalting the hierarchy. But this is a mistaken view. He was really anxious to guard and protect the pure faith in Jesus Christ and his gospel against the assaults and wiles of heretics who subverted their very foundations. He appeals to tradition, to antiquity, to the original and genuine teaching of the apostles, and all his exhortations to reverence and obedience towards the bishops and clergy are in view of their divine office as the conservators of the deposit of faith and the teachers of sound, apostolic doctrine. The whole power of religion, in those days, was in the conscience; and no general conspiracy of conscience to deceive or to submit to deception is possible, where conscience has been so enlightened and thoroughly formed by divine teaching as it was in the beginning of the Christian religion. The argument of Paley can be applied to this case, proving that the early Christians could neither have been deceivers or deceived. That enormous power of original Christianity which was able to

convert such multitudes of Jews and pagans, to withstand all the violence of persecution, and to conquer the Roman empire, was sufficient to conserve itself and resist alteration. Moreover, there were no means of alteration. Religion was in catechetical instruction, in the rites and observances of worship, in oral tradition, in the preaching of the clergy, in the outward, visible organization of the church. Besides the Holy Scriptures, or portions of the same, there were very few Christian books even for those who were able to read and to procure books. There was no opportunity for disseminating new doctrines in this way far and wide among the clergy and people. There were no general councils, and local councils dealt only with local affairs. In a word, all means and instruments of producing universal changes, and in fact, to a great extent even the means of healthful development and progress were wanting. The universal movement in the church was almost wholly the effect of the original, universal impulse given by the apostles, and given in common to so many centres that their harmonious agreement must be referred to their continuity in the line of direction on which they were started, and any attempt at universal change would have produced only confusion. The church of Jerusalem, the church of Antioch, the church of Alexandria, the church of Ephesus, the churches of the West, could never have been drawn aside from their right course one by the other. The Church of Rome itself, powerful for conservation, and for the correction of local and particular aberrations, was powerless for innovation and alteration. There were innovators, rebels, schismatics, heretics, schisms and heresies. But these were local, they were mutually hostile, in open contradiction to antiquity, to apostolical tradition, to the common consent of the faithful. They were speedily condemned, and generally became after a time extinct. All awakened excitement, controversy, active opposition, and have left their traces in history. Universal change into the same errors, even a universal change of exterior government, from a Presbyterian to an Episcopal form, from an Episcopal regimen of co-equal, independent bishops to a metropolitan or patriarchal constitution, much more a change into a Papal government, was wholly impossible. Most of those whose possession of rights was invaded would have resisted. The result of such an attempt would have been either failure or the breaking up of the church into separate fragments. Much less was a change of doctrine, introducing a new system of sacrificial, sacerdotal and sacramental ideas, a possible thing. The heretics of the fourth and fifth centuries, the pagans them-

selves, to say nothing of men within the church, learned, fearless, and zealous for primitive doctrine, such as St. Jerome, would have found out the deviation and reproached with it all its authors and abettors. Of all things the most incredible is the hypothesis, that silently, imperceptibly, universally, without a trace of its history, without a sign of opposition, without an outcry of warning, a debased and degenerate catholicity should have entered on the possession, and securely seated itself in the dominion, of the heritage of truth in Christendom. Supposing, even, that the apostles had left Christianity in an indeterminate state, to form and shape itself freely, with the sacred writings interpreted by private judgment as the only rule of faith, it would have been impossible that the elements should have spontaneously coalesced and crystallized everywhere throughout the world into one, uniform, harmonious and common doctrine and order, into the Catholic Church of the Nicene Council.

The last resort of that kind of Protestantism which wishes to remain Christian and orthodox without either confessing the divine origin and authority of the Catholic Church or placing itself in an attitude of extreme and irreconcilable hostility to historical Christianity, is not a tenable and defensible position. There is no hiding-place for this moderate and liberal Protestant orthodoxy, this Neo-Evangelical and semi-rationalistic kind of Christianity, in the obscurity of the first three centuries; no matter how far back it may creep towards and into the catacombs, prisons, secret chambers and other recesses where the church lay hidden during the early part of the second century and the latter part of the first. The light which the fourth century casts backward is too strong and clear, even that light which the apostolic writings and the remaining documents of Christian and heathen literature cast upon these times out of their obscurity, when reflected and gathered into a focus by a soundly critical scholarship, illuminates their dark corners too brightly, for any theory of pseudo-development to conceal its conjectures and sophistries successfully. The leap into the dark serves only to cut off all hope of escape, and to confront a hopeless and lost cause with the truth which it has been evading, after the manner which is natural to error, by all sorts of turnings and windings. We call this theory an hypothesis of pseudo-development, and it is so, just like the similar theory in physics, which pretends to show evolution of the like from the unlike, without intervention of efficient causality. Its genuine and contraposed object of imitation, the true idea which it counterfeits, is the correct theory of development

by the evolution of the specific nature within itself, by growth, expansion, assimilation, increase in its own kind and progress on its own line.

It is important to take at least some notice of the fact that such a development must have taken place in the Catholic Church, during its passage through the first three centuries of its existence, as well as during the millennium which followed the conversion of Constantine. If any one should suppose that the claim of the Catholic Church to date from the mission of the apostles implies an assertion of the instantaneous outbursting into full bloom of Catholicism as it is now visible, or as it presented the phenomena of its subsisting being to the world in the year 325, it would be a great mistake. Such a mistake is dangerous, because the supposition is incredible, and impossible without an astounding miracle such as we know for a fact God did not work. The church in its infancy must have been in an infantine, inchoate condition. Its outward appearance, its mode of existing and acting, a thousand details pertaining to its actual state, must have been very unlike what they became afterward. The data are wanting by which we can reproduce before our imagination an exact picture with perfect and minute delineations, of that early, apostolic age. The lineaments of the new religion as a concrete reality only show themselves faintly at first, very gradually coming out into greater distinctness. It is no more possible to trace minutely the growth of the great plant from the mustard-seed and make a record of its successive stages, than it is to see the corn-stalk, the apple-tree or the infant growing, or to record the process by which a language is formed. The divine conception of the Infant Jesus, his birth and his childhood, were hidden from the world and the devil. He performed a concealed work, and his resurrection and ascension were shrouded in a mist of obscurity, a cloud of mystery, from all but a chosen few. Unless the Lord had chosen to take the world by storm, to ride into his kingdom on a chariot of glory environed by an invincible host, it was necessary that he should begin his work in secret and prepare imperceptibly for his open triumph. The humility, the poverty, obscurity, ignominy and persecution which enveloped the beginnings of Christianity were necessary, in order that it might diffuse secretly its pervasive force and sink deeply into the soil of humanity, ready to burst forth in due time with irresistible and universal power, and by its new growth to supplant and crowd out the old, decayed vegetation of heathen philosophy and religion with their corrupted doctrines, superstitious practices

and vicious customs. It would not have done to announce publicly and blazon forth loudly from the beginning, that the Christian priesthood was going to overthrow the Jewish and heathen sacerdotal castes, the Christian temples and altars to take the place of the splendid shrines of ancient worships, the Vicar of Christ to dethrone Cæsar and occupy his palace, and Christendom to seat its kingdom on the ruins of the Roman empire. All this was suspected and feared too soon for the peace of the first Christians, but found out too late to make their extermination possible. The contempt, neglect and obscurity in which the facts, dogmas, aims, organization, and general purport of the Christian religion were enveloped were its opportunity, and enabled it to spread so widely and grow so strong, that it could endure the fire of persecution, come out of the Red Sea of martyrdom a vast, unconquerable host, and go forward to possess the Promised Land. The apostles and their early successors did not provoke and exasperate the religious, philosophical or political prejudices and passions of the people and their rulers any more than was absolutely unavoidable. They made no premature and defiant proclamations of the divinity of Jesus Christ, of the mysteries of the Creed, of the hidden virtues of the sacraments, of the powers which the Lord had communicated to the priests of his church. A very great reserve, we know, was maintained in communicating the deeper and more mysterious doctrines of Christianity. The discipline of the secret was thrown around them as a veil to hide them from the eyes of the profane and the imperfectly instructed. This veil covered over the sacerdotal character of the priesthood by concealing the nature of that Eucharistic Sacrifice to which the sacrament of order is essentially related. The names given to the hierarchical orders were such as to cover with a modest garb the real spiritual power and dominion contained in them. Apostle, Bishop, Presbyter, Deacon were sufficient as designations of certain offices of superiority, but did not disclose to the Jews that new High-Priests, Priests and Levites disputed with them the heritage of Moses and Aaron, or to the Romans that a new Pontifex Maximus was coming to seat himself in the Lateran palace, while every imperial diocese, exarchate, province and city was to receive a spiritual prince and pontiff whose episcopal mantle would make the Roman purple and scarlet to fade by contrast with its superior lustre.

The beginnings of the English monarchy were rude and simple, compared with its subsequent, slowly enhancing grandeur. Our own early colonial settlements, and even our primitive re-

public under the constitution of 1788 and the presidency of Washington, were small and feeble, compared with what the United States of North America have become during the nineteenth century. The England and the United States of to-day were nevertheless in the germs from which they have been developed, and each nation has grown and flourished according to its own specific law. These, however, are human commonwealths, subject to much greater modifications in principles, in dominant ideas, in polity and laws, in forms and customs, than the church, which is a supernatural society, the kingdom of Christ, having a divine constitution, divine laws, divine institutions, which in their substance are unchangeable, and having a permanent, supreme authority which regulates all else, not *de jure divino* and immutably fixed, with as much uniformity and stability as is necessary for good order. The analogy is therefore true but not perfect. The church is *sui generis* and of a most complex nature. It must be studied in itself and by the light of its own principles. An accurate distinction between what is essential and what is accidental, what is *de jure divino* and what *de jure ecclesiastico*, what is absolutely permanent and unchangeable and what is subject to modification, what is immovable and what is progressive, is difficult; and for those who are not guided by the authority of the church herself the attempt to make it is full of peril and sure to lead into many errors.

In a general way, we may and we must say that the church as a human society had its origin, growth and development, except so far as a direct divine intervention was necessary, *more humano*, and under the general laws of Divine Providence, in a mode analogical to other great human institutions. Its episcopal and papal polity, its doctrine, laws, liturgy, ceremonial, theology, literature, action upon states, upon mankind, upon morals and civilization, upon the whole world in moving it towards its final end and consummation, had to begin from germs and to germinate, grow gradually, and become disclosed after the lapse of a sufficient time. It is absurd to look for a clear, distinct and explicit manifestation in the very earliest age of Christianity of all that which it contained potentially and afterwards reduced to actuality. This is one great stumbling-block in the way of Protestants. They have an imagination of what primitive, apostolical Christianity was, which it is very difficult to dislodge. They shove this imagination between their eyes and the historical verity. They estimate the Catholic Church and religion by certain apparent features which strike their senses and minds, and they are un-

able to find in the New Testament and the earliest Christian records that obvious, vivid counterpart and similitude, which they think ought to be perfectly and unmistakably evident, if the church and religion of the apostles were identical with the modern Catholic Church and religion. If they would look more closely and impartially, they would see that they cannot find any counterpart of their own idea of the Christian religion.

When the apostles and disciples were gathered together in Jerusalem on the Day of Pentecost next following the Ascension, and for some years after, there was no New Testament, no Missal, no Breviary, Ritual, or written Code of law and doctrine. They had no churches, seminaries, fixed and permanent altars, few costly vessels and vestments, no splendor of religion, no external honor, not even any recognized civil status or any rights before the law. There was no Holy See, there was no regular and universal organization of provinces, dioceses or parishes. No one but a child or a simpleton could fancy St. Peter with a sparkling tiara, St. Paul with a purple soutane, cross and ring, church-bells ringing, organs playing, choirs chanting elaborate music, and High Mass or Solemn Vespers celebrated in a splendid church crowded with well-dressed and ill-dressed people. Neither can we fancy neat, sober people carrying a hymn-book wrapped in a white handkerchief, or an old lady sitting in her parlor of a Sunday with her spectacles on, reading her Bible. St. Peter was not called His Holiness, St. John His Eminence, or St. James the Most Reverend Lord Archbishop of Jerusalem. Our Lord went about and conversed among men in a very simple and informal way, without any outward show, royal pomp, or ceremonious observance of the worship due to him. It is not likely that the disciples knelt down before him, or sang hymns in his praise, or observed any more forms of outward reverence than he himself had been accustomed to practise toward St. Joseph and the Blessed Virgin. When St. Peter and the apostles were left by him to take his place, the same familiar and informal way of conduct must have continued among the disciples, and only gradually given way as the simple, loving brotherhood of Christians changed and expanded into a numerous, widely spread, regularly constituted society. This is all in harmony with God's way of redeeming and saving mankind, with nature, and the fitness of things. It is very charming and lovely, when we remember the great, the mysterious, the divine, which is hidden beneath the modest veil. But, forgetting or denying all this, we have nothing left which is other than commonplace and insignifi-

cant ; if made much of, incongruous and absurd. Those who set forth only the human in Jesus Christ take away the whole meaning of his mission. Walking in a coarse tunic and barefooted, he was none the less Emmanuel, The Son of God in the most perfect and glorious human nature. He needed no splendid raiment or coronal of gems to give him royal dignity. Those who take from the apostles their sublime and mystic character, and who make of the Holy Eucharist only a simple meal which the disciples ate together as a way of keeping up their brotherly love, make of Christianity a weak, inept and pitiful association of well-meaning people, about equal to a Moral Society or a Sewing-Circle in a country village, as a means of regenerating the world. When we really look at that small body of men, women and children who used to gather together in the Cœnaculum of Jerusalem, we find that, although wanting in the learning, the commanding genius, the wealth, the political power, the human prestige, the natural forces of every kind, which could make any considerable success in their undertaking hopeful, they possessed by the legacy of their Almighty Lord all the high and divine gifts which were sufficient for their sublime work. The priesthood is not in high titles and brocaded vestments, the sacrifice is not in marble altars and golden chalices, in solemn chant or splendid ceremonial, the church is not in magnificent cathedrals and wondrous works of art, the counsels of perfection are not in stately monastic walls, the faith is not in libraries of learned folios, the essence of catholicity is not identical with a world-wide imperial domain embracing patriarchates and provinces and dioceses. The glowing language of the prophets and the exalted diction of the church-offices, when they speak of the apostles and of the church which they founded, are in singular contrast with the outward appearance of things which a haughty Jew or a proud heathen looked upon with aversion and disdain. Yet this language is literally verified in the highest, that is, in the spiritual sense, in the apostles and the apostolic church. "The king's daughter was all glorious within." The bride of Christ was like "Barfuss" in Auerbach's exquisite romance, so beautiful and admirable in her poverty, that the Synagogue with all the costly remnants of ancient queenhood was like discarded Vashti in the presence of Esther, and the faded, licentious religions of the world were like Cleopatra beside Marianne; in comparison with her chaste, unadorned beauty, needing no adornment, but worthy of the costliest. Fine raiment is a masterpiece of human skill, the body which it decorates

is the masterpiece of divine workmanship. All which is added to the substance of the Catholic Church is its clothing and decoration, not the Mystical Body of Christ itself. Even the actual extension of its substance by catholicity, the hierarchical organization of its diffused episcopate and laity, is not its one, holy, catholic and apostolic essence, just as the size and symmetry of the members in a noble and fully developed man are not identical with his human essence. The church was virtually Catholic in its smallest and most infantine beginning. The power was there which was afterwards applied through the widest expansion. The first link of the chain of tradition was immovably fastened in the rock of the foundation. The source welled up in secrecy and silence with the perennial supply of pure water which filled great rivers and multitudinous streams flowing in every direction.

But it is necessary to come to particulars and speak more definitely.

In the first place, the apostolic church was strictly one society throughout all the extent which it acquired during the first century, and in all its parts.

Second, the apostles were one corporate college possessing supreme power, under their prince.

Third, their teaching was the proximate rule of faith and morals.

Fourth, the dogmas of faith were explicitly taught and believed in their integrity, as the first principles and fundamental truths from which all later dogmatic and theological teaching and science have been expanded.

Fifth, the Holy Eucharist was a sacrifice, daily offered as the great act of Christian worship. The forms and externals, though simple, had all the propriety and solemnity befitting such a great Act, so far as means and circumstances permitted, and were the original model from which all the liturgies in ancient and universal use were constructed.

Sixth, the Seven Sacraments were all administered with an explicit belief in their sanctifying efficacy.

Seventh, the Counsels of Perfection were taught and practised.

Finally, the entire hierarchical organization was contained in the apostolate immediately instituted by Jesus Christ, having its summit in the principality of Peter, and was actually established by degrees, as soon as the exigencies of good order and stability required it, and fit subjects were found in sufficient number who

could be entrusted with the complete, ordinary jurisdiction of bishops who were to succeed in the place of the apostles.

There is nothing more clearly and explicitly set forth in the apostolic writings than this, that the church was constituted as "One Flock under One Shepherd." This oneness was most visibly manifest when the entire Catholic Church was comprised in one diocese and one parish at Jerusalem, with St. Peter as Chief Pastor and all the other apostles as his coadjutors, the whole multitude of the faithful, a few thousands in all, being gathered together around them, under their immediate superintendence. It is this unity of the whole church as one body which is the primary and fundamental principle of order and organization. The formation of distinct parts and divisions, from the parish to the patriarchate, is consequent upon this, subordinate to it. Distinct local churches under the jurisdiction of particular bishops, are necessary, because it is impossible that a universal church should be congregated in one, and be immediately governed by one. It was necessary that the Bishop of the Catholic Church should have colleagues, in order that the full episcopal authority should be applied everywhere and to all. These bishops must be numerous enough to govern every part of the church throughout the world, and yet, not so numerous that their number, and the smallness of the division of the church into local parts would make the episcopal body too large for a supreme senate of the whole church, and the multitude of distinct parts favor disintegration rather than unity. The wants of the faithful require however a much larger number of priests than could be safely entrusted with the plenary sacerdotal character of the episcopate. When the faithful are numbered by the hundred million, the priesthood must be numbered by the hundred thousand, while the bishops cannot suitably be increased to more than a few thousand, even if all the world should be in the Catholic Church. The organic constitution of the church, therefore, provided for unity by the appointment of one Supreme Head, and for the multiplication of parts by the institution of the episcopate with the priesthood of the second order and the inferior order of the diaconate associated and subordinated for the fulfilment of the complete work of the sacred ministry. We find the apostles instituting and ordaining first the deacons of the church of Jerusalem, when the practical need of such an order had become manifest. From the time of their dispersion from Jerusalem until the end of the apostolic age, we find by the inspired records and the

testimony of ecclesiastical writers, that just as rapidly as circumstances required and allowed them to do so, they created and formed an adequately numerous clergy, consisting of deacons, presbyters, and bishops who had either general or local jurisdiction like that which they themselves exercised. How many bishops were ordained during the first twenty years and placed over churches with full and permanent jurisdiction cannot be ascertained with certainty. It is a matter of probability and conjecture only, whether the apostles who evangelized the Oriental countries at first left the nascent churches generally under the temporary charge of mere presbyters, or whether, as Petavius and Mamachius suppose, a considerable number of those who are called by that name received also episcopal consecration. During that earliest period, before St. Jerome asserts that a decree was made, and by degrees put in execution, that one bishop with supreme rule should be permanently placed in every city, there were certainly some besides the thirteen, who had been raised to the dignity of the apostolate and were called apostles, though not sharing in that extraordinary and universal commission which the twelve and St. Paul received from Jesus Christ. St. Jerome and St. Pacian say this. (S. Hier. in Gal. i. 19, Pac. Ep. 1.) Petavius and other learned men think that St. James of Jerusalem was one of these. St. Mark, St. Barnabas, Silvanus, Epaphroditus, probably Apollos, Timothy, and Titus were of this number. At a later period, Evodius and his successor Ignatius of Antioch, Polycarp of Smyrna, Linus, Cletus and Clement who succeeded St. Peter in the Roman See, St. Apollinaris of Ravenna, and others whose names are mentioned in ancient documents, were ordained by the apostles. A provisional government by presbyters can have existed, if at all, only during the first thirty years, and in that part of the church in Asia which was frequently visited by several of the apostles and their coadjutors. Those who evangelized other parts of the world, in the more distant parts of the East, and in the West, established the episcopal organization from the very beginning, as all tradition and history testify. St. Epiphanius says:

“It was not possible for the apostles to put all things in order at once. There was need in the first place of presbyters and deacons, that both together might administer ecclesiastical affairs. Wherefore, where there was no one as yet at hand worthy of the episcopate, there was no bishop appointed for that place. But when necessity demanded, and there was no lack of men worthy of the episcopate, then bishops were appointed. But

when there was no great multitude, there might not be found any who could be made presbyters; wherefore these were contented with a bishop only." (Hom. 75 adv. Aërium.)

Whatever way may be taken to explain scant and ambiguous notices in the Acts and Epistles about this early and incipient stage of ecclesiastical organization, the irregular and provisional order of ecclesiastical administration continued only during about thirty years, and in certain parts of the church. From the beginning, a regular episcopacy was established in the principal churches. St. James was early appointed the Bishop of Jerusalem with patriarchal jurisdiction over Palestine. St. Peter established the See of Antioch and ordained Evodius as his successor. He sent St. Mark to Egypt to found the Patriarchal See of Alexandria. St. Peter established the Holy, Apostolic See at Rome, placing his chair in the palace of the Senator Pudens, and from that moment the doom of the Cæsars and of the Roman empire was sealed. Episcopal sees were dotted all over the world which ever after traced their line of bishops back to their apostolic founder. Timothy was placed at Ephesus, Titus in Crete, Polycarp in Smyrna. When St. John wrote his Apocalypse, he addressed himself to the bishops of the seven principal churches of Asia Minor, Ephesus, Smyrna, Pergamos, Thyatira, Sardis, Philadelphia and Laodicea, which were all metropolitan sees. It is a curious fact analogous to the use of the term *Angel* by St. John to denote a Bishop, that in the new hierarchical constitution of Judaism which had its centre at Tiberias, the chiefs of the clergy were called Angels. Polycarp was already in Smyrna and Ignatius in the Chair of St. Peter at Antioch when St. John was seeing his visions in Patmos. Soon after, the second century commenced. The church went down into the sea of blood, following St. Peter and St. Paul, St. James, St. Ignatius, St. Apollinaris, St. Clement, and the other apostolic leaders on the way of martyrdom. It was this line of martyrs and confessors which handed down the tradition of the apostles to the august assembly of bishops at Nice. The apostles bequeathed their doctrine and their authority together with their blood to their successors, who in turn sealed their credentials and their testimony with their own blood, dyeing ever more and more deeply in its purple current the episcopal robe. For three centuries every heir to the mitre was an heir presumptive to the crown of martyrdom. On many days in every year the altar and its ministers are vested in scarlet and crimson in their commemoration and honor. During all this primitive and heroic age there is no trace to be found in

the apostolic and catholic church of anything like the so-called Evangelical Protestantism. The Ideal of that age is the Catholic Ideal, and just as surely as Christianity is a divine religion, the Genesis of the Catholic Church has an apostolic and divine origin.

CONCLUDED.

GOETHE'S DEDICATION TO FAUST.

I.

YE floating forms ! again you're drawing near ;
My troubled gaze beheld you once before.
Shall I now strive to hold you firmly here ?
Yearns my fond heart e'en yet for mystic lore ?
Forward ye press ; 'tis well : then rule the hour.
My bosom heaves as touched with youthful feeling,
As, forth from cloud and mist, around ye pour
Enchanted breathings, your advance revealing.

II.

You bring me pictures of a brighter day,
Visions of loveliness that passeth show ;
Like to traditions wrested from decay
Love reappears and friendships fervent glow ;
And pain returns in mournful echoes sighing
Over life's labyrinthine, devious maze,
Naming the good ones who, in joy replying,
Beguiled the blissful hours of bygone days.

III.

Alas ! they will not hear the coming song,
Those cherished souls who heard the first I sang.
Vanished from sight is now the friendly throng,
Silent the echoes that around me rang ;
My voice now vibrates to an unknown crowd,
Whose very praise but swells of grief the tide,
Since they whose cordial greetings made me proud,
If yet they live, are scattered far and wide.

IV.

I am oppressed with longings once foregone,
For that weird realm where mystic souls belong ;
It floats above me—undefined in tone
Like an Æolian harp—my lisping song.
A shudder seizes me ; tear follows tear ;
The rigid heart unbends in ecstasy ;
What I possess I see as from afar,
And what is lost becomes reality.

A WOMAN OF CULTURE.

CHAPTER III.

AT LIFE'S OUTSET.

LATER that evening Olivia sat alone in the parlor of the little home which was to own her for its mistress days and months, perhaps years, to come. The conversation held with Nano McDonell in the preceding chapter cannot have failed to give a fair idea of this cheerful lady's disposition. The kind, active sympathy of her nature, its graceful, womanly vivacity, so tempered by good sense and true modesty as never to exceed due bounds, were united to intelligence and piety of a high order. She was educated, too, after the fashion of Charles Reade's ideal heroines—that is, could speak a few languages besides her own, play the piano correctly and well, sing charmingly, make her own dresses and bonnets, and cook with shining success. Her culture, in the *transcendental* sense, was remarkable only by its absence. She was the black beast of the cultured circle to which Nano belonged, and where Nano admitted her in order to startle the refined body whose intolerance was as conspicuous as their professions of liberalism were loud and ridiculous. She knew no mythology.

Her sunny disposition found proper expression in the sunniest, purest, shapeliest little figure and countenance. She was not a handsome woman. She was too little to merit that appellation. Her light hair and blue eyes, her pretty mouth and fine complexion, her graceful alertness and well-shaped body, were the qualities which arrested the eye and gave Olivia the reputation

of a beauty. Her pure heart shone in her eyes and gave a new expression to the loveliness which, without it, would be only the beauty of the flower or the butterfly. When she spoke the sweetness of her voice, the good sense of what she said, the kindly wit or innocent sarcasm of her words, and the pretty dimples that ran up and down in playful response to her own emotions were sure to attract her hearers and win from them admiration and very often regard. One young gentleman of a pugnacious disposition and high rank had already laid siege to her heart and carried the outworks. She was sitting now alone in her parlor, her sewing in her hands; but the needle had dropped from her fingers, and her eyes were gazing dreamily, and with a shade of sorrow in them, into nothingness. Outside the wind moved the professional sign enough to bring to her ears a gentle squeak of the "sweetest music in the world." The fire was flashing and leaping in the grate, and the clock on the mantel pointed almost to the hour of nine.

"Poor Nano!" she said aloud, and the words showed of whom she was thinking. The sound of her voice roused her from her meditation, and she resumed her work with a sigh. The thought of her friend's condition had long been the thorn in her heart of love and faith, and she longed to see her obtain the security and peace of truth. The interview of a few hours previous was not soon to be effaced from her mind. Some of its facts still rankled severely.

"I wish she had not uttered them," she thought, "or that I could forget them, or that her ways of thinking were not so wild. She is growing wicked. How can she help it, having no one to help her to good and refusing to look for assistance, when we, with every facility to avoid evil, find the work so hard?" Again, after a long interval of thought, she said aloud: "Poor Nano, poor dear Nano!"

"Poor Olivia," mimicked a deep voice from the door. She gave a little scream of surprise, and rushed to throw her arms around the neck of a stalwart young fellow who was just entering, to upbraid him for giving her such a fright, and to assist him in a sisterly way to remove his outer clothing. He sat down in the easy-chair, when the first flurry was over, laughing. In the strong light of the hanging lamp the faint resemblance to his sister was clearly seen, although his muscular development and rougher complexion took away considerably from the likeness. And, moreover, his face was grave and serious in its expression, and had perpetual care marked upon its handsome outlines.

"Poor Olivia!" he said again when comfortably seated. "You have any amount of pity for your neighbors and not a drop for yourself. Didn't somebody say that charity begins at home?"

"Yes, dear; and somebody answered that *that* was no reason why it should stay there."

"And I say again that that *that* is no reason why it should make an old gossip and gadabout of itself. There is a mean in everything—"

"And especially in men," interrupted she.

"No innuendoes, if you please. There is a mean in everything, and it should be sought out. Shed some tears for your own pretty self now and then. Afterwards give away as much sympathy as you wish."

"I hate that self," returned Olivia, half in earnest. "It is a very demon in the world. I speak from experience."

"That is an unsafe admission, sister, and you are scarcely twenty summers old."

"But you won't take advantage of these admissions, Harry," said she pertly. "You make too many yourself."

"Not so damaging in character, though," he responded. "But this Miss Nano, whose name is always on your lips, and whose excellent qualities seem to have bewitched you completely—what is she, a poetess or a philosopher or a blue-stocking?"

"All three," said Olivia earnestly.

Her brother held up his hands to ward off an imaginary dragon.

"All three, I repeat," said the little lady with great decision; "and if you knew her you would not fail to love and pity her as I do. She is a genius. She writes the sweetest poetry, equal to much that I have read in Longfellow, and has all the world's philosophies and mythologies at her fingers' ends. But her principles are of no worth and would not stand a severe shock, and education has so warped her kindly heart and disposition, and filled her with so much of cant, that I must call her a blue-stocking. But oh! Harry, no handsomer *she* is there alive."

"Beauty is the gilding of the pill," said Harry, making a wry face; "and do you expect, innocent, that I shall swallow it unresistingly?"

"What else is there to charm the men more effectually than a lovely woman? You want to sneer, sceptic; but look at that and be silent." And she pressed into his hands a photograph of her friend.

It was impossible to look on the handsome, haughty, and

intellectual face of Nano McDonell without emotion, and the doctor, hardened as he had been in the severest of schools, and not inclined to surrender on the instant, felt a momentary thrill steal through him as his eyes rested on the beautiful countenance. He remained silent for some time, absorbed in studying the picture, while Olivia watched him with a keenness that almost bordered on anxiety and argued the presence of the deepest spirit of intrigue in her innocent breast. He handed the photograph back with a deep, involuntary sigh, as if awaking from a pleasant dream. Olivia clapped her hands and laughed in triumph.

"Oh!" said he, blushing at his inadvertence, "photographs flatter."

"So they do," assented she, "even in this instance. For Miss Nano is not always on exhibition, and one may never rouse her into that attitude and that expression again. But oh! Harry," continued the cunning enthusiast, "if you saw those lovely eyes with the fire of life in them—"

"They express intolerable pride," he interrupted.

"And unutterable tenderness sometimes, and glorious anger, and withering scorn. But O dear Heaven! if the soul were but the shadow of the body in spiritual beauty there would be nothing to grieve for. She is a woman that can be led by love—"

"Where is the woman that can't?" said the cynic.

"And if some strong, manly nature, gifted as her own, but commanding and good, were to make her his wife, ah! then what might we not expect?"

"Speaking from a medical point of view," said the unmoved Harry, "we might expect—"

"You wretch!" screamed she in his ear, "don't say a word. You are in love with her already, and I shall bring you to the next stage—jealousy. Dr. Killany is wild about her."

"Indeed! I never had the honor of a close acquaintance with the gentleman, but I should say he would make the very worst of husbands. Do you know, I have been thinking of entering into partnership with him. He has a splendid practice, and probably finds courting and practising not agreeable neighbors. He is to send a messenger to-night to inform me of his decision on the matter. I thought he had already come."

"There has been no messenger yet. I do not like—but likes have nothing to do with business. Will the arrangement be better than independent work?"

"For a time infinitely better. It is a real stroke of fortune. Don't you see that for many months I could do no more in my

present position than pay expenses? With Killany I shall have a handsome salary. And, again, I shall become known in the city. When I do start on my own account I shall have hosts of friends. Yes, it is a real stroke of fortune."

"I am so glad. After all your hard struggles, Harry, to find a safe position at last!"

She took his hands in hers and they looked into each other's eyes. Her last words and her affectionate action had caused a burst of feeling that turned their thoughts into a gloomier channel and shut out for a time the remembrance of those who had formed the subject of their conversation. They could not speak, and a delicious silence settled on the room, save for the crackling of the fire, and the ticking of the clock, and the wind-born music from the professional sign outside.

They were all in all to each other, these two, although the first indications of separate interests intervening were beginning to declare themselves. They had been orphans from childhood. Their memories of father, and mother, and friends, and home were too indistinct to give them deeper sorrow than the natural yearning for these objects could bring. The charity of strangers had been father and mother to them. Harry had been educated in American colleges at the expense of a guardian whom he had never seen. The same was the case with Olivia, but she had spent her life in the convent of the Ursulines at Quebec, and was as patriotic a Canadian as ever breathed. They had not been often together in the twenty years of separation, but they had clung to each other as lonely, friendless hearts will cling, and absence only strengthened the ties of natural affection. A few years back the mysterious friend who had supported and protected them through childhood withdrew his assistance and left them to fight their own battle with life. Olivia easily found a situation, and in the course of time became companion to Nano McDonell. Her brother began the practice of medicine at Philadelphia. Not meeting with even hopeful success, he drifted to the remote towns, and finally settled in the city of Toronto, where our story finds its scenes and characters. His life had been one of self-denial and pain. He had no resources save his talent, which often brought him to starvation's verge; but his brave heart, strengthened by the simplest and holiest trust in God, never wavered. He was anxious to make a home for his sister, that for a few years at least they might know the pleasures of that companionship so long denied them. All his struggles were nerved with that ambition which was accomplished in the end. They

sat in their own home, no longer outcasts. Their roof-tree was firmly rooted. In its shade they looked back on the past with mild regret and Christian satisfaction. The mystery connected with their earliest life sometimes troubled them. Olivia had been too young to recall any incident of that time. Harry knew, or thought he knew, but it was much like a dream, that his parents were of English extraction and had come from Brazil to New York. Some locks of hair and a few letters still remained to them as memorials of those dear ones. The secrecy which their guardian preserved was puzzling. They had never even seen him. So little promised to be derived from an investigation, however, that Harry had never resolved upon making an effort in that direction.

That was their simple story. Harry was a good-looking fellow of twenty-eight, with a fine figure, a severe, deep nature, and a talented mind. The discipline of poverty had left its impress on his character in the broadest letters. His face, as we have said, was marked with lines of care and melancholy. Their causes had long disappeared, but the suffering he had endured had given him stability and firmness of mind, had opened his heart to the keenest sympathy for the sufferings of others, and had taught him above all the necessity of unwavering confidence in God, its consolation and its reward. His disposition was noble and generous, yet shrewd, too, and full of caution. He had made too many painful blunders in his struggle for bread to give his generosity free rein at every opportunity. An honorable prudence guided even his kindest charities, and impulse was a thing of the past with him.

"Fairly settled, as you say, Olivia," he said after a long silence. "Yet I have a name to make, though in the meantime money will be plentiful enough."

"You will not find that so very hard," said she, with loving confidence. "I am not without some influence. I know many of the best and highest people here, and first among them is my poor Nano. Her friendship for me will bring the crowd to you. Have I been altogether useless?"

"My guiding star, dear," answered he tenderly, "could hardly have been that. If you had not been near to cheer and strengthen me I should have succumbed many a time."

"And now," he added, as if struck with a sudden inspiration, "I seem destined to lose it just as I begin to enjoy its glory."

She blushed the gentlest of colors.

"I'm not to blame," said she, "and, as I told Nano, it is to be expected."

"Nano always! This woman has bewitched you."

"May I be far distant when she has done the same for you! The men are the silliest of creatures over a woman. I could not believe it until—"

He would not take up her words when she stopped, but smiled and enjoyed her confusion.

"Until you had experience of it yourself. You haven't found it unpleasant, since you seem anxious that more of our sex should grow sillier still."

She looked up innocently, her manner when intending a crushing reply, but Harry was saved the proposed humiliation by a diversion in the hall. There arose without the sound of fierce scuffling, intermingled with curses, blows, and the tramping of feet, and the next moment a young gentleman threw open the parlor-door with great violence, dragged in by the collar the humorous Mr. Quip, struggling, kicking, and reproaching, and crushed him forcibly into a chair.

"Sir Stanley!" cried Olivia.

"An eavesdropper, Harry," said the baronet, gasping. "Your pardon, Miss Fullerton, for this rough intrusion, but I caught this fellow with his ear to the keyhole."

Mr. Quip looked up sideways mournfully. His hands and legs were dangling, his clothes crumpled and torn, his whole appearance very much like that of a captive chicken. The beady eyes stared bright and inquiring at nothing at all.

"I ask pardon," he said when he had recovered his voice sufficiently to speak, "but I must contradict the gentleman. He is laboring under a false impression. I dropped a key close to the door, and was stooping to look for it, when I was set upon and roughly handled by him. I believe there's law in this country."

"There must be some mistake, Sir Stanley," interposed the doctor. "Is not this Dr. Killany's messenger?"

"Your servant, sir," said Mr. Quip appealingly. "I have a note for you. If you will obtain my release from this semblance of a gentleman—"

The semblance shook Mr. Quip with violence.

"You deserve a kicking as well for your impudence as for your dishonesty," said he; "people don't look for keys through keyholes."

"It might have fallen on the other side," Quip suggested, unable to conquer his desire to quiz. "I could give many instances

of a like nature. My papa—poor old man! he died of a very interesting congestion—had in his—”

Sir Stanley shook him again with increased violence.

“I believe there’s law in this country,” said Mr. Quip.

“Then you shall have the benefit of what there is. With your permission, Miss Fullerton, I shall kick the thing out of doors.”

“Which permission you will not get,” said she. “Let the poor fellow go. He has done no harm.”

“It might teach him manners and sounder principles of honesty. But as you command—” and shaking the bird from his grasp with disdain, he came over to her side. Mr. Quip gathered his limbs and his rags together, and made a faint attempt to arrange his necktie.

“It’s not often I’m so caught,” said he in apology, “particularly in the presence of ladies. My confusion is too severe to permit of my remaining longer, and I beg that you will not insist upon it. I have only to deliver you this note, sir, and wish you a good-evening. There is no answer required.”

He handed a slip of paper to the doctor, made an elaborate bow to Olivia, and walked to the door. On the threshold he stopped and waved his hand loftily towards Sir Stanley.

“We shall meet again,” he said, and walked away with the air of a crushed tragedian. The baronet’s laugh rang in his ears as the door closed.

“Very melodramatic,” said Olivia.

“You should have let me kick him.”

“And have missed in consequence that tragic departure? Why, Sir Stanley, where *is* your humor?”

And they at once fell a-talking with the honest intention of finding it out, which gave rise to much whispering and laughing on the baronet’s part, and wonderful blushing on the part of Olivia; and so earnest were they in the search that the doctor, who was smiling cheerfully over the contents of the note, allowed himself to be forgotten, and fell asleep in his chair.

CHAPTER IV.

WEAVING THE WEB.

AN elegant building on a principal street bore on one of its doors the name and profession of Dr. Killany. The first floor was devoted to the mysteries of commercial life. The second contained in its area the private office, consulting-room, and waiting-room of the city's most fashionable physician. Dr. Killany was a man of refined and luxurious tastes. His offices were furnished in the richest and most tasteful manner, and it was the daily delight of the doctor's patients to spend some time among his bric-à-brac collections and enjoy the charms of his witty, sparkling, and cultured conversation. Such calls might be supposed to intrude slightly on the professional duties. Perhaps they did, but they did not diminish the professional income. Time and personal advantages were not thrown away valueless on the whims of rich patients, and it was noticed that they who came oftenest and remained longest paid the heaviest bills.

The library or private office for the most held the doctor's presence. A bell from the outer rooms summoned him to the apartment for consultation. Mr. Quip manipulated the bell, and very often, as whim or need or occasion suggested, the patients as well. The waiting-room was his domain. A pretty table and some shelves in a corner held his papers and books—for Mr. Quip aspired to professional honors. He had the slang of the medical department to the highest perfection; and it was one point in his favor that through a close study of his excellent model, the doctor, he had acquired the professional polish and affectations. He was fond of exercising his newly-acquired powers on every safe and convenient object. To the uninitiated the ordeal of an interview with Mr. Quip was not the least of the terrors which attended a visit to the reserved and distinguished physician, his master.

At the earliest office-hour of the morning after his adventures with Sir Stanley Dashington and the Fullertons, Mr. Quip was sitting in deep study of a medical work. On his countenance were no traces of the indignities there administered by the indignant baronet. A placid look rested there instead, as if he were at peace with himself and all the world besides, and his thoughts were dwelling on more important things than the little check he had received that evening. Perched on the arm of a chair, his

legs turned and twisted for support about every convenient projection, his eyes blinking and winking with cat-like regularity, Mr. Quip read, pondered, and gave an occasional utterance to the profound thoughts that were surging within him. There was no louder motion on that floor than the winking of his eyes. The soft carpets, carefully-hinged doors, and gliding movements of doctor and servant precluded the necessity of noise. Voices never penetrated through the walls. Even the tinkle of the library-bell which Mr. Quip managed was silvery enough to be unheard by outside ears.

While the student was reading and pondering there came a sharp, imperative, and boisterous knock at the door. He was not so deep in his book as not to hear it, but with a due regard for the matter before him, and a proper understanding of his position as servant to the first physician of the city, he concluded to let the rabble wait. Therefore he read a few lines more, and was putting away his book and disengaging his legs from their various entanglements when the visitor unceremoniously entered and saved him the trouble of leaving his seat. The new-comer was an acquaintance, a man about thirty years of age, smart, well dressed, and familiar. There was a world of anger in his eye as it rested on Mr. Quip, to whom it was pleasing, on taking note of the mood of his friend, to get angry too, and to address the stranger in terms of vigorous reproach.

"Juniper," said he with dignified utterance, "you have been visiting this institution long enough to know that the strictest etiquette is observed in the waiting-room even."

"Inside or outside?" snapped Juniper in tones so loud that Mr. Quip put his hands to his ears in agony. "Stuff!" continued the gentleman scornfully. "D'ye think, my hawk, that I'm to stand on such observances? No, no; I leave that to those who get something in return for the money you squeeze out of 'em, sir."

Mr. Quip took away his hands from his ears and laughed softly.

"Very good, Juniper; I shall borrow five dollars from you on the head of that, or tell it as my own at the club. But I beg of you to lower your tone in speaking. What my deep regard for you prevents me from doing Dr. Killany would not hesitate to do should you disturb him by your unseemly manners."

Juniper thereupon went into convulsions, and roared so loud that the windows shook.

"Kick me out of doors, I suppose? I shouldn't like him to get his claws on me, if they are anything like yours."

Mr. Quip laughed uneasily and made a note in his diary.

"This won't do, Juniper. You are living too high. Witticisms from men of your kind spring only from good feeding. Your pulse is going at a fearful rate. You must come down to a potato-diet, and take fresh air on the street-corners daily about this hour."

"Not an inch do I budge on any consideration," said Juniper. "Besides, I have news for you. Having spent my money on the hungry medical crowd—"

"Thirsty, you mean," Quip interrupted.

"And being obliged to go to work, I have got a position in the asylum, taking care of madmen, at fifty dollars a month. How is that for good fortune?"

"Not bad—for you," answered the other, with a critical glance at the lusty limbs and swelling muscles of his friend. "You've found your vocation. Mind is not your department, but matter is. At least you save yourself from digging. And so our little circle will lose one of its best members, and we shall never more have the pleasure of feasting at your expense. How did you turn out so lucky?"

"Stated my case to an old chap who knew my father years ago. McDonell, the importer, got me the place."

"Quite a distinguished patron! He didn't lend you any cash?"

"No; perhaps I would not have taken it if he had."

"I wouldn't have tempted you with offers had I been in his place. I'm not overflowing with cash, and I was hoping that you could have favored me in that line."

"You owe me some two hundred dollars now, Quip; and I swear I'll have it out of you in hard cash or in broken bones."

"Don't get excited," said Quip, jumping suddenly to his feet. "Now, if you want to see some fun, and behold the result of a speculation in milk and water, step behind that door. There's a youth just entered the hall below. He is coming up the stairs. He is here. Go."

Mr. Quip had waked into sudden animation at sight of his legitimate prey, an innocent rustic who was walking up to his fate with a courage born of ignorance and desperation. He was coming to consult the most renowned physician of the city. Mr. Quip met him at the door and led him in silence to a seat.

"You have come to consult Dr. Killany, I suppose."

"Yes, sir," blushing and frightened.

"A preliminary examination is necessary before you can be admitted. Fifty cents fee."

The money was hastily and willingly paid.

"Do not be alarmed at any of my movements. I shall first ascertain the rate of your pulse."

With great deliberation and impressiveness he attached a wire to a clock on the mantel and twisted the other end about the patient's wrist.

"Remain perfectly still. There is no cause for alarm."

His voice was soothing, but his actions belied his words, and the patient trembled with agony. There was a silence for some minutes. Mr. Quip was waiting for the hour of ten, when the striking of the clock would add to the solemnity of his decision. He kept with thumb and finger a tight hold of the youth's nose, where he asserted the jugular vein to be, and he counted with professional emphasis and professional comments its fancied pulsations.

"One—two—three—four, delightful! Five—six—seven—no, seven and a half—what's this? Heart action running contrary to pulse action—bad indications! One—two—three—are you a light sleeper and eater? I thought as much. One—two—three—move your arm up and down gently ten times. One—two—three—if the clock-like machine strikes ten when you are done I consider you in no danger."

This last movement was scarcely completed when the clock struck ten. Mr. Quip sat down before his patient with a bantering smile on his hatchet-face.

"A healthier boy than you, sir, it has rarely been my lot to meet. You have been deluding yourself. The test I have applied is infallible, but if you wish to be fully satisfied you shall hear the doctor's own opinion." He pulled the bell-cord and flung open the folding-doors to the consulting-room. Before they closed on the youth an effective view of the physician entering from the library beyond was given to those without. It was threatening and awe-inspiring, and never failed to produce a deep impression on beholders.

Mr. Juniper came out from his hiding-place with a countenance purpled and eyes tear-wet from restrained laughing.

"What a bit of freshness!" said he. "I haven't seen the like since I came from the country first. After all, Quip, you must net a pretty income from your position here."

"Not a cent," said Quip. "Do you think me dishonest enough to retain money so obtained? My position would be soon lost if I indulged in that work long."

Mr. Juniper winked at these disinterested words and took his departure.

"Call up some time and see me," he said in going. "I know the penitentiary is more in your line, but the asylum doesn't want interest."

"Not while it is conducted by lunacy, Juniper, of which you are the essence. Good-morning."

Shortly after the call-bell rang. Mr. Quip hastily threw open the folding-doors, and a second impression was witnessed—the distinguished doctor bowing his patient out, the latter the very personification of hope in his appearance.

As there were then no other patients to be attended to, Dr. Killany returned to his library and resumed the meditations which the late episode had interrupted. The room in which he sat was a model of elegance, richness, and taste. Its colors were of the soberest hue, and it was furnished with numerous little curtained alcoves and stained-glass windows. Here stood a cabinet of bric-à-brac; from out a half-curtained niche peeped cunningly a marble Cupid; where a soft twilight hue lingered all day upon the wall hung a gem in painting. It might have been a room in an old castle, with its arched oak ceiling, its waxed floor, its curious shapes of furniture, and its strange design. The doctor, sitting at his desk in a costume of sober black, the subdued light from the windows falling on his pale, intellectual face, hiding all its lines of wickedness and intensifying its dark beauty, looked the very spirit of the place. His head was resting on his hand, and his brows were knitted in deep thought. Like his servant, he gave occasional utterance to his impatient and surly meditations. His interview on the preceding afternoon had been a satisfactory one, but its success had only opened up new avenues and new necessities of intrigue to his scheming brain. Intrigue was his element, but he could grow impatient over it, nevertheless. He was a Bohemian, a mere adventurer, needy but talented, with a constitutional distaste for work and a strong desire of rising to wealth and station at a single bound. He hoped to do this through Nano McDonell. The first step had been taken, and he was now considering the difficulties which still stood in his way.

They were two: the impossibility of winning Nano's love and the intended restitution which McDonell had spoken of. To obtain Nano as a wife and retain the dowry intact were the present objects of his scheming. He felt that it was impossible to attach Miss McDonell to him by any ties of affection. With her

keen perception of character she had read him, in the first days of their acquaintance, through and through. She would stoop to unite herself to such a man as he only when her own baseness might equal his. Interest was the only bond which could unite them. She loved power and wealth to a morbid extent, and dreaded obscurity and poverty more than death. To retain so much good he felt positive that she would not, if cunningly worked upon, stop at the doing of much evil. The knowledge of her father's sin and of his present intentions might cause at first a revulsion of feeling. Her high position, her reputation for virtue, her intellectual pride might urge her at first to reject imperatively any idea of holding a property which was not her own. Such scruples would be got rid of by a vivid picture of consequences; the heirs-at-law would be shown to be dead, which would send the property into the state coffers; and the necessity of secluding her father from the world in order to prevent unpleasant family scenes would soon make itself absolute. By degrees growing familiar with evil she would not only consent to his measures, but propose and take measures of her own to prevent the loss of that so dearly loved. In all these doings he would be the powerful, indispensable adviser, and such a position offered many opportunities. The idea of holding the position brought up a train of pleasing images to the doctor's mind. His frowns vanished and he walked through the room for a few minutes, his face smiling, in full enjoyment of the anticipations of the future.

The second difficulty was the more easily arranged, since it depended solely on overcoming the first. One fact was uppermost in Killany's mind—restitution. The glimpse of his changing dispositions which Mr. McDonell had unwisely afforded him alarmed him more than can be conceived. It was an unexpected feature in the game, and rendered the confinement of the silly old man an imperative necessity. To get rid of him by murder was a means from which Killany would always shrink. In his economy it was a mistake, an egregious blunder, and equivalent to a surrender of the scheme which it was intended to assist. He could be made idiotic, but to this Nano would never consent, little as she cared for the parent who had never given her ten words of fatherly affection in his life. A gentle restraint might be employed, and lunatic asylums were not yet without abuses. It would be a severe strain on Miss McDonell's virtue to stoop to things so eminently at variance with her education. Culture has no principles to face necessity, however, and he felt no fear but that with his assistance she would reason wrong right upon the

present occasion. It was done every day in matters where there was little at stake, and why not extend the application of the rule?

The doctor thought and said many other things, in the course of an hour, more or less connected with this subject. He was a man of caution, skilled in the weaknesses and strengths of his own character, and rarely committed a blunder in that respect. Yet his habit of thinking aloud, although it had never yet led him into actual danger, was imprudent. It was even dangerous, he would have said and felt, had he seen the position which for a long time Mr. Quip occupied at his door. That gentleman never lost an opportunity of using his ears, which had a great affection and fitness for keyholes, and during the meditations of his master every involuntary remark had entered through his greedy auricular organ, causing the strangest imaginable contortions of his face. However, the remarks were disjointed, being uttered at long intervals, and Mr. Quip was no wiser in the end.

The sound of footsteps on the stairs drew Mr. Quip from his pleasant occupation. He hastened into the waiting-room, and was at the door in time to receive Miss McDonell, who entered with the air of one not a stranger to the surroundings. Indeed, she had often been there before, and, as a distant relative of the physician, was privileged with admission into the sacred precincts of the library. The theatrical proceedings were omitted in her case. Mr. Quip, with solemn bows and an official expression, led her to the door of the penetralia, threw it open with a profound salaam, and announced Miss McDonell. Killany for a moment looked anxious and annoyed, but he came forward smilingly to take her hand and lead her to a seat, expressing his delight at the honor of her presence, and saying many civil and ordinary things in a most warm and devoted and extraordinary fashion. She received them languidly as a matter of course.

"You are to dine with us to-day," she said. "I hope you have not forgotten it."

"It would be impossible to forget it, Miss Nano."

"And you can make a professional visit at the same time. My father complains of indisposition. Though not actually ill, he looks haggard enough to suit an ill-wisher."

Killany started imperceptibly and looked at her keenly. Her gaze was turned from him. She was watching the light falling through the closed windows, and no suspicion of having said a sharp thing was in her manner.

"A passing fit," said he, with an inward wish that it were

something more. "Professional and business men are subject to it. In your father's case I have the causes off by heart."

He watched her still to see if she observed a double meaning in his words, but she only said, "Indeed!" and was silent.

"Do you know," he continued, "that Parepa-Rosa will be at the Royal this week? I thought you would wish to hear her, and I engaged a box for one evening. May I count on the honor of your presence?"

"Oh! certainly," said she, rousing herself into something like animation. "How very kind of you! And Parepa is to be here with her heavenly voice and her cheery face! It is so rare for a good singer to come to Toronto that this will be a memorable event."

He was about to make some reply when the silver bell at his hand gave out its warning.

"A patient or a visitor," he said. "Will you excuse me for a short time?"

"I am going myself." And she accompanied him to the door. "I wished only to have you call in time to see my father. Let me thank you again for your kindness in inviting me to the opera."

"Do not speak of it."

He opened the door at the same moment, when from the waiting-room Mr. Quip ushered in Dr. Fullerton, and the three met face to face in the centre of the room. The blue eyes of Fullerton looked conscious, Killany was plainly annoyed, but Miss McDonell was innocence itself with regard to both gentlemen. She saw a fair-haired, graceful man in the perspective, and, not having the honor of his acquaintance, ignored him. Killany, however, understanding her deep affection for Olivia and her often-expressed desire to know the brother of her friend, felt that it would not be wise, his own wishes to the contrary, to anger Nano by allowing to pass this legitimate opportunity of making them acquainted.

"I may presume enough in the present instance," he said to Nano in his calm, polished tones, at the same time extending his hand to Dr. Fullerton, "to introduce to you my new assistant and the brother of Miss Olivia—Miss McDonell, Dr. Fullerton."

The faces of the pair exhibited for a moment the faintest expressions of surprise. They were of course surprised, Miss Nano at her own nearsightedness, and Harry at the unexpectedness of the introduction. They bowed and said a few commonplace

things, and then, under guard of Killany, she continued on her way to the carriage.

When the doctor returned he took his assistant to an apartment opening off the consulting-room in the same manner as his own, and gave it over to his special use. It was fitted up in good imitation of the library, being neat and tasteful, but inexpensive in the decoration and furniture.

"As we have settled upon the main articles of our partnership," said he, "there will be no need to review the thing to-day. This is your domain. Mr. Quip is at your service in the matter of messages and the like, excepting outside of office-hours. How did you take in the appearance of our city belle, Miss McDonnell?"

"She is beautiful," said Harry, with feigned indifference, but his heart was fluttering. "I have seen her before, and have heard of her often enough. Olivia regards her as divine."

The other laughed and went away with easier feelings.

Harry did not think it necessary to tell him that he dreamed of her at night and was half disposed to fall seriously in love with her by day.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A DROP FOR DIVES.

"Send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water and cool my tongue."

HARK ! sinful man of earth. Dost thou not hear
Thy brother Dives' cry ? Go, comfort him,
And from thine eyelids' overflowing brim
Drop down one sorrowing penitential tear.
This is the drop he craves to ease his pain ;
Though ever weeping, all his tears are vain.
The true repentant tear, thou know'st full well,
No eye can shed in heaven, nor will in hell.

A MISSING PAGE OF CATHOLIC AMERICAN HISTORY.—NEW JERSEY COLONIZED BY CATHOLICS.

WE are wont to appeal to Maryland as the great witness of the spirit of tolerance displayed by our Catholic forefathers in the establishment of colonies in the New World. Many will be surprised to find a similar appeal made to New Jersey as another important witness of the genuine spirit of Catholic charity towards erring brethren in the presence of sad unkindness manifested towards them both in the mother-country and in the colonies. This is the more remarkable as Protestants delight in casting up to the Catholic Church, as peculiar and essential to her mode of action, the spirit of persecution, without weighing the seriousness of the charges which they make. We do not consider ourselves as discoverers of new facts with regard to the history of New Jersey, but many will be surprised to know that New Jersey, and Long Island in New York, were colonized by Catholics, and for the precise purpose of giving Catholics shelter from Protestant persecution whilst offering to Protestants ample religious freedom.

The constitution of New Jersey, whilst in 1776 holding forth as its basis liberty of conscience, retained until 1844 the tell-tale clause that

“No Protestant inhabitant shall be deprived of his political and civil rights.”

Few are aware that in the first constitution of the colony of New Jersey, or, as it was known in its first charter, the Province of New Albion, the Catholic settlers had proclaimed aloud the principle of religious toleration as early as the year 1634 in these words:

“No persecution to any dissenting, and to all, such as the Walloons, free chapels, and to punish all as seditious and contempt as *Bitter* rail and condemn others of the contrary; for this argument or persuasion All Religion Ceremonies or Church Discipline should be acted in mildnesse, love and charity, and gentle language, not to disturb the peace or quiet of the Inhabitants.”

It is most creditable to Catholics that whilst they were the constant object of the most cruel system of persecution in the

mother-country, and were tempted, by the hope of worshipping God according to their conscience, to abandon their native country and seek a refuge in the far-away lands depending upon the British crown, their first thought was to offer equal rights, civil and religious, to all other Christian bodies that might choose to dwell upon the lands granted to them.

The Catholic leader of this colony, and the first Englishman that settled New Jersey, was Sir Edmund Plowden, to whom a charter was granted by Charles I., in 1634, of the territory now called New Jersey and Long Island, but designated in the charter as New Albion and the Isle of Plowden, whilst Sir Edmund Plowden was designated lord proprietor, earl palatine, governor and captain-general of the province of New Albion. Edmund Plowden was a descendant of an old Saxon family of Shropshire, England, that received its name, Plowden (*i.e.*, kill-Dane), from acts of prowess as early as A.D. 920 against the Danish invaders of England. His ancestor, Roger de Plowden, served in the Crusades under King Richard Cœur de Lion, and was present at the siege of Acre in 1191, and for some distinguished service received the augmentation of two *fleurs-de-lis* to the family arms. The Plowden family remained firmly attached to the Catholic faith in the midst of all the changes and dire persecutions of the sixteenth century. The Earl of New Albion's grandfather was the famous lawyer of Queen Elizabeth's time to whom, though a Catholic, she had offered the chancellorship, when he gave the following answer :

"Hold me, dread sovereign, excused. Your Majesty well knows I find no reason to swerve from the Catholic faith in which you and I were brought up. I can never, therefore, countenance the persecution of its professors. I should not have in charge your Majesty's conscience one week before I should incur your displeasure, if it be your Majesty's royal intent to continue the system of persecuting the retainers of the Catholic faith."

The queen, we are told, "admired the firm frankness of her sergeant, and, in yielding to his remonstrance, deprived herself and the nation of the service and credit of an able, disinterested, and upright judge." He was, however, subjected to many annoyances because of his refusal to subscribe to the observance of uniformity of divine service, and for having been present at Mass. An anecdote illustrative of the times is told * of the Plowden

* *Records of English Province S. J.*, series x. part ii. p. 542.

family concerning a trap that was laid for him, whence his quick wit saved him :

"He was once informed by evil-intentioned persons that he could hear Mass at a certain place. He availed himself of the opportunity, though liable to heavy punishment. He was tried for the offence, but, suspicious of foul play, he asked the supposed priest if he could swear to being a priest, who answered in the negative.

"Edmund Plowden replied : 'The case is altered. No priest, no Mass, no violation of the law.' 'The case is altered, quoth Plowden' became afterwards a proverb."

Edmund the Earl of Albion's eldest brother, Thomas, renounced all his prospects of earthly welfare to become a Jesuit, and in 1623 was on the perilous English mission, when by statute 27 Elizabeth it was death for a priest to be found in England. He went under the name of Father Salisbury, and was seized by the pursuivants at Clerkenwell, March 18, 1628. One of his sisters, Margaret, was a professed nun in the order of English Augustinianesses at Louvain, of which convent she became procuratrix in 1653. She passed forty years, from 1625, the date of her profession, to 1665, the date of her death, in earnest devotion to the exercises of the cloister.

In the chronicles of this convent we find an account of the persecutions and troubles to which Francis, the Earl of New Albion's brother, who had succeeded to the Plowden estates, was subjected :

"When the troubles began in England between the king and his Parliament, and Catholics were chiefly plundered, then did this good gentleman (Francis) feel his part of the misery, living then at his house named Shiplake, in Oxfordshire, which was finely seated hard by the river Thames, whence he might when he pleased go by water into divers shires, as also go to London ; and then he lived there with divers of his friends with him, so as they were about sixty in number. And keeping a good house, they would then sometimes entertain the bargemen that came that way, who gave them but an ill return for it, giving notice to the Parliament forces and belying Mr. Plowden by saying that he mustered men for the king. A great company came and set upon the house, shooting at it, so as all lived there were fain to fly in haste, and they plundered the house and took all away. After that Mr. Plowden was forced still to fly from one place to another for to keep himself out of their hands. Then he came and lived awhile at Reading, until that also was besieged and taken by the Parliament, yet upon condition that those who would might safely depart away. Whereupon Mr. Plowden's household, taking their chiefest goods and five hundred pounds with them, departed in a coach out of the town. But when they were come forth the Puritan Earl of Essex said to his soldiers, 'Come, boys, plunder now,' so they took the coach with all their goods and money, leaving them only the clothes on their backs ; and

they came then and lived at Oxford until that town was also surrendered. After that they were fain to retire themselves to their house named Austum (Aston), and to live very privately, where they were so beloved by their tenants that they redeemed for them the house and goods which were sequestered, who repaid them again. They lived but poorly by reason of the troubles, not daring to have anything but what was merely necessary, being still in danger of plundering. They were much beloved of their neighbours by reason that Mr. Plowden, having skill in law, did help them in their business, and his wife, who was skilled in surgery, did very charitably assist them in their necessities." *

Their daughter Elizabeth became a nun in the same convent of Augustinianesses in Louvain, and died its superior in 1716. It was this Mr. Plowden's youngest brother, Edmund, to whom was granted the charter of New Albion. We have dwelt at length on the history of members of his immediate family to show how the troubles to which he and they as Catholics were exposed at this time had much to do in persuading him to take refuge in some part of the British colonies, where he might be unmolested in his temporal and spiritual concerns.

All could easily foresee, whatever might be the outcome of the struggle between the Parliament and the king, that Catholics would not be spared by either party. For the greatest and most dreaded reproach that the Parliament could make against the king was that, because his wife, Queen Henrietta of France, was a Catholic, he was secretly favoring popery and trying to subvert the Protestant establishment and come to terms with the pope. To prove that there was no foundation for such a charge he was constantly renewing edicts for the imprisonment of priests and for the sequestration of the property of Catholics. In the year 1628 he carefully excluded all English Catholics from the queen's chapel at Somerset House; he offered in successive proclamations a reward of one hundred pounds for the apprehension of Dr. Smith, the Catholic bishop; and he repeatedly ordered during the year 1629 the magistrates, judges, and bishops to enforce the penal laws against the priests and Jesuits. The law left it to the king's option to exact from the lay recusants the fine of twenty pounds per lunar month; he allowed them as a favor to compound for a fixed sum to be paid annually into the exchequer—sometimes one-tenth, sometimes one-third of their yearly income—to gain, not the liberty of serving God according to their conscience (that was still forbidden under severe penalties), but the permission to absent themselves from a form of worship which they disapproved.

* *Records*, p. 348.

Edmund himself, to avoid the inconveniences of these frequent annoyances, had gone to the Continent, where he spent much of his time in useful travels and in maturing plans which he had conceived for colonizing a tract of land that had once belonged to the South Virginia Company, but which, by the dissolution of this company, had reverted to the British crown. Lord Baltimore had returned from his unsuccessful attempt to establish a colony within the jurisdiction of Virginia—unsuccessful because the government of the colony refused to allow it unless he subscribed to the oath of allegiance and supremacy purposely framed to exclude Roman Catholics—and had petitioned for and obtained a charter for the country beyond the Potomac, and to which the name of Maryland was given in honor of the Catholic queen, Henrietta Maria, wife of Charles I. From the Public Record Office, London, Colonial Papers,* we find that the petition of Edmund Plowden, knight, and others for the territory north of Maryland quickly followed, asking “for the like title, dignity, and privileges to Sir Edmund Plowden as was granted to Sir George Calvert, knight, in Newfoundland.” This petition was granted on July 24, 1632, eighth year of the reign of Charles I.† He seems to have acted without delay upon the grant made to him, and we find a charter issued under the great seal of the king on June 21, 1634, giving the conditions, and describing the country conveyed to Sir Edmund Plowden. It was designated as New Albion; and the charter also indicates the purpose for which it was sought:

“Whereas our well-beloved and faithful subject, Edmund Plowden, knight, from a laudable and manifest desire as well of promoting the Christian religion as the extending of our imperial territories, hath formerly discovered at his own great charges and expenses a certain island and regions hereinafter described in certain of our lands to the western part of the globe, commonly called Northern Virginia, inhabited by a barbarous and wild people not having any notice of the Divine Being, and hath amply and copiously peopled the same with five hundred of our subjects, being taken to that colony as companions of the same pious hopes; and the colony being founded . . . hath humbly supplicated our Royal Highness to erect all that island and region into a province and county palatinate, . . . and also praying that we should create and invest the same Edmund Plowden, knight, and his assigns with the dignities, titles, and privileges of governors of the provinces: Therefore know ye that we have given, etc., to Edmund Plowden all that entire island near the continent or terra firma of North Virginia called the Isle of Plowden, or Long Island, and lying near or between the 39th and 40th degree of north latitude, together with part of the continent or terra firma aforesaid near adjoining, described to begin from the

*New York Historical Collections, 1869.

†Strafford Papers, i. p. 72.

point of an angle of certain promontory called Cape May, and from thence to the westward for the space of forty leagues, running by the river Delaware and closely following its course by the north latitude unto a certain rivulet there arising from the spring of the Lord Baltimore's in the lands of Maryland and the summit aforesaid to the South, where it touches, joins, and determines, with all its breadth; from thence takes its course unto a square leading to the North by a right line for the space of forty leagues to the river and part of Reacher Cod, and descends to a savannah touching and including the top of Sandhay, where it determines, and from thence towards the South by a square stretching to a savannah which passes by and washes the shore of the Island of Plowden aforesaid, to the point of promontory of Cape May above mentioned, and terminates where it began."

This description almost corresponds to the territory known to-day as New Jersey and Long Island.

Beauchamp Plantagenet, of a very distinguished family, is the first to give an extensive account of what was done by Sir Edmund Plowden, in a pamphlet by him, published in 1648 in England. He claimed to be the descendant of Sir Bernard Plantagenet of Chawton, Blendworth, Clanfield, and Catrington, in Hampshire, which possessions had, however, been lost to the family in the civil wars in the time of Henry VI. The name also indicates that he was related to the Edward Somerset, *alias* Plantagenet, Lord Herbert, Baron Beaufort, etc., to whom, on April 1, 1644, Charles I. gave a commission under the seal, appointing him commander-in-chief of three armies of Englishmen, Irishmen, and foreigners, authorizing him to deal with the confederate Catholics of Ireland to send an army to help him against the Parliament. He mentions having visited Barbadoes, St. Christopher's, Bermudas, New England, Virginia, and Maryland. Campbell, in his history of Virginia, p. 210, tells us that in course of his explorations Plantagenet, coming to Virginia, was very hospitably entertained by Captain Matthews, Mr. Fantleroy, and others, finding free quarters everywhere. As this account of Beauchamp Plantagenet is very rare, we think it advisable to give copious extracts, which will be found of very great interest:

Description of the Province of New Albion, and a direction for adventurers with small stock to get two for one and good land freely, and for gentlemen and all servants, labourers, and artificers to live plentifully.

"To the Right Hon. and mighty Lord Edmund by divine Providence Lord Proprietor, Earl Palatine, Governour, and Captain Generall of the Province of New Albion, and to the Right Hon. the Lord Vicount Monson of Castlemain, the Lord Sherard Baron of Letrim; and to all the other the Vicounts, Barons, Baronets, Knights, Gentlemen, Merchants, Adventurers, and Planters of the hopefull company of New Albion, in all 44 undertakers

and subscribers, bound by indenture to bring and settle 3,000 able trained men in our said severall plantations in the said Province :

“ Beauchamp Plantagenet, of Belvil, in New Albion, Esq., one of the company, wisheth all health, happinesse, and heavenly blessings. May it please your good Lordships and fellow-adventurers : Having been blasted with the whirlwind of this late, unnaturall, and civill English war, seeing the storm more likely to encrease than to calm, I recollected my former journal. . . . I perused all the books of any English Colonies. . . . I conferred with my fellow-patients, 7 Knights and gentlemen, my kindred and neighbours. . . . The storm grew far more tempestuous with thundering and lightning, black and terrible gusts and spouts that made the rivers and my friends to hide ; for the roaring of the cannon beat down their wals and houses ; the Musqueteers, Dragoons, and Pistold Horsemen swept all Ca****[Catholics] and their goods afore them ; the Pikemen in their inclosures left them no beds, pots, or pans ; their silver plate was turned into earthen dishes ; new names and terms like an unknown language and like to strange tongues, unheard of as far as our Antipodes, called Cavalleers, Engagers, Independents, Roundheads, and Malignants, like the Gothes, Huns, and Vandalls and Alans that invaded and conquered Italy, Spaine, and France ; and like the Saxons, Jutes, and Angles that conquered Brittany. These having plundered and put upon us new Laws and Ordinances called Contribution, Excise, Quartering, and Sequestrations, my friends were now and rightly by God’s Providence made light, and not troubled or incumbered with much stuffe to travel with, nor farms, tenements, nor copyholds, and for our sins our pride abated, our hearts humbled. I resolved to be a Newter in this quarell, not to kill English men and Christians, but with Christ to fly into Egypt, and, like the Apostle Paul, to fly out of one city into another and get out of the fire. At last my seven Knights and Gentlemen employed me, the oldest and boldest traveller, to see all English Plantations by warrant, to buy land in the healthiest and best for us eight and for a hundred servants and twenty of our old tenants and families. . . . Thus instructed I viewed Barbadoes and St. Christopher’s, Bermudoes, New England, and Virginia and Maryland ; avoiding Virginia and Maryland (which I found healthier and better than Virginia), for then it was in war both with the Susquehannocks and all the Eastern Bay Indians, and a Civill War between some revolvers, protestants, assisted by 50 plundered Virginians, by whom M. Leonard Calvert, Governour under his brother, Lord Baltimore, was taken prisoner and expelled. . . . They related of the excellent temper and pure air and fertility of soil, . . . vallies of grapes, rich mines and millions of elkes, stags, deer, turkeys, fowl, fish, cotten, rare fruits, timber, and fair plains and clear fields which other plantations want ; this excelling all others, and finding it lay just midway between Virginia, too hot, and the cold New England on the other, after one hunting voiage and *** 60 miles on one side of Albion and 310 miles on the other side and Long Isle, finding the countries better and pleasanter than related, I made my addresses to Lord Governour of Albion. I resolved to return to Holland and to transport my friends. . . .”

Of Earl Plowden he says :

“ I hope without offence or imputation of flattery to affirm his virtues

more than the gems of the Coronet of this Our Earl Palatine doe adorn his noble part : Since to me *conscientia mea mille testes* I have had the honour to be admitted as his familiar, have marched, lodged, and cabbined together among the Indians and in Holland, have seen so many of his Manuscript Books and most excellent Rules and observations of Law, Justice, Police, I found his conversation as sweet and winning as grave and sober, adorned with much learning, enriched with six languages, most grounded and experienced in formal matters of State policy, government, trade, and sea voiajes, by 4 years travell in Germany, France, Italy, and Belgium, by 5 years living an officer in Ireland, and this last 7 years in America, his studie and suits at home and abroad enabling his impartiall and infallible judgement of Judicature and certainly his perfect knowledge of his 23 Indian Kings. . .

“Your humble servant,

“BEAUCHAMP PLANTAGENET.

“MIDDLEBORO, this 5 of Decem., 1648.”

The Earl of Albion appointed his eldest son and heir apparent, Francis Lord Plowden, Baron of Mount Royall, and Governor, and his son Thomas Lord Plowden, Baron of Roymont, High Admiral; and his daughters Winefrid, Baroness of Yvedale; Barbara, Baroness of Ritchneck; and Katherine, Baroness of Prince—. Beauchamp says that “Bracton, the ancientest of lawyers, averres Earl Palatines have regall power in all things saving liegance to the king.” This new title and peerage were “by special act of Charles I., as Emperor of England, granted that both by Tenure and Dependency this Province shall be of the liegance of Ireland,” whence his honors and precedency held throughout the whole British dominion. Beauchamp Plantagenet gives an account also of the way of dealing of the government of the new colony with religion:

“It is materiall to give a touch of Religion and Government to satisfy the curious and well-minded adventurer. For Religion it being in England yet unsettled, severall translations of Bibles, and those expounded to each man’s fancy, breeds new sects, I conceive the Holland way now practised best to content all parties: first by act of Parliament or Grand Assembly to settle and establish all the Fundamentals necessary to salvation, as the three Creeds, the Ten Commandments, Preaching on the Lord’s Day and great days, catechizing in the afternoon, the Sacrament of the Altar and Baptism; but no persecution to any dissenting, and to all, such as to the Walloons, free chapels, and to punish all as seditious and contempt as Bitter rail and condemn others of the contrary; for this Argument or persuasion All Religion Ceremonies or Church Discipline should be acted in mildnesse, love and charity, and gentle language, not to disturb the peace or quiet of the Inhabitants, but therein to obey the Civill Magistrate. . . . For the Politique and Civill Government and Justice Virginia and New England is our president [precedent]. First the Lord Head Governour, a Deputy Gov-

ernour, Secretary of Estate or Seal Keeper, and twelve of the Council of State or Upper House; and these or five of them is also a Chancery Court. Next, out of the counties or towns, at a free election or day prefixed, thirty Burgesses or Commons. Once yearly, the 10th of November, these meet as a Parliament or Grand Assembly, and make laws or repeal, alter, explain, and set taxes or rates for common defence, and without full consent of Lord, Upper and Lower House nothing is done."

Evelyn, who is described as having been for four years in the country, enumerates the various tribes of Indians with which he was acquainted, giving the total as about eight hundred. Plantagenet adds to his list the names of various other tribes, detailing with some minuteness their respective numbers, which he figures at about two thousand in New Jersey, whilst there were four kings on Long Isle, with about eight hundred bowmen.

We find also that a chivalric order was instituted under the name of "The Albion Knights, for the conversion of the twenty-three kings." This band professed to have at heart only a desire for the conversion of the twenty-three Indian tribes living within the limits of Sir Edmund's grant. Hence upon the badge of their order we find their own and Plowden's arms supported by the right hand of an Indian kneeling, around which are twenty-two crowned heads, the whole being encircled by the legend: "*Docebo iniquos vias tuas et impii ad te convertentur*" (I shall teach the wicked thy ways and they will be converted to thee). The knights' device was a hand holding a crown upon the point of a dagger above an open Bible, and the palatine's arms, two "*fleurs-de-lis*," upon the points of an indented belt with the legend, "*Virtus beat suos*" (Virtue makes its own happy).

Sir Edmund Plowden visited his territory in person about 1641, and, from collating the various authorities, we gather that the first colony was established on the Delaware River. Lord Baltimore in the year 1685, before the Committee of Trade, "gives their lordships an account that in the year 1642 one Plowden sailed up Delaware River."* Plantagenet, writing in 1648, says that he had passed seven years in the colony.

In the Albany Records of 1644 are two documents† showing that in 1643 Sir Edmund Plowden, knight, bought of Philip White the half of the bark then owned by Peter Laurents and Mr. Throckmorton, and which was then freighted on account of said knight. Winthrop, in his journal, says in 1648:

"That here [Boston] arrived one Sir Edmund Plowden, who had been in Virginia about seven years. [The territory comprised in New Albion had

* Votes of Assembly of Pennsylvania, vol. i. p. 17.

† Vol. iii. p. 224.

once belonged to the South Virginia Company.] He came first with a patent of a county palatine for Delaware Bay, but, wanting a pilot for that place, he went over to Virginia, and there having lost the estate he brought over, and all his people scattered from him, he returned to England for supply, intending to return and plant Delaware, if he could get sufficient strength to dispossess the Swedes."*

In a Dutch work published in 1650 it is said :

"We must now pass to the South River, called by the English Delaware Bay. We cannot omit to say that there has been here [New Netherlands], both in the time of Director Kieft and in that of General Stuyvesant, a certain Englishman who called himself Sir Edward [Edmund] Plowden, with the title of Earl Palatine of New Albion, who claimed that the land on the west side of the North River to Virginia was his by gift of King James [Charles] of England; but he said he did not wish to have any strife with the Dutch, though he was very much piqued at the Swedish Governor, John Peintz, at the South River, on account of some affront given him too long to relate."†

Mulford, in his *History of New Jersey*, gives as full an account of the history of New Albion as can be gleaned from the contemporary documents. Earl Edmund Plowden conducted a company into the province, mentioned by Plantagenet as five hundred, fixing his principal residence at the manor of Watsset. The whole extent was divided into several manors, which served to give titles to each member of the earl palatine's family. A company from New Haven, consisting of fifty families, settled on a small stream called Varcken's Kill, not far from the Delaware, and swore fealty to him as the Palatine of Albion. This accession from New Haven gave rise to a descent of the Dutch, by command of Governor Kieft of New Netherlands, upon this settlement. The Dutch had been particularly incensed at the encroachments of the New Haven colony; and when not only they approached them from the north, but their activity was displayed by sending this body of settlers to a part of the country so far south of New Amsterdam to which the New Haven colony could have no pretence to lay claim, Kieft's anger knew no bounds, and he sent a body of men, who took possession of the settlement, burned the houses, dispersed the colony, holding a number of the people as prisoners. The Swedes, who had also made settlements in this part of the country, joined with the Dutch, but were not content with attacking this colony from New Haven, but seem to have attacked the other English settlements made by Plowden, as we may gather from his statement at New Amsterdam that he was very much piqued with the Swedish governor, John Peintz,

* Winthrop, vol. ii. p. 325.

† Verloogh von N. Nederland. Vol. ii. N. Y. Hist. Soc. Memoirs, p. 324.

on account of a serious affront, and from his purpose, expressed at Boston, of returning to England for supplies to enable him to dispossess the Swedes.

What number of persons ever resided in New Albion under the palatine's rule, or what was their condition, is but imperfectly known. Gordon, quoted in King's discourse before the New Jersey Historical Society, 1845, says a fort named Erowenec was erected at the mouth of Pensaukin Creek, on the Jersey shore, and that there was a considerable settlement at Watcessi, or Oite-gessing, the present site of Salem. There probably were settled the fifty families from New Haven. A few traders were scattered throughout the province; there were also settlers on the Isle of Plowden, or Long Island. We find records of the attempts made by Sir Edmund Plowden, on his return to England in 1648, to gather new adventurers to people his colony, that had been dispersed by the attacks of the Swedes and Dutch. Thus in Public Record Office, London (Domestic Interregnum),* on Thursday, March 21, 1649-50, at a meeting of the Privy Council, a motion was made "that the Petition of the Earle of New Albion relateing to the plantation there be referred to the consideration of the Committee of this Councell what they conceive fitt to be done therein." On Wednesday, April 3, it was reported to the council that the Earl of Albion had gathered a goodly number of adventurers, and a motion was made † "that it be referred to the committee for plantations or any three of them to conferre with the Earl of Albion concerning the giving of good security to this Councell that the men, armes, and ammunicion which he hath now shipped in order to his voyage to New Albion shall goe thither and shall not be employed either there or elsewhere to the disservice of the publiq." And on Tuesday, June 11, 1650, by the committee it was decided ‡ "that a passe be granted for Mr. Batt and Mr. Danby themselves and seven score persons, men, women, and children, to goe to New Albion." This last transaction was evidently the carrying out of the agreement registered in St. Mary's, Maryland, along with many other deeds concerning Albion, between Earl Plowden and Sir Thomas Danby, by which Sir Edmund leases to Sir Thomas, "who hath undertaken to settle 100 persons," ten thousand acres, whereof ninety-nine hundred are to be bounded in a perfect square on a part of Rickney wold within three miles of Watsesset, his lordship's plantation, and one hundred acres lying entire and adjoining to Watsesset town, paying "one silver penny for ever for every person resident on the premises."

* Entry-book, vol. xcii. p. 108.

† *Ibid.* p. 159.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 441.

It was on Sir Edmund's return to England that Beauchamp Plantagenet published the pamphlet above mentioned, of which we have given extracts, and which had certainly the effect of forming the order of knights who were proud to boast that one of their principal objects and hopes in going to this distant land was the conversion of the Indians to Christianity. Undoubtedly the new persecutions to which the Catholics were being subjected, during the civil war between Charles I. and the Parliament, by both parties had a most powerful influence in urging them to leave their native country. Charles I., in 1646, 1647, 1648, was negotiating alternately with the Scots, the English Parliament, the Independents under Cromwell, and the Irish Confederates. In 1649 the king was beheaded. In 1650 the Commonwealth was in full sway. And in those days in England the first duty of religion was to put down popery; scarcely a day occurred in which some ordinance was not issued to insult and persecute Catholics. The priests were seized and put to death; but it was chiefly the property of the lay Catholics that was sought. The Parliament pretended that Charles was attempting to restore popery, notwithstanding his protests and his proclamations against Catholics. Yet as he was more lenient to them than the bigoted Presbyterians that controlled the Parliament, they took refuge in the quarters of the royalists and fought under their banners; and this again confirmed the prejudice against them and exposed them to additional obloquy.

To these civil commotions and disastrous events is to be attributed the inability of Sir Edmund Plowden and his Catholic associates to carry out their plans for colonizing New Albion as earnestly as they desired.

Yet we have undoubted proof that the Earl of Albion's sons clung to the estates given to their father. Two of them most probably became residents of Maryland, and their descendants there have always been prominent in its history. They owned a large tract known as Resurrection Manor, in St. Mary's County; and a descendant of these Plowdens, in the beginning of the eighteenth century, by marrying Miss Henrietta Slye, came into possession of Bushwood, where the first Colonial Assembly of Burgesses of Maryland was held, and this historical place was in 1854 in the possession of Edmund J. Plowden, who is described in a letter of A. R. Sollers, M.C., in that year, as a gentleman of wealth and high character, and, we may add, a Catholic, showing that the family has through all the vicissitudes of colonial and revolutionary times adhered to the ancient faith of their fathers. Many of

the prominent Catholic families of Maryland and Virginia to the present day are proud to claim descent from the Plowdens that first settled New Jersey.

In England the Plowden family continued through all her troubles faithful to the Catholic Church, and was, as Dr. Oliver says, "fruitful in religion of both sexes," for it furnished from its sons no less than nine members to the English Province of Jesuits, most of them distinguished for their virtue and talents; whilst from its daughters eleven entered various orders of nuns;* and we find that the Rev. Charles Plowden, S.J., first master of novices of the re-established society in England in the beginning of the present century, and second provincial, was a most devoted friend and counsellor of the first bishop of the United States, the Most Rev. John Carroll.† There were some paintings at Bushwood which the tradition of the family says were brought there from some house in England in possession of the Plowden family. And as late as 1784 there came to the United States a certain Varlo, who, in the name of one of the Plowdens of England who claimed for himself still the title of Earl of New Albion, through the intermediary of the Rev. Robert Molyneux, afterwards president of Georgetown College, was brought into communication with Edmund J. Plowden of Bushwood, then member of the House of Delegates for St. Mary's County, Maryland, with regard to their mutual interests and proprietary rights over New Jersey and Long Island.

The inhabitants of New Jersey were startled by having their proprietary rights unexpectedly called into question by Mr. Varlo, who took up his headquarters in a hostelry in New York, offering for a proper consideration to heal the defects of and confirm their titles by the authority of the Earl of New Albion. He threw this firebrand into the peaceful homes of the Long-Islanders, who had not dreamt that any one could lay claim to their property:

"THE FINEST PART OF AMERICA.

"To be sold or let, from 800 to 1,000 acres in a farm, all that entire estate called Long Island, in New Albion, lying near New York. Belonging to the Earl Palatine of Albion, granted to his predecessor, the Earl Palatine of Albion, by King Charles the 1st."

It is not within our scope to discuss this phase of the first

* *Records of English Province S. J.*, series x. part ii. p. 537.

† *History of the Catholic Church in the United States*, Shea-Courcy, p. 50.

charter of New Albion. Our object has been to call attention to the fact that New Jersey was first colonized by Catholics, and that, whilst they sought refuge there from dire persecution from their countrymen for conscience' sake, they themselves learned and put into practice the lessons of toleration and mildness in all that concerned religion. We may conclude with a passage of Mulford, in his *History of New Jersey*, who, with all other, even Catholic, historians who have written of the subject, does not seem to have been aware that the first settlers were Catholics :

“In religious matters the most entire freedom was given. Some fundamental doctrines, as well as certain forms, were to be settled by acts of Parliament, yet dissent was not to be punished ; indeed, all railing against any one on account of religion was deemed an offence. For it was said : ‘ This argument or persuasion in religion ceremonies or church discipline should be acted in mildness, love, charity, and gentle language.’ This noble sentiment, carried out as it was to have been into actual practice, gives one of the finest as well as earliest examples of religious toleration known to the world. In regard to this particular full justice has not been done to the lawgiver of New Albion. Williams and Calvert have been lauded, and justly lauded, as being the first to remove the shackles of religious intolerance and give full liberty to the mind of man in the communion it holds with its great Creator. Williams was doubtless the first to proclaim the principle ‘ that the civil magistrate has no right to restrain or direct the consciences of men.’ Calvert followed closely in his track. To these men let honor be given. But they have been represented as standing entirely alone until the appearance of Penn. This is not just or true. Plowden may not have advanced to the same point ; he retained the shadow of a state religion ; but he offered the fullest freedom and the fullest protection to all, and gave his voice in favor of mildness, charity, and love. Though his designs were not successful, though the work he projected fell short of completion, yet he deserves to be ranked with the benefactors of our race, and New Albion is entitled to a higher place in the history of human progress than is often allotted to older and greater and more fortunate states.” *

* *History of New Jersey*, p. 73.

THE BEE AT THE ALTAR.

A DUSKY bee, with its gossamer wings
Fluttering soft in the summer air,
Came, through the chapel-window low,
To the shrine, where the priest, in his robes of snow,
Was breathing the *Consecration* prayer.

Humming its dulcet hymn of praise,
Balancing bright on its gauzy wings,
The bee hung over the altar-stone
Over the miniature marble throne
Which bore the weight of the King of kings.

Close to the sacrificial hand
Of the fair young priest the creature drew,
As though in the Host and the sacred Wine
It scented the sweetness of buds divine,
Heavenly honey, celestial dew!

Then on mine ear a whisper fell,
Breathed by the Spirit: "O sweet, sweet Flower!
Well may the bee fly close to thee,
Lured by the scent of thy purity,
Drawn by thy beauty's wondrous power.

"Flower of flowers! Thine odors rare
Ravish the soul with a rapture new.
Lo! ere the lights of the altar wane,
Ere the Host and the Chalice are lifted again,
Draw near, like the bee, O sons of men!
For His Heart and its honey are all for you."

THE CHURCH UNDER ELIZABETH.*

IN the history of no land is more strikingly illustrated the plausibility of the saying of the Latin satirist, "Difficile est scribere verum," than in the case of the annals of England, especially so in treating of the change of religion in the sixteenth century. But how much is the difficulty enhanced when we realize the surroundings of Dr. Lee, the author of the two beautiful volumes before us! When Juvenal said it was difficult to write the truth he meant that it was dangerous, for the profligate patricians of his time had ready clients to punish those who displeased them; but now, though writing the truth of English history, most particularly on the epoch under notice, the veracious chronicler has the consciousness of having written truly as his sole reward. Be his labor ever so onerous, his research ever so painful and prolonged, he will have but a scanty patronage from the British public, too long swayed by the so-called histories of the eighteenth century, and still more set astray by the more recent falsehoods of Turner and Froude. One of the most favorite lies (the old English monosyllable is the most apt for the utterances of this flagitious misrepresenter of the truth) is that "the Bible was put into the hands of every artisan, who read it with avidity at the street-corners and at his fireside," etc. How many men were able to read at the time? The price of the first edition of the Bishops' Bible, with prefaces by Cranmer and Parker, Lowndes states to have been set down at £60 10s. English money of our day. It was printed by Richard Jugge in 1568, and no kind of Bible was attainable throughout Elizabeth's long reign by the wretchedly-paid artisan, who, even if he knew how to read, would prefer a loaf of bread or a draught of beer to the miserable hash of barbarous English presented by Tyndale as the "sacred buke." Another falsehood, not the less so though only implied, with which Mr. Froude favors us is that to the Reformation we owe the translation of the Bible. Now, in Italy, Germany, the Low Countries, in Spain and in France, the Bible was printed in the vernacular long before Luther had the misfortune to be born; and all the original printers, as well as the English Caxton,

* *The Church under Elizabeth.* An historical sketch. By the Rev. Frederick George Lee, vicar of All-Saints, Lambeth, author of *Historical Sketches of the Reformation*, etc., etc. London: Allen & Co.

who had his printing-office in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, were Catholics, not apostates.

Only a comparative few have what may be called the courage to take up books like Dr. Lee's and ascertain the truth from his invincible and undeniable averments. It is superfluous to say that no portion of English history has been so misrepresented as the reign of Elizabeth—"that bright Occidental star" of King James' Bible, but who was really one of the worst women that ever existed. Queen Elizabeth ascended the throne of England over the wrecks of a nation trampled to the earth by a mushroom aristocracy, enriched and rampant from the plunder of the church and the heritage of the poor; for the old nobility had been all but annihilated by the Wars of the Roses. Some eighty thousand of the despoiled and evicted, the hitherto employers and employed, had been hanged or otherwise "disposed of" for manifesting their desolation in the reign of her father; and the long and dreary interval of contending factions in the reign of the wretched boy-king, and the rule by a profligate and domineering council of affairs during the reign, but not the rule, of Mary, must have made a harassed people experience hope at the accession of Elizabeth.

Her reign it is the custom even to this day to celebrate as the most glorious era in the British annals; but whatever celebrity it possessed did it not owe in great measure to the darkness of the times, the habitual slavery of the people, the sex and undoubted ability of the monarch, and the talents of an utterly unprincipled ministry? Queen Elizabeth has been accredited with virtues whose sole existence consisted in the assertion of her prejudiced eulogists. Her wisdom was not that of truth and right, but of a cool, penetrating sagacity, prompt, vigilant, and inexorable. The energy of her resolution and her profound dissimulation accomplished what no other attribute of her mind nor her physical powers would have been able to surmount. By the potent use of hypocrisy, falsehood, and bribery she managed to keep her neighbors of the Continent in a blaze of war or enveloped in the dark clouds of mutual distrust, whilst with gold, intrigues, and promises, through subtle agents, she made an *Aceldama* of distracted Ireland and Scotland. At home she was despotic, abroad she was victorious. By her buccaneer heroes, Drake, Frobisher, Hawkins, she plundered the subjects of her relative Philip, whose gigantic remonstrance in the shape of the Armada was consigned to destruction through the agency of the elements and the superior skill of her hardy and invincible seamen, mostly pirates as they

were. The people admired her because she was a successful queen, and she liked her people because they were submissive slaves. By her acuteness she secured able ministers, who served her with fidelity because they feared her anger, and they flattered her vanity because their doing so prolonged her favors. But they served her at their peril, and she selected and sacrificed them with equal cunning and indifference, as witness her conduct to Walsingham, Davidson, and others. She affected learning and professed religion—the latter of an inexplicable description. However, in the one she was a pedant without depth, and in the other a bigot without devotion or even morality. She plundered her people to be independent of her Parliament, and bullied her Parliament to be independent of her people. In fine, the external glory of England under her administration rose so high in the obtuse vision of her contemporaries and the concurrent glorification of the trembling parasites who prostrated before her that the stunted intelligence of her day even led good men to believe that Providence seemed in her case to have condoned every disregard of moral principle and to smile even upon the vices of this too celebrated female tyrant.

This is the summary of Queen Elizabeth's character which we venture to make from a close perusal of the work of Dr. Lee. Upon the inner life of Queen Elizabeth we will not enter. It is here set down in "words of fire," and we would not transfer to these pages a scintilla even from the ashes. The woeful straits to which this self-conscious yet recusant believer in the truth brought the honest professors of the true religion are set down in these pages with appalling realism as well as with irrefragable veracity. Nothing but an overwhelming conviction of the wrong which has been done to the English-reading race, to the cause of Christianity even, not to speak of common honor and honesty, by "those delators of honor and honesty called historians" who have deified this English monarch, could have impelled this devoted Anglican clergyman to write these fearless volumes, which really constitute, under the circumstances, one of the greatest literary wonders of our age.

Even to those who know that Queen Mary has been most cruelly maligned in reference to the Smithfield burnings; that it was her council, before whom she was powerless, who were the acting agents in those scenes; that Cranmer himself would not permit the boy Edward to save a young lady victim from Cranmer and the stake; that Cranmer and the bishops burned in Mary's reign were rebels to Mary and suffered as heretics by her

council, who themselves became Protestants in the next reign—even to those students of history who know all these things Dr. Lee presents a fresh and appalling catalogue of slaughter against Elizabeth on the score of religion. Mary's council, over whom she had no power, burned a few rebel bishops against Mary's will; Elizabeth, of her own free will, with the obsequious concurrence of a ministry, her creatures, did not burn, but hanged, drew, disembowelled, and quartered, or stifled and racked in her pestilent jails, Heaven knows how many good, harmless, humble teachers of the faith of her ancestors and of theirs. We have greatly abridged the details from the appendix to the second volume; and yet we fear the length of the list will be regarded as too extended for our pages. But in some monumental way, as here, should this fearful array of martyrs, furnished by a noble witness to the truth, be placed before American readers, Catholics as well as those of all other beliefs.

A LIST OF MARTYRS WHO SUFFERED UNDER QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Cuthbert Maine, priest, born at Yarlston, near Barnstaple, Devonshire. Student of St. John's College, Oxford, and, after his conversion, of Douay College. Apprehended at Colveden, near Truro, tried at Launceston, and condemned for high treason; hung, drawn, and quartered at Launceston, November 29, 1577.

John Nelson, priest, son of Sir N. Nelson, Knight, born at Shelton, near York. Student at Douay. Taken prisoner in London, condemned for denying the queen's supremacy, and executed in the usual manner as a traitor at Tyburn, February 3, 1577-8.

Thomas Sherwood, scholar, born in London, educated at Douay. Apprehended, tried, and condemned in London for denying the queen's supremacy; executed at Tyburn, being cut down while yet alive, disembowelled, and quartered, on February 7, 1577-8.

Everard Hause, priest, born in Northamptonshire, educated at Cambridge, and ordained a clergyman of the Church of England. A convert, studied at Rheims, and ordained a Roman Catholic priest on March 25, 1581. He was apprehended while visiting prisoners in the Marshalsea Prison, and cast into Newgate amongst thieves, and loaded with irons. He was condemned for high treason, and sentenced to be hung, drawn, and quartered. He suffered at Tyburn on July 31, 1581.

Edmund Campion, priest, S.J., born in London, educated first at Christchurch Hospital; student of St. John's College, Oxford; ordained deacon of the Church of England. A convert, studied at Douay, and admitted into the Society of Jesus at Rome in 1573. Coming to England in 1580, he labored in his vocation for thirteen months, and was taken at the house of Mr. Yates, of Lyford. He was brought to London, and, after being cruelly racked and tortured, was arraigned and condemned for high treason, but

offered life and one hundred pounds a year if he would change his religion. He suffered in the usual manner, being hung, disembowelled, and quartered at Tyburn, December 1, 1581, aged forty-two.

Ralph Sherwine, priest, born at Nodesley, near Longford, Derbyshire. Student and fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. A convert in 1575, and studied at Douay until he was made priest in 1577. Returned to England, and was soon after taken in London, in November, 1580. After being twice cruelly racked, and imprisoned for seven months, he was arraigned and condemned for high treason. Six months afterwards he was martyred by being hung, drawn, and quartered at Tyburn, on December 1, 1581.

Alexander Brian, priest, S.J., born in Dorsetshire, and studied at Hart Hall, Oxford. A convert, and afterwards a student of Douay in 1576; returned to England a priest in 1579, and apprehended in London 28th April, 1581. After cruel racking and torturing he was condemned and sentenced as a traitor to be hung, disembowelled, and quartered, which sentence was executed upon him at Tyburn, December 1, 1581.

John Paine, priest, born in Northamptonshire. Admitted into the English College at Douay in 1575, ordained priest in the following year, and sent upon the English mission. He was apprehended in 1581, and brought to the Tower of London, where he was cruelly racked. Tried at Chelmsford, in Essex, and condemned to suffer for high treason in the usual manner, but offered life if he would go to church. The sentence was carried out on April 2, 1582.

Thomas Forde, priest, born in Devonshire, graduated at Trinity College, Oxford; took his M.A. degree in 1567, and admitted fellow of that college soon afterwards. A convert, and entered the seminary at Douay in 1571; ordained priest in 1573. He returned to England and labored some years upon the mission, and was taken, together with Father Campion, in the house of Mr. Yates, at Lyford, in Berkshire. Tried and sentenced to death in London, November 21, 1581; executed May 28, 1582.

John Short, priest, born in Cheshire; educated at Brazenose College, Oxford. Coming to England from Rheims, he was arrested on July 14, 1580, condemned to die as a traitor, and was executed in the usual barbarous manner at Tyburn, May 28, 1582.

Robert Johnson, priest, born in Shropshire, educated at Douay, sent on the English mission; arrested and sent from some other prison to the Tower in 1580, where he was three times cruelly racked. Sentenced in November, same year, to be hanged, drawn, and quartered, he was not executed till 28th May, 1582.

William Filbie, priest, native of Oxford; arrested at the house of Mr. Yates with Father Campion and his companions; committed to the Tower in July, and sentenced to death on November 20 following. For six months he remained in prison, cruelly pinioned with heavy iron manacles, and suffered the usual death of a traitor at Tyburn, 30th May, 1582, aged twenty-seven.

Luke Kirby, priest, born at Richmond, Yorkshire; a Master of Arts. Returned to England after having been some time at the English College at Rome; was arrested in 1580 and committed to the Tower, where he suffered the torture of the "scavenger's daughter." He was sentenced at the same time as Father Campion, but was not executed till May 28, 1582.

Lawrence Richardson, arrested whilst laboring as a missionary in his native county of Lancaster. Hung, drawn, and quartered at Tyburn, May 30, 1582.

James Fenn, priest, native of Somerset. Laboring on the mission in his native county, he was arrested and thrown into Rochester jail. Thence sent to London, he was thrown into the horrible dungeon of the Marshalsea for two years. He was released at Tyburn by being hanged, disembowelled, and quartered "in the usual manner," February 12, 1584.

John Munden, or Mundyn, priest, born at Maperton, in Dorset, condemned at the same time and for the same cause as the four preceding, suffered death with "great joy and cheerfulness" at Tyburn, February 12, 1584.

Thomas Emerford, priest, native of Dorset, educated at Oxford, executed at the same time and in the same manner as the two preceding, at Tyburn, February 12, 1584.

John Nutter, priest, born at Burnby, Lancashire; B.D. Oxford. Returning to the Catholic Church, he went to Rheims, where he was ordained and sent on the English mission. Apprehended immediately on his landing, he was thrown into the Marshalsea, whose horrors he suffered for a year. Condemned for being a Catholic, he and four other priests were executed at Tyburn, February 12, 1584.

William Carter, printer, was hanged, drawn, and quartered at Tyburn, January 11, 1584, for printing a treatise on *Schism*, against Catholics attending the Protestant services.

James Bell, priest, native of Warrington, Lancashire, ordained in the reign of Queen Mary, conformed to the new religion, but repented and returned. Apprehended for doing so, he was tried at Lancaster with three others for denying the queen's supremacy, and suffered the usual traitor's death with "great joy and constancy," being then sixty years old, April 20, 1584.

Thomas Cottam, priest, native of Lancashire; B.A. of Oxford. Apprehended in 1580, imprisoned and tortured, and finally hanged, drawn, and quartered at Tyburn, 30th May, 1582.

William Lacy, priest, born at Hanton, Yorkshire, ordained at Rome; returning to England in 1580, labored in his native Yorkshire; was apprehended, thrown into York Castle, and loaded with chains. He was tried at York "for persuading the queen's subjects" to the Catholic religion, and was executed in the usual manner, August 22, 1582.

James Thompson, priest, hanged, drawn, and quartered at York, November 28, 1582. "He received his sentence of death with great joy."

William Hart, priest, native of Wells, Somerset, a distinguished alumnus of Lincoln College, Oxford. Arrested for "assisting at Mass," heavily ironed in York Castle, and hanged, drawn, and quartered there, 15th March, 1583.

Richard Thirkill, priest, native of Durham, executed in the usual manner at York, May 29, 1583.

John Slade, a native of Dorset, schoolmaster, hanged, drawn, and quartered at Winchester, October 30, 1583, "for denying the queen's supremacy and maintaining the old religion."

John Body, native of Wells, Somerset, apprehended at the same time as

the foregoing, suffered the usual "death of a traitor" at Andover, Hampshire, November 2, 1583.

George Haydock, priest, son of Evan William Haydock, Esq., of Cot-tane Hall, Lancashire. Offered his liberty if he would renounce the Pope. Refusing, he was sent to the Tower, where for two years he was confined in irons, deprived of all human comfort and assistance. Finally executed in the usual manner, February 12, 1584.

John Finch, born at Ecclestone, Lancashire, and brought up a Protestant. Becoming a convert, he assisted the Catholic clergy in every possible way. He was arrested, thrown into a filthy dungeon, where he was subjected to fearful cruelties for years. Refusing finally to abandon his religion, he was executed as a traitor with Mr. Bell, April 20, 1584.

Richard White, native of Montgomery, schoolmaster, arrested for refusing to go to church; loaded with irons in Ruthin jail; then taken out, forcibly carried to church, put in the stocks, treated with every indignity, cruelly tortured at Bewdley, and finally condemned for denying the queen's supremacy. This noble lay martyr suffered on October 17, 1584, at Wrex-ham, in Denbighshire, where he was suspended for a few minutes, cut down alive, and then mangled and butchered in the most barbarous manner.

Thomas Aldfield, priest, native of Gloucester, first cruelly tortured for dispersing, with the help of Webley, a dyer, copies of Cardinal Allen's modest answer to the English persecutors. He and Webley were executed as traitors at Tyburn, January 5, 1585. Both were offered life if they would renounce the Pope and acknowledge the queen's spiritual supremacy.

Hugh Taylor, priest, born at Durham, hanged, drawn, and quartered at York, November 26, 1585.

Marmaduke Bowes, a married gentleman of Anerane Grange, Cleveland, was executed with the aforesaid Father Taylor for having harbored him in his house.

Thomas Crowther, priest, died in the Marshalsea after two years' imprisonment.

Edward Poole, priest, sent from Rheims in 1580, cast into prison same year. Heard of no more.

Lawrence Vaux, canon regular, thrown into the Gate-house prison with N. Tichborne, Esq., in 1580, died there the same year.

Edward Straneham, whom Stow in his *Annals* calls Edward Barber, suffered the death of a traitor at Tyburn, January 21, 1585, "for being a priest."

Nicholas Woodfen, priest, executed with the preceding for the same crime—"being a priest."

William Thompson, priest, executed on 20th April, 1585, for "remaining in England," and Richard Lee, priest, was hanged, drawn, and quartered with him for the same offence.

Richard Sergeant, priest, and William Thompson, priest, were executed as traitors at Tyburn simply for being priests and remaining in the kingdom.

Robert Anderton, priest, born of an honorable family in Lancaster, and William Marsden, same county, were executed in the Isle of Wight for "being priests," April 25, 1585.

Francis Ingolby, priest, son of Sir William Ingolby, suffered at York, June 3, 1586.

John Finglow, priest, was executed for "being a priest," at York, August 8, 1586.

John Sandyr, priest, executed at Gloucester, August 11, 1586.

John Lowe, previously a minister of the Established Church, converted, ordained a priest, and sent on English mission, executed at Tyburn, October 8, 1586.

John Adams, priest, executed at Tyburn, October 8, 1586. Same day with the two preceding, and on the same charge, Richard Dibdale, native of Worcester.

Mrs. Margaret Clitheroe, gentlewoman, was pressed to death at York for harboring and relieving priests, March 26, 1586.

Robert Bickerdike, gentleman, was executed at York for refusing to go to the Protestant church, July, 1586.

Richard Langley, Esq., executed at York, December 1, 1586, for harboring and assisting priests.

Robert Pilchard, priest, born at Battle, Sussex, executed at Dorchester, December 1, 1586.

Edmund Sykes, priest, banished in 1581, was condemned for returning, and executed at York, March 23, 1587.

Robert Sutton, priest, native of Burton-on-Trent, executed at Stafford for being a priest, July 27, 1587.

Stephen Rowsham, priest, executed at Gloucester, July, 1587.

John Hanibley, priest, born at Exeter, put to death at York, September 9, 1587. Offered his life and a good living if he would conform to the new religion. Same day, and for the same cause, George Douglas, priest, a Scotchman, suffered.

Alexander Crowe, priest, hanged, drawn, and quartered at York for priestly character and functions, November 30, 1586.

Nicholas Garlick, priest, native of Glossop, Derbyshire, executed at Derby, July 24, 1588.

Robert Ludlane, priest, native of Sheffield, tried, condemned, and executed at the same time and place as the preceding "for priestly character and function," July 24, 1588.

Richard Simpson (some time a minister), priest, executed at Derby, July 24, 1588.

William Dean, priest, executed at Mile End, London, August 28, 1588.

William Gunter, priest, executed August 28, 1588.

Robert Morton, priest, executed in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, August 28, 1588.

Thomas Halford, son of a minister, priest, executed at Clerkenwell, August 28, 1588.

James Claxton, priest, executed near Hounslow, August 28, 1588.

Robert Leigh, priest, executed at Tyburn with five Catholic laymen and Mistress Margaret Wood, August 30, 1588.

William Way, a Cornish priest, executed at Kingstown-on-Thames, in Surrey, October 1, 1588.

Robert Wilcox, Edward Campion, and Christopher Burton, priests, were likewise executed.

Robert Widmerpool, of Widmerpool, Nottinghamshire, gentleman, tutor to the Earl of Northumberland, about the same time.

Ralph Crockett and Edward James, priests, at Chichester, October 1, 1588.

John Robinson, priest.

William Hartley, priest, executed October 5, 1588, in his mother's presence, near Bankside.

John Weldon, priest, executed October 5, 1588.

Richard Williams, priest.

Robert Sutton, schoolmaster, executed at Clerkenwell.

Edward Burden and John Hewitt, priests, executed at York, October 5, 1588.

William Lamplough, layman, suffered at Gloucester in 1588.

Robert Dalby and John Amias, priests, March 16, 1598, suffered at York.

Richard Yaxley of Lincolnshire, and George Nichols of Oxford, priests, executed at Oxford, July 5, 1589.

Thomas Belson, of Brill, Bucks, gent., executed at Oxford, July 5, 1589.

Humphrey Pritchard, layman, a servant to Belson, executed at Oxford on the same day.

William Spencer, priest, executed at York, September 24, 1589.

Robert Hardesty, layman, executed at York, September 24, 1589.

Christopher Bayles, priest, executed at Fleet Street, London, March 4, 1590.

Nicholas Horner, layman, executed at Smithfield, March 4, 1590.

Alexander Blake, layman, executed at Gray's-Inn-Lane, March 4, 1590.

Miles Gerard and Francis Dickenson, priests, executed at Rochester, April 30, 1590.

Edward Johnes, priest, executed at Fleet Street, London, May 6, 1590.

Anthony Middleton, priest, executed at Clerkenwell, May 6, 1590.

Edmund Duke, priest, executed at Durham, May 27, 1590.

John Hogg, priest, executed at Durham, May 27, 1590.

Richard Holliday, priest, executed at Durham, May 27, 1590.

Richard Hill, priest, executed at Durham, May 27, 1590.

Robert Thorp, priest, hung, drawn, and quartered at York, May 31, 1591.

Thomas Watkinson, yeoman, hanged at York, May 31, 1591.

Mountford Scott and George Beesley, priests, executed at Fleet Street, London.

Robert Dickenson, priest, executed at Winchester, July 7, 1591.

Ralph Milner, layman, of Winchester, executed at Winchester, July 7, 1591.

William Pikes, layman, of Dorchester, suffered there for denying the queen's supremacy.

Edmund Jennings, priest, executed at Gray's-Inn-Fields, December 10, 1591.

Swithin Wells, gent., executed at Gray's-Inn-Fields, December 10, 1591.

Eustachius White, priest, executed at Tyburn, December 10, 1591.

Polydore Plasden, priest, executed at Tyburn, December 10, 1591.

Bryan Lacey, layman, executed at Tyburn, December 10, 1591.

John Mason, layman, executed at Tyburn, December 10, 1591.

Sydney Hodgson, layman, executed at Tyburn, December 10, 1591.

William Paterson, priest, executed at Tyburn, January 22, 1592.

Thomas Pormorte, at St. Paul's Churchyard, London, February 8, 1592.

Robert Ashton, gent., at Tyburn, June 23, 1592.

Edward Waterson, priest, at Newcastle, January 7, 1593.

James Bird, gent., at Winchester, Lady Day, 1593.

Anthony Page, priest, hung, drawn, and quartered at York, April 20, 1593.

Joseph Lampton, priest, at Newcastle, July 27, 1593.

William Davies, priest, at Beaumaris, July 21, 1593.

• John Speed, layman, at Durham, February 4, 1594.

William Harington, priest, at Tyburn, February 18, 1594.

John Cornelius, priest, at Dorchester, July 4, 1594.

Thomas Bosgrave, gent., at Dorchester, July 4, 1594.

Terence Carey, layman, at Dorchester, July 4, 1594.

Patrick Salmon, at Dorchester, July 4, 1594.

John Bost, priest, suffered at Durham, July 19, 1594.

John Ingram, priest, suffered at Newcastle, July 25, 1594.

George Swallowell, some time a minister, executed at Darlington in 1594.

Edward Osbaldeston, priest, executed at York in 1594.

Robert Southwell, priest, at Tyburn in 1595.

Alexander Rawlins, priest, at York in 1595.

Henry Walpole, priest, at York in 1595.

James Atkinson, layman, in 1595.

William Freeman, priest, at Warwick in 1595.

George Errington, gent., suffered at York in 1596.

William Knight, yeoman, at York in 1596.

William Gibson, yeoman, at York in 1596.

Henry Abbott, yeoman, at York in 1596.

William Andleby, priest, at York in 1597.

Thomas Warcopp, gent., at York in 1597.

Edward Fullthorpe, gent., at York in 1597.

John Britton, gent., at York in 1598.

Peter Snow, priest, at York in 1598.

Ralph Grimstone, gent., at York in 1598.

John Jones, priest, at St. Thomas' Watering in 1598.

Christopher Robinson, priest, at Carlisle in 1598.

Richard Horner, priest, at York in 1598.

Matthias Harrison, priest, at York in 1599.

John Lyon, yeoman, at Oakham in 1599.

James Dowdall, merchant, at Exeter in 1599.

In the year 1600 the following priests were executed: Christopher Wharton at York; Thomas Sprott at Lincoln; Thomas Hunt at Lincoln; Robert Nutter at Lancaster; Edward Thwing at Lancaster; Thomas Pal-lasor at Durham. And the following laymen: John Rigby at St. Thomas' Watering; John Norton at Durham; John Talbot at Durham.

In the year 1601 the following priests were executed: John Pybush at St. Thomas' Watering; Mark Barkworth at Tyburn; Roger Filcock at Tyburn; Thurston Hunt at Lancaster; Robert Middleton at Lancaster. And the following laity: Ann Line, gentlewoman, at Tyburn; Nicholas Tichbourne at Tyburn; Thomas Hackshott at Tyburn.

In 1602 four priests were executed, viz.: Thomas Harrison at York; Thomas Tichbourne at Tyburn; Robert Watkinson at Tyburn; Francis Page at Tyburn. And the following laymen: Anthony Batty, gent., at York; James Duckett, bookseller, at Tyburn.

In 1603 one priest, William Richards, was drawn, hung, dismembered, disembowelled, and quartered at Tyburn.

[To this catalogue should be added the fact that hundreds of lay men and women in the ranks of the gentry were beggared by being compelled to pay a fine of £20 per lunar month for refusing to go to church, where, in the main, the so-called clergy were men of the most infamous lives.]

Need it be added that a howl of excited vituperation of these volumes has affrighted all within the pale of the Established Church, except Dr. Lee? If the present writer were at freedom to speak of this high-souled witness of the truth it would be seen by the world that no nobler evidence ever bore testimony against the "felony of history," as Macaulay indignantly wrote in reference to the falsehoods of the Reformation pamphleteers used in the written history provided for the "British public." How the reverend and irreverend critics have raved in the organs of the "Establishment"! In the *English Churchman* a "reverend" writer denounces the work of Dr. Lee as a production to be avoided and abhorred, but carefully abstains from giving reasons for the abstention and abhorrence. Not a line from the book has been quoted in this characteristic criticism, simply because, as the chapmen say in the French markets if remonstrated with by an expert on the price of their commodities, "Eh, bien, monsieur, la verité ne se vend pas." Truth does not pay in Britain either in the work of the hand or of the truthful intellect. It has been asked by the organs of the English "Established" Church: How dares Dr. Lee, an Anglican cleric, so far consort with papists as to commune with them even on the common highway of historical truth? But why, above all, raise the veil and show in veritable aspect the crimes of the hitherto accepted heroine of Protestantism? Is not this craving to suppress the truth a proof of the identification in the self-conscious yet most reticent souls of English churchmen of the origin of their religion with the most odious criminality? And deny or ignore it as they may, such identity is a fact as solid as granitic rock. The why and the wherefore, and the consequences of the perversion of England, meet one face to face every day in the incongruous and most heartless medley called "English society."

To sum up: The originators of Protestantism in England were, firstly, a licentious tyrant subserved by bad or timid Catholic bishops and clerics; secondly, the *quasi* rule of a wretched boy-

king mastered by the infamous council of Somerset, by Cranmer, Paget, Richy, and so forth, all of whom who survived the axe of mutual hate becoming "anxious Catholics" again in the brief reign of the much-maligned Mary, with the proviso that their plunder should remain in possession; thirdly, Elizabeth, accepting Protestantism from factious motives, the plunderers being the richer and thereby the stronger party, aided, counselled, and confirmed by the help and advice of the Cecils, father and son, Walsingham (whom Elizabeth allowed to rot in his bed when he was of no further use), and Davidson, whom she perjurally sacrificed in sullen obedience to the execrations of Christendom at her unnatural murder of Mary, Queen of Scots.* That the Protestantism fashioned into an emasculated observance by evil-doers, all bad Catholics, imitated paganism in its initiation, by cruelly persecuting their fellow-mortals is no fault, of course, of its present marvellously diverse profession; but that the cultus, whatever it is, had its base cemented with the blood of hundreds of martyrs Dr. Lee too sadly proves. We see every day glorifications of the Reformation. Reformation from what, and by whom? Cranmer, Ridley, Latimer, and all the Protestant episcopal "martyrs"—with the exception of Hooper, who was the victim of the private hate of Paget—were all rebels as well as perjured and sacrilegious priests, just as, with the exception of rebellion, was the first Protestant archbishop, Parker. These were the men, with the lay plunderers of the poor, who "reformed" the ancient creed of England. John Knox, too, one of the murderers of Rizzio, was a priest; and so had been the execrable Moray, the illegitimate brother and would-be murderer of Mary, Queen of Scots. Reformation! A sad mutation from the olden faith of the great and good, effected by profligate misnamed Catholics, foisted upon an enslaved and devastated country. *Quis poterit reformare ipsos reformatores?* In the impossibility of reforming themselves the evil genius of abandoned Catholics set to work to deform the pristine belief of a too facile yet down-trodden people.

* By the way, let us state that Dr. Lee's volumes contain the letters to Paulet, the jailer of Mary, and his very shrewd replies respecting Elizabeth's desire "to clear off poor Mary by poison to avoid further trouble."

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

IN Goethe's masterly criticism of "Hamlet" he interprets that creation of Shakspeare as a man on whom an awful injunction had been placed, which his habit of morbid speculation and introspection prevented him from obeying. He was commanded to kill the king, but he had not the thoughtless courage of a *bravo*. It is questionable whether a vivid imagination is a bane or a blessing. While Dryden was composing "Alexander's Feast" his whole frame trembled as though he, too, were listening to old Timotheus' choir. It takes no expert in handwriting to tell from the manuscript that Byron wrote certain portions of "Childe Harold" under overwhelming emotion. Dickens has left on record that, after finishing the chapter in *Dombey* which describes the death of little Paul, he walked the streets of Paris all night in the deepest sadness. An Edinburgh printer who worked on Carlyle's manuscript said that he could make out the historical portions, which we presume were written in a comparatively tranquil mood, but "deil tak the mon when he begins to swear." It is said that we have lost much of Keats' fine imaginings from his positive reluctance to write, and the presence of an amanuensis disconcerted him. Homer sang, and we all know what Ben Jonson says of the inexpressible charm of Shakspeare's conversation. Macaulay never read his own history after it was before the world, and nothing could induce Lever to correct his own proofs. What struck others as masterpieces of their genius seemed to these children of imagination only weary, stale, and flat. Virgil, on his deathbed, ordered the *Æneid* to be burnt. As soon as old Dr. Johnson got a pension he relinquished his pen with the alacrity with which Rasselas got out of the Happy Valley, and Thackeray wrote always under stress. Yet none of these had to keep their pen in their mouth "waiting for an idea."

One of the most imaginative men in the whole cycle of literature was our countryman, Nathaniel Hawthorne. His genius is so marked that one is amazed that it remained so long unknown. The reason is that he did not want to be known, for he, better than his sharpest critics, was aware that his fancies could not do any positive moral good. He wished to be content with his own dreams, and, like all imaginative minds, he shrank from imparting them to others. He was pursued by booksellers. His note-books

and diaries were scrutinized. His manuscripts were wheedled or forced from him. He was made a victim of Boswellianism. He repeatedly sought refuge from the publicity of print, and was happy as a small official at Salem or our consul at Liverpool. He disliked Brook Farm, where he hoped to have an opportunity of communing with himself. He was perfectly willing to milk the cow, if she would only let him, or to prepare the æsthetic tea, if he could time the boiling-point. He preferred translating the rather dull tales of Tieck to composing romances of his own, their infinite superiors. Such was the exquisite fineness of his perception that he could discover the most unexpected analogies in the commonest objects. He wove a romance out of every person he *saw*, but to whom he did not speak. When Gainsborough was painting a portrait all that he asked of the sitter was that he or she should keep the mouth shut; not for artistic reasons, but because we are seen at our best when we are quietest. A great artist works under inspiration, which vanishes if he is interrupted.

To relieve a bosom oppressed with thick-coming fancies Hawthorne was wont to jot them down. Men of thought and fancy frequently do this, perhaps to certify to themselves the impressions they have received; perhaps, in accordance with the well-known law of association, to lay up for themselves a treasure of sweet remembrance in future years. Hawthorne appears to have lived in this ideal world, and all his writings bear witness to his extreme susceptibility to the lightest impression from the outside world. Unlike Coleridge, whom he most strongly resembles in mental structure, he was chary of talk. He had the same morbid speculative turn (which ends in nothing), but he was exceedingly averse from letting any one know of it. Coleridge had a fanciful notion that he could make Spinoza's pantheism and Christianity agree, and, indeed, he wrote a pamphlet to prove the absurdity, going so far as to deduce from Euclid a rational argument for the Trinity. The problem which oppressed Hawthorne was the problem of evil, and, though he shrank from it, the ghost "would not down." His mind ran on very gloomy themes, and, being essentially a thinker, he could not change the deep current of thoughts that sweep into eternity. Less highly endowed but happier men either never feel this oppressive sense of wrong unrighted, or, if they do, they have a solace in a divine faith which makes clear to them what was not clear to even St. Augustine until he received the priceless gift.

The conditions of the early youth of Hawthorne tended to develop the unwholesome activity of his imagination. His father

died of fever at Surinam, on a voyage, and the death so affected his mother that she lived for thirty years in sorrowful seclusion from even her own household. Nathaniel was only four years old when he thus became an orphan—for it appears that his sorrowing mother suffered herself to be so completely prostrated by the death of her husband that she did not find comfort even in the presence of her child. Salem, too, must have been a bleak place in those days (1804-10), and the living sorrow within the house must have cast its cloud over the sunniest spirit. Hawthorne, in his story *The Scarlet Letter*, was to become the most powerful limner of the gloom of Puritanism, and no doubt his young days furnished him with many a suggestion of sadness. He never had any childhood. Pensive and brooding, wandering about the melancholy town, his boyhood is rather sad to contemplate. His health at fourteen was so frail that he had to be sent for company's sake to some relatives in Maine—a change hardly for the better, and certainly not calculated to cheer or enliven him.

He was graduated from Bowdoin College in 1825. His only intimate friend there was Franklin Pierce, to whom he took a great fancy, possibly for the reason that the two men were dissimilar. Pierce was one of the jolliest and pleasantest of men, Hawthorne one of the most melancholy. Pierce in time became President of the United States, and a most popular one, for he had qualities that attracted all men to him. He was wont to rally Hawthorne on his gloomy face, though he was the first to recognize his subtle genius; for Pierce was a man of fine abilities and remarkably keen penetration. It seems odd that Longfellow, who was in the same class as Hawthorne, never discovered his genius until the recognition was not needed—that is, when Hawthorne had become famous. The case seems similar to that of Chesterfield patronizing Dr. Johnson when the *Dictionary* was on the verge of publication; or perhaps Hawthorne could not be brought to see that Longfellow was the great American poet. At any rate, it is known that he never admired Longfellow's poems, and, of course, that neglect is sufficient to stamp him as utterly tasteless, despite the saying *de gustibus*, etc.

The spirit of gloom seized him on his return to Salem, and his morbid imagination found full play in the dreariest of households. He thought and wrote, though what he wrote he generally burnt. Years after they found in old crannies and nooks fragments of exquisitely-written stories that by some chance had escaped the flames. From the first his English style was as we have it now, pure, transparent, and expressive of the most delicate shade of

his weird thoughts. It was no difficulty for him to put into writing fancies which would seem to defy utterance. Had he had any taste for the niceties of metaphysics he might have constructed a clearer terminology than that which is now in use. He was fond of beginning stories, such as *Septimius Felton* and the *Dolliver Romance*, and leaving them unfinished, his own mind travelling far beyond his rapid pen. And this sense of incompleteness hangs about all his works. Indeed, his fragmentary *Note-Books* are the most satisfactory of his performances to a sympathetic mind, which may follow out, if it can, his train of thought or fancy hinted at in one or two lines. In a recently-published *Life of Hawthorne*, by Henry James, Jr., there are some sneers at this phase of Hawthorne's mental state, as, indeed, at all that this truly imaginative man did and wrote; but then who is Henry James, Jr.? Every page of *his* Anglo-American stories shows the snob and would-be English toady.

If any proof were needed that genius, of even Hawthorne's gloomy sort, could get along without the help of the multitudinous rules of rhetoric and the pedantic drilling of "courses of reading," his writings would furnish it. He made no particular mark at college, and there is no evidence of profound learning in his writings. A scholar, or even a reader of the general run of books, comes across the source of an idea in a new book, just as a boy follows the course of a river upon the map. How many a fame for profound classical learning rests upon the mottoes that are prefixed to Addison's *Spectator* or upon Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*! The charm of Hawthorne to a mind *ennuyé* of much learning is that he sets aside all the claptrap of quotation and gives us the freshness of his mind. This result is due to his weariness of heart after having written a ponderous *American Magazine of Useful Knowledge* (Boston, 1836). Imagine such a mind hunting up the best and, of course, in view of the latitude in which he wrote, the cheapest method of making soap! It was worse than poor Goldsmith's compiling laudatory biographies of the worthies of Great Britain.

He properly left the domain belonging to "useful knowledge" to those enamored of that thrifty mistress, and once more relapsed into his dreams. How beautifully useless they are may be seen in the *Twice-Told Tales*, which officious friends prevailed upon him to publish in 1837. He had written them anonymously for magazines long since forgotten, and very probably he himself had forgotten them. But that unlucky *Magazine of Useful Knowledge* had gotten for him the name of "author," and he was roused

to the painful consciousness of having a reputation to sustain. His fellow-countrymen insisted upon his collecting his old stories, which he now heartily wished had been cast into the fire, and upon his publishing them for the benefit of an admiring posterity. It is well that he was prevailed upon to publish the *Tales*, because, though he knew that they would not succeed as a publication *then*, they might in future years, which indeed was to be the case. Although he was the most distinctively American author of his day (and, indeed, have we even now one to whom such a title belongs?), he was the least known, and, where known, the least regarded. The *Twice-Told Tales* on publication proved a complete failure, and the author serenely remarked to his mortified friends: "I told you so." In 1838 Bancroft, the historian, got him a situation as weigher and gauger in the Boston Custom-house, in which humble occupation he was most happy. The sailors loved him, because he had a natural *penchant* for the sea. His grandsires were sailors, and his mind was filled with the immemorial traditions of those "who go down to the sea in ships." His peculiarly tragic imagination, if such an expression is allowable, loved to dwell upon the stories of shipwrecked mariners, and to brood over the secrets buried in the "vast and melancholy main." Indeed, he was glad his book failed, for now he could indulge his fancies in a repose undisturbed by publishers. He felt the necessity of "getting out of himself" in some active occupation, in the full and free converse with rough-handed and hard-worked men, who would only laugh at his sad thoughts, and who were amazed at the unaccountable impression their rough story of shipwreck and death made upon him. He preferred this practical and strong talk of experience to the etherealization of his philosophical friends, that laughed at scars, who never felt a wound.

The gloomy temperament which he had inherited from his forefathers, who had made themselves conspicuous in putting down the Salem witchcraft and in punishing Quakers, reasserted its domination when he found himself again alone in the "Old Manse" at Concord. He gave himself up to solitude (although now married) and fed his fine imagination upon the glories of sylvan scenery. No writer, except the late Father Faber, has left so perfect descriptions of the changing foliage, of the beauty of flowers and fruits, and of the aspect of external nature in every season. Thomson wrote the *Seasons* while lying in bed, and he probably never saw a sunrise if he could help it. Hawthorne noticed the slightest change of tint in a cloud. He watched the

• varying forms of snow, the sheen of water, and all the other delicate hints of beauty apparent to those that have the artistic eye. But he cared nothing for botany as a science, and detested a microscope. He returned from an afternoon walk with a mind filled with beautiful thoughts, but he never brought home a bouquet or preserved a fern-leaf. His mind absorbed the beauty and the fragrance, and then he would go to his study, and in writing *photograph* the scene, his melancholy acting as a *camera obscura*—for there *had* to be a background of gloom.

He read very little. He never “crammed” for writing, except, of course, when he compiled the *Useful Knowledge*. He devoted most of his thoughts to the problem of evil in this world, its action upon the human heart, its modification of character, its inevitable exposure through the action of some law which he vainly tried to explore, and its awful perpetuance in forms of mental and bodily pain. The shallow talk he heard around him from Margaret Fuller Ossoli, and from other sages that at present grandiloquently call themselves the Concord Academe, only served to throw him more upon himself. He wrote *The Scarlet Letter* as a tentative answer to his inquiring spirit. Can sin go unpunished? Why not confess it, if it be a weight too heavy to be borne? He felt instinctively that a confession to God in a vague, general way, or even in heartrending agony, is not enough; for does not the guilty minister of the tale wrestle long in prayer? Yet publicity is not advisable, for does not the shameful blazon of the letter upon the adulteress only deepen her grief without alleviating it? Is there any torturer more grisly than the injured husband who holds the poor minister upon a rack more terrible than any the most fabulous Inquisitor can invent? Is it not clear that, in a certain way to us unknown, we inherit the punishment of the sins of our forefathers? These are the questions which this thoughtful and sincere man put into a story that painfully affects all who cannot see the answer which such questionings demand. Hawthorne wrought out in his book the finest natural argument for sacramental confession that ever was penned. The Catholic Church alone answers the queries adequately. So, too, in the *House of the Seven Gables* he again reverts to the subject of sin and its natural horrors. He proves from the testimony of conscience that there *is* such a thing as sin. In the *Marble Faun*, following out the thought to its most awful development, he establishes the apparently untenable position that sin will draw a man up (or is it down?) from a natural simplicity of character to a point which makes him a demon. Sin is

an educational power. It will sharpen a man's wits. It will train him into the highest capacity for evil. This is the terrible moral of the greatest of his tales. Donatello is half-witted, a satyr, but sin transforms him into a man—horrible thought! We are accustomed to say that sin debases and degrades our human nature. So it does, in the truest sense and before God. But may it not be true that the most polished, astute, and naturally lovable persons are the vilest in the sight of Heaven? History says as much. Hawthorne pushes the idea into the realm of the old Salem witchcraft, and he draws a picture of a witches' *sabbat*, at which the seemingly most holy and decorous people of a town assist, and, throwing off their hypocrisy as a garment, reveal themselves in all their natural sinfulness and acquired moral hideousness. The theme is shocking, and the suggested thought, or rather half-belief, is inexpressibly painful.

While consul at Liverpool he wrote some detached sketches, which were afterwards collected into a book called *Our Old Home*. He never liked England, and his book gave great offence. He carried his thoughtful and observant spirit into the lower walks of Liverpool life, and, with his miracle of minuteness, described the Liverpool purlieus, an English workhouse, and his visit to the tomb of Shakspeare. As we have said, he unconsciously wove a romance around what he saw, but this power never led him into exaggerating beyond the limit of the possible. He read histories in men's faces, and, though he avoided confidences, men found in him a strange sympathy which made them tell him much that they would have concealed even from themselves. No man ever visited Stratford-on-Avon with a more philosophical spirit than he. He hated hero-worship. He wandered around the tombs, saw the town, and inferred the genius of Shakspeare from the wretched limitations of the house in which he lived, wrote, and died. None but a genius could have flooded with light that dismal abode. He brought away no relics, but he glanced at some of the names scribbled on the wall, and imagined what "John Smith and family" felt amid such surroundings.

Had his genius found answer for those questions that besieged him, and that grew more importunate toward the end, he might have left us books filled with consolation. As it is, it is pleasant to read of him that while at Rome he loved to pace the "groined aisles" of St. Peter's—when it was quite empty, however—and to pay frequent visits to the Catacombs, doubtlessly weaving romances and conjectures about the lives and hopes of the unnumbered dead therein at rest.

MY RAID INTO MEXICO.

CHAPTER IX.

I TAKE A DEEP INTEREST IN INEZ O'HARA.

I FOUND Mojelos in a state of considerable agitation. Without asking me to be seated he burst out with—

"They are a set of idiots, dolts, madmen! I cannot act single-handed. I am willing to give my life, but I want to give it and get something in return. This is not the hour for pronouncing. There are too many powerful personages in the capital with hands raised against the cause. The vultures still batten and fatten on the murdered corpse of imperialism."

He commenced to walk up and down the room, ever and anon flinging his clenched fists in the air, as if menacing an unseen foe.

I remained perfectly passive. In fact, my thoughts were working on the double, if I may use the term. I was thinking of the violet eyes of Inez even while the Mexican *sabreur* was prancing about the apartment.

"They urge upon me the necessity for action," he resumed. "I can reckon on my regiment, and the Oaxaca men will bring the Chihuahuas, and the Chihuahuas will bring over the Tlantilans. Mr. Nugent," turning to me, "do you know anything of Austro-Hungarian politics?"

"Absolutely nothing, colonel."

"Then you may never have even heard of Prince Aachen of Hapsburg?"

"Never."

"He is second cousin to Francis Joseph. A hero, his charge at Magenta was one of the most brilliant things ever done. He is but forty-six, a diplomatist, a ripe scholar, and a Hapsburg. He is our man. I don't mind talking to you, since my sister has taken you into her confidence."

I bowed.

"He is not unwilling, but with the sad fate of Maximilian before his eyes he is naturally anxious to see his way a little. The idiots by whom he is surrounded are fairly befogged. They are color-blind. At that distance, and with no diplomatic relations between the countries, it is impossible for them to determine everything. The cause has many friends here, but it has many ene-

mies. The cause would not be worthy of a name if it hadn't foes. Those people, a lot of danglers at Schönbrunn, imagine that an Austrian prince has only to land at Vera Cruz to be welcomed with open arms. If Prince Aachen were to land to-morrow he'd be arrested on the Mole and incarcerated in the fortress of Ulloa; you have seen it, right opposite the town. A court-martial would sit upon him, and the sounds of platoon-firing would affright the *zapilotes* within twenty-four hours. He would be shot, Mr. Nugent—shot like a dog. And those ignoramuses want to force my hand, want to send his royal highness here at once, and me to pronounce, and just want to sink the whole ship. This is the substance of this precious document which you have so generously undertaken to hand me."

I could say nothing. The subject was one upon which I was in total ignorance. My silence in this instance was the gold of impotence.

"When do you return, Mr. Nugent?" suddenly demanded the colonel.

This question came upon me by surprise. Vague ideas of spending three or four weeks in the country flitted dreamily through my mind. I did not care to focus them, preferring rather to drift. Strange to say, the answering thought was Inez. Yes, Inez O'Hara, the girl whom I had just quitted in the sacristy. I longed to see more of her, to hear her charming Irish brogue mingled with the high-bred, polished accent of Spain; to be with her, to see her sketch, and paint, and sew; to listen to her dim but *piquante* recollections of dear old Ireland. She was coming on a visit to the señora. This thought afforded me a sense of exquisite pleasure. She would remain. I should see her daily and all day.

"When do you return?" repeated Colonel Mojelos, for I was so absorbed in my own thoughts that I did not reply.

I believe I started, and I know that the color rushed to my face as I replied:

"I do not know."

"Do you intend to make any lengthened stay, Mr. Nugent?"

"Well, you see I have nothing to call me back, at least for some time, and I am so delighted with everything in Mexico that I shall stop as long as I can."

"It delights me to hear you praise my beloved country, señor," cried the colonel in a rapture. "There is not such a country on the face of God's earth. Poor Mexico!" he added, "what a struggle thou hast even for existence."

After a pause he continued :

"I thought perhaps that you might be leaving in a week or two, in which event I would have troubled you with letters. Taking letters *out* of the country is risky, as you will be examined at Vera Cruz—a regular personal examination—and all your papers overhauled. I must reply to this missive at once, but how? It will be necessary to send a special and trusted messenger."

Had Colonel Mojelos asked me to do this service for him but one half-hour before, I would have undertaken the mission without a second's deliberation. *Now* I felt that Mexico possessed a charm for me that bade me linger in almost imperative tones.

"Mr. O'Shea spoke of returning with me," I said.

"Mr. O'Shea? Oh! that's the gentleman whom I was going to eat, and who in return was going to eat me?"

"Yes."

"Is he to be trusted?"

"*He is an Irish gentleman*, Colonel Mojelos," was my reply.

O'Shea had broached the idea of a visit to Ireland.

"The statutes of limitation are against me, as I was out of the country," he observed, "and there's a little tailor in Dame Street that I owe a trifle to, and he'd nose me from Holyhead across the Channel, bad cess to him! I don't mind payin' me just debts, Joe, but a thing so old as that is too hard on a man; besides, the villain didn't put silk linings in me black frock—they were only some sort of glazed calico. I *know* that old O'Brien, that owned Burton Bindon's oyster-shop, is in Glasnevin, so *that* debt is paid, and wan little bill at Morrison's hotel will clear me. Yes, Joe Nugent, I'm just thinkin' I'd go over and take a look at dear dirty Dublin with you."

Colonel Mojelos asked me when it was likely that Mr. O'Shea would be leaving.

"Well, he spoke of coming with me, but I imagine he could be persuaded to leave at any moment. He wouldn't ask better fun."

"He should proceed direct to Vienna."

"If you wish it I'll sound him on the subject, colonel."

"I sincerely wish that you would."

"It shall be done."

"When?"

"To-night."

"And I shall hear from you—"

"To-morrow."

"Ten thousand thanks! You see the exact position of things." And the colonel, in a rapid and excited manner, went over the whole question of the failure of imperialism in Mexico.

"I will have no emperor backed up by French bayonets, or by Austrian, or Russian, or German, or English bayonets either. I will have an emperor the choice of the people, elected by them, and protected by them."

After some further observations anent the situation I ventured to hint that the señora was waiting for me. "The Señora San Cosme is with you heart and soul, colonel."

"Is she? Will you present me to her?"

When we reached the cloister we found O'Shea in an animated conversation with Inez, while the señora and the good sister were engaged in catechising a refractory-looking little girl with eyes as black as sloes.

I duly presented Mojelos, and in a second he was gesticulating like a madman. The subject of the conversation was evidently that which lay nearest to his heart, for in his excitement he spoke so loudly as to cause the señora to place a cautioning finger to her lips.

"I am taking Inez with us, Joe," observed the señora, as we prepared to depart. "She will amuse you better than I can. I thoroughly believe in the company of the young *for* the young."

I sat opposite to the señorita on the return to Mexico. The violet eyes were turned to mine nearly all the way, as she and I had the conversation to ourselves, the señora being engaged in saying her rosary, and O'Shea had mounted on the box beside the driver.

I could scarcely believe that we had arrived at the Calle Marascala as the carriage swung beneath the gilded archway. What an elaborate toilet I performed for dinner that day! I do believe I spoiled six or eight white chokers in order to secure a correct bow.

Inez entered the drawing-room attired in gauzy black, with a jet cross suspended from a black velvet ribbon round her neck. She wore no other ornament, and a bright, keen-blue, natural flower was twisted into her sunny hair.

"And so the señora has not told you my history," she said, as we leaned on the railings of the balcony overlooking the *patio*.

"Not a word, señorita."

"Then let me tell it to you."

"Not if—"

I stopped short; my intention was to have said, "If it pains

you," but I felt the awkwardness of the remark, yet not in good time.

"I know—at least I imagine that I know—what you would say," she continued. "My story is sad enough. My mother was not only a Protestant, but a rabid one. We lived in the west of Ireland, and she became what is called a 'souper'—that is, she went to the cabins of the peasants with money and tracts, and she paid ever so much money to any poor, miserable person who would come to Bible-classes and to church. My father was as staunch a Catholic on his side, and oh! it was an awful warfare that raged between my parents." Here the girl shuddered. "When poor, dear papa died my mother insisted upon my going to the Protestant church. I was very young, but even young as I was I *felt*, señor, that God would be displeased with me, and I asked a dear old priest, Father Quinn. Oh! it is all before me now," Inez exclaimed: "the dear old padre and his white-washed house with yellow thatch. The padre was in great distress. He came to my mother, but was terribly insulted. He persevered. He commanded me in the name of God to remain true to his church. I did so. I was—but it doesn't matter how I was treated at home. A friend of Father Quinn, a Mrs. De Lacy, offered to take charge of my education. My mother refused, and it was not until she married a clergyman attached to the Church Missions Society that she consented to let me go. Mrs. De Lacy had left Ireland, but Father Quinn arranged that I should accompany some sisters who were coming out to Mexico. The señora received the sisters in this house, and at once took me under her special care. My mother died, alas! without having been brought to the true light, and I am alone in the world. That is my history."

The tears that welled up and stood for a moment in the girl's eyes now overflowed and rolled down her cheeks, silent streams of silent sorrow. How I pitied her!

"But I have said enough about myself," said the girl. "Let us talk about dear old Ireland."

I told her all about my sister Nellie, and Aunt Butler, and Trixy, and Dromroe. At dinner I came out strong with hunting stories and anecdotes of Dublin life. I knew I talked well and was a success. I felt as if champagne was flowing in my veins. All my discourse was devoted either to the Señora San Cosme or to O'Shea. Somehow or other I dreaded meeting those violet eyes, knowing they were fixed upon me, and yet I would have given a good deal for a look.

"To-morrow," said the señora, "we will take you to the

shrine of our Blessed Lady at Guadalupe. The padre will accompany us, and you will see the miraculous picture, Joe, painted by the hand of the Virgin upon the apron of the poor peasant, Juan Diego. *Amigo mio*, will you go with us?" she asked of O'Shea.

"Thank ye, no, señora; there's an American, a New-Yorker, stoppin' at the Iturbide, who arrived last night, whom I want to put my comether upon. He's here to make millions out of a mine. He can have the Rivasta, a dead bargain. If he takes millions out of it he'll become—a millionaire, that's all." And here O'Shea winked at me.

Mindful of my promise to Mojelos, I asked my jovial countryman to come to my room for his *chasse* and cigarette. I would have much preferred to have been alone with the delicious luxury of certain rose-colored thoughts, but my promise to the colonel thrust aside everything else.

"You were thinking of returning to Ireland with me, Mr. O'Shea," I remarked, as we seated ourselves by the open window.

"I'm thinkin' of nothin' else, bad scran to it!" was his prompt reply.

"Would you be ready to start on a short notice?"

"Let me see. I'd have to frighten Pomposo, Verdugo, José, Ignacio, Nájera, Miguel, Ramon, Mata, Salvador, Corella, Manuel Gutierrez into fits; that would take five minutes; and a two days' journey on mules to get at him. Then I'll have to take a couple of thousand dollars out of the bank; *that* is worse than taking the back tooth out of an ostrich. 'Pon my conscience, I think the bank will break if I remove so much capital at one pull. I must break it to the dons gently, and remove the coin in instalments. Then—"

"I am really in earnest, Mr. O'Shea," I interrupted.

"So am I."

"Would you be ready to start in a week?"

"Ready and willing; but surely you don't think of leaving so soon, Joe?"

"I shall remain for some time."

"Then what the dickens are ye talkin' about? *I'm* in no hurry."

"The fact is, Mr. O'Shea, that I have been commissioned by a friend to ask you to undertake a somewhat delicate mission."

"Whew!" And he gave a prolonged whistle.

"A friend of mine—"

"What is the young lady's name, Joe?" he burst in, with a sly chuckle.

"There is no lady in the case, I assure you," I responded, with a laugh.

"Well, if there is, it's mighty quick work, my young friend; and if there's not you'll find it a pretty tough job to outwit Van Dyck O'Shea."

"I don't despair of interesting you, Mr. O'Shea. Lend me your ears for five minutes; but, firstly, let me give you to understand that this is strictly in confidence and is never to be divulged."

Having received his word of honor as a gentleman pledging himself to secrecy, I told him all that had transpired between Colonel Mojelos and myself.

After a somewhat prolonged silence O'Shea observed:

"I *was* an imperialist, Joe, and no one did more in the way of talk to save Maximilian's life than I did. I think that it would be madness to attempt to establish an empire so soon. We're like children with a new toy, and we hug our republicanism as a little girl hugs her doll. Our rulers have lost all sense of religion, and in *my* opinion the country, commercially speaking, is goin' back instead of progressin'. We're like the crab walkin' backwards. If it wasn't for a few Germans I'd like to know what trade or commerce we'd have. We're like people in a besieged town: we know nothin' of what's goin' on outside—dickens a bit. It's once a fortnight we get any news, and then it's so doctored that we can't believe it. If we were more liberal and broader, and more *en rapport* with the other countries, we'd do pretty well; but we're a close borough and as conservative as the old Catholic county families in Ireland and the— We won't trade with the United States, as we're in mortal dread that if we give the Americans what is called a "show" that we will be annexed like Texas."

"Surely America has enough of territory already?"

"That's all very fine. She *has*, and more than enough, but is it as fat as ours? Is there gold and—but I'm wanderin' away from the main point. Let us go back to imperialism. I tell you, Joe Nugent, that the man who comes here to put on an imperial crown will have no head to wear it after a week. He'll be shot as sure as my name's O'Shea. We're in the humor of emperor-shootin', I tell ye. It's big game, and we have bagged a brace of emperors already—Iturbide and Maximilian. Therefore I don't want to risk my neck in a hopeless, utterly hopeless, cause. Why,

the very name of Austria is enough to set our fiery orators shrieking and howling all over the country. I'd rather take my chance of putting you up, Joe. It's all very fine for Mojelos to talk of pronouncing. He can pronounce, and his regiment will back him, but I tell ye, sir, that we've got a little general here, Porfirio Diaz, who would knock Mojelos and his regiment into smithereens while ye'd say Jack Robinson. He is a regular soldier, a brave captain, and is devoted to his country. *He* has the army with him, the entire army, with perhaps the exception of this Oaxaca regiment; though Oaxaca is his birth-place, and I'll lay the odds the Oaxaca men would follow him in preference to Mojelos any day."

"Then you won't undertake the mission?"

"I didn't say that, Joe. A spice of danger only makes the sauce of life more piquant. If it obliges *you* I'll—"

"Do not think of me in the matter, Mr. O'Shea," I interposed.

"I thought there was a girl in New York that—"

"Certainly—Conchita Mojelos. I met her but once, as you know."

"Say one and a half times, Joe," laughed O'Shea. "However, I'll just sleep over it. If it was for you or for the señora I'd never ask a question, but go out and stir up Pomposo—don't be frightened, I'm not going to let fly the whole name—rob the bank, and be off at a minute's notice. But as neither you nor my dear good friend are much interested, why, it becomes a horse of another color."

"I imagine that the señora *is* interested." And I referred to her animated conversation with Mojelos.

"Don't you bother yourself about that; the señora knows as well as I do that the empire is dead, and that it would be worse than idiocy to attempt to revive it. Why, man alive, we've canvassed the question over and over and over again till we're dead sick of it."

The señora was at the piano when we repaired to the drawing-room; beside her Inez O'Hara.

"Joe," exclaimed the señora, "I was just going over some of the pieces I used to play with your dear good mother at Parsley's Academy in Stephen's Green. They have all come back to me. Here is one, 'The Masaniello Quadrilles.'" And with a delicate yet firm touch she played a selection of airs from Auber's delightful opera.

"Do you play, Miss O'Hara?" I asked.

"I do."

"May I not hope to hear you?"

"If it affords you the slightest pleasure."

She seated herself at the piano and led off with an Habanera. Then followed numerous fandangos, all performed with a wondrous skill and finish of execution.

"I know nothing but Spanish and Mexican airs," she cried, "except long pieces fearfully classical. I will not bore you with *them*."

"You can give us that valse of Chopin's, Inez."

"Oh! yes, I forgot that."

I fear that the chromatic fireworks of Chopin were lost upon me, for I became absorbed in gazing on the lithe figure swaying with such inconceivable grace, and on the dainty white hands that flashed across the keys, and on the paly gold hair which the wax candles burnished with streaks of yellow white.

I sat out on my balcony that night inhaling the delicious perfume of the flowers—flowers bathed by a moonlight such as we wot not of—and my thoughts seemed focussed into one:

"If Inez were mistress of Dromroe?"

CHAPTER X.

A RUDE AWAKENING.

MR. VAN DYCK O'SHEA slept on imperialism, and in the morning declared against the projected trip in imperialistic interests.

"It's no go, Joe," he exclaimed. "If it was to raise a ruction in ould Ireland I'd be off like a gun, for there would be lots of fun; but in this country they mean business, and I don't want to join the majority by the help of a Mexican bullet if I can help it. Why, man, I'd rather be shot down by wan of the Royal Irish Constabulary; and I have the choice, Joe."

I took the tram-car for San Angel, bringing the good sisters two large bouquets which I bought in the Calle San Francisco for something ridiculously small. The colonel at first seemed rather gloomy, especially as I told him O'Shea's opinions regarding the situation.

"How could *he* tell anything about it," he hotly exclaimed—"a foreigner? How could *he* tell the beat of the pulse of the Mexican nation? *He* is not one of us; he is an outsider. I know how the Mexican heart beats. I do not say that there is no

chance of failure; on the contrary, the chances of success are against us; but we will force the running, as you say in English races. I must go myself, since Señor O'Shea declines. It is better as it is. I shall apply for leave. I shall be refused. I shall forward all my preparations and leave Vera Cruz in disguise. Could I make up for an Irishman, Mr. Nugent?"

"Not very well, colonel; you are too dark."

"Ah! then I must assume some other nationality. Perhaps I may cross the Rio Grande and touch American soil that way. In any case, Mr. Nugent, you have my lasting gratitude and friendship for the noble part you have acted. You are a gentleman and a man, and a plucky one. No matter what may happen, you will think well of Enrique Mojelos, won't you? *Hermano!* brother!"

His manner made me very sad. He appeared to me to inwardly despair of the success of the very movement that outwardly he was so sure would succeed. Is it not so with many of us? How often do we not force ourselves, or endeavor to force ourselves, to think that something we wish for will come out right! So it was with this high-spirited Mexican. I knew he was about to embark in a hopeless cause, but nevertheless would not admit the fact to himself.

"Your friend is perhaps right," he added, "viewing the situation in the light of events. I consider that to pronounce just now would result in a bloody *fiasco*. For, by my life—psh! I have exposed it so often that I need not say I carry it in my hand into any and every enterprise. There are friends very dear to me who are with me, and who await but the lifting of my finger to go on. It is for these dear fellows that I think, and it maddens me to be urged by a clique in Austria, who know nothing and could know nothing of the situation here, to pronounce. A *pronunciamiento* would prove a dead failure. I shall apply for leave to-day, and let you know the result of my application. The Señora San Cosme has graciously invited me to visit her. I shall avail myself of the privilege accorded me by calling this afternoon before the drive."

When I got back to the Calle Marascala I found the carriage drawn up in the *patio*.

"Bedad, Masther Joe, the say-norah was gettin' onaisy in regard to ye. She was afeerd av thim robbers that's on the road betune this an' where ye wor. Faix, it's little they'd think av cuttin' yer troath, be all accounts, or av runnin' ye up into the snow up beyant, on Pop-up-the-kettle, an' keepin' ye there till

ye'd have for to sell Dromroe for to pay the ransom, the villyans! Did ye taste the poolkay yet, Masther Joe? High an' low, rich an' poor, is all dhrinkin' it. Be the hole in me coat, I'd as lave swally buttermilk—faix, I'd rayther, for it's more wholesomer."

"I rather like the *pulque*, Billy."

"Bedad, thin, sir, yer aisy plazed. I seen how it's med. I wint out for to ketch a cupple av horses this mornin' to a farm out beyant—och! I cudn't repayte the name, but it's a rousin' six miles from here, anyhow, on the road towards Ireland. The plant that the dhrink comes from is all swards, and spikes, and pike-heads, an' a gossoon wud an iron scoop in his hand cuts the heart out av the plant and lets the juice dhrup into the hole med be the scoop. Thin, Masther Joe, he laves it for a cupple av days, an' comes round wud a dunkey and sheep-skin, and he sucks all the juice that's gathered in the hole up into the sheep-skin, an' runs the dunkey home wud it, leatherin' him all the way. An' what do ye think is done thin, sir?"

"I'm sure I don't know, Billy."

"Begor, the dunkey is dhruv into a soort av barn, an' in the barn is cow-skin stretched out on frames, the hairy side out, not like Brian O'Lynn's small-clothes; an' on the top o' this the gossoon lets go the juice in the sheep-skin. Another chap wud a wand in his hand makes the sign av the Blessed Cross on the juice wud the wand, an' says a Hail Mary, sir, an' thin the juice is left for another cupple av days, and carted away to the public-houses, where it is sowld like porther in wooden noggins."

Billy's description of the manufacture of *pulque*, the national beverage, was absolutely accurate, as I subsequently discovered during a visit to the *hacienda* of Señor Pancho Buch, at a place called Tlatplam, about ten miles from the city.

"The leddies is dhressin' for to go out wud ye, Masther Joe. Faix, but it's yerself that's in clover, an' no mistake. The hoighth av politeness extended to ye wherever ye go. I'd give me new brogues this minit that wan av thim impident Beresfords was here for to see the state you're in, sir; an' that Captain Mansfield that bet ye the day the hounds threw aff at Gort-na-drushka—wudn't it take the consait out av him for to see ye thrated like a prence, no less! Masther Joe," he added, in a confidential undertone, "I heerd that the young leddy that's come for to visit us is Irish."

"Miss O'Hara is a native of Ireland."

"See that, now. Faix, th' ould country is houldin' up well in this barbarious raygin. There's the say-norah, wan; Misther

O'Shea—good luck to him for a divartin' gentleman!—that's two; you an' me, sir, that's four; an' the young leddy, five. That's a quare thing for to find up here. Father Tom won't believe it whin he hears it. Masther Joe, I hope ye write very regler, sir, for av ye don't they'll think we're kilt or lost."

The ladies made their appearance upon the balcony.

"Are you ready for the road, Joe?" asked the señora.

"Perfectly, señora."

"Billy, would you like to sit beside the coachman? We're going out to the great shrine of Guadalupe," she asked of my retainer.

"Av I wouldn't be disgracin' th' equepage be raison av me clothes, yer ladyship—say-norah."

"Oh! you'll do very well, Billy."

"That's me darlint av a leddy," observed Brierly, 'as the señora disappeared.

The two ladies were attired in black, both wearing the mantilla and vela.

"We will call at the cathedral for the padre," observed the señora, as she ordered the coachman to the Plaza Mayor.

"Do you know the beautiful history of the miraculous picture at Guadalupe?" asked Inez.

I replied in the negative.

"Oh! it is wonderfully beautiful. A poor peasant named Juan Diego, noted for the purity and piety of his life, was crossing that very hill—you see it," pointing energetically to a hill that, in the exquisitely clear atmosphere, seemed at the city gates. "It was evening and his day's work was done. Suddenly the darkness of nightfall was illumined with sheen and splendor, with a glorious light. He looked up, and before him stood Our Blessed Lady herself. The poor peasant fell on his knees. The Mother of God bade him go to the bishop and tell him that *she* wished a church to be erected on that spot to *her* honor. Then she disappeared. Juan Diego could not realize that such wondrous honor should be paid him, and he considered that that which he had just seen was but an effect of his imagination. The very next evening he was again crossing the hill at the same hour, when at the same spot the blessed vision again appeared to him. The Mother of God was displeased with him for not having obeyed her, and again bade him go to the bishop. Diego, breathless and trembling, came to the bishop, and emptying some flowers he had gathered for the altar of the Virgin from out of his coarse apron, told the good prelate his wondrous tale. The bishop

turned his eyes to the peasant's apron, and, starting back, fell upon his knees, for there, in order to testify to Juan Diego's truth, Our Blessed Lady had imprinted her glorious face. You will see that miraculously-painted apron; it stands in a golden frame over the grand altar, for the church was built on the spot where she had ordered it to be built, and dedicated to Our Lady of Guadalupe."

The young girl narrated the history of the miracle with an animation impossible to describe. She imparted to every word a sort of luminous power which held me completely fascinated. Ever and anon she would break into some expression of piety in Spanish, and she spoke in a sweet, low, awe-hushed tone, as though she were then and there gazing at the beatific apparition.

We picked up the padre, who was waiting within the chains in front of the cathedral, and spun past the National Pawn-shop—one of the sights of the capital, and conducted on the same principle as the Mont de Piété in Paris—past the building formerly used as the Court of the Inquisition, now a medical university, and out to the open country, the church-crowned hill of Guadalupe in the near distance. Tram-cars drawn by four mules rattled by us on a hand-gallop. Hansoms in full *charro* ambled toward the city. Indians laden with edibles trotted countrywards. *Pulquerias* did a roaring business, for your Indian is a thirsty soul and the roads are exceedingly dusty. Strings of asses, their panniers full of charcoal, wended slowly to the great centre. Beggars sat by the wayside and implored alms in guttural prayers. Sounds of the guitar reached us from walled-in *ventas* and *haciendas*, mingled with the "light laugh of woman."

"You see those pillars," observed the padre, pointing as he spoke to columns, about twenty feet in height, placed in two straight lines at distances apart of about one hundred yards. "That was the former high-road to Guadalupe. Each of those pillars was erected *in memoriam* by some pious Spaniard, and the entire causeway was thus lined to the very doors of the church. Now see how the road is occupied."

As he spoke the whistle of a locomotive burst upon our ears and a train slowly approached the city, its black smoke and the terrible dust it raised enveloping the pillars, some of which still displayed busts and statues of the patron saints of the donors.

"What a commentary upon the text," exclaimed the padre. "That is the *pulque* train. That train is laden with the poison which sows such terrible seeds amongst our poorer classes. Two trains arrive from the *pulque* country daily, the revenue to the

government on its manufacture being the chief source, after the spoliation of the churches, of our national exchequer."

There are two churches at Guadalupe, one at the foot of the hill, the other at its summit. The ascent is exceedingly steep and marked by pious pilgrims by wayside crosses, mural tablets, and votive statuettes.

"It is somewhat remarkable," said the padre, "that the infidels and sacrilegious robbers into whose clutches we have fallen have spared the property of this church. The golden chalices studded with gems are still here, the silver sconces and lamps, and the silver chancel-railings. Why they refrain from laying their impious hands on this fragment of church treasure is a puzzle—"

"It is the hand of God that prevents them," murmured the señora, as, gliding into the church, she flung herself at the foot of a side-altar hung with crutches, bandages, splints, waxen limbs, medals, and paintings, all in testimony of the miraculous cures effected by pilgrimages to the church, and implicit faith in the gracious intercession of Our Lady of Guadalupe.

The padre introduced a clergyman, who took us to the onyx steps leading up to the picture. We all knelt as the white satin curtain slowly unrolled itself, revealing the angelic face of the Virgin Mother, from which bars of gold shot like rays of light. The color is as fresh and vivid to-day as when the pious peasant disclosed it to the awe-stricken prelate. The countenance of Mary is filled with a divine sweetness—a sweetness that diffuses itself like a subtle perfume.

"I prayed to the Holy Mother for your safe return," said Inez to me when we stood on the terrace overlooking the Valley of Mexico. *My return!* Already did *she* look forward to my leaving the country of the Montezumas, most probably for ever. Little did she know the strange heart-throb those few words of hers caused me. They were earnest words, good words, Catholic words, but behind them lay sad-colored thoughts for me, and of so ashen a hue that the señora playfully offered me a penny for my thoughts.

"Are they of Beatrice Butler, Joe?"

I grew red to the roots of my hair. I felt the color mounting and could trace its upward progress.

"No, indeed, señora," I blurted, as I turned away.

"And do ye tell me, yer riverince, that these railins is rale solid silver?" demanded Brierly of the padre.

"I will not say that they are solid, but they are silver, Billy," responded the padre.

"The same as is in the shillins an' sixpennies at home, sir?"

"Yes, the very same."

"Glory be to God! May I tell that to Father Tom, sir, boney fidey, an' no bam?"

"Certainly."

"That the railins was silver, an' that, blessed hour! I seen a pictur painted be the glorious Mother av Heaven. *That's* what I call thravellin', an' no mistake!"

The days that Inez stopped with us passed as if by magic. The señora, in order to let me see the entire city, made it a rule to hear Mass each morning at a different church, whither we repaired on foot. Oh! those rose-pink mornings—shall I ever forget them. Waiting for Inez, my heart throbbing madly, assuming a *nonchalance* I was far from participating when, fresh as the morning, she appeared on the balcony to cry, "Buenos dias, Señor Nugent." Then the chat *apropos de rien*. Such *causerie* is ever fashioned out of nothing, and yet how much it contains to those engaged in it!

"Dans le bouton de rose il-y-a de quoi écrire un volume."

The señora would appear, grave, earnest, charming, and decide the church to be visited. I walked between the ladies, giving my arm to the elder. Then we would stop at some street-corner, where I would purchase great bouquets of violets to place on the altar of Our Lady. How sweet it was to hear Inez giving utterance to her young, fresh thoughts upon such subjects as came upon the tapis, to listen to her as she explained some national characteristic, or drew my attention to something of color in Mexican inner life!

I carried her prayer-book, and because it touched her hand I revered it. I remember saying to her one morning, as we wended our way to the church of St. Ferdinand:

"I should like to learn Spanish most awfully, señorita."

"Then why don't you try to?"

"I can read it, owing to the grinding I got in Latin. I think I shall commence with a prayer-book—a book like yours, señorita."

"It would be a very good plan."

"May I have a loan of yours?"

"Ye—yes."

"You hesitate."

"It is because—I should like to make a gift of it to you."

I have that book to-day. It is a precious memento of "my raid into Mexico."

Afternoons we would stroll through a market, or visit that

wondrous Chalco Canal with its canoes, so closely resembling gondolas, laden with fruits and vegetables, and flowers, clots of color. Then we would return to *almuerzo*, after which came, not exactly a *siesta*, but what Americans so aptly term "a lay-off"—a sort of dreamy *dolce far niente*. Then Inez would go to the harmonium and play a sonata of Beethoven's or a fugue of Sebastian Bach's. We drove on the Paseo every afternoon; and the evenings—ah! those evenings, when the senora retired to her little library with the dear old padre to concoct plans for the relief of the persecuted clergy, and Inez and I were left *tête-à-tête*. How I longed for the Louis Quatorze on the blue drawing-room mantel-piece to strike nine, for then the señora invariably rose, excused herself, and retired for an hour, sometimes for a longer period.

"I go back to San Angel to-morrow," said the señorita one evening as we sat on a balcony overlooking the garden.

I started.

"No!" I cried with considerable vehemence.

She laughed as she uttered the single word, "Sí."

"But you will stop here as long as I am here, won't you?" I eagerly asked.

She shook her head.

"I have the señora's command."

"I will intercede—I mean, wouldn't you prefer to be here instead of being shut up in that gloomy old convent?"

"I—don't—know," a sort of pause between the words, the words dragging their anchors, as it were.

This *was* a facer. I bore the punishment badly. I absolutely winced under it. I counted for nothing, then. I was a mere cipher, an ordinary guest, a bird of passage, of whom she would say in the after-time: "Mr. Nugent? Oh! yes, an agreeable young man. I remember him. Is he still living in Ireland?" I reeled under the shock of her words. They brought me suddenly face to face with the ghastly fact that I was nothing to her, not even interesting enough to induce her to prolong her stay. "The señora commands." The señora prized her too dearly to deprive her of any reasonable pleasure. I was no pleasure to her, and she wanted to leave.

"Let her go," I fiercely thought. "What is she to you, or you to her? Let her go to her convent. It is a rude awakening, but a necessary one, my boy."

I resolved to meet her indifference with the same weapon. "I shall go out, if I can, and say *adios* on Friday, señorita," I drawled, pulling at my moustache.

"*Adios*—Friday!" she palpitated.

Was it the flicker of the wax candle, or did she grow red and white? It was the candle, of course.

"Yes, Friday."

She murmured something, adding:

"Does the *señora* know of this—this sudden departure? I—I thought you were—at least I—" and she stopped.

"I do things very suddenly, *señorita*. I am a very whimsical sort of fool. A few minutes ago the idea of departure was as far from my mind as the date of the battle of Pharsalia."

"But what—but why go from us, from the *señora*, so soon? You have, oh! so much to see. You have seen literally nothing," continued the girl eagerly. "You have to go with Mr. O'Shea to the mines. You have to ascend Popocatepetl, though it's a terribly dangerous climb, and if your lungs are not perfect you must not *dare* attempt it. You have not been up the Chalco Canal to Lake Xochomilco. Then there's the extinct volcano at—"

"I may come back in twenty years," I rudely interrupted. "As Mexico has kept so well, she'll be even more interesting in the eighteen-nineties."

Miss O'Hara was silent. A strange, nervous, fluttering excitement seemed to take possession of me, a mean, blackguard desire to torture her—yes, to give her pain.

"You see, *señorita*," I spoke rapidly, "that it wouldn't do for me to spend too much of my time in a mouldy old town like this; why, I'd become blue-moulded myself if I stopped another week. I am wanted elsewhere. I have a most charming invitation in New York, the jolliest city in the world, and I promised to be back; in fact"—oh! what a puppy I was—"I pledged myself to Conchita Mojelos—she *is* charming, so *chic*!—to return with all speed. Then by leaving on Monday"—I had already forgotten the date of my proposed departure—"I can strike New York for a week, and get over to Queenstown, and back to Dromroe for the hunting. I ought to proceed to Liverpool and up to London. My sister is on a visit to a Mrs. Bevans and her dearest friend is one of the richest girls in England." Oh! coxcomb that I was, vulgar, miserable cad. "You know, *señorita*, that hunting to an Irishman is half his life. If I'm fond of anything it is hunting, and if I excel in anything it is in the saddle." And I fetched a cropper at O'Duffy's millstream that a boy of thirteen would have taken like a bird, and Captain Mansfield left me nowhere.

I rattled on at express-train pace, and I fear almost as noisily.

I described hunting, and steeple-chase riding, the meets of the Wards, and Royal Meaths, and Wicklow Harriers. I spoke of the delights of hunt balls, of Timolin and Beatrice Butler, of Dromroe and its surroundings, of Dublin life, the Castle and its glitter, of yachting in the bay, of my club and club life, of my runs up to town, *alias* London—in a word, I made a contemptible ass of myself for nearly an hour, and Miss O'Hara said never a word.

"I have a headache," she said, as, slowly rising and curtsying deeply—hitherto she invariably gave me her hand—she glided from the room.

"Aha!" I chuckled, "I think I have shown her that whether she goes or stays don't weigh very much in the balance with *me*."

Ah! when I went to my room that night my heart ached horribly, my Dutch courage had vanished, and I realized that life without Inez O'Hara would be but dead ash.

Inez did not appear next morning. The señora and I started alone to the church of San Francisco. I would not make a single inquiry about the poor girl, although I was madly hungry for news of her.

"Inez is not well this morning," observed the señora.

"Ah!"

"She was to have returned to San Angel to-day, but if she's not better of course I'll not let her go."

"Oh! she'll be all right."

"I never knew her to complain before."

"She spoke of a headache last night."

"She looks dreadfully ill, poor child! I received quite a shock when I went into her room just now. She looked like a person who had been crying all night. I have sent for Dr. Verjuco."

"Have you no English physician in Mexico?"

"Not one."

When we returned to the Calle Marascala Inez was standing at the top of the grand staircase.

"I am quite well," she murmured, her voice faltering. "It was only a bad headache."

I looked up at her. Her face was deadly white, her lips were white, the heavy lids of her beautiful violet eyes were red and swollen. Yes, she had had a bad headache.

"I am going into the chapel," she said when the señora was leading her toward the breakfast-room.

"Won't you eat something? Try, *mi querida*?"

"Oh! I cannot, cannot." And as she hurried away I thought I heard a sob.

"Inez is *not* well. I wonder Dr. Verjuco has not arrived," exclaimed the señora.

After *almuerzo* I strolled into the corridor that led from the principal apartments. Here I suddenly encountered Inez. My heart seemed to cease beating.

She advanced to where I was standing endeavoring to whiff a cigarette with a careless swagger.

"Here is the prayer-book," she said, "and—and—*adios*."

Ere I could utter a word she had placed the book in my hand and had disappeared.

CHAPTER XI.

BILLY BRIERLY MAKES AN ANNOUNCEMENT.

I RESOLVED upon quitting Mexico on the Friday. How the idea tore at my heart-strings! Every time it came to me it came as a sting of pain, ay, absolute pain. Then followed a yearning to see her, to tell her that she had entered my life, never, oh! never to go out of it. The scene of our first meeting was ever before my eyes: the girlish form bent over the robe, the daintily-shaped head bowed reverentially; the sun shooting shafts of gold and luminous color through the stained glass, the aureole, the small white hands sewing the seed-pearls on the heliotrope satin; then the heavy lids raising themselves to reveal those deep, earnest, beautiful violet eyes.

Could I tear myself away? I called upon my self-reverence and self-control—both responded readily enough, but both seemed inclined to leave me in the lurch when I came to consult my heart. Ah! what gruesome truths that heart tells us at times.

Miss O'Hara fought hard against her indisposition.

"She fainted this morning. It must have been after she left you," said the señora, turning to me; she was speaking of Inez to the padre. "She is in a high state of fever. Only fancy, she *insists* upon going to San Angel to-day. I have peremptorily forbidden it."

"What does the doctor say?"

"He says it is nerves—something that has excited her nerves beyond endurance. Nerves! Why, there never was a girl less troubled with nerves than Inez; and as for anything to excite her, her life is one of pure serenity."

"It is best that she should return to Sister Monica," observed Father Gonzalez. "The calm of conventual life will soothe the child's nerves, if nerves it be."

I could have—well, I felt disgusted with the padre for giving such wise counsel.

"She shall *not* stir until she is better," said the señora; and I could have hugged her for so saying.

"I would like to see the dear child," exclaimed the padre; "if she has anything on her mind she will tell *me*."

"Come and see her, padre."

To feel that she was beneath the same roof was bitter-sweet. What if it were Dead-Sea fruit? I would at least enjoy the sight of her. Like the wretched criminal in the dock, I invariably pleaded for "a long day" before the sentence should be carried out. I could not bear the idea of Inez being at San Angel and I in the Calle Marascala. I liked to think that she would be with the Señora San Cosme on the day of my departure. I would like her to see how gaily I could kiss my hand, and cry *Adios* and *A mas ver*."

There was something 'strange and restrained in the señora's manner when we next met. She asked me to sit down, and, fiddling with the hem of her pocket-handkerchief, she commenced:

"Joe, what sort of girl is Beatrice Butler?"

I started involuntarily. The question was so unexpected that it flung me, as it were, against the wall. Beatrice Butler to come up in this sudden way!

"How do you mean, señora?"

"I mean is she *very* nice, *very* fascinating?"

"She *is* very nice, and I'm sure very fascinating."

"Has she fascinated—*you*?" fixing her eyes on me with a sort of riveted gaze.

I answered quite readily:

"Certainly not."

She remained silent, her gaze still fixed upon me as if she would read my innermost thoughts.

"You referred to her a good deal, Joe," she at length observed.

"I suppose I did, señora."

"Young men of your age do not continually refer to any one particular girl, unless that girl lies very close to the heart."

"Do you mean am I in love with Trixy Butler, señora?"

"Yes."

"Well, then, I am not. I candidly confess that when I left home I was a little jealous about her, but that feeling has vanished

and I could place her little hand in the swaggering dragoon's—I was jealous of a dragoon officer—without the slightest suspicion of a pang."

"Are you *sure* of this, Joe?"

"Perfectly." And I laughed.

"That laugh tells me more than all your verbal answers, Joe. Now for another question: Why has your jealousy died out?"

This was a facer.

"Because—well—really—I don't know." I kicked my feet about, and wriggled, and felt awfully hot and flurried under the fixed gaze of my hostess.

Again she was silent.

"May I ask you another question, Joe?"

"As many as you like, señora; but this *is* a hackling," I laughed.

"Only one, Joe; and I expect you to reply to it right up from your heart. Let the words come from your heart to your lips."

I must confess that my heart did beat up in my throat. A something told me that the señora was going to refer to Miss O'Hara, and I prepared to steel myself. I cannot tell what whispered this warning, but it came like a flash.

"What do you think of Inez?"

Ah! where were the barriers I had so suddenly erected? Where was the steel, the adamant? Was I not prepared for a question of this sort? And, now that it came, all my forces were instantly routed and driven from the field.

I do not know what I did or how I looked, but the señora slowly rose.

"Do not reply to that question—just yet," she said, and she glided out of the room.

What did all this mean—this questioning about Trixy, and above all the question about Miss O'Hara? Why was the señora silent? What was I to infer from "Do not reply to that question just yet"? What did it mean? Bah! it meant nothing. I repaired to my room and prepared to pack my valise. Go on Friday I would; nothing would detain me. The *City of Mexico* sailed on Saturday evening from Vera Cruz for New Orleans. By leaving on the nine o'clock train Friday night I would strike Vera Cruz at two o'clock P.M. Saturday, and go straight on board.

I announced my intention of departing at dinner. I should mention that the padre and Mr. O'Shea were present. Miss O'Hara did not appear.

To my surprise, and, indeed, I may add mortification, the

señora did not seek to press me to remain, nor did the padre or O'Shea. The announcement did not startle them in the least. They took it as a matter of course.

"I could have wished you to have remained until the next steamer, Joe," coolly observed the señora; "but as your mind is made up I have nothing to say."

"You see, señora," I blundered, "that the hunting, you know, and the magisterial duties, you know, and all that sort of thing, to say nothing of the estate, you know, call me away. I shall never, *never* forget my visit to Mexico. It shall remain the brightest, sunniest spot in my memory." I had prepared this and let it off with a bang.

O'Shea laughed, and the padre glanced at the señora.

Then came a chill, and I never felt more mortified in all my life. It was unendurable torture.

O'Shea talked of nothing but "love's young dream" after the señora had retired, giving me several startling examples of the "fitful fever" that had come within range of his own experience. He would occasionally wink in a rather mysterious manner, cough and nod, and otherwise disported himself after so quaint a fashion as to cause me a vague uneasiness.

"There's nothing like an Irish girl after all, Joe. They're full of fun and as good as gold. If ever I marry—and I'm just thinkin' that me chances are running as low as the ore in Pomposo's mine, for, as poor Mike Brady used to say, 'I'm on the sale and salla'—it's an Irishwoman I'd pick out before all the world. They're as modest as a May morning, and true to the core. They have tongues, to be sure, but what *would* a woman be without a tongue? Answer me that, me son. If it's against ye at times, it's for you ten to wan. They're as witty as they're wise, and, be me song, their gray eyes are more dilapidating than blues and browns and blacks rolled into one. Yes, Joe, there's nothing like an Irish girl, and an Irish girl you must marry. As for—"

"I'll never marry, Mr. O'Shea," I stoutly interposed.

Mr. O'Shea's reply was a wink.

"Never! At least"—"Pinafore" had not been composed, so I added—"Not until I am forty."

"Arrah, gelang out o' that with your botherashun," he cried. "Me opinion is that you'll be married before Lent, Joe, and that's only three months off."

I laughed, asking him if he would like a bet on it.

"I would, then, Joe."

"Will you lay the odds?"

"I don't know but I will."

"What odds do you lay?"

"I'll lay three to two in bottles of *poteen*, Joe."

"Done."

"Book it, me son."

I solemnly booked the bet. What a wild wager! I thought.

I was seated in my usual place by the open window in my own room when Billy Brierly entered. It was usual for him to come for my clothes in order to brush them, and for my boots that they should be polished. I took no notice of his entrance, but continued my smoke and my meditations.

"Is it thrue what I heerd, Masther Joe?" he asked in a sort of half-whisper.

"What?"

"That we're goin' for to lave a Frida'."

"Yes."

"Bédad, but that's cruel short notice, Masther Joe."

I made no reply to this.

"Is it in airnest ye are, sir?"

"Perfectly."

"Anyhow, ye won't go for to thravel on a Frida'," deprecatingly.

"Why not?"

"Begorra, ye'll be wracked as shure as me name's Billy Brierly. Divil a worse day ye cud set out. It's as unlucky as seein' a red-haired wumman the first thing in the mornin'. Be sed be me an' don't stir a Frida'. Faix," he added in an undertone, "it's here ye ought for to stay for another cupple av weeks, av it was only for manners' sake."

Billy bustled about the room, evidently expecting that I would prove more communicative, but I totally ignored him.

"Masther Joe, avic," returning to the charge, "I've been wud the family, man an' boy, an' I feel like wan of thim; what hurts a Nugent hurts me, sir, an' if a Nugent's annoyed it's me that's red-dy for to let out me heart's blood for the race. Masther Joe, has anybody been *conthrary* wud ye?"

"Why do you ask me, Billy?"

"Bekase yer as yalla as a duck's feet; and it's sighin' ye are instid o' laffin; an' the moon is good enough company for cats and banshees, but it's cowl'd comfort for young blood like yours. If it's goin' out ye are for to fight a jewel, give thim the pistols, avic; don't let no wan persuade ye for to take to the knife; it's not the way yer father or gran'father wud be afther givin' satisfaction.

Av I can give any wan a weltin' ye've only for to tell me, Masther Joe; I'm reddy an' willin'."

"Billy, I'm not out of sorts, I'm not goin' to fight a duel, and there is nobody to welt."

"Then blur an' agers, Masther Joe, why are ye for startin' aff at wanst like this? We're only sayted, whin it's 'off on Frida.' Not that I'm frettin' in regard o' goin' home, although I'm in clover here, Masther Joe, an' so are you, sir. The cook an' me is very frindly. She's the color av a new half-penny and just as shiny, but she come into me ways at wanst, an' instid av thim *free-holies*—banes—it's corn-beef and illigant cabbage she gives me, an', more betoken', sorra a snail I seen sence the first night. Faix, it's an illigant billet; now that I've got into the ways av the place, and can ordher a rasher av belly bacon as if I was a prence. Shure, av yer home for Pathrick's Day it'll satisfy ye; an' haven't we for to halt in New York, mostly moreover in London? Bedad, Masther Joe, av ye let the Bank av England slip betune yer fingers, yer—"

The remainder of the sentence was lost. I rather imagine the words were *omadhaum*. I bade my retainer retire for the night, an order which he complied with as reluctantly as a frisky child the ukase condemning it to bed.

I sat wondering and re-wondering why it was that the announcement of my intended departure had fallen so flat. Could there be any special reason for it? I puzzled and plodded, and wearied myself in conjectures, until the only salve I could apply to my wounded vanity was "custom." It was evidently the custom of the country to receive such announcements with all possible *sang froid*. Why had I not thought of that before? Every country had its own peculiar conventionalisms. This was Mexico, and the custom was Mexican.

Having dismissed this unhappy thought, my brain began to busy itself with Miss O'Hara's illness. I had put on chain-armor over my heart and was bullet-proof. I could think of her to-night as a very charming, piquant, beautiful young girl—not for me, though. I might gaze at her, as did the Peri into heaven, through the bars—gaze at her as a delightful picture, a statue! When ten thousand miles lay between us she would be a most agreeable *souvenir*. I would ask the señora for a photograph both of herself and of her protégée. It would be good fun to show Trixy, and make her madly jealous, tease her to death. It would—

My thoughts were still surging round the image of Inez when a tap at the door caused me to turn.

In response to my summons the door opened and Billy Brierly presented himself. He squeezed in as if the door could not possibly open an inch further than to admit his body. Once in he closed the portal, and, glancing round the room, advanced on tiptoe to where I sat in considerable astonishment.

When he came within whispering distance he placed his finger to his lips, and, glancing round on all sides, breathlessly exclaimed:

"Masther Joe, I've great news, sir."

"What is it? Speak, and don't stand staring like a fool," I cried.

"Whisht, sir! or ye'll be heerd. I only found it out be chance. I heerd the say-norah sayin' to Misther O'Shea:

"'Misther O'Shea,' sez she.

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH.

PUBLIC EDUCATION BEFORE THE "REFORMATION."

THE character of education in the middle ages was essentially Christian; knowledge was not sought solely as an end, but as a means for the elevation and purification of the mind and soul; for the making of men more humble and charitable, and more fervent in their love of God. "The highest wisdom is, not to study Plato or to disengage the subtleties of Aristotle," says Peter of Blois, "but to love Christ, to serve Christ, and in this most grateful and fruitful service willingly, efficaciously, faithfully, and finally to remain." Eginhard, secretary to Charlemagne, writing to his son, whom he had sent for education to Raban Maur, at Fulda, says: "I again exhort you to leave nothing untouched of the noble science of oratory which you may acquire from the genius of that great orator; but, above all, remember to imitate those good manners in which he excels, for grammar, rhetoric, and all other studies of liberal arts are vain, and greatly injurious to the service of God, unless by divine grace they are made subject to virtue." St. Anselm, in like spirit, writes to his nephew: "Apply yourself assiduously to grammar, and exercise yourself more in prose than verse; but, above all things, guard your manners and actions before men, and your heart before God." Such was the spirit of mediæval education.

The church, through her councils and prelates, has from the earliest times shown an earnest solicitude for the enlightenment of the people. L. A. Buckingham* cites the following instances of councils speaking on this subject, during the ninth century alone :

"The Council of Orleans, in 800, urged upon the parish priests the duty of establishing schools in towns and villages, and giving gratuitous instruction to all children who might be confided to them by their parents ; the Council of Mayence, in 813, directed the clergy to admonish their parishioners to send their children to the monastic and parochial schools ; the councils of Arles, of Rheims, of Tours, and of Chalons-sur-Saône, in 813, had for chief object the encouragement of education, and directed the establishment of schools for the culture of sacred and secular learning ; that of Rome, in 826, enforced the foundation throughout Christendom of episcopal seminaries, of parochial schools in towns and villages, and of others wherever opportunity existed ; the fifth Council of Paris, in 829, besought Louis le Débonnaire to establish three great schools in fitting localities, that he might thereby secure to the church of God augmentation of glory and increase of utility, and to himself a rich reward and an undying memory ; the Council of Valence, in 855, urged the multiplication of schools for the study of divine and human sciences ; the Council of Kiersey-sur-Oise, in 858, exhorted Charles le Chauve to labor for the encouragement of learning ; the Council of Savonnières, in 859, invoked the co-operation of princes and bishops in the foundation of schools for the study of the Scriptures and the cultivation of the liberal arts ; the Council of Langres, in 859, impressed in like manner upon temporal and ecclesiastical rulers the necessity of augmenting the number of schools for the pursuit of divine and human learning."

The same spirit and sentiments are found in the decrees of many other councils held during the middle ages. The German Huber (a Protestant, the father of the author of *Janus*, and himself the author of a history of the English universities) says :

"From the beginning of the eleventh century the papal bulls and briefs took notice of the most minute details of management, even superintending the schools, as far as the age permitted." (*Die englischen Universitäten*. Cassel. 1840.)

During the irruption of the barbarians into Europe learning found refuge in the monasteries, and when, after the Crusades, came the intellectual revival, schools for the people were established in the religious houses. But monastic schools existed long before this period. According to Mabillon and Baehr, in each of the monasteries established by St. Pachomius, one of the patriarchs of monachism, "was a school in which lessons were given

* *The Bible in the Middle Ages*. With remarks on the Libraries, Schools, etc. By Leicester A. Buckingham. London. 1853.

daily to all who desired to receive them"; in the eighth century "two schools were found in every monastery, the one claustral, in which were pursued the studies of the monks and aspirants for holy orders, the other public, which was open to all who sought instruction, this last again being divided into the major and minor schools, the former of which was designed for the cultivation of the higher branches of learning, while the latter was devoted to the imparting of the rudiments." We read in Spelman's life of King Alfred that when the Danes had destroyed many religious houses that monarch hastened to restore them, since "he found that their overthrow, by depriving the people of the benefit of the schools which they contained, had caused an immediate decay of learning." The Anglican Bishop Collier admits that "when the monks were settled in England, in the reign of Sigbert, they promoted a general improvement, and were very industrious in restoring learning." Dr. Tanner, Anglican Bishop of St. Asaph in the reign of George II. and author of the *Notitia Monastica*, declares: "The religious houses were schools of learning and education; for every convent had one person or more appointed for this purpose, and all the neighbors that desired it might have their children taught grammar and church music without any expense to them. In the nunneries, also, young women were taught to work and to read English, and sometimes Latin also. So that not only the lower rank of people, who could not pay for their learning, but most of the noblemen's and gentlemen's daughters were educated in those places." The same author also says: "In every great abbey there was a large room called the Scriptorium, where several writers made it their whole business to transcribe books for the use of the library. . . . The choicest records and treasures in the kingdom were preserved in them," so great was the public confidence in the religious houses. Mallet, in his *History of the Swiss*, says: "The monks softened by their instructions the ferocious manners of the people, and opposed their credit to the tyranny of the nobility, who knew no other occupation than war, and grievously oppressed their neighbors. On this account the government of the monks was preferred to theirs. The people sought them for judges. It was a usual saying that it was better to be governed by the bishop's crosier than the monarch's sceptre." "The monks of Cassino," observes Wharton, as quoted by Drake in *Literary Hours*, "were distinguished not only for their knowledge of sciences, but their attention to polite learning and an acquaintance with the classics. They composed not only

learned treatises on music, logic, astronomy, and the Vitruvian architecture, but likewise employed a portion of their time in transcribing Tacitus, etc. This laudable example was, in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, followed with great spirit and emulation by many English monasteries." Turner, in his *History of England*, paradoxically avows: "No tyranny was ever established that was more unequivocally the creature of popular will, nor longer maintained by popular support; in no one point did personal interest and public welfare more cordially unite than in the encouragement of monasteries." The English *Quarterly Review* of December, 1811, says: "The world has never been so indebted to any other body of men as to the illustrious order of Benedictine monks. . . . Tinian and Juan Fernandez are not more beautiful spots on the ocean than Malmesbury, Lindisfarne, and Jarrow were in the ages of our heptarchy."

It must be borne in mind that these citations are all from Protestant sources, and many more might be added were it necessary. But the simple fact that a school for the free instruction of the laity formed part of every monastery is, when we consider the vast number of these then existing in every part of Christendom,* sufficient to prove that abundant facilities for the acquisition of education existed in the middle ages. Not only was instruction gratuitously bestowed in these schools, but the monks often carried their bounty still further, for the Venerable Bede says of the Irish abbeys in the seventh century that "all who repaired thither for study received from the religious daily food and the books of which they stood in need." Nor was this practice confined to Ireland, but was common elsewhere in wealthy monasteries, as in the Benedictine abbey at Jumiegès, in France. Many of the most eminent churchmen of mediæval times were thus maintained and educated in these monastic schools. We need only refer to Pope Sylvester II. and Pope Adrian IV.—the former of whom was the son of a peasant of Auvergne, and the latter the son of a menial in the service of the Abbey of St. Alban's—and the Venerable Bede, who says of himself: "When I was seven years old I was given to be educated to the most holy Abbot Benedict and then to Ceolfrid."

The Irish monastic schools became renowned at a very early period. In the seventh century these schools—among the most famous of which were the "Abbeys of Louth, of St. Ivar in

*Buckingham, on the authority of the *Gallia Christiana* and Tanner's *Notitia Monastica*, declares that in the two countries of England and France 1,313 monasteries were demolished by war, fire, and heresy, between the eighth and sixteenth centuries.

the island of Beg-Eri on the coast of Wexford, of Clonard in Eastmeath, of Rathene, of Lismore, of Ross, of St. Finnian, of Bangor, of St. Mary at Clonfert, of St. Ninnidius on the island of Dam-Inis in the Lake of Erne, and of Immay on the coast of Galway"—acquired such eminence that "men flocked thither from England in vast multitudes to profit by the advantages of study within their walls" (Bede, *Eccles. Hist.*) Cardinal Newman (*Historical Sketches*, vol. i.) says:

"The school of Armagh is said at one time to have numbered as many as seven thousand students, and tradition assigns a university town to the locality where the Seven Churches still preserve the memory of St. Kevin."

"In the year 536," says Dr. Döllinger (as quoted by Newman), "in the time of St. Senanus, there arrived at Cork, from the Continent, fifteen monks, who were led thither by their desire to perfect themselves in the practices of an ascetic life under Irish directors, and to study the Sacred Scriptures in the school established near that city." "The foundation of many of the English sees," says the same author, "is due to Irishmen. The Northumbrian diocese was for many years governed by them, and the Abbey of Lindisfarne, which was peopled by Irish monks and their Saxon disciples, spread around it its all-blessing influence. . . . Many Anglo-Saxons passed over to Ireland, where they received a most hospitable reception in the monasteries and schools. In crowds 'numerous as bees,' as Aldhelm writes, the English went to Ireland, or the Irish visited England, where the Archbishop Theodore was surrounded by Irish scholars. Of the most celebrated Anglo-Saxon scholars and saints, many had studied in Ireland; among these were St. Egbert, the author of the first Anglo-Saxon mission to the pagan continent, and the blessed Willebrord, the Apostle of the Friesland. From the same abode of virtue and of learning came forth two English priests, both named Ewald, who in 690 went as messengers of the Gospel to the German Saxons, and received from them the crown of martyrdom. . . . An Irishman, Mailduf, founded, in the year 670, a school (which afterwards grew into the famed Abbey of Malmesbury); among his scholars was St. Aldhelm, afterwards abbot of Malmesbury and first bishop of Sherburne (or Salisbury), and whom, after two centuries, Alfred pronounced to be the best of the Anglo-Saxon poets."

"As the Irish missionaries," says Cardinal Newman, "travelled down through England, France, and Switzerland, to lower Italy, and attempted Germany at the peril of their lives, founding churches, schools, and monasteries as they went along, so, amid the deep pagan woods of Germany and round about, the English Benedictine plied his axe and drove his plough, planted his rude dwelling and raised his rustic altar upon the ruins of idolatry, and then, settling down as a colonist upon the soil, began to sing his chants and to copy his old volumes, and thus to lay the slow but sure foundations of the new civilization. . . . When Charlemagne arose upon the Continent the special mission of the two islands was at an end; . . . yet not till they had formally handed over the tradition of learning to the schools of France. . . . The Anglo-Saxon Alcuin was the first rector, and the Irish Clement the second, of the Studium of Paris. In the same age the

Irish John was sent to found the school of Pavia; and when the heretical Claudius of Turin exulted over the ignorance of the devastated churches of the Continent, and called the synod of bishops who summoned him 'a congregation of asses,' it was none other than the Irish Dungall, a monk of St. Denis, who met and overthrew the presumptuous railer."

The celebrated monastery and school of St. Gall, in Switzerland, was among those founded by Irish monks, the saint of that name—known also as the Apostle to the Swiss—having founded that monastery about 585. St. Columban, a native of Leinster, preached in France, and Montalembert declares he was the one who gave the greatest impulse to monasticism in the seventh century. St. Boniface, the Apostle of Germany, a Benedictine born at Crediton, in Devonshire, founded many schools in Germany. Indeed, did space permit, we might multiply indefinitely illustrations of the labors of the monks in the spread of learning and civilization throughout Europe; but with the following from the *Historical Sketches* of Newman we leave this branch of our subject:

"As the cloister alone gave birth to the revivers of knowledge, so the cloister alone prepared them for their work. There was nothing selfish in their aim, nothing cowardly in their mode of operation. It was generosity which sent them out upon the public stage; it was ascetic practice which prepared them for it. Afterwards, indeed, they received the secular rewards of their exertions; but even then the general character of the intellectual movement remained as before."

In a spirit of large-hearted faith and charity many celebrated schools were founded without support and without scholars, the learned doctors of that day hoping to find both scholars and support; nor were they disappointed. For instance, according to Newman:

"Bec, a poor monastery of Normandy, set up in the eleventh century by an illiterate soldier, who sought the cloister, soon attracted scholars to its dreary clime from Italy, and transmitted them to England. Lanfranc, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, was one of these, and he found the simple monks so necessitous that he opened a school of logic to all comers, in order, says William of Malmesbury, 'that he might support his needy monastery by the pay of the students.' The same author adds that 'his reputation went into the most remote parts of the world, and Bec became a great and famous academy of letters.' William of Jumiegès bears witness that 'clerks, the sons of dukes, the most esteemed masters of the Latin schools, powerful laymen, high nobles flocked to him.' What words can more strikingly attest the enthusiastic character of the movement which he began, than to say that it carried away with it all classes?"

Seminaries began with that of St. John at the Lateran church, at Rome, which (founded, it is said, by St. John) remained till the time of Leo X., when it was removed into the heart of the city.

"This seminary," says Newman, "once called the school of the Pontifical Palace, has never ceased to exist, and was, at various times, the home of St. Eusebius, the Popes St. Gregory II., St. Paul I., St. Leo III., St. Paschal, and St. Nicholas I. In the thirteenth century St. Thomas and Albertus Magnus lectured there." But until the time of Charlemagne seminaries elsewhere had a precarious existence or perished altogether. By the Council of Trent episcopal seminaries were restored. Charlemagne, too, early turned his attention to the establishment of episcopal seminaries.

"To these," says Newman, "he added grammar and public schools, as preparatory both to the seminaries and to secular professions. Not that they were confined to grammar, for they recognized the *trivium* and *quadrivium*; but grammar, in the sense of literature, seems to have been the principal subject of their teaching. These schools were established in connection with the cathedral or the cloister. . . . Charlemagne probably did not do much more than this. . . . It was not in an emperor's power, though he were Charlemagne, to carry into effect in any case, by the resources peculiar to himself, so great an idea as an university."

Cathedral schools were first established in Spain, in the sixth century, the Council of Toledo directing that "all children offered by their parents should dwell under one roof, and be instructed under the superintendence of the bishop." Later on similar schools were established in all parts of Europe. The school in the cathedral of Utrecht had acquired so wide a fame in the eighth century that "scholars repaired thither from France, England, Saxony, Bavaria, and Friesland"; under Hincmar, and his successor Foulques, the school of Rheims, in the ninth century, attained celebrity throughout Europe; the school of Paderborn, under Bishop Meinwerck, was renowned in the tenth century; that of Lyons, in the eleventh century, was denominated the "Mother and Nurse of Philosophy"; that of Tournay, in the eleventh century, was attended by students from Italy, Saxony, and other lands; that of Liège, under Wazo, had achieved a pre-eminence in the eleventh century which secured for it the title of the "Fountain of Wisdom." In 1179 the third Council of Lateran decreed that "*since the church of God is bound, as a pious mother, to provide that every opportunity for learning should be afforded to the poor, who are without help from patrimonial riches, in every cathedral there should be a master to teach both clerks and poor scholars gratis*"; and Pope Innocent III. extended this injunction to other churches, requiring that in each should be provided the means of gratuitous education. The same Council

also invested the scholastics of cathedral schools with power to superintend and license the schoolmasters in their respective dioceses, "a function which," according to an old chronicler, "they appear to have discharged even previous to this concession; for the Council of Westminster, in 1138, prohibited the scholastics from accepting payment for the licenses which they granted to schoolmasters in towns and villages." From this it appears there were, in addition to those of the monasteries, schools even in the humbler hamlets, where, indeed, "their foundation had been urgently recommended by the Council of Vaison in 529." In these schools instruction was given without charge. Pope Alexander III., says Martène, made this the subject of a letter to the French bishops, in which he charged them to take special care that the masters exacted no payment from their pupils, "lest knowledge should seem to be exposed for sale, which ought to be offered gratuitously to all."

Parochial schools came into existence at an early period. In the eighth century Theodulf, Bishop of Orleans, in a capitulary addressed to his clergy, says :

"Let all priests open schools in the towns and country places, and if any among the faithful desire to confide to them their children to be instructed in learning, let them by no means refuse to receive and educate them, but, on the contrary, let them teach these little ones with perfect charity. . . . And for teaching these children they shall seek no payment, and shall receive nothing but what the parents may offer to them voluntarily and through affection."

Charlemagne, in a capitulary addressed to priests in 789, requests them to collect and keep under their care not only children of servile condition, but also the sons of freemen, and to be diligent in the establishment of schools. "Mass priests," says an Anglo-Saxon canon, "shall always have at their houses a school of learners, and, if any good man trust his little ones to them for lore, they shall right gladly receive and kindly teach them, nor shall they for this demand anything of the parents beside that which these may give of their own free will." From Wolstan's life of Ethelwold, Bishop of Winchester, we learn that "he delighted to teach children and youth, and to encourage them to diligence and virtue by his pleasant admonitions." St. Dunstan "manifested himself," says William of Malmesbury, "next to King Alfred, the greatest promoter of learning that ever appeared in Britain"; Honorius, Archbishop of Canterbury, encouraged Sigbert, King of East Anglia, in the institution of schools, and in procuring learned men from France to direct them. Ac-

cording to Mabillon, Notker, Bishop of Liège in the tenth century, "not only superintended the Scriptural studies of clerks, but also instructed the young laics who had been confided to him for tuition in the arts appropriate to their several ranks of life." Reculfus, Bishop of Soissons, urged his clergy to devote special attention to the superintendence of the schools and to making their pupils not less eminent for the purity of their lives than for their erudition; Leidrade, Archbishop of Lyons, occupied himself diligently in the formation and regulation of schools; Wazo, another Bishop of Liège, not only assumed the guardianship over schools, but himself taught in them. Much more evidence to the same purport might be adduced, but we deem the foregoing ample to prove that there was "public education" long before Protestantism was known.

While the priests instructed the children of the commonalty, the bishops performed the same office for youths of rank or of great ability. William of Malmesbury says that Wilfrid, Archbishop of York, had sent to him for education the sons of many great men, whether they were designed for clerical or lay pursuits. We are told by Alcuin that Egbert, of the same see and a disciple of the Venerable Bede, "loved to take under his care youths of good capacity, and, supporting them from his own purse, to guide them affectionately in the paths of learning." Many other prelates zealously spent themselves in the instruction of youth.

In addition to those heretofore mentioned there existed in the mediæval era what were known as "chaptral schools," which seem to have been generally under a mixed jurisdiction. We quote the following from Buckingham :

"Occasionally the scholastic was appointed by the bishop, without reference to the temporal authority, as at Courtrai; sometimes the superintendence of the schools, claimed as a prerogative by the civil power, was delegated in perpetuity to the chapter, as at Turnhout; not unfrequently the scholastic was nominated by the sovereign, as at Brussels, or by the feudal lord, as at Namur, or by the chapter, subject to the approval of the suzerain, as at Ghent; at other times the jurisdiction over the schools was exercised by the chapter conjointly with the municipal authorities, as at Ypres and at Antwerp. In these schools the instruction was not always gratuitous; in some towns this was the case, as at Namur and at Antwerp, but in others a charge was made for education, as at Brussels, where there were, in 1320, eleven such establishments, one superior for each sex, four primary for girls, and five primary for boys, in which the pupils paid annually twelve sous * [equivalent to about \$10 present value], and at Ypres,

* Leber estimates the sou at about 4s. 6½d. in the latter part of the thirteenth century, and at 3s. 6½d. at the beginning of the fourteenth.

which possessed, in 1253, three great schools, in which the scholars were subjected to an annual charge of ten sous [equivalent to about \$12], for which, however, they were to be supplied with parchment."

Still other schools existed, in various parts of Europe, unconnected with any organization, though generally directed by monks or clergy. Says Buckingham :

"Such were the schools founded by the Counts of Raperschwil in the neighborhood of St. Gall, which were protected and encouraged by the monks ; such were the schools which flourished in some parts of England in the reign of Henry III., of which Fitz-Stephen makes mention of three established in London and holding high repute for learning ; such were probably the eight schools which Lothaire I. founded in 823 in the principal towns of Italy ; such were the schools for the poor which were frequently created by pious benefactors, as the École des Bons Enfants, which existed at Rheims from the thirteenth century ; an establishment bearing the same name at Brussels, which was endowed by Pierre van Huffele, chaplain of St. Gudule, in 1358, with all his property, and further enriched in 1377 by Jean T'Serclaes, Archdeacon of Cambrai, who provided it with the means necessary for the lodging and nourishment of twelve poor scholars between the ages of nine and eighteen ; . . . such also were the schools of the Hieronymites, a pious confraternity bearing some resemblance to the Christian Brothers of our days, and instituted by Gerard Groote in 1396."

We might continue the enumeration of schools existing in the middle ages for popular education (such as the communal schools of Holland established in the thirteenth century) but we have amply proved that the church afforded to the youth of the mediæval era abundant opportunities for elementary education. If, however, learning then blossomed within the secluded walls of the monasteries, it attained to full fruition in the broad fields of the mediæval universities. And these, too, were almost wholly established and sustained by the church, as we shall show in a succeeding article.

LAKE GEORGE, 1880.

[The Church of the Sacred Heart, Lake George, N. Y., was dedicated on Sunday, August 8, 1880. Built by the Paulist Fathers in their summer leisure—as the officiating bishop remarked—it possesses peculiar interest from its situation on a lake discovered by a Jesuit priest, a prisoner of the Indians, and named by him *Le Lac du Saint Sacrement*, which name it bore for one hundred and nine years.]

REJOICE, O holy lake ! through all your shores ;
At last your hour has come :
The Blesséd Sacrament whose name was yours
Dwells in its happy home !

Blue spread your waters 'neath their Maker's hand,
Doubling the cloudless sky ;
So still the small waves lap along the strand,
They know their God is nigh.

The steadfast pines the summer wind scarce stirs ;
The hushed lake waits to claim,
After the lapse of twice a hundred years,
Its sacramental name.

What lesson from you shall a quick heart take
With feverish haste elate ?
O rocks and rock-like pines ! O mount and lake !
Each voice alike says : " Wait ! "

Two hundred years have passed since here one came
To preach the Christ of God,
Who through all pains of prison, steel, and flame
His Master's footsteps trod.

The Indian torture shook his suffering frame—
He praised God as he went ;
Named thee, O purest lake, the purest name,
The holiest Sacrament !

Two centuries stretch, with wrecks of kingdoms strewn,
Between the Jesuit's prayer
And the thanksgiving priestly lips intone
Upon this summer air.

England and France fought bitter battle here,
The home of prayer and peace,
While Indian war-whoops froze the soul with fear.
And what remain of these ?

Their rule has vanished like a shadow cast
Upon a rocky crag,
And where their lions and their lilies passed
Waves a young, star-sown flag !

As thistle-down is blown across the lake
Before the western gust,
The blood-stained children of the wood and brake
Are swept away as dust.

One thing abideth, changeless and secure,
Counting the years as days :
God's truth within God's church, which here once more
Takes up the psalm of praise.

And while the lake lies ever fresh and fair
Beyond the churchyard sod,
From different lips the soul of the same prayer
Goes up to the same God.

SYBIL KEITH'S INHERITANCE.

THE real story of Sybil Keith's life began with the breaking of her engagement. All that came before—the happy childhood, the care-free girlhood, the sweet, wild dreams of a first love as intense as it was fruitless—had never touched the inner core of her nature or called forth its strength. To go on doing the thing that pleases one, and making just effort enough to avoid what one does not like, is neither development nor discipline, and Sybil needed a double share of both. There was in her an element of indolence, mental and spiritual, which hindered her advance from her very babyhood. Capable of much, she had accomplished nothing for herself or others beyond the pleasant passing of the days. Her love had come to her one of those days in the shape of a proud, sad face, and a prouder, sadder soul, tortured, troubled, rendered helpless through circumstances, and

yet filled with wild longings for an impossible freedom and power. Some chord within her struck the answering notes of pity, fond and pure. There was a brief season of uncertain happiness, a time of suspense, a passionate renewal of delight, and then—the end. A silence as of the grave fell between the two hearts that had shared the better part of their short lives, and Sybil found herself facing a blank future that was even shadowless. No future pain was left for her. It was the one good she already saw in the evil that she had measured, at once and for ever, life's bitterness, but it gave her no hope of future joy. That outlook was far, far beyond her. She yielded without a struggle, and drifted away into aimless endurance of physical and mental pain, too heart-broken to crave sympathy, too far removed in her sorrow to heed the trifles other women find sore burdens.

This lasted for half the year, and then the time was come for the angel's touch.

"She must go away," said the watchful love around her. "She must have complete change of air and scene. Where shall it be?"

Many things go to the decision of such a question in every experience. One seldom gets to the very spot of all others one would choose. The force of circumstances is the name men give to the gentle leading of the Unseen Love.

Sybil went—because it could not be otherwise—into a quiet southern valley where the mountains stand close around a lovely hollow land. She had never seen the mountains, and when the faint blue line along the western horizon first showed dark against the radiant sky she felt a sudden warm, new thrill of life. When she came out into the evening stillness from the tiny house at the very foot of the range, a peace and rest she had not known for many days fell upon her. This centuries-old, majestic beauty so near at hand was a promise and a proof of strength and steadfastness not to be shaken, an awakening to more than the consideration of a passing moment's pain or pleasure. She was glad she had come. And she had thought it would never again matter whether she came or went!

She walked away down the path, and turned, at the gate, to face the mountain. Half way up it something rose white against the blackness of the pines, and, nearer, a gray and shadowy mass of buildings overlooked the valley.

"It must be the church and the convent," she said softly, and then went on thinking of them. "I wonder how it would alter things to be a Catholic. They have so much they *must* do and

so much they dare not do. I could not bear it! When everything is so hard already I could never do anything I hated. Going to church whether one wants to or not, and fasting, and praying long prayers, and being scolded by a priest who would not know anything himself of a trouble like mine!" Then the old pain smote her sharply and her tears veiled the mountains. For the first time she had so far forgotten it that it came with the shock of a new sorrow. Poor little thing! she had not the faintest conception of a spiritual life, no idea, born of her life, that comfort and joy could come of something outside and beyond that life.

The next day was an early autumn Sunday. Sybil could not get enough of gazing, and tried the view from all sides of the house, from every door and window. The family with whom she had come to stay were Catholics, and she heard much that was new to her in passing to and fro.

"Why!" she said to her mother, who was her companion, "there are ever so many Catholic churches about here, and the Bullens do not belong to any one in particular. They go just where they like and when they like. Linda and Frank went up the mountain before breakfast. That would be very nice—to go to church in the gray dawn, if one liked! It would seem like beginning the day well in real earnest, would it not?"

Her mother laughed. "Yes, I think it would be far too much in earnest for a lazy little thing like you. Did you ever see the 'gray dawn' in your life? Now, don't get a fancy for being a Catholic!"

"The idea!" pouted Sybil. But she could not get her thoughts off them. Their ways seemed part of the mountain life. Old ways and old thoughts did not belong to this new nature wooing her and soothing her with such power. She went to the well-filled bookcase in one of the parlors, and looked over the books. There were plenty of all sorts, but she chose a St. Vincent's Manual and went out under the trees in a quiet corner. That night, after they were in bed, she told her mother of the "queer" things in it, and "wondered" over the *Agnus Dei*. "I could never be a Catholic!" she said, turning on her pillow, when her mother had agreed with her as to the impossibility of such things being true. There was a strange sense of loss and desire at her heart as she said it, and had she been better versed in the curious workings of that most contradictory of all things—human nature—she would have known she had tremblingly sought a different answer from her confidant, that she half-fearfully, half-

gladly believed already in the helps promised her from those just-revealed links with Heaven.

There was no doubt about it, the change did her good. She went off, hand-in-hand with the children, on the mountains, walking and climbing farther and farther each day in those green, still woods. The color came to her cheeks, the light to her eyes; insensibly she was forgetting because she was acquiring. The strange, new life of home and church she saw on all sides of her (the community was all Catholic) she found full of charm and sweetness. There was in her an undeveloped sense of order and fitness, ready to yield unquestioning obedience to rightful authority, and the spectacle of men and women openly, calmly, ungrudgingly controlled by quiet-voiced leaders, whose words were wisdom and whose preachings bore fruits of unselfish practice, had something in it beautiful and sublime for her. The sorrowful sins that blotted the sunshine of other neighborhoods she had known were never rampant here; the actual exchange of brotherly kindness, preached everywhere, she saw for the first time in actual existence among these mountain Catholics. When sickness and death came into rough, comfortless mountain cabins she saw the gentlest-nurtured ladies go out daily and nightly, one succeeding another, to nurse and watch as tenderly as in their own homes. When church services called or religious duties pressed she saw them taken up with a simple earnestness and obedience that gave them a new meaning. Now and then she went into the churches, sat out the solemn Mass and the peaceful Vespers in quiet thought, and gained a calm of spirit never hers before.

At last the time came when her mother must return home. Sybil, it was decided, had better stay for the October freshness of the mountains. In the early red of a crisp, clear morning they parted at the gate, where the stage waited, and her mother said, half-wistfully, half-questioningly:

"You will not turn Catholic before you come home?" She answered lightly: "Never!" with as much truthfulness of intention as ever human lips have uttered.

Ah, but the leading of the Unseen Love! The end that had its blessed beginning in her babyhood! The inheritance, from the full coffers of earthly tenderness, into which she was destined to come!

The mellow October weeks waned into November's chill, and Sybil grew with the hours. There came one night a good priest, who listened kindly to her girlish chatter, and was only silent when she made her light protest against pious reading and pious

works because she found them "stupid." But when he said "good-night" he paused before her.

"I would do much for you, my child," he said. "Will you do a little thing for me? Will you say one 'Hail Mary' each day?"

Her easy-going nature helped her to its own discomfiture, to that after-life which was to curb and strengthen and ennoble at the cost of that ease.

"Oh! yes, I don't mind. But, all the same, I don't believe in it, father."

"I will pray that you may," he said solemnly.

From that time an atmosphere of prayer seemed to fold her in. Nothing was said to her, but she knew the children prayed for her in the chapel and at the Grotto, watching her with such earnest, awed eyes as moved her strangely. The people prayed for her and wished her well. The priests said no word, offered no advice, but their daily walk was that of men who lived by prayer. Slowly, slowly, by the links of an imperceptible yet mighty force, she was drawn nearer to them all. A wonderful study opened to her—the deep and thought-rich doctrines, the home-reaching meditations, the unfathomable wealth of wisdom of the church on earth. Intellectually, keen life awoke in her, and fine, high aspirations stirred her placid, slothfully enduring soul. And lo! as she read and listened, perceiving for the first time the admirable unity of the whole magnificent scheme of the world's salvation, and its beautiful and perfect application to the true Catholic life, but one cry arose from her heart's depths: "*Can* any one believe otherwise!" Never once: "Are these things so?" To be a Catholic became a necessity of her existence. There was no violent wrench nor heart-sick struggle. The thing was so real to her she might have been born to it and known no other state. In the little mountain chapel she received the seal of adoption, and turned her face steadily towards a new life, feeling no pang of severance from the old.

She never felt it. In a quiet way that converts seldom know, the two currents of her divided life ran side by side, neither contending nor mingling. She went back to her home, and, after a very little while, fell into her own place with no outward sign of change so great. But the Catholic spirit did its hidden work, and fought its unseen battles with the foes that threatened sorest evil. The easy-going nature and the pleasant-choosing will, the idle waiting for events as they came and the passionate fretting under disappointment—ah! how they struggled, how slowly they

yielded, how miserable the future they painted with their failing powers. How sad the life that came would have been to the first Sybil Keith! How unspeakably, awfully sad to the girl who could never do anything she hated!

But it was not a sad life, on the whole, to the Catholic Sybil. That did "alter things" greatly. Looking back at the years from time to time as each dark place was past, she could trace her advance and rejoice in the discipline. Only one thing she never understood—the reason she had been chosen from so many for the help and the blessing. A wonderful, merciful tenderness had been shown her, and she had never deserved it of herself. Her sense of the justice of God was a sure sign to her of some special favor won for her. Perhaps the cause lay far back in those blessed ages when the race of which she came had bowed before the lighted altars of Catholic Scotland. Perhaps some woman's gentle deeds of mercy and charity had made supplication for the women of her line who should follow her. Sybil often thought of it, and wondered over it in her still questioning mind, and let it go from time to time, to be answered when all doubts and questionings shall be made plain.

One day she found a letter of her dead father—a sailor-captain long ago in the Mexican War, a wonderful, sweet memory in the hearts whose throbs he had counted with the beating of his own. It was a pleasant glimpse of his rich young life, eager, and brave, and fond, with the world before him and his one sorrow the separation from his wife and babies. At its close was this:

"The day I left Vera Cruz I fell in with a vile wretch of an American who had been robbing churches and committing every other sort of depredation on the Mexicans. Among other things he had a church crucifix, the figure about two feet high, and the countenance the most beautiful I ever saw, it was so sweet and mild. I grieved to see it in the hands of such a sacrilegious scoundrel, and, out of respect for the faith of our Catholic friends, I bought it and brought it away with me, intending to present it to some Catholic church near home. But when I reached this port I felt as though it were improper to keep it longer on board, and at the solicitation of the commanding officer, who is a very religious man, and, I think, a Catholic, I let him have it for a Southern church. It was such an interesting object to look upon that no one familiar with the subject could behold it without feeling. For my part, I felt a reverence for it I could not account for.

"Kiss the babies for me. God grant that I may be successful in my voyage, for their sake! My one desire is to make them happy, and leave to them a comfortable inheritance. I am, dear wife, all I say and all you wish me to be, your own

FRANK."

Sybil sat with the worn and faded sheet open before her a long while. When she laid away the relics and closed the desk she went over to her crucifix and looked up at it reverently through her tears. The image of that other Figure, that Face most beautiful—"so sweet and mild"—which had moved the brave and tender soul to pity, and to a reverence it could not understand, was vividly present to her. Where was it now? Did it, indeed, look down from the altar of some Southern church? Oh, to behold it even once!

"For it is my inheritance, papa," she whispered brokenly. "Your good deed has brought its reward. The Lord you sheltered has made up to *me*, beyond all price, the wealth you craved for me. That voyage was crowned with blessing for the baby who needed help the most."

And from that time Sybil's questionings were set at rest for her. The faith she had so readily accepted, because she had been prepared for it in ways she knew not, became to her not only hers through choice, but hers through her dead father's gift. Verily, the bread men cast upon the waters, after many days is returned to them—the Bread of Life.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE TRUE FAITH OF OUR FOREFATHERS. By A Professor of Theology in Woodstock College, S.J., Maryland. N. Y.: The American News Co.

The professor of theology is evidently The Rev. F. De Augustinis, author of the Treatise *De Re Sacramentarid* in the Woodstock Course of Theology. What he has undertaken in the present volume is, as stated in the full title-page on the cover, a refutation of Dr. Stearns' *Faith of our Forefathers*, and a vindication of Archbishop Gibbons' *Faith of Our Fathers*. In his last paragraph, F. De Augustinis says: "In fine, we rather thank Dr. Stearns for the opportunity he has given us of presenting the doctrine of the church to our separated brethren, and of calling their attention to the excellent book which the Archbishop of Baltimore has written for them." We join in the sentiment of thankfulness that F. De Augustinis has found and embraced an opportunity for writing this excellent book, although we can only commiserate Dr. Stearns in his misfortune in having fallen from his place as an examining chaplain into that of a chaplain under examination. We do not owe him any thanks for having, contrary to his intention, made such an exposure of the weakness of his cause as indirectly to serve the cause of truth. Neither have his fellow-Episcopalians any reason to thank him for his attempt to defend their cause, un-

less they indirectly receive the same benefit from his indiscretions which the cause of truth itself has received, through the light which F. De Augustinis has cast, in refuting him, upon the true doctrine and religion of the Ancient Church. Episcopalians are a very respectable body, and in many things much more like Catholics and much nearer to Catholics in doctrines and practices than are other Protestants. We should much prefer to discuss the points of difference between us with men of genuine learning, candor and good breeding, and we are sure that the best part of the Episcopalian clergy and laity, in particular the high-toned members of that communion in Maryland, approve and prefer that mode of controversy. There have been great men and fine writers among the ecclesiastics of the Church of England, and some very respectable imitators of these celebrated authors in our own country. So long as they have employed their talents and learning in the exposition and defence of Catholic truth, they have been able to emulate the best ancient and modern writers of the Catholic Church.

But when it is question of opposing Catholic doctrines and defending those which are contrary to them, the exigencies of controversy must compel them to arrive at last at the alternative of either embracing all Catholic truth or becoming its most violent and obstinate enemies. The middle ground is not tenable for a long time. The notion that the Protestant Episcopal Church is like the church of the earlier ages can only subsist, so long as those earlier ages are seen in a very obscure light, through a very misty atmosphere. Isaac Taylor, who was a man of remarkable gifts and cultivation, who had become a member of the Church of England from choice although bred a dissenter, more than forty years ago exposed the great mistake of the Oxford school in identifying Anglicanism with Ancient Christianity. Episcopalians have no forefathers more ancient than the founders of their sect, Henry VIII., Cranmer and their associates. Those among them who are not content to be confounded with the common mass of Protestants, but wish to be considered as distinctively churchmen, only adhere to their particular sect because they mistake it for a genuine, legitimate continuation of the original Catholic Church in England, and of the apostolic church. This pretence has been exploded, and as a last resort, those who are the most fully acquainted with the real facts of history only hang on to their separate, isolated position, by persuading themselves that they are not wholly cut off from communion with the great Catholic body, and will some day obtain a formal recognition which will enable them to become reconciled and admitted to full outward communion. This is a resort, however, too contrary to common sense, for the majority of sincere and intelligent Episcopalians to accept with any kind of contentment. Just as soon as they discover that the schism of Henry VIII. was a great error and a great crime, and that the Catholic Church of the present is really one with the ancient and apostolic church, instead of being a corruption of it, they draw the right conclusion, that one must be a Catholic pure and simple, or else give up all church-principles and relapse into extreme Protestantism. Hence it follows, that those who are obstinately bent on defending the high-church claims, the apostolic succession, etc., for their own highly respectable but altogether human society, have to take up an attitude of very pronounced and violent hostility against the Catholic Church.

They have no other means of waging this warfare except throwing dust into the eyes of their hearers and readers. They must resort to personal recrimination and calumny, to charges of dishonesty, to misrepresentation, to perversion of history, to misquotation and garbling of texts, and to similar tricks of sophistry and bad rhetoric. F. De Augustinis proves abundantly that Dr. Stearns has done this in his attack on the Archbishop of Baltimore. But he has done more and better work than this. He has furnished an array of positive evidence drawn from the rich stores of his learning in support of the archbishop's plain, calm and convincing exposition of the faith of our fathers, which is abundant and conclusive. By reading these two books, *The Faith of our Fathers*, and *The True Faith of our Forefathers*, Episcopalians, and indeed all Protestants may see for themselves on which side is the truth, and also, the Christian charity which is so closely allied to truth.

ALBUM BENEDICTINUM, nomina exhibens monachorum, qui de *nigro colore* appellantur, locorumque omnium, quotquot innotuerunt, hac ætate florentium, O. SS. P. N. Benedicti, quod ad annum a nativitate ejusdem SS. Patris MCCCC. Jussu reverendissimi domini D. Bonifacii Wimmer, Abbatis, collegit sacerdos Abbatix S. Vincentii, A.D. 1880. Prodiit e typographæo S. Vincentii in Pennsylvania. 1880.

This grand almanac or catalogue of the Benedictine Order as existing at the present time was compiled by a father of St. Vincent's Abbey, at Latrobe, Pennsylvania, under the direction of the Right Rev. Abbot Wimmer, and printed at the press of the monastery. It contains a few very interesting drawings of some of the principal abbeys throughout the world. It is brought out in a splendid typographical style, with great completeness of detail, making a somewhat bulky volume of 550 pages. The Benedictine Order has subsisted during 14 centuries, and now, in its old age, though much diminished in its magnitude and power, is of very respectable dimensions. It is divided into 10 distinct congregations including 81 monasteries. There are 26 other abbeys which are independent, 240 smaller houses, and 780 parochial churches either administered by the monks or under their patronage, having a total population of about 760,000. They have 12 ecclesiastical and 44 secular colleges, containing 6,000 pupils.

The order counts among its members 1 cardinal, 5 archbishops, 18 bishops and 1 abbot who is also a prefect apostolic. There are 8 abbots *nullius dioceseos*, having quasi-episcopal jurisdiction of a district, and 60 other governing abbots, besides 19 who are merely titular, and 9 independent priors. Of the professed monks, there are 1,846 who are priests, 210 clerics, and the number of lay brothers is 570, of novices 115. The American Cassinensian Congregation of which Abbot Wimmer is President has 4 monasteries, 197 clerical and 171 lay monks, and there are two or three other monasteries in the United States under a separate jurisdiction.

An appendix to the *Album* gives some information regarding the Benedictine communities of women. From this we learn that no part of the continent of America but the United States has Benedictine nuns. The first of these communities—which was composed then of but three persons—came from a convent at Eichstädt, in Bavaria, in 1852, and established St. Mary's, Elk Co., Pa., in the diocese of Erie. The Benedictine nuns in this country now number about 500, having 15 convents, each governed by a prioress, and

33 lesser establishments depending on these convents. They teach 15 select schools or academies and 48 parish schools. In addition, there is in Missouri a convent of Benedictine *tertiary* sisters, who take annual vows. These last are a recent colony from Switzerland.

The *Album* is a very curious and interesting document not only for the Catholic clergy, but for all scholars of an antiquarian and historical turn of mind.

THE IRON GATE, AND OTHER POEMS. By Oliver Wendell Holmes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1880.

Oliver Wendell Holmes has been for more than forty years a favorite of the Bostonians and New-Englanders, and in general of the American public. He has won this favor by genuine literary worth, and therefore as he has grown older this favor has not decayed but rather increased. Mr. Holmes is a true poet, and one of our best prose writers. The most marked characteristic of his writings is humor blended with pathos. As a humorist, we rank him as one of the trio which holds the first place in modern English literature. Hood, Jerrold and Holmes, in our opinion, are the three genuine humorists of the first class, who have made their humorous writings truly artistic and classic. To their honor be it said, they have all made their wit subservient to moral purity. One thing we have always especially liked in Mr. Holmes' writings, viz., that he never surfeits his readers with too much humor, but generally sprinkles it, as an Attic salt, upon his more solid viands. The pathetic and serious element predominates in all his compositions, except a few short pieces of pure and unmixed fun. This last volume is an instance in point, and exemplifies what has just been said. Indeed, its prevailing tone is a sadness which breathes of the spirit of Cicero *de Senectute*, and yet retains the juvenile playfulness of the poet's earlier productions, like one of our Northern October landscapes. The chief poems of the volume are Academic, and among these we note especially two, *Vestigia Quinque Retrorsum*, and *The School-Boy*. The latter poem has, perhaps, a special interest for the writer of this notice, because of early reminiscences of the same school where the scene of the poem is laid and where the poet was once a school-boy. The same poem furnishes an occasion for the one grievous censure which we have to pass upon Mr. Holmes' writings. Their religion and morality are purely natural, and not only so, they are pervaded by a tone of ridicule which is more effective because it is almost always so light and good-humored, in respect to all that belongs to supernatural faith and is received through the Christian tradition purely on the authority of divine revelation. The old Theology of Andover assuredly made a large demand on credulity in assuming to be identical with the revealed doctrine of Christ. Yet, it seems to us that it was hardly the place and the occasion for indulging in banter concerning the doctrines which Andover was expressly founded to maintain, when Dr. Holmes was reciting a poem at the Andover Centennial. Moreover, the shaft of ridicule was shot not only against the peculiar opinions of Andover but against the Nicene Creed which is the Symbol of Faith of universal Christendom. The passage we refer to is apropos of Dr. Murdock's dismissal from his professorship on the charge of heresy.

"He broached his own opinion, which is not
 Lightly to be forgiven or forgot ;
 Some riddle's point,—I scarce remember now,—
 Homo?, perhaps, where they said homo—ou.
 (If the unlettered greatly wish to know
 Where lies the difference betwixt *oi* and *o*,
 Those of the curious who have time may search
 Among the stale conundrums of their church.)"

There may be wit in this, but there is no philosophy. It makes some difference in arithmetic whether you write 10 or 01. There is also some little distinction of meaning between *genius* and *genus*. In the Creed, the iota entirely changes the meaning of the word which defines the nature of Christ as the Son of God. The word with the iota expresses only that he is godlike, without it, that he is God. Can a Unitarian any more than a Catholic consider this a trivial matter which it is fitting to sneer at as a *stale conundrum*?

There is more show of reason in what follows :

"Why should we look one common faith to find,
 Where one in every score is color-blind ?
 If here on earth they know not red from green,
 Will they see better into things unseen ?"

If it is a question of imposing private opinions as dogmas and attempting to produce unity in faith by confessions made by merely human authority, there is sound logic under the cover of this ingenious simile. But, since it is necessary that we should see into things unseen and discern truth from error in religious doctrines, the right conclusion of the logic is, that we need a divine and infallible authority to teach us which are the true doctrines of the faith which God has revealed. The very natural reaction of the mind from the Puritan theology which suppresses reason has cast Cambridge upon the shoals of rationalism. It is to be hoped that some day it will swing off and regain the open sea of Catholic truth. The great amount of what is true and sound and pure in the writings of many of the Cambridge school, among whom Dr. Holmes holds such a deservedly high place, is one encouragement to hope for this result.

LES SOCIÉTÉS SECRÈTES ET LA SOCIÉTÉ, OU PHILOSOPHIE DE L'HISTOIRE CONTEMPORAINE. Par N. Deschamps. Deuxième édition, entièrement refondue et continuée jusqu'aux événements actuels. Avec une introduction sur l'action des sociétés secrètes au XIXe. siècle, par M. Claudio Jannet. Avignon : Seguin frères ; Paris : Oudin frères. 1880.

In these two volumes, which Father Deschamps had prepared before his death, a great many facts bearing on the social and political upheavals of Europe during the last hundred years or more are brought together. Father Deschamps puts upon the secret societies the responsibility for nearly all the political ills of Europe to-day. He deserves credit for his great industry. No Catholic, at least, can help recognizing the evil that lies at the very base of the secret societies, and the bad results that flow and that have always flowed from them; nevertheless a calm perusal of the industrious Jesuit's own presentation of the facts must convince the reader that the secret societies are here an effect, not a cause; that they are

merely one of the many evil results of the rottenness of certain portions of European society and of the gradual giving way of governments that had disowned the principles to which they owed their original stability. M. Jannet, who has recast the work since the author's death and has added much new material to it, contributes also an interesting introduction. The book merits a careful review, which we shall try to give soon.

THE STILLWATER TRAGEDY. By T. B. Aldrich, author of *Marjorie Daw*, *The Queen of Sheba*, *Flower and Thorn*, etc. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1880.

Mr. Aldrich's romances are not very thrilling, nor do they show any inclination on the author's part to analyze human character. They are rather mere sketches, but sketches that if taken up and filled in by some laborious writer of the so-called philosophical school would achieve immediate success. Mr. Aldrich is interesting none the less whenever he takes the trouble to be so. But he is evidently too indolent to develop the ideas that he plants here and there. He lingers occasionally, it is true, to point out in a few words some trait of character or some pleasant scene, but then he canters impatiently away, leaving his readers to find out things for themselves whenever their curiosity has been aroused or their interest stimulated.

These qualities are manifest in his latest story. The very opening paragraph, describing the dawn of day in the New England village of Stillwater, is wonderfully true to nature, as far as it goes. Yet it is only like an artist's memorandum, and must be filled out altogether by the reader's imagination. We do not mean to say that we admire "word-painting," but Mr. Aldrich, with his clear perception, correct taste, and real love of nature, could be depended on for a finished, complete picture—if only he would. The mystery surrounding the murder of a rich man of the village forms the principal motive of the story, while the great strike of the workmen in 1877, which is described as having reached to the mills and workshops of Stillwater, affords the author an opportunity to present some sound views on the question of trades-unions and on kindred topics. "Bread or Blood" was displayed on the banners of the strikers in Stillwater, which recalls the device actually carried through the streets of St. Louis at that time by striking *shoeblocks*: "We don't want bread; we must have sponge-cake or blood!" There is a healthy piece of love-making between the hero and heroine—Richard and Margaret, who, we are happy to say, are called by their right name, and not "Dickie" and "Maggie"—and the end of this love-making, in spite of apparent and sufficiently perplexing obstacles, is fortunate.

THE ILLUSTRATED CATHOLIC FAMILY ANNUAL FOR 1881. With calendars calculated for different parallels of latitude, and adapted for use throughout the United States. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

This is the thirteenth year of what is not merely an almanac with calendars, the gospels and epistles for red-letter days, etc., but a most interesting and valuable year-book of Catholic information. A specialty of this publication has always been its biographical notices of distinguished Catholics of the day, and the discussion of matters connected with the history

and growth of the Catholic Church in the United States; so that a file of the *Annals* will in time be of considerable service for reference. This year's number has well-written articles on Cardinal Manning, the late eminent scholars, Dr. Pabisch of Mt. St. Mary's Seminary, Cincinnati, and Dr. Russell, of Maynooth College, Ireland; also a notice of that well-known and highly-esteemed Catholic publisher, the late Mr. John Murphy, of Baltimore. To each of these biographical articles there is an excellent portrait. The many illustrations in the *Annual* this year are, in fact, particularly good. Among other articles, each with a portrait, are sketches of St. Thomas Aquinas, Mother Mary Aikenhead, Dr. Cummings, Mother Theodore, and Sister St. Francis, the last two of whom were pioneers of Catholic education in Indiana. All sorts of odds and ends of curious lore are sandwiched between carefully-written original articles on matters of actual interest. It is the best number of the *Annual* that has yet appeared. It contains something for everybody, and a copy of it ought to be found in every Catholic family.

ULTIMA THULE. By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Mr. Longfellow is our own poet, and as such has well earned our love and praise. We say this as Americans. We could say more. He is one of the world's poets, and his name is deservedly linked with others whose fame is world-wide. As Catholics we are unwillingly obliged to take some exceptions to the rulings of his Muse, especially when she seeks to express the ideal of Catholic truth.

He fails to see that the outward expressions of Christianity are symbolic of a divine interior life. A sufficient evidence of this is to be found in the first sonnet of the present collection, entitled

"MY CATHEDRAL.

"Like two cathedral towers these stately pines
Uplift their fretted summits tipped with cones;
The arch beneath them is not built with stones,
Not art but Nature traced these lovely lines,
And carved this graceful arabesque of vines;
No organ but the wind here sighs and moans,
No sepulchre conceals a martyr's bones,
No marble bishop on his tomb reclines.
Enter! the pavement, carpeted with leaves,
Gives back a softened echo to thy tread!
Listen! the choir is singing; all the birds,
In leafy galleries beneath the eaves,
Are singing! Listen, ere the sound be fled,
And learn there may be worship without words."

Here the poet not only fails to realize the idea and purpose of a Christian cathedral, but also wanders out of the domain of poesy into that of the theologian. His ideal cathedral is based upon no reality, but upon an abstract Quaker doctrine. If Mr. Longfellow would embrace in his theology the worshipper in the Cologne cathedral no less than the hermit in his solitude, his Christianity would be improved and he would approach in his poetical genius nearer to the Catholic standard of a perfect poet.

THE LIFE, TIMES, AND CORRESPONDENCE OF THE RIGHT REV. DR. DOYLE, BISHOP OF KILDARE AND LEIGHLIN. By W. J. Fitz-Patrick, LL.D., M.R.I.A., Professor of History to the Royal Hibernian Academy, etc. New edition, greatly enlarged and revised. Two volumes. Dublin: James Duffy & Sons, M. H. Gill & Son. 1880. (New York: For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

One of the most prominent figures in the agitation that led to the Catholic Emancipation Act of 1829 in the United Kingdom was that of the zealous, learned, and patriotic bishop whose life Mr. Fitz-Patrick first published about twenty years ago and now again presents with many additions. These two volumes fairly teem with facts bearing upon the various social, political, and ecclesiastical questions that have been discussed in Ireland during the last three-quarters of a century. Dr. Doyle's famous letters also, graceful, vigorous, and always to the point, are here. Whether the reader does or does not go along with the bishop in his views on all subjects, no one desiring to be familiar with modern Irish history can afford to leave this *Life* unread.

STRANGE MEMORIES. By Rev. A. J. O'Reilly, D.D. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co. 1880.

The learned author of the *Martyrs of the Coliseum, Victims of the Marmertine*, etc., has committed to writing in the present volume some memories of the past which are not too strange to be true. He was induced to "cast them on paper" by the persuasive entreaties of the children in the Convent of Our Lady of the Blessed Sacrament, who were the first to discern their excellence and worth. The children in convent schools, to whom the book is dedicated, have reason, therefore, to thank the little literary critics who urged the author to publish without delay these interesting memories and anecdotes of missionary life.

Although the book is submitted to the indulgent criticism of the young folks for whom it has been specially prepared, yet it will be read with pleasure by those who are no longer in their teens, provided they are able to appreciate the sublime lessons of virtue which are so brilliantly reflected through the "moral crystals" that adorn its pages. In connection with one of his remarkable narratives Dr. O'Reilly makes the following remarks, which will meet with the approval of every priest:

"Let those hard-worked priests who, in the large cities, sit for long hours in the confessional, tell of the wearisome work which zeal and love for the salvation of souls carry them through; the sameness of the tale of weakness constantly poured into their ears; the ignorance of many who mean well, but try patience. Every phase of human weakness or sanctity is represented in an evening's sitting. A saint, requiring direction in the higher vocation of special and heavenly virtue, where mortifications and penances have to be checked, will give place to some monster of intemperance or impurity, relapsing, unconverted, and hardened, where all the eloquence and fervor of the priest is spent in vain to bring a blush or a tremble before the tribunal of an outraged God."

ROSE O'CONNOR: A Story of the Day. By Toler King. Chicago: Printed by the Chicago Legal News Company. 1880.

Love, the famine, and landlord oppression are the foundation upon which the author has built this tale of Irish life to-day. It is too evidently a political tract to find much success among story-readers in this country. The

greatest infamy of modern times is the rule of the British in Ireland, but story-telling will do nothing palpable towards liberation. The Irish do not need the sympathy of the world—that they have had enough of; what they do need is the respect of the nations. This is now worth striving for.

THE HOUR WILL COME: A Tale of an Alpine Cloister. By Wilhelmine von Hillern. From the German by Clara Bell. New York: William S. Gottsberger. 1880.

There are certain novel-writers, principally of the so-called analytical school, to whom, in their eagerness for fresh subjects, nothing is sacred. To these writers the ascetic virtues are simply incomprehensible, so that their imaginative descriptions of the inner life of religious communities are not only frequently irreverent, but nearly always full of absurd blunders. Although having considerable literary merit, the above book, in spite of its occasional parade of familiarity with mediæval life, is decidedly false in its tone and misleading throughout.

INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF SIGN-LANGUAGE AMONG THE NORTH AMERICAN INDIANS, AS ILLUSTRATING THE GESTURE-SPEECH OF MANKIND. By Garrick Mallery, Brevet Lieut.-Col. U. S. Army. Washington: Government Printing-Office. 1880.

This pamphlet has been issued under the direction of the Bureau of Ethnography of the Smithsonian Institute. It is merely the sketch of a more extensive work now in preparation, and is designed to stimulate investigation in the subject it treats.

The Indians, it is well known, are very skilful in the language of gesture, and can carry on a conversation with one another with almost the same ease as well-trained deaf-mutes. An instance is given at page 48, where a Pah-Ute chief recites his adventures altogether in dumb show. This facility of gesture has been frequently attributed to the poverty of the Indian languages, which makes supplementary gestures necessary to explain the speaker's thoughts. Col. Mallery, on the other hand, attributes it to the great number of dialects in use, which makes it impossible for the Indians to communicate with any but near neighbors, except by signs. Col. Mallery also seems to accept, at least in some degree, the theory that sign-language among the Indians may be a "survival" of the mode of conversation used by primitive man before the development of spoken discourse. But this appears far-fetched. The very diversity of dialects which he has already assigned as a cause will, we think, amply suffice without any recourse to evolutionary theories. His remarks on the result of this diversity of dialects are worthy of attention. He says:

"... Where people speaking precisely the same dialect are not numerous, and are thrown into constant contact, on equal terms, with others of differing dialects and languages, gesture is necessarily resorted to for converse with the latter, and remains as a habit or accomplishment among themselves; while large bodies enjoying common speech, and either isolated from foreigners, or, when in contact with them, so dominant as to compel the learning and adoption of their own tongue, become passive in its delivery. The undemonstrative English, long insular, and now rulers when spread over continents may be compared with the profusely gesticulating Italians, dwelling in a maze of dialects, and subject for centuries either to foreign rule or to the influx of strangers on whom they depended."

This partly upsets the old notion that the profuseness of gesture among

the Italians and other southern peoples is owing to certain innate qualities of the warm-blooded races.

LITTLE MANUAL OF NOVICES. By the Author of *Golden Sands*. New York : D. & J. Sadlier & Co. 1880.

A neat, pretty little book, quite appropriate for a neat young novice who has just received the habit. It is warmly approved and recommended by His Eminence the Cardinal of New-York, and Cardinal Donnet has called it a "wonderful compendium." It is only necessary for us to give notice to masters and mistresses of novices that such a book is published by proper authority. To say more would be superfluous.

THE NEW CATHOLIC SUNDAY-SCHOOL MANUAL. New York : D. & J. Sadlier & Co. 1880.

This little book is a reprint of the Boston Catechism, to which are added the usual morning and night prayers printed in most catechisms, the prayers at Mass, and devotions for confession. At the end of the book is a collection of about one hundred and fifty hymns, and some of them are very pretty.

WE have received from the author, the Rev. Aug. J. Thébaud, S.J.—but too late for notice this month—advance sheets of a new work entitled *The Church and the Moral World : Considerations on the Holiness of the Church*.

IN correction of a notice that lately appeared in these pages of a *Life of Christ and of His Blessed Mother*, Benziger Bros., the publishers of the work, write us that the cost of the *Life* is, in numbers, \$9 50, and not \$16 as the notice had given it, while the binding is from \$3 to \$8 extra.

THE SKIN IN HEALTH AND DISEASE. (American Health Primers.) By L. Duncan Bulkley, M.D. Philadelphia : Presley Blakiston. 1880.

THE SERAPHIC CORD OF ST. FRANCIS. By Monseigneur de Ségur. Translated from the fifteenth (French) edition. St. Louis, Mo. : P. Fox, 14 South Fifth Street. 1880.

LAUDIS CORONA : the new Sunday-school hymn-book, containing a collection of Catholic hymns, arranged for the principal seasons and festivals of the year. New York : D. & J. Sadlier & Co. 1880.

LECTURE BY THE RIGHT REV. R. GILMOUR, D.D., BISHOP OF CLEVELAND : "The Debt America owes to Catholicity." Delivered at Case Hall, Cleveland, on Sunday evening, April 4, 1880. Cleveland, O. : Mount & Carroll. 1880.

NOTES TAKEN FROM A LECTURE BY DR. MANUEL DAGNINO, at the Medical University of Caracas, Venezuela, on the Treatment of Yellow Fever. Translated into English by Dr. Antonio de Tejada, of New York. New York : Office of *Las Noveades*. 1880.

PEARLS FROM THE CASKET OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS. A collection of letters, maxims, and practices of the Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque, Religious of the Order of the Visitation. Edited by Eleanor C. Donnelly. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis : Benziger Brothers. 1880.

MEMOIR OF GABRIEL BERANGER, AND HIS LABORS IN THE CAUSE OF IRISH ART AND ANTIQUITIES, FROM 1760 TO 1780. By Sir William Wilde, M.D., author of *Beauties of the Boyne and Blackwater, Catalogue of the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy*, etc. With seventeen illustrations. Dublin : M. H. Gill & Son. 1880. (New York : For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

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A COMMENTARY UPON THE EPISCOPAL CONVENTION.

THE Protestant Episcopal Church would occupy a more enviable position if its pretensions were not so great. We are accustomed to conventions of all kinds wherein there is much speaking with little point, wherein many things are proposed and little accomplished. We are used to Protestant synods and pan-councils of different sects where the only thing demonstrated is the impossibility of unity. Happy families agree to live together in peace by waiving decisions in regard to doctrine and allowing full latitude of opinion.

But the Episcopal Church will not identify itself with the Protestant sects. Possessing all their liberty, and to the highest degree their want of unity in faith, it still makes great ecclesiastical pretensions. Its gathering of ministers and laymen is not a convention in the ordinary sense of the word, but a *council of a branch* of the Catholic Church. It has bishops, priests, and deacons, and the robes of priestly authority, and looks with proud contempt upon the unauthorized churches which, without episcopal ordination, venture to extend to the Protestant world the right hand of fellowship. On the opening day of the convention there was quite a procession of bishops in full canonicals, robed in the white and black vestments of their order. There was also Bishop Cotterill, of Edinburgh, and Bishop Herzog, of the *Old* Catholic Church of Switzerland. They passed up the aisle of St. George's Church and united in the Communion service of their

denomination. How all this array of prelates strikes the eye of Catholics may well be imagined. To us the less pretentious conduct of Methodist bishops, who have a consecration equally good, seems much more impressive and real. The two foreign prelates were a conspicuous feature in this display. One wore, according to the *Sun*, "the red cap and hood of his Oxford dignity." The other was probably dressed in a gold cope such as he usually wears in Switzerland. In undress the daily journals describe the one as "a man of noble presence and ecclesiastical whiskers, having a dignified bearing in the short clothes which distinguish the bishops of the English Church." The other "is a dark-haired and dark-eyed German with the air of firm resolution." We presume the Episcopal Church intends to recognize the Old Catholic Church and the orders of its bishops, which will, no doubt, be a satisfaction to them. This would be the natural return for a similar favor extended to the whole Parker line at the convention held at Bonn in 1874. There a resolution was passed recognizing the orders of the English Church and its American daughter. The resolution was not accepted by the Greek and Russian delegates present, who expressed their doubts as to the validity of those orders. The object of this action was to gratify the English clergymen present, and to put them on an equal standing with the other members of the synod. We do not know that this act of the Old Catholic synod accomplished much for the Episcopalians. The appearance, however, of this foreigner in a cope was no doubt a feeling sign of unity. With this gratification of the Ritualistic brethren the Low-Churchmen appeared to be satisfied, inasmuch as to things more important they have their own way with the convention. In fact, it would seem that the High-Churchmen are very quiescent, and that the old feud is temporarily healed. Churchmen who differ as widely as the most extreme Protestants are become a harmonious band of brothers. St. George's Church, the very seat of low Protestant doctrine, is the place of meeting, and the officiating clergy are nearly all of the low type of theology. The following remarks of the Rev. Dr. Sullivan are explanatory of this seeming harmony :

"Some years ago, as you are aware, a very dangerous disease broke out in the church. It was a disease that sorely puzzled the best and wisest of our ecclesiastical doctors. It was an epidemic and an epicleric as well. It assumed two different forms, strangely enough, in opposite directions. It sometimes took the form of a very high fever, and sometimes the form of a very low fever. It is scarcely necessary for me to say in this presence that I myself had a very severe attack of the latter form of the disease—in fact,

I was supposed by some to be almost *in extremis*. Some of my friends were afraid that I would not recover, and I think others were afraid that I would. Happily for myself, I did survive. For the present I wish to say that one attack has been quite enough for me, and if any one here, or anywhere else, wishes to know the symptoms of the disease, and by what gradual stages it develops in the system, I know all about it. Speaking seriously, however, I am glad to say, not for myself only, but for the whole Canadian Church, and I am warranted in saying, that this disease is rapidly becoming a thing altogether of the past, and that, judging by present indications, the time is not far distant when men, when they look for it, will find it, but they will find only its cold remains labelled and laid away in our cabinet of ecclesiastical antiquities, side by side with the bones of the megatherium, and the ichthyosaurus, and other equally hideous monsters of the antediluvian era; and all this has come to pass simply because men are coming to understand, under the teaching of that divine Spirit who inhabits the church as the mystical body of Christ, that among all divinely-ordained laws there is none more sacred than the law of individuality, and that, while on all matters that are *de fide* truth is first, and then charity, yet in that vast field of thought which embraces matters of mere opinion, truth, divinely-revealed truth, has itself proclaimed the supremacy of another law by apostolic lips—namely, the law, ‘Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind.’”

According to this lucid statement, which received the applause of the convention, there are no more differences of consequence among Episcopalians. They are healed by letting every man think and act as he pleases, and thus conflict is impossible. Why is it that such unity in diversity was not accomplished before? Yet the High-Churchmen would yield all their peculiarities, if they could once obtain the real acknowledgment of their orders from any trustworthy source. They have tried the Greek schismatics and the heretics of the East in vain. The Greek Church has denied the validity of their orders in terms as clear as those of the Catholic Church. Now there is a new *branch* of the church. There used to be only three, but since the Vatican Council there are *four*. This increase of the *branches* of the church seems to be a great point with them; but we think that, from their own stand-point, their arithmetic is at fault. There are many validly-ordained heretics in the East whom they have not counted. Of course heresy is a small matter, if only the apostolical succession be preserved. As to the recognition of the whole Parker line by the Old Catholics, it seems to be complete. Dr. Reinkens holds out his hand from across the Atlantic to the American *branch*. The Right Rev. Dr. Herzog, on the second day, was formally introduced to the House of Bishops, and thus addressed them:

"Right reverend fathers and brethren in Christ: Receive my sincere thanks for the most kind welcome you have given me. I know that the honor you do me refers chiefly to me as representing the Christian Catholic Church and the Old Catholic movement. I thank you, then, not only personally, but also in the name of my church and in the name of Bishop Reinkens, who has especially charged me to express to you his respects and best wishes for the prosperity of your church and for cordial relations between your church and ours. Brothers, you granted me yesterday a place among you at the Lord's table, and to-day you accord me a place in your venerable assemblage. You have by these acts in a certain sense annulled the excommunication hurled against us by the Pope because we rejected the errors and abuses which you never acknowledged. We, on our part, have long since acknowledged you as a branch of the Catholic Church, and since my sojourn in your great country and your flourishing church I have proof enough that the Conference of Bonn acted wisely in solemnly recognizing the catholicity of your episcopate, your doctrine, and your liturgy."

To the same purport were his words to the House of clerical and lay Deputies. As far as Dr. Reinkens and his brethren can do so, they declare the American Episcopal bishops to be true successors of the apostles. This interchange of good feeling, like every other gushing sentiment, brings peace to wounded hearts. "In a certain sense it annuls the excommunication of the Pope." When was it ever heard that the communion of a sect never for one moment recognized by any apostolical church could annul the sentence of the chief bishop of the world? It must be a very peculiar gratification, on the principle that "misery loves company" and exile is rendered sweet by the number of the exiled. As to the orders of Dr. Herzog himself the Catholic Church has never made any investigation. They could not be recognized as valid by us without such investigation, and, as great changes are proposed in liturgy, the probabilities are against them. The succession of the Old Catholics will without doubt become ere long as uncertain as those of the Reformed Episcopalians. No sect, however heretical or schismatical, which retained the correct idea of matter and form in the sacrament of orders, could without any examination accept the ministry of the English Church. We are of the opinion that this "fourth branch" will not prove a great success or be a lasting comfort to the Ritualists. The last congress at Baden did not develop much strength, and was chiefly spent in the discussion of a prayer-book and the adoption of a liturgy in the German tongue. The *Churchman* says:

"The proceedings of the Baden congress were of the usual character: first, a 'conversazione,' otherwise beer and complimentary talk; and, lastly, a public dinner: the whole concluded with an excursion into the

country, with meanwhile, for two days, deliberations in private of the delegates and two large public meetings."

Bishop Reinkens reports that the progress of his church is not large, that the number of Old Catholics is "still a little under the fifty thousand returned some few years ago." Yet the *Churchman* hopes it will do great things in the future, and that the dissemination of charity will "dissolve the Papacy and suffer it to be no longer an obstacle to the benign victories of the Gospel." Probably Bishop Herzog has come here to refresh himself a little, and then go home and "do great things" towards the dissolution of the Papacy.

The proceedings of the convention since the opening day have not presented many points of general interest. The sermon by Bishop Kip was an earnest one, and strongly urged mortification and self-denial upon his communion. This exhortation seems to us very appropriate, as the Episcopalians need, according to the *Churchman*, to appear more devoted to the people, and not to be so much "the church of the select and wealthy." The only fault to be found with the sermon of Bishop Kip was its *generality*, and that he did not tell his reverend brethren *how* they were to mortify themselves, whether by fasting, prayer, or voluntary austerities. We agree with the distinguished prelate that exterior mortification would be very advantageous to the Episcopal clergy. It would make them more real and less worldly; and worldliness is an evil which we all have to fear.

The report of the Board of Managers of the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society was read to the convention on the third day. The receipts have been over a million of dollars during the last three years, but the expenses have exceeded that sum. The Domestic Society has employed two hundred and seventy-four missionaries among white people, forty-six among the colored people, and forty-nine among the Indians. There is also one Chinese missionary. The Foreign Society has stations in Greece, Africa, China, Japan, Hayti, and Mexico, and employs forty-eight ministers and one hundred and thirty unordained workers. There are forty-seven candidates for orders and forty-five hundred and fifty-nine communicants. To us this seems a small return for the money expended; but it must be remembered that the expenses of married missionaries are naturally much greater than those of single men. The number of communicants is also small, and would seem discouraging if we did not know that the large majority of Episcopalians are not communicants. There are doubt-

less many heathen Episcopalians who do not commune. Bishop Morris, of Oregon, complained of lack of help, and at this moment needs sixty-five thousand dollars. He says: "We are giving over this land (Oregon), with all its promise and all its glorious future, to the powers of Rome and infidelity." He adds:

"Let me tell you that in my jurisdiction, or what is substantially equal to it, the Roman Catholics have four bishops—an archbishop and three bishops. The Church of England has just sent out two additional bishops to British Columbia, north of me. I have told you that we have one little modest hospital in Portland. The Roman Catholics have got five in my jurisdiction. I want two women. They have got from one hundred to one hundred and fifty engaged in their work. They have got fifteen schools where we have three; and they are taking the land, unless the church comes up to a realization of her duty and a determination to carry it forward."

All the missionary bishops need money and men and "ministering women or deaconesses." Bishop Garrett, of Texas, complains rather bitterly of his wants, and in his speech asked a very appropriate question:

"The grand question, I take it, which we have to ask ourselves—a question which it would be well for us to answer—is this: Are we, a Protestant sect in the great continent of America, striving to gather some few fragments of the broken loaf of a dismembered Christendom, or are we the lawful, the rightful, the legitimate representatives of the Catholic Church of Christ, having mission and jurisdiction in this great country of the United States? That is the question."

It is the question; and the successors of the apostles have always gone like their models, following the precept of their Lord: "Take nothing for the way, but a staff only: no scrip, no bread, no money in your purse; but be shod with sandals, and do not even put on two coats" (St. Mark vi. 8, 9).

They have come to the conviction of the great use of pious women in missionary work, and so they have an imitation of Catholic nuns or sisters. They, for some unintelligible reason, love to call them *deaconesses*. Nearly all the missionary bishops need *deaconesses*. This word is an apparent link which binds the present to the apostolical age. St. Paul is presumed to refer to the deaconess where he gives advice to St. Timothy: "Let a widow be chosen of no less than threescore years, who hath been the wife of *one* husband, having testimony for her good works, if she have brought up children, if she have washed the saints' feet, if she have diligently followed every good work" (1 St. Tim. v. 9,

10). The following report was made by the Rev. Dr. Dix on October 18 :

"The committee to which this subject was referred deemed it inexpedient to attempt any specific legislation on the subject of sisterhoods, and therefore confined itself to the preparation of a canon 'of deaconesses,' the passage of which it recommends. It is as follows :

"SECTION 1. Women of devout character and approved fitness may be set apart by any bishops of this church for the work of a deaconess, according to such form as shall be authorized by the House of Bishops, or, in default thereof, by such form as may be set forth by the bishop of the diocese.

"SEC. 2. The duties of a deaconess are declared to be the care of our Lord's poor and sick, the education of the young, the religious instruction of the neglected, the reclaiming of the fallen, and other works of Christian charity.

"SEC. 3. No woman shall be set apart for the work of a deaconess until she be twenty-five years of age, unless the bishop, for special reasons, shall determine otherwise, but in no case shall the age be less than twenty-one years. The bishop shall also satisfy himself that the applicant has had an adequate preparation for her work, both technical and religious, which preparation shall have covered the period of at least one year.

"SEC. 6. If a deaconess should at any time resign her office she shall not be restored thereto unless, in the judgment of the bishop, such resignation was for weighty cause ; and no deaconess shall be removed from office by the bishop except with the consent of two-thirds of the standing committee of the diocese duly convened.

"SEC. 7. The constitution and rules for government of any institution for the training of any deaconesses, or of any community in which such deaconesses are associated, shall have the sanction in writing of the bishop of the diocese in which such institution or community exists, and all formularies of common worship used in such institution or community shall have the like sanction, and shall be in harmony with the usages of this church and the principles of the Book of Common Prayer."

We have given this report, at the cost of some space, because it is interesting in many ways. If adopted by the convention there will be some new apostolical things to be remembered. The Protestant nuns will be no more called sisters but deaconesses. It will not be Sister Mary or Sister Frances, but Deaconess Mary and Deaconess Frances. This would be the case at least on more solemn occasions, though the title might be shortened in common use. They must be twenty-five years old (not sixty), unless the bishop dispense them, but even he cannot take them until they are twenty-one. They are to be "set apart" by a form provided by the House of Bishops, or, in the case of this house not acting, by the bishop of the diocese. What this "setting apart" means we do not fully know. Nothing is said of vows, and it is to be

presumed that there are no vows, because it is the privilege of these deaconesses to *resign* when they deem proper. They form a voluntary association according to good will, and when they are "set apart" they are not permanently fixed. What the bishop does to them when he thus receives them does not appear. Probably he gives them the habit, the cross and beads, and prays for their perseverance, telling them that they are not like other women, but in a certain sense consecrated to God. We have watched this formation of Protestant convents with some solicitude. Some of the sisters have made, on their resignation, good wives, and others have become Catholics. It is a step in the right direction, and, considering that these well-meaning women have neither sacraments nor direction, they certainly have done very well. *Deaconess* will be an awkward name, but, after all, what is in a name? They can bear this burden in order to seem more apostolic.

The convention also has discussed the subject of duty to the Indians, and a joint committee was appointed "to observe what action is taken by government for extending to the Indians legal protection for their civil rights." We earnestly hope that this resolution will result in some action which may help the poor Indians towards freedom of conscience and give missionaries more liberty in their work of evangelization. The Catholic Church has tried to do its part, and we trust the Episcopalians will now give us at least their moral assistance.

On the great subject of education we are glad to see the convention put itself on record as follows:

"Resolved, That it be strongly recommended to all churchmen to use their means and energies in founding and maintaining parochial schools and other church institutions of various grades commensurate with the demands of the age and the needs of our people in science, literature, and art."

Something of this kind was resolved at a former session and has not produced much effect. We hope now that Episcopalians will follow the advice of their prelates and favor practically "denominational schools." This is the only way to preserve any semblance of religious education and to prevent their children from becoming infidels. The argument is very simple, but facts are the most complete demonstration of this truth.

A member of the House of Deputies tried to pass a resolution warmly commending "the clergy who during the yellow-fever epidemic of 1878 and 1879 stood bravely at their posts, ministering to the plague-stricken people of God." But, probably for fear of any invidious remarks, or censure of those who ran away,

the resolution was negatived. The question of the new revision of the Bible was also discussed, but, so far as we can learn, no definite action was taken. One reverend doctor, the prominent speaker, stated that the Episcopal Church had never really *authorized* any version of the Scriptures, and, in his opinion, never would do so. A committee may, however, be appointed to look into the matter and afterwards report.

The foreign missions of the Episcopal Church have excited much enthusiasm and taken up much of the time of the delegates. One thing strikes us very forcibly in reading the reports: the results are very small in comparison with the money and effort expended. To us it would be positively discouraging. For example, the Greek mission has Miss Marion Muir as chief of staff, with eight assistant teachers and 700 pupils. It does not appear who the *general* is, nor if there be any minister there.

Japan has 5 presbyters, 2 deacons, 1 physician, and 14 teachers. There are 63 native communicants and 40 baptisms.

Cape Palmas has 1 bishop, 10 presbyters, 6 deacons, 1 physician, and 14 teachers. They had only 38 confirmations and 26 baptisms, making not quite a baptism to a teacher or minister. We do not know if the children of the missionaries are counted in this estimate.

China has 1 bishop, 8 presbyters, 3 deacons, 14 lay readers, 3 postulants, 2 physicians, 8 female missionaries, 2 medical students, and 31 teachers and Bible-readers. Here is a community sufficiently large to prevent homesickness or lonesomeness. With this staff of 70 workers there were 111 native baptisms and 59 confirmations.

In Hayti there are 1 bishop, 10 clergymen, and 2 candidates. There were 59 baptisms and 10 confirmations, and there are 290 communicants. Bishop Holly says very properly that this "is only the *seed-time* of his church."

The Mexican mission has 1 bishop, 2 bishops-elect, 2 ministers, 26 theological students, 17 lay readers, and 24 teachers of various kinds. The baptisms during the year were 19. There seems to be some difficulty in the management of this Mexican church, and there is not perfect satisfaction on all sides. The Methodists block the way a little, but it is proposed to make serious inroads upon the Catholic Church with this new *branch*. Unless more be accomplished than during the year past we have no serious grounds of fear. Nineteen baptisms would hardly make Christians of the children of the ministers and their assistants.

The canon on divorce came up for consideration, and one delegate desired to amend the canon in accordance with the Levitical law. How he mixed up the Old and New Testament we do not know ; but probably, in spite of his surroundings, he imagined that he was living under a *Jewish* economy. The *Churchman* says :

“ Proposed legislation on divorce has been rejected, partly, we suppose, because there is a growing conviction that the church is to meet and overcome sin in other ways than by legislation, and partly, too, because it is felt to be unwise to legislate against special sins. It is the duty of all baptized persons, clergy and laity, ‘manfully to fight against sin, the world, and the devil,’ and this is to be done individually.”

The Episcopal Church *has* legislated unfortunately in favor of divorce, and still allows divorced people to be married when adultery is the cause of the separation and one party is innocent. Thus with them marriage is not a bond which binds unto death, and “those whom God has joined together” can be sundered by the crime of one party.

As an outside matter, generally approved by the convention, we are very sorry to see that the Episcopalians have taken up M. Loyson. Grace Church was filled one night to hear the speech of Bishop Cotterill. It is said that poor M. Loyson (he does not like to be called Hyacinthe) in his distress appealed to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and that the amiable prelate referred him to the Bishop of Edinburgh. He would not fraternize with the Old Catholics, because they were too Protestant for him, and so he goes to the *older* Catholics of England. They can take him, though he still professes nearly all the articles of Catholic faith. At this meeting in Grace Church Bishop Williams, of Connecticut, presided and

“introduced Bishop Cotterill, who spoke first of the different movements in Europe and Mexico against the Roman Catholic Church. He then gave a short history of the movement in Paris, at the head of which is M. Loyson.

“M. Loyson’s church in Paris, he said, has now been open some eighteen months. At present the society has no suitable building to worship in. It has filed several applications for the use of one of the churches in Paris, but as it does not come under any of the three recognized religions it can receive no aid from the state. The congregation will be obliged to give up its present temporary quarters in January, and will be obliged to build a church. A suitable site has been obtained at a rental of \$2,000 a year, and it will erect an iron church on this at a probable cost of \$9,200. Besides this the congregation wishes to hire assistants for M. Loyson to help him in his parochial work, so that he can devote himself to his preaching. The English and American churchmen must help this movement. The expenses

of the congregation for the ensuing year, including the cost of the new church, is estimated at \$17,600, of which the congregation is expected to contribute \$2,600. The English and American churches must assist in order to give permanence to the movement in France."

There is no reason whatever why the Episcopal Church should take up M. Loyson. He does not believe as they do, and the only point of sympathy is that he, an apostate and married monk, is willing to preach against the Pope and the Catholic Church. He needs, no doubt, bread for himself and family, but the respectable Episcopalians will drag their skirts in the mud by taking hold of him. He will never become a true Protestant nor be able to found a *fifth* branch of the church. An article in the *New York Times* takes precisely our view of the subject. It places the truth in plain colors, and is worthy of commendation to our Episcopalian brethren :

"The Protestant party in the Anglican Church must be well aware that M. Loyson professes to believe all the doctrines put forth by the Council of Trent—the celibacy of the clergy being a matter not of doctrine but of discipline. He rejects the decree of papal infallibility proclaimed by the Vatican Council, but with that exception he is, in point of doctrine, as good a Roman Catholic as Pope Leo himself. Why should Protestants give this man \$18,000 in order that he may continue to celebrate the Mass and to advocate, by example and precept, those doctrines which Protestants believe to be false, blasphemous, and demoralizing ?

"As has been said, M. Loyson has, under the laws of the French Republic, a clear right to establish a church on a strictly marital foundation, but he has no right to ask either Protestants or Catholics to give him money to preach sermons in support of his right to marry. Such, in point of fact, is understood to be the substance of the gospel which he preaches, and some years ago a leading American Presbyterian minister, who was unwarily led into M. Loyson's church, heard him preach a sermon on the physiological aspects of marriage which the minister afterward characterized as disgusting. To take money from American churchmen to support this French comedian would be a miserable waste of charity, and it is a pity to find so excellent a man as the Bishop of Edinburgh engaged in so mistaken a business."

We believe that nearly all the new churches founded by apostate priests and monks rest upon a *marital* foundation ; but why, for the sake of striking the Catholic Church a blow she never feels, should a respectable society risk its own reputation ?

The House of Bishops sent on October 22 the following message to the Deputies :

"The House of Bishops informs the House of Deputies that it has adopted the following preamble and resolution :

"Whereas, The Lambeth Conference of 1878 set forth the following declaration, to wit:

"We gladly welcome every effort for reform upon the model of the primitive church. We do not demand a rigid uniformity, we deprecate needless divisions, but to those who are drawn to us in the endeavor to free themselves from the yoke of error and superstition we are ready to offer all help and such privileges as may be acceptable to them and are consistent with the maintenance of our own principles as enunciated in our formularies, which declaration rests upon two indisputable historical facts: first, that the body calling itself the Holy Roman Church has, by the decrees of the Council of Trent in 1565, and by the dogma of the Immaculate Conception in 1854, and by the decree of the infallibility of the pope in 1870, imposed upon the consciences of all the members of the national churches under its sway, as that faith, to be held as if implicitly necessary to salvation, dogmas having no warrant in Holy Scripture or the ancient creeds, which dogmas are so radically false as to corrupt and defile the faith; and, second, that the assumption of a universal episcopate by the bishop of Rome, making operative the definition of papal infallibility, has deprived of its original independence the episcopal order in the Latin churches, and substituted for it a papal vicariate for the superintendence of dioceses, while the virtual change of the divine constitution of the churches, as founded in the episcopate and the other orders, into a Tridentine consolidation, has destroyed the autonomy, if not the corporate existence, of national churches.

"Now, therefore, the bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, assembled in council as bishops in the church of God, asserting the principles declared in the Lambeth Conference, and in order to the maintaining of a true unity, which must be a unity in the truth, do hereby affirm that the great primitive rule of the Catholic Church, '*Episcopatus unus cujus a singulis in solidum pars tenetur*,' imposes upon the episcopates of all national churches holding the primitive faith and order, and upon the several bishops of the same, not the right only but the duty also of protecting in the holding of that faith and recovering of that order those who by the methods before described have been deprived of both.

"And, further, the bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, assembled in council, not meaning to dispute the validity of consecrations by a single consecrator, put on record their conviction that in the reorganization of Reformed churches with which we may hope to have communion they should follow the teachings of the canons of Nicæa, and that, where consecration cannot be had by three bishops of the province, episcopal orders should at all events be conferred by three bishops of national character."

This is literally a *fearful* thing for Catholics, who will no doubt tremble when they see it. Yet we think it will produce no more impression upon the Papacy than the many threats of Luther, who predicted the end of Antichrist in his own time. A body with bishops whose orders are rejected not only by the Catholic Church, but also by every heretical communion which has

an unquestioned succession, thus loudly talks of its ecclesiastical authority, and prates of the Council of Nicæa and the rules which govern the validity of consecration. Surely the arrogance of the decree exceeds its violation of the law of Catholic unity. That respectable men with wives and children, and even grandchildren, should so stultify themselves before the world is incomprehensible. And its only consolation is to gather to itself the shreds of schism and to encourage every revolter from the Catholic Church, whatever be his faith or practice.

Sundry changes are proposed in the Prayer-Book which are of little consequence to the world, but may prove convenient for Episcopalians.

The report on "the state of the church" is, as usual, self-laudatory, and endeavors to place the progress of the past three years in a pleasant light. To us the growth seems very small, and the outlay of money very great in proportion. We have no time to examine here the items, but quote the language of Bishop Robertson, of St. Louis, who seems to think there has been a loss in church growth during the last few years :

"The dominating cause of the marked reduction in our rate of growth during the last few years is the agitation which has been going on among us in the matter of ritual. We are not as one before the world; our General Council has its sessions absorbed with this belittling matter; activities are wasted on party strifes, and in differences of bishops with presbyters and rectors with parishes."

This convention, however, waived the whole matter as pleasantly as possible, except that the bishops in their charge fail not to strike a hard blow at the Ritualists. These are the words of the prelates :

"A church reformed and purified in the fires of martyrdom, that shall be ashamed of her own title, within whose walls shall be introduced, by little and little, practices and rites once discarded, and which if they teach anything teach errors once repudiated, that casts longing eyes back upon the land of former bondage, can take no surer way to forfeit irretrievably the confidence and respect of the American people."

These thrilling words, with all their feeling reference to "the fires of martyrdom," will, we venture to say, produce no effect. The Ritualists will go on as before with their practices, their imitation of the Mass, their mediæval vestments, and their confessionals. In the Episcopal Church every man is his own pope.

The convention closed on the 27th of October with a charge from the united episcopacy nearly as feeble as the presiding bishop himself. There is the special laudation of this "great and

growing country " and the expression of charity to all. There is no assertion of doctrine. The prelates who before denied baptismal regeneration and the Real Presence in the Holy Eucharist are silent on all matters of faith. They, however, have the presumption to speak of their unity of belief, when it is well known that their Articles contradict the offices of the Prayer-Book, and that there is not the semblance of agreement among their ministers or people. Probably there is no sect where there are so many admitted contradictions in faith, where the same doctrine in all points is proclaimed from no two pulpits of the communion. Still all must be covered over by the mantle of love, though there is no living man, however acute his logic, who can tell precisely what the Protestant Episcopal Church believes.

To our minds this convention has demonstrated the *decadence* of the sect, for a *living* church is always sensitive as to differences in faith. Among the children of heresy and schism agitation as to creed is the sign of life, and harmony is the chill of death.

THE WIFE OF ST. NICANDER, MARTYR, TO HER HUSBAND.

"And they, lifting up their eyes, saw no one, but only Jesus."—MATT. xvii. 8.

I.

BID thee renounce our God! Who counsels so?

I, that have held thine honor as my own,

Bid thee the crown of martyrdom lay down?

The highest gift Rome's Cæsar can bestow!

The mother of the sons of Zebedee

High place in heaven for her sons besought,

Blind to the thorns whereof such crowns are wrought—

My love, as blind, had begged as much for thee.

To-day, Nicander, is Christ's chalice thine!

Shall my hand push it from thy lips aside,

My love be cause that unto thee denied

This draught of love immortal and divine?

Shall my fond arms, unkind, drag thee to earth?

O Love! without God's love, what were ours worth?

II.

My soldier ! when, in those long, haggard years,
The emperor thou serv'dst in foreign land—
Faithful to Cæsar through our Lord's command—
Lo ! yearning for thee ever through my tears,
Each hour I prayed to see thy face again.
Perchance, a soldier's wife, I thought of fame
Crowning, with well-won grace, my husband's name—
While knew his soul no battle passion's stain.
To-day I see thy face, O Love, how fair !
Not when mine eyes first looked on thee to love
Seem'dst thou so strong and true all men above
As now, too strong thine honor to forswear.
Bright had I held the glory of war's strife :
With Heaven's thou crownest me—a martyr's wife !

III.

I have no fear that love shall make thee weak.
Not, faltering so, thou lovest me and thine—
This little one, in whom thine eyes seek mine,
Whose ruddy lips for Jesus' sake would speak
Did any thought of yielding seize thy soul.
Ah ! Love, forgive ; not even would I in thought
Wrong the rich love wherewith thy heart is fraught :
Thou wilt not give Him part who gives the whole.
My woman's heart, to-day, is brave for thee,
And proud and fond to know thou canst not fail.
'Tis light from thy saint's-halo makes so pale
My cheek that else might blush thy shame to see—
Lost unto God for all eternity
For one brief, bitter hour of earth with me !

IV.

Nor wilt thou doubt me that mine eyes are dry.
'Tis thy soul's fire, kindled the Cross beside,
That hath my tears, that might betray thee, dried.
Thou knowest, Love, that I for thee would die
Not less than thou for God to whom is owed
The very life we can lay down for him.
O happy chalice ! bubbling to the brim,
Christ's touch makes sweet the bitter-seeming flood.
O thorn-wreathed cup that I may drink with thee,

Pledging anew the promise of love's faith
 That shall not fail when earth's life perisheth,
 But still unbroken be eternally—
 Thou wilt not lose it, standing by God's throne ;
 I still shall keep it, left on earth alone.

V.

Alone ! Not so : his arms our little one
 Still clasps about my neck, his face shall be
 The earthly shrine wherein I still find thee,
 His heart the sky where shineth still my sun,
 While, far beyond the sun, the earthly shrine,
 I shall look up to thee, my martyred love,
 So longing, till Christ calleth me above
 To gaze with thee upon his Face divine.
 And this our little one shall learn to know
 What heritage is his—a martyr's blood,
 Eternal life, the saints' beatitude.
 Will he too prove a martyr, tutored so ?
 And I, like mother of the Machabees,
 Be yet ennobled through my miseries.

VI.

Dreaming, I shall stretch out my hands to thee,
 And waking, with Christ's loving mercy plead
 Ever more near my feet to him, to thee, to lead.
 Ah ! long the years that win my crown for me.
 Nicander, Love, ah ! beg of our dear God
 To leave near thee a little place in heaven
 Where, all my poor self dead, my sins forgiven,
 I reap with thee the glory he hath sowed,
 I praise with thee the sinless Lamb who died
 That man might live. O faithful one, look up,
 Thine angel nears thee with the bitter cup,
 While unto thee sweet calls the Crucified.
 For thee Mt. Thabor's bright felicity,
 For me the shadow of Christ's Calvary.

VII.

Again forgive ; idle my wild words seem,
 Belying the true service of my heart.
 Unbid, my woman's sorrow still will start
 To dim the glory of thine hour supreme.

God might have chosen me to die, not thee—
Better my anguish and my proud content
Than that fierce grief that would thy soul have rent—
Witness of scorn and thy wife's agony.
Meetest for thee the glory of this day,
The royal grace of holy martyrdom.
Whose light, through all the lingering years to come,
Will guide my feet along their lonely way,
While heaven's angels, knowing our true life,
Will pray God's pity for his martyr's wife.

VIII.

A little while, dear Love, and all is o'er,
Offered to God thy fullest sacrifice,
Opened thine earth-closed eyes in Paradise,
A sword-stroke, and God thine for evermore.
Not Cæsar's triumph, filling pagan Rome
With roll of chariots, conquering eagles' gleam,
Knoweth least pulsing of the joy supreme
Awaiting thy brave soul in its far home.
Ah! sweet is it, hath patriot soldier said,
For one's own land to die. Ah! if so sweet
To perish for the soil beneath our feet,
What joy to die for heaven's pure sky o'erhead!
My soldier, 'neath Rome's eagles dost thou die
True patriot of thy native land on high.

IX.

My saint, even now my dim eyes see unfold
The clouds that lie 'twixt heaven's light and thee,
'Twixt sorrow's hour and joy's infinity:
Behind the shadow gleam the gates of gold
Whence angels, swift descending, cleave with sword,
For thy strong soul, a pathway unto God.
O Love, my life! Along the heavenly road
He comes to greet thee—Christ! our Blessèd Lord!
So hath he looked when on his breast divine
The loved disciple lay his trusting head,
So upon Stephen was his glory shed.
O God! that I dare call thy martyr—mine!
To thee I render him thou gavest me:
Thy love is even from eternity.

THE ORCADES.

"I love all waste
 And solitary places ; where we taste
 The pleasure of believing what we see
 Is boundless as we wish our souls to be :
 And such was this wide ocean, and this shore
 More barren than its billows."

—SHELLEY.

AMONG the places over which Scott has cast the glamour of his genius are the Orkney and Shetland islands, which, though they lie in the cold northern seas, under a pale leaden sky, and are poor, barren, and melancholy, are nevertheless interesting on account of their ancient traditions of jarls and sea-kings, and the legends of mediæval saints not yet forgotten in the places where they labored and prayed. There are a good many old Pictish towers on the coasts, some monuments of Druidical or Scandinavian rites, two or three historic castles in ruins, and, what is of more interest to the Catholic heart, at least one imposing church built over the tombs of the saints, besides other traces of the ancient faith. These islands, too, strike the eye with the unique character of their bare, treeless landscapes, their broad wastes and moorlands, and the steep cliffs and bold headlands against which the seas have dashed and roared in vain for thousands of years.

The Orkneys are now very easily reached by way of Thurso, the terminus of the railway to the northernmost coast of Scotland. This town stands on the bay of Thurso and is the chief place in Caithness. The country around, once clothed with forests, is now bare and desolate, but it has a certain grandeur of aspect. There are no trees but the elder, poplar, birch, and hazel, and these by no means abound. Vast moors and sheep-pastures are to be seen in every direction. The fields are enclosed by stone walls, for hedges cannot be induced to grow. This is the land of gray mists and low-trailing clouds, of driving winds and beating storms such as Dante describes :

"Eterna, maladetta, fredda e grave."

You find yourself at once in Norseland, as it were. Thurso is so called from Thor, the old Scandinavian divinity and there are endless creeks, and bays, and inlets called by Norwegian names. The names of the domains generally end in *ster*, the Scandinavian word for farm, as Thrumster, Stemster, Scrabster, etc. Holborn Head, at one extremity of Thurso Bay, derives its name from Holla, the goddess of hell, as if to express the terrors of the

abyss beneath, where many a bark has gone down for ever. And there are many prehistoric castles on the tall cliffs, now mostly in ruins, that were undoubtedly the strongholds of old vikings who once ruled these northern seas. All along the coast these bold cliffs rise straight up from the sea, forming a bulwark against the mighty current of Pentland Frith, between the mainland and the Orkneys, dangerous to the shipping even in calm weather. These cliffs are of old red sandstone, and are often worn into fantastic shapes by the incessant dashing of the strong waves. Enormous hollows are also made in the sides, leaving the slate cropping out. These hollows, called *goes* or *gyoes*, are sometimes a mile or two in depth, though generally much less. The sea pours into them with awful violence in stormy weather, sending up through the crevices and vents great jets of foam and spray. In some of the mysterious caverns thus formed the old spaewives sang the wild songs which Gray so happily caught the spirit of in his "Fatal Sisters."

Thurso in Catholic times was an episcopal see, and there are the remains of its old church of St. Peter to testify its devotion to the apostolic chair. The bishop's castle, built with an eye to the beautiful, is admirably situated west of the town, with a fine view in the rear over the heathery hills of Forss, which gradually rise up from a basin, and still finer seaward with the Orkneys in full sight beyond the stormy frith, the Man of Hoy standing out at the west like a sentinel watching over land and sea.

There is a regular steamboat from Thurso to the Orkneys, and a sail thither is delightful in pleasant weather, but those who wish to explore them must then take a private boat, that they may wander along the coasts at will. There are a great number of these islands, but only fifteen of any size, and these are mostly covered with peat-bogs and marshes. The few trees and shrubs are regarded by the people as of immense importance. In former times they boasted of a rowan, one of those mysterious trees once considered a protection against evil influences, and they believed the fate of the islands so bound up in its preservation that if one leaf were carried away they would pass into foreign hands. Along the shores are numerous inlets and coves around which the inhabitants chiefly live. Hoy is the most picturesque of these islands on account of its tripartite mountain—a mountain that rises directly up from the sea and divides into three parts, besides being otherwise rent and riven into strange, curious shapes. Some of these tall cliffs are like turrets and spires, and they are often black with the sea-birds that build their nests in the inaccessible crevices. Sometimes they are clothed with thick

mists, and the ravines that separate them are full of gloom and mystery. The mountain-sides are furrowed with deep seams, on the edges of which grow a few low bushes, and the bare summits are the haunt of the eagle, the osprey, and other birds of prey. The highest peak is called Ward Hill, a name commonly given in these isles to the heights that seem to keep watch and ward over the whole region. On the northern slope, among barrows and cairns, is the famous Dwarfie Stone, an immense fragment of rock swept down from the mountain by the elements. This stone is regarded with awe by the common people on account of a small chamber or two evidently hollowed out by tools, but formerly believed to have been the work of a troll, or drow, or dæmon. You enter by a low passage and find yourself in a little room lighted by an aperture at the top. Here are two stone couches, hewn out, according to the old belief, by no human hand, for the dwarf and his wife who once lived here. Beyond is a smaller room. Some suppose these to be the cells of ancient Christian anchorites, but there is no religious symbol whatever. It is certain, nevertheless, that the Orkneys and Shetlands were visited at a very early period by monks and hermits who, pleased with the wild solitude and the boundless sea around them—"image," as Mme. de Staël says, "of that infinitude which is constantly attracting the soul and in which it is constantly losing itself"—established hermitages and oratories in all these isles of the northern seas, as many old inscriptions and documents testify. When the Northmen began to infest these coasts the hermits, and even the people, were driven out or slain. It was then the trolls and dwarfs were believed to have taken up their abode in these caves, for they loved places polluted by blood and crying sins. They are said to have wrought curiously in the precious metals a variety of articles that brought good luck to the wearer.

"I trow 'twas a goodly sight to see
The dwarfs with their aprons on,
A-hammering and smelting so busily
Pure gold from the rough brown stone."

Norna of the Fitful Head, in Scott's *Pirate*, hung a chain of gold around Mordaunt's neck wrought by the drows in the secret recesses of their caverns. And Loke, in the Danish ballad, goes to the sea-worn caves of the dwarfs, "his kinsmen small," saying :

"And thence for Sif new tresses I'll bring
Of gold, ere the daylight's gone,
So that she shall liken a field in spring,
With its yellow-flowered garment on."

Many of these old superstitions still cling to the people in the most remote of the islands. Some of them are embodied in the ancient songs and incantations of the Norns—the weird women who spent their lives

“Weaving many a soldier’s doom,
Orkney’s woe and Randver’s bane.”

The people have also many tales of witches and goblins which are associated with the lonely moors, the gray, solitary stones that used to witness unhallowed rites, the mist-covered cliffs and headlands with their ruined towers of the old Berserkers, and the inaccessible caves into which man never ventured, but where the sea boldly rushes with a roar too awful not to excite a superstitious fear.

On Ward Hill it is said an enchanted carbuncle used to be seen afar off burning with a strange light, but disappeared when people ascended in search of it. Norna of the Fitful Head tells how she sat by the Dwarfie Stone with her eyes fixed on this gleaming jewel. It was, in fact, among the wild mountains of Hoy her father took her in her girlhood to separate her from Basil Vaughan.

Pomona is the largest of the Orkneys, a name hardly warranted by the aspect of the island, which is covered for the most part with heaths and brown, treeless marshes, with here and there a lakelet or loch. Everything is desolate and melancholy. The very tints of the landscape are gray and sombre, and the rude stone houses that dot the country are anything but cheerful and attractive. You must love storms and tempests, and the mysterious voices of the loud winds, and the mists varying in hue with every light, and the broad waste of waters, to feel the attraction of this cheerless region. The shores are more interesting with their strange cliffs and the secluded bays and inlets that indent them. At the head of one of these bays stands Kirkwall, the chief town in the islands. It goes wandering up the hill in the rear, as if to overlook the harbor. Coming in from the sea it strikes the eye very pleasantly, with its venerable cathedral looming up in the midst. The latter is seen afar off, and the solemn peal of the bells is heard across the bay from

“The wide-watered shore
Swinging slow with sullen roar.”

Kirkwall is an ancient town with one long, narrow street and numerous diverging lanes. The houses are of stone, with steep roofs, and there are two or three ruined palaces or castles, an

ancient gateway or two, and a few fountains. The church is a massive, imposing edifice surrounded by a graveyard. Here we felt on no debatable ground, but on a part of our spiritual birth-right, consecrated with Catholic rites, bell, book, and candle, and long hallowed by the tombs of the saints. This cathedral is dedicated to St. Magnus, and is the only one north of the Tweed, except that of St. Mungo at Glasgow, which escaped destruction at the hands of the "Reformers." We were surprised to find so grand a church in this remote island. It is, as Andrew Fairservice said of St. Mungo's, "a brave kirk—nane o' yere whigmaleeries and open-steek hems about it—a' solid, weel-jointed mason-wark, that will stand as lang as the warld, keep hand and gunpowther aff it." It is of the heavy Norman style, cruciform in shape, two hundred and sixty feet long, with some good tracery in the windows, especially at the east. You enter by a deep-sunk archway, the ribs and mouldings of which are somewhat hacked and scarred as if it had been found hard to spare it. No saints have been left to guard the portal. The eastern—that is, the most sacred—portion has been railed off for the Protestant service, and here some deal pews have been set up among the ancient carved wood-work. Among them is the old pew of Sir Patrick Stewart, Earl of the Orkneys, with his cipher and coat-of-arms. The remainder of the church is of no use now, and the desolate aspect of the lofty nave that used to witness the magnificent rites of the church, and the gloom of the aisles with their long rows of columns, is indescribable. A few old tombstones still remain, but the shrines of the saints have been swept away. It was in one of these dusky aisles the high-minded Minna Troil met the pirate Cleveland.

St. Magnus was the great-grandson of Earl Sigurd, for whom the gray-women of Caithness "wove the web and wove the warp" of destiny. He did more than any one else to establish Christianity in these northern isles; that is, after their occupation by the barbarous Norwegians, for St. Palladius had planted the faith here long before and left St. Sylvester as the chief pastor. St. Kentigern also sent missionaries here in the sixth century, and St. Conran was bishop of Kirkwall in the seventh—a man of austere life and great zeal. There were several monasteries on the islands in his day, the largest of which was at Kirkwall.

The earldom of Orkney was established by Harald Harfagri, King of Norway, in 872, and given to Jarl Rögnvald, who made it over to his brother Sigurd, a convert to Christianity. The latter was succeeded by Thorfinn, his son. Thorfinn had two sons,

Paul and Erland. Erland was the father of Magnus, the great saint of the Orkneys, whereas Paul's son Hakon leaned to the old heathenish beliefs and consulted *spaewives* as to his fortunes. St. Magnus was a man of noble presence, and he had a lofty nature. He was mild and gentle in private life, but brave and fearless in battle, for he belonged to a race that called dying in one's bed "a cow's death"—a fate dreaded above all by the old vikings. St. Magnus, however, would not fight unless in a good cause. It is related that, going with the king of Norway to the west on one of his piratical expeditions, he was in a battle off Anglesea, but sat still on deck without arms. The king demanded an explanation. Magnus replied that he had nothing against any one on the other side, and therefore would not fight. The king tauntingly said if he did not dare fight he would do better to get out of the way. Magnus paid no heed to the taunt, and instead of seeking a shelter he took a Psalter, and, remaining in the same exposed place, sang psalms all the time of the battle. The king being incensed, St. Magnus took refuge in Scotland till after his death, when he returned to the Orkneys, which were now divided between him and his cousin Hakon. Those of the inhabitants who clung to heathenism upheld the interests of Earl Hakon, but the Christians naturally rallied around St. Magnus. This led to a feud. A meeting being appointed between the two earls to adjust their rights, Hakon treacherously came with more vessels and men than had been agreed upon. Defence was useless, and Magnus, unwilling to expose the lives of his followers, allowed himself to be taken, and was slain kneeling in prayer for his murderers. The spot where he fell became covered with the brightest greensward—something marvellous in the Orkneys, and naturally considered emblematic of the freshness and verdure that entered into their idea of the Paradise whither his soul had fled. Bright lights and sweet odors were perceived around his grave, and people went there to be healed. The spot where he was slain is still pointed out on Mayar Island. His share of the Orkneys was claimed by his nephew Kali, who made a vow to build a church in honor of St. Magnus should he succeed in establishing his rights. He ultimately became sole ruler of the islands under the name of Rögnvald, and was the most prosperous of the earls. Faithful to his vow, he began the cathedral of Kirkwall* in 1137, and, when it was completed, had the remains of St. Magnus brought here and enshrined with great solemnity. He afterwards made a pilgrimage to Rome and Jerusalem, and

* The name of Kirkwall is derived from *kirkin-vagr*—the creek of the kirk.

was absent three years. It is related that he and his followers bathed in the sacred Jordan, and tied knots in the bushes on the banks after the Norse fashion. He was greatly beloved in the Orkneys and styled "the holy earl," and, being slain in Caithness in 1158, was, at the wish of the people, canonized by Pope Celestin III. in 1192. His grandson, Harald Ungi, who died Earl of Orkney in 1198, was also regarded as a saint, and miracles took place at his tomb in the cathedral of St. Magnus, where was also the shrine of St. Rögnvald.

The Orkney and Shetland islands belonged to Norway till 1468, when James III. of Scotland married Margaret the Fair, who received these islands as her dowry, from which time they were united to the Scottish crown.

The remains of the first bishop of Kirkwall were found in a stone coffin in 1848 with an inscription to identify them; but in 1856, when the cathedral was undergoing some repairs, all the bones of the early bishops were carted off as rubbish, and the relics of the sainted earls seem to have shared the same fate, then or at some other time.

The so-called bicker of St. Magnus, a tankard of enormous size long preserved at Kirkwall, was, according to Scott—we know not on what authority—presented to each new bishop of the Orkneys with the expectation he should empty it at a draught as a certain means of ensuring a crop of unusual fertility—a feat, we should think, worthy of Tonneau Mirabeau. "By the bicker of St. Magnus," exclaimed Claude Halcro, using his favorite asseveration as he addressed the hospitable Magnus Troil, "I believe that ere a friend wanted you could, like old Luggie the warlock, fish up boiled and roasted out of the pool of Kibster." Hospitality, in fact, was carried to a great length in these islands. It was infamous for a man of substance to have his door shut, lest, as it was said, the stranger should come and behold his contracted soul. Bolts and bars used to be unknown in the Orkneys and Shetlands, "thanks to St. Ronald." There was only one lock, on the old castle of Scalloway, which every one went to see out of curiosity. "The blessing of God and St. Ronald on the open door," cried Norna of the Fitful Head at the entrance of Harfra, "and their broad malison and mine upon close-handed churls!" St. Ronald is no other than St. Rögnvald, "the holy earl," whose memory is preserved in the islands by the common names of Ronald, Ronaldson, Ronaldshaw, etc. Scott relates that the Shetland fishermen in stormy weather would still vow an *oremus* to St. Ronald and acquit themselves of the obligation by throwing a piece of money into the window of the saint's chapel. "Ye

had much better say an oraamus to St. Ronald and fling a saxonpence over your left shoulther, master," said Tronda. He also describes the ruined chapel of St. Ringan, prohibited by the "reformed" clergy on account of the people's obstinate attachment to it. It stood, half filled up with sand, on the shore of one of those secluded bays in the Shetlands, and the boatmen, before setting off on a cruise, used to go and vow an *aymous* or alms to St. Ringan, putting off their shoes at the entrance of the churchyard and walking thrice around the ruins, taking care to follow the course of the sun, and then dropping their coin through the mullions of the lanceolated window. Here Norna was found by the elder Mertoun stripping a piece of lead from the coffin of an old warrior for one of her charms. Other saints have their names perpetuated in these isles. There are Daminsey, or St. Adamnan's isle; Rinansey, or St. Ninian's isle, and several bays with like venerated names.

Near the cathedral are the ruins of the old episcopal residence built by Bishop Reid in the time of James V. on the site of a more ancient edifice where Earl Haco died. Close by are the remains of the earl's palace built by Patrick Stewart, now desolate like the walls of Balclutha, where the coarse grass grows and the moss whistles to the wind. They are the haunt of innumerable sea-birds. The thick walls are now crumbling away, but enough remains to show the fine proportions of the building, as well as other marks of the ancient grandeur of the earls of Orkney. The great banqueting-hall is still to be seen, though roofless, and the tracery of the fine Gothic windows that lighted it, as well as the immense fireplace and carved mantel supported by pillars. Winding stairs lead to the turrets, and beneath the edifice are damp, gloomy vaults perhaps once used as a prison. Earl Patrick was an arrogant man and chose for his device the presumptuous words, *Sic fuit, est, et erit*, but he was finally tried and executed at Edinburgh for the arbitrary exercise of his power in the Orkneys and for defending the castle of Kirkwall against the troops of James VI.

North of Kirkwall is Whitford Hill, where Cleveland and his facetious friend, Jack Bunce, went to avoid the crowd at the fair of St. Olla. From this hill there is a fine view of all the Orkneys, which look like mere patches floating in the sea. The sea itself is dotted with white-bosomed sails, and in the distance you see the dark-brown hills of Caithness, among them the tall peak of rocky Morven, the home of wandering blasts.

The fair of St. Olla is still kept up, and is the great event of the year. It derives its name from St. Olaf, the Norwegian king who did so much to promote Christianity in his realm. It begins

on his feast-day, August 3, and continues nearly through the month. It is a time of general festivity, and people gather from all the islands around, including the Shetlands. Bark after bark comes laden with the fishermen and their wives. You are constantly expecting to see Magnus Troil and his fair daughters land amid the excited throng. All kinds of northern games take place, and the scene is very animated, especially when the men get somewhat "fou taegither," as they are apt to do. It is the best opportunity of studying the manners of the people.

Stromness is another town on Pomona Island, but it is a place of little interest, chiefly inhabited by fishermen. The men are absent part of the year, which gives the women leisure to gossip in the market-place, where it is amusing to see them, in their homespun dresses, wooden shoes, and deep-bordered caps, gathered about the public fountain. One crooked street paved with flag-stones goes meandering along the shore, from which mere alleys straggle up the hill, none of which are wide enough for a cart. The houses are somewhat quaint, with their thick stone walls to resist the northern blasts, and steep roofs to shed the frequent rains. North of Stromness, near a tongue of land extending into the water, almost meeting another tongue, is one of the sacred circles of old Norse rites, called the Standing Stones of Stennis, composed of great shafts of gray stone from twelve to eighteen feet high, looking weird and pale through the mists, like the ghosts of departed superstitions. They stand in a semicircle, with a flat sacrificial stone in the centre, and near it is an upright shaft with a hole in the top, where betrothals and other solemn covenants used to be made by joining hands through the aperture. This was called giving "the promise of Odin," and was the most sacred of northern rites that had come down from ancient times. Whoever violated such a solemn contract was regarded as infamous. Minna Troil offered to bind herself to Cleveland by the promise of Odin.

The poems of Ossian * frequently allude to the circle of Loda or Odin and the mossy stone of power. When Grumal was overpowered by Craca he was placed in the horrid circle of Brumo, where the ghosts of the dead were said to howl around the stone of their fear. And Fingal had recourse to the gray-haired Snivan that often sang round the circle of Loda, when the stone of power heard his voice and battle turned in the field of the valiant.

The stone of betrothal was sometimes called a Traunstein, from *traun*, signifying betrothed. Mügge, in his romance of Af-

* MacPherson's Ossian.—ED. C. W.

raja, speaks of a sacred circle of stones in Lapland, called a Saita, into which the bride was led by her father and there solemnly delivered to her husband. And Marstrand is represented as sleeping within one of these magic circles, the hewn stones of which, marked with curious lines and furrows, had been set up by Jubinal himself—Jubinal, whose eyes see into the hearts of all who call on him, and who suffers neither falsehood nor deceit within the limits consecrated to his service.

Children used to be passed through the perforated stones of these circles to ensure them against the palsy. In England and Scotland great virtue was, in fact, attributed to any stones with a natural hole in them. Small ones, called "holy stones," were hung around the necks of cattle as a charm. There was a holed stone in Cornwall celebrated for the cure of diseases.

The circle of Stennis is surrounded by barrows. There are, in fact, a great number of mounds in the Orkneys. The largest, which is thirty feet high and ninety in diameter, has been opened and a chamber found, walled and paved with slabs covered with Runic characters. It is probably the tomb of some old viking.

Half-way between the Orkney and Shetland islands is Fair Isle, a solitary islet about three miles long, with tall, weather-beaten cliffs that rise dark and ominous from the sea, torn to their bases by tempests. Mordaunt promised Minna Troil some feathers if an eagle could be found on Fair Isle or Foulah, and these cliffs are still a favorite shelter for the bird of Jove. The people are hardy and of aquatic habits. They live mostly by fishing, and their boats are sharp-pointed to enable them to shoot safely between the lofty cliffs; but there is a little pasture-land to the east where a few sheep are raised, and even some barley grown. The Duke of Medina-Sidonia, commander of the Invincible Armada, was wrecked in these perilous seas and obliged to winter on this desolate isle—a contrast indeed to sunny Spain. The frugal islanders long retained a bitter recollection of his appropriating their winter stores. The Udaller of Burgh Westra says: "I hate all Spaniards since they came here and reft the Fair Isle men of all their vivers in 1558."

Between Fair Isle and Mainland is the Roost, a swift, dangerous current greatly dreaded by sailors. The first glimpse of the latter is, of course, Sumburgh Head, where the pirate Cleveland was wrecked. It is an immense mass of old red sandstone that rises almost perpendicularly up from the water seven hundred feet, and the sea in a storm pours furiously through the Roost with a roar like thunder, dashing against the rock with terrible force

and rising to a tremendous height, beaten into clouds of snow-white foam. It is a spectacle awful in its wild rage, and, once seen, can never be forgotten. One would not like to be wrecked on this coast, especially if there be a remnant of the old superstition that ill-luck comes from a person saved from drowning.

The Shetlands are even more desolate than the Orkneys, being entirely treeless and almost devoid of shrubs and grass. They are, however, far more grand. The shores are bordered with immense cliffs, rent and torn into every imaginable shape, some like tall pinnacles, others rounded and massive like stern donjon keeps, and in the sides are awful caverns into which man never ventured—fit abode of the old Norse dæmons.

“Rocks on rocks in mist and storm arrayed
Stretch far to sea their giant colonnade,
With many a cavern seamed, the dreary haunt
Of the dun seal and swarthy cormorant.
Wild round their rifted brows with frequent cry,
As of lament, the gulls and gannets fly,
And from their sable base with sullen sound,
In sheets of whitening foam, the waves rebound.”

Among these cliffs are many narrow passages through which it looks venturesome for boats to pass, and at night, when they have lanterns on their prows, you can see them darting into the black, cavern-like abysses as if to certain destruction, the songs of the boatmen echoing among the rocks with a prolonged, melancholy wail. In midsummer, however, the nights are never dark. The protracted twilight meets the early dawn in “some wee short hour ayont the twal,” and the tender, subdued light that everywhere reigns gives a wonderful beauty to sea and cliff, and even to the dark brown moors. The shores are always grand with their stupendous cliffs, but the interior of the islands is frightfully desolate by daylight. The marshy wastes rustle with the dry, coarse grass, and the rocky heaths are covered with ragged furze and parched fern, dismal indeed to the eye. Here roam troops of shaggy ponies like those that bore Barbara Yellowley and her brother to the festival of St. John at Burgh Westra.

Lerwick is the chief place on Mainland. It is a mere fishing town on Bressay Sound, which is usually alive with boats. The houses are low, with small windows and pointed gables. Those with most pretension to elegance have a little walled garden, where a few plants are sheltered and sometimes coaxed into blossom. The men are all fowlers, sheep-raisers, peat-cutters, or fishermen. You see women carrying peat into town in great sacks, between which they sit on their frowzy ponies. They are

oftener seen, however, knitting all kinds of woollen articles, especially the delicate shawls so well known in the market. In Scott's day the Shetland wool and knitting were in as much repute as in ours. He thus writes the Duke of Buccleugh from these islands :

“ Had your order related to night-caps and hose,
Or mittens of worsted, there's plenty of those.”

Scalloway is a mere collection of rude houses hardly worthy of being called a town. It is situated, however, on a beautiful bay, of which you have a fine view from the ruins of the old castle of Patrick Stewart which stands on the hill above, roofless, crumbling, and given up to sea-birds. The iron ring is still in the walls from which the inexorable earl used to hang offenders.

Noss Island, opposite Lerwick, is rough, barren, and dreary, like the rest, with only one family on it. For weeks at a time it cannot be reached, the current around is so strong. Here is a tumulus, or mound, with an interior chamber like that in the Orkneys, but now walled up. On the shore is a tremendous cliff seven hundred feet high, and severed from it is an immense fragment of the same height, called the Holm of Noss, that seems to defy the power of the German Ocean for ever beating against it. Between is a dark, narrow passage about one hundred feet wide, through which the sea rushes with a fury absolutely appalling. These two cliffs are the resort of eider-ducks and other sea-birds, and the fowlers who go in search of eggs and feathers cross this awful abyss in a basket drawn across from cliff to cliff by means of ropes—a feat that requires great boldness and dexterity.

On many of the headlands and points of vantage in these islands are ruined burghs or towers of ancient Pictish or Scandinavian times, now only inhabited by the osprey and other birds. One of these is on Fitful Head, a cliff that looks off on the stormy northern sea with a daring aspect. Those who like to sit aloof from their fellow-men, spelling out scrolls of dread antiquity, could have no better place to contemplate the stars and study the elements and all the kindred branches of the occult sciences. Here lived Norna, exercising strange power over the very elements. Her prototype, however, belonged in Stromness, where she gained her living by selling favorable winds to sailors after the fashion of many a Lapland witch. All the weird-women of the north, indeed, pretended to sway the winds and waves by the virtue of some supernatural power. Norna, with her charm of lead, promised that the wildest winds of heaven should subside as they approached the warrior's tomb from which it had been torn :

“ For this the sea
Shall smooth its ruffled crest for thee,
And while afar its billows foam,
Subside to peace near Ribolt’s tomb.

“ For this the might
Of wild winds raging at their height,
When to thy place of slumber nigh
Shall soften to a lullaby.”

The ghosts of deceased warriors, in fact, were supposed in Fingal’s time to rule the storms. “ O’ moon !” said Cuthullin, “ light his white sails on the wave, and if any strong spirit of heaven sits on that low-hung cloud, turn his dark ships from the rock, thou rider of the storm !”

Eric of the Windy Hair, King of Sweden, celebrated throughout the north for his knowledge of the hidden arts, made dæmons his familiars and caused the wind to change in whatever direction he turned his hair, whence his name of Ventosus Pileus. And the sorceress King Olaf had put to death when the cup of her iniquity was full made a profession of dispensing storm or sunshine at her mere pleasure.

The most curious tower in the Shetlands, however, is on an island in a loch near Lerwick. It is shaped like a mortar or dice-box, with no windows in the outer wall. The stones that compose the wall are merely laid on one another without any cement, and the rooms only open on an interior court. Here Erland, an ancient sea-rover, took shelter with a Norwegian princess he had borne off from her native land. Her son, Harald the Fair, pursued them and besieged this tower, but at length had to compromise by allowing the princess to marry her captor.

All these legends and traditions invest the Orkneys and Shetlands with a poetic atmosphere, somewhat vague and misty like the gauzy veil around their shores, but they have in themselves, in spite of their desolate aspect, an indescribable fascination. The broad, solemn wastes, the bird-haunted cliffs, the mighty current of waters over which the old sea-kings of the north rode triumphant, and where the proud Spaniard was wrecked ; the mysterious caverns where lived strange dwarfs, sorcerers, and dæmons, now hoarsely echoing the roar of the waves ; the impenetrable mists that so often shroud land and sea, all appeal to the imagination with great power, and one takes leave of them with regret. The very absence of the trees gives a peculiar attraction to the landscape, and one is sometimes tempted to say with Jeannie Deans : “ I like as weel to look at the craigs of Arthur’s Seat, and the sea coming in ayont them, as at a’ thae muckle trees.”

A WOMAN OF CULTURE.

CHAPTER V.

AT THE OPERA.

DR. KILLANY had chosen the evening of Parepa-Rosa's appearance in which to acquaint Nano with the danger to which she was hourly exposed. Amid the enchantments of a brilliant assemblage and sweet music, at a time when her heart would be most powerfully affected by the glamour of wealth and power, in the silence and retirement of the box, he would make known to her the exact position of her father and of herself towards society. He would paint with the hand of an artist the frailty of the hold which she had on riches and station, her nearness to poverty and disgrace, and in the alarm and excitement of the moment he would thrust his advice and assistance upon her, and make her, willing or unwilling, as circumstances might direct, his accomplice or tool in the wickedness he meditated. The difficulties with which he had to contend had all been studied. Noble—naturally noble—was Nano's character. The bare idea of robbing the orphan of his right would have made her shudder; and with a strong sense of honor, based rather on transcendental sentiment than on any fixed principles, she would have faced the direst sufferings in preference to enjoying wealth that was not her own. Her love for her father was of custom, not filial. He had never done anything to cherish the natural affection which once glowed in her breast. He was hard and stern till years of remorse began to weaken him, and the full knowledge of his criminal neglect with its mournful consequences came, a Banquo at the feast, to fill his soul with horror and alarm. She did not disguise from him her indifference, nor from the world; but, with a keen appreciation of what nature, culture, and society demanded, she would never, unless secretly, and pressed, too, by hard necessity, permit herself to be led into doing him positive injury.

For these difficulties Killany had prepared his antidotes, as he was pleased to call them. For he looked upon these ideas and prejudices as poisons which had stolen into her nature, or which, already there, education had failed to remove. He was to perform that office. Like him, she was henceforth to be an adven-

turess, and have done alike with prejudices and principles. He would prove to her, truly if possible, falsely if necessary, that the heirs of the misappropriated fortune were dead. One grand difficulty was then removed. It was but commonsense that in preference to the state she should retain the wealth which her father had struggled for twenty years to preserve and increase. If he persisted in his intention of bestowing an equivalent sum upon the poor, as he would be bound to do according to Catholic teaching, then the argument of poverty and disgrace was only necessary to win her into gentle violence towards him. It was true, he would leave her a sum sufficient to maintain her present rank, but with diminished splendor. To a woman of her broad, grasping ambition this was not enough. She would have all or nothing. Killany, therefore, trusted to this ambition, when properly roused, to do his devil's work. This medical Mephistopheles would wake it in her breast by showing to her the heights which she might have reached, and comparing them with the abysses of contempt into which she had fallen. Total obscurity would be more endurable than the scorn of her own. He intended to threaten her, if necessary, although he knew full well that with her it was a dangerous experiment. All these things, however, were to be dealt with in turn. To-night he was to inform her of her father's sin and to fill her mind with dread misgivings, leaving time to develop his deeper and dark intrigues.

It annoyed him that Nano had an angel whose influence for good was dangerously powerful. Olivia, in her two short years of hired companionship, had wound herself around her mistress' heart. The grandeur and complexity of Nano's nature forced her to admire the simplicity and sweetness of this modest girl, whose virtues, although she had but the shadow of her talent, far outshone anything which it had ever been Nano's fortune to meet. Acquainted in a trifling way with the philosophies of every school save that which taught the truth, ready with objections to every form of religion, but especially to the Catholic, and even sneeringly indifferent to the existence of God, both Nano and Killany were astonished, bewildered, and charmed to find that this young lady, by a simple question naturally put and not profoundly logical, could overturn many high-spun arguments, and by a simpler demonstration give them a theological nut which no transcendental sophistry could crack. Alas! the devil of culture made void their efforts to discover the rule upon which Olivia seemed to base all her philosophy. They were delighted with the discovery of beauties of which they had never dreamed, and made use of them to

ornament their discourses and startle their clique with their Seneca-like originality. Killany now looked upon Olivia as his enemy, as before he had looked upon her with dislike. Hating her very heartily, and being a very unscrupulous man, there were not wanting to him either desires or opportunities to do her harm; and his intrigues in that respect, his mean, unmanly stabbing in the dark, worked Olivia much harm in after-days. Slander is a two-edged weapon, however, and not rarely wounds him who gives the blow as severely as him to whom it is given.

The scene in the theatre on the opening night of the series of operas was brilliant and animated. The gaudy theatre, about whose very appearance there is something mysteriously attractive; the glare of the many lamps, which flung their radiance on the hundreds of forms below, reflecting infinite glitterings from the bright eyes and the jewelled throats, and arms, and fingers of the ladies; the sheen of rich costumes on every side; the murmur of many voices tremulous with emotions of joy, or curiosity, or mirth; the comings and goings of youth, and wealth, and beauty; and over all the music of the orchestra filling in the gaps and pauses of conversation, and falling, a shower of sweet sounds, on the audience, are circumstances which, when combined, render the whole a memorable and a pleasurable thing. The mimic world shut off from view by the drop-curtain is an inexhaustible subject of conversation. The personality of the actors, the characters of the play, the sympathy to be excited, the indignation at wrongdoing, the elation at merited and unexpected success, keep young hearts, and old ones too, not seldom in pleasant and exhilarating tension. And often the comedies and tragedies off the stage are of a more interesting though more complicated character than the mimic play.

The curtain was rising for the first act when Killany and Nano entered the theatre. The attention of the audience being directed to the stage, they escaped all but the usual quantum of staring from the *habitués* at the door, and were fairly seated in full view at the balustrade before society became aware of the presence of two of its brightest luminaries. Then there were many little bows of courtesy from every side, which the elegant physician acknowledged so gently and gracefully that none might be aware of the condescension save the happy recipients. Nano was in full dress and exceptionally brilliant. Her costume and diamonds were dazzling, and with the quiet of her manner, and her evident beauty, formed a verging-point for those engines of polite because tolerated rudeness, opera-glasses. Transcendental-

ism enjoyed a triumph whenever she appeared. "A woman of culture" was a phrase which the higher grade of society had by heart. In itself the phrase had no meaning for most people, but when pointed with direct allusion to a beauty, a genius, and an heiress, it embraced all that was desirable in the universe. Nano knew the impression which she created, and gloried in it—gloried in the beauty whose Giver she denied, in the genius whose inspiration was to her a superstition, in the wealth and rank which her father had sinned to provide. This vanity was a weakness she could not but feel, but a weakness only in its expression, her philosophy or absurdity said. She was a fair mistress of her countenance and manner. Generally they expressed only what she would, and a cold, indifferent exterior hid the flames that society thought quite extinguished. Not entirely were they concealed from the keen eyes of Killany. His medical education and training enabled him to detect changes of color or manner unperceived by shrewd ordinary observers, and he had already caught the clew to points in her disposition which she considered wholly secret.

He was watching her now, as they sat together, with restless, dissatisfied eyes that turned often and uneasily to one particular place in the assembly. She had but glanced around on entering, and had then given her attention to the music and the play. Until the curtain fell on the first act she spoke not a word nor took her eyes from the stage. Killany did not venture to disturb her. Instead he seemed rather anxious that her attention should remain fixed on any spot save on that which so often took his own eyes. The moment she turned away when the curtain fell, and, with a sigh of pleasurable relief, began to devote some attention to the audience, he hastened to engage her in conversation.

"Charming Parepa!" he said, "a jewel of song! The sunniest nightingale that ever sang a note! Ah! you have recognized some one."

"My little Olivia," said Nano softly and with kindling eyes. Her first look had fallen on Dr. Fullerton, Olivia, and Sir Stanley Dashington not far distant from the box, and she bowed and smiled in the most familiar way that her studied coldness would permit. Killany was decidedly angry. He had feared this trifling incident, and dreaded the effect the good angel might have on Nano's feelings. For Olivia was smiling in a most lovable fashion, and making encouraging and affectionate nods and grimaces towards her friend; and the mere fact of her presence, the sight of the sweet, pure face, was as hateful to Killany

as the face of an angel is to a fiend. Sir Stanley was watching her movements so fondly as utterly to ignore the box after his first bow. Dr. Fullerton had smiled his recognition, and, as if struck by a sudden recollection, Nano had cast down her eyes involuntarily and turned to the stage again.

Dr. Killany gnashed his teeth politely.

"Very interesting fellow, the Irish baronet," he said in smooth tones. "Seems determined to have a Canadian wife, by all appearances. Quite a match for Miss Olivia."

"Perhaps," answered Nano. "The obligation, however, will be all on his side."

"Allow me to differ with you," he said quickly. "Is wealth or station to be counted as nothing in the scale with loveliness of form or character?"

"Assuredly yes. Have you not instances enough in real life to the contrary? Beauty is nobility and wealth. Having that, you need care for nothing else in all the world besides."

"That is a pretty sentiment, but most unpractical. I know that the world worships beauty, but I know it worships gold too, and goes oftener mad over the one than over the other. See our smiling friends all around us. Could we not point out a round dozen who have sold themselves for gold, some doing it with beauty and worth attracting the other way? Your own Miss Olivia, for example—"

"Has a baronet at her feet," she interrupted, smiling.

"And society as well," he added, "because of the baronet and, I may say it, because of yourself. She was obscure enough before, with all her vaunted beauty and goodness."

"Not vaunted goodness," said Nano in a tone of icy and cutting reproof.

"I beg your pardon. I was getting warm, and the expression was not intended. But in reason, my dear Miss Nano, what comparison can there be between the comfort and dignity of wealth with rank, and the possession of mere beauty, whether of character or form?"

"You *will* force me to discuss the question," she said, still smiling, "when I wish to listen to the music and look at my friends below. In reason, my dear doctor, what is the use of going to the opera, if you do not go to enjoy it? I am tired of these endless discourses which it pleases the blue-stockings and culture-dried fossils of our circle to indulge in. I must find relief from them here, at least."

She smiled at Olivia, who was making a sly pantomime expres-

sion of pretty distaste of the attentions of Sir Stanley. Dr. Kil-lany was baffled but not subdued. He had been leading her diplomatically up to the matter of his intrigue, but on the very threshold she had turned and fled. It was vexatious, and—he smiled. Shortly after the curtain went up and there was nothing more to be said until the end of the second act.

The music of the opera was thrilling and melancholy. Nano listened with moistened eyes and throbbing heart. A fierce longing seized upon her to pierce the very depths of the weird, mysterious strains, and find whence they drew their life and essence. An agonized desire to be filled with more of life and beauty than she had ever enjoyed racked her heart and brain, and she lay back trembling, and would have wept and sobbed out her anguish had she been alone. The feeling was not unknown to her. She had experienced it often enough to suffer it with patience and to control it within the bounds of moderation. But it puzzled her much, and left her a prey to a severe depression of mind for days afterwards. The doctor never removed his eyes from her face, though he appeared to be as deeply engaged as she in listening to scenes and harmonies. With calm persistence he returned to his point when the curtain went down the second time.

He remained cunningly silent until Nano addressed him. "You seem to be in deep thought," she said. "Comparing beauty and riches still?"

"Pardon me, but I could not help it. The subject is interesting. Its only solution, I think, is always to let beauty and wealth go together."

"That would be unfair, doctor. I speak for an equal division."

"Were it given you to choose," he said abruptly, "would you give up your face, or keep it and go down to poverty?"

"Poverty! What a distressing word!" And she shivered a little, but did not answer.

"You are evading the question, Miss McDonell."

"Well, then, I shall not desert my standard. I would choose poverty."

"And suppose that the alternatives were poverty or loss of your good name? I anticipate your answer."

"I shall not make any, sir. The question is not to be put at all."

"Good, very good," he said, with a sinister, familiar smile, forgetting in his eagerness the customary etiquette; "such a disposition is invaluable to any one; to you above all others invaluable at this particular time."

She looked up in cool amazement at these pointed but incomprehensible words.

"You speak riddles, doctor."

"They are easily solved, Miss Nano," said he, still smiling; still forgetful of the insolence of his manner. "You will soon have the chance of testing the practical working of your sentiment. Beauty is nobility and wealth, since you stand yourself very close to poverty and actual disgrace."

To the fact that his words were flippantly and coarsely uttered she paid more attention than to their meaning.

"You are hard to be understood yet," she said, with her large eyes looking straight into his; "but there is no mistaking the impertinence of your manner."

In an instant he was all penitence and humility, and was inwardly cursing himself for his foolish oversight.

"You have mistaken bitterness of feeling for that of which I could never be deliberately guilty. I beg a thousand pardons for my inadvertence. Yet listen further to what I say, since I must speak in plainer terms. You stand as close to poverty, and perhaps shame, as could be desired. The wealth which your father enjoys is not all his own, and, being at heart and by birth a Catholic, he is dreaming of restoring to those whom he has wronged. Do you comprehend *now*, Miss McDonell?"

"Perfectly," she answered, and her doubt and suspicion of him sounded loudly in the word. "If it be true I begin to comprehend much more that was hitherto a mystery to me. Candidly, I believe that you are deceived or insane."

"Neither," he replied vehemently. "I have known it for some years, and the fact has not been least profitable to me. It purchased me your father's favor, which otherwise I never could have obtained. Having that, I had everything this city could afford. We are related by blood, of course, but these are ties which never disturbed the narrow current of his generosity. If you do not believe me you may ask him. By so doing you will hasten an evil which it is yet in your power to avert. He hesitates in his plans because of you. Once break the ice, once give him your encouragement, and you will be left by a stroke of the pen in comparative need."

"Get thee behind me, Satan," she said, laughing. It was a harsh laugh and spoke of anything save mirth. The story seemed too incredible, and yet his earnestness made her shiver as if with cold. Killany had cunningly magnified the circumstances, in order to impress her more powerfully.

"I cannot understand why you should invent such a tale, doctor; and as you are not insane I shall believe that you have been deceived in some manner. Or is it a development of your cynical and ungallant theories against the power of worth and beauty? Or are you cruelly trying me? You cannot change my opinions; and as to my feelings, they are not in the least disturbed. My hands are not cold, nor my pulse slow, nor my face pale, when according to the approved fashion, I should be in an interesting and exciting swoon."

"This is trifling," said Killany gravely. "I cannot treat you as a child who will not believe in the approach of a misfortune which she cannot understand. Your eyes will be opened only too suddenly when the evil has fallen upon you. Your father's late illness was the first shock of a convulsion which may yet, and very soon, destroy him. In his sickness you will discover the truth of my information, but it will then be too late. He will have given his property to strangers or to the poor, and you will be a pauper."

This was stating the case in rather strong terms, but the curtain was rising and the doctor was growing desperate. She at last felt conviction stealing upon her, and a hand of ice seemed to close round her heart and to smother its beatings. Poverty at last! Outwardly she remained calm. It had come so slowly and so gradually as not to surprise her, and her command of herself was admirable.

"I believe you," she said suddenly. "And I wish to go home."

He would have persuaded her to remain until the end of the performance, but she was determined. He rose and entered the box to turn on the gas. A page was just opening the door.

"Servant, sir," the boy said, bowing, "but I was to inform the lady that her father had been taken dangerously ill, and the carriage is waiting outside."

One eloquent look was exchanged between Nano and the doctor. Coming so soon after their conversation this intelligence had a fearful significance. They left the theatre hastily and in silence.

CHAPTER VI.

THE FIRST FALL.

THE most fortunate of plotters seemed Dr. Killany. The lingering, scornful doubts which Nano had entertained as to the truth of his information were put to flight by the accidental illness of her father. There was no time to debate on his motives or his veracity. If what he had told her were true, then she was standing face to face with death, poverty, and disgrace, since it was to be supposed that now, if ever, her father would desire to make that restitution of which the doctor had spoken. Killany's heart was bounding, and the sky of his prospects seemed rosy in the prospect of a golden dawning.

He handed Nano to the carriage in silence. Her manner had grown strangely cold and distant. In the light that flashed for an instant from the carriage-lamp on her face he saw that it was very white, troubled, and despairing in its expression, and he knew that the inward agony must be very severe which could force her to such a display of feeling. Nano was indeed suffering a torture of mind such as she had never before known, so keen and terrible that all desire of self-control had fled, and all care of personal appearance with it. Misfortune had never yet laid his mailed hand upon her, and that he should appear now in so deadly a garb was doubly mournful. She was like one moving in a dream, uncertain of all the phantasies around her, not knowing but that if she touched any they would vanish on the instant. The lights of the theatre danced before her in the oddest shapes, and the murmur of the voices around, the low strains of the music, were loud as the shrieks of demons in her ears. She would have raised her eyes to dispel the illusion by the sight of the smiling faces turned towards her, some in friendly recognition; but tears of anguish were dangerously near falling, and she refrained. To be seen weeping by Killany was at that moment and on that occasion an unbearable humiliation. Others might put a favorable construction on such evidence of grief, but to him, who knew the chilliness of her relations with her father, it was a confession of weakness on her part, and on his a triumph.

Therefore she remained silent with eyes cast down as they rode homeward through the streets. He was silent, too, determined not to forget himself so outrageously as he had done once before that evening. He wisely left her to her own

thoughts, which were then in the fiercest confusion, confident that he had planted in her mind the seeds of many a weary hour of meditation and mental suffering. A strange terror had taken hold of her. It shrouded her senses like a mist, leaving liberty of motion and thought only to render the pain and mystery of her situation the more terrible. In vain she tried to free herself and to reason calmly. It was still a mist, impalpable and unconquerable, and clung round her and shut out the avenues of help or escape, alas! too effectually. Her father had stolen from others, and was now, at the risk of poverty to himself and his daughter, to restore his ill-gotten goods. This was the substance of the danger. An aggravating circumstance was his sudden illness. It brought her into the presence of her destiny with bewildered faculties. She was helpless from surprise and grief, and desired only a little time to escape from the mist which blinded and suffocated her. After all, what was there in the doctor's information to unnerve her so completely? There was a possibility of its untruth. Accept it as a fact, and what train of consequences would follow? Her father had wronged some one, and that some one must be righted. He had sinned, and he must suffer for his sin, even if she, his innocent daughter, must suffer with him. That was all. All? Ah! no. A sudden pang shot through her head and bosom, and left her quivering in physical agony. It was not all. Poverty was staring at her again, wan and hollow-eyed, unkempt, uncultured, transcendentalism's devil, leering, threatening, humbling; and beside him stood Disgrace, hiding his dishonored head, cringing even to poverty for concealment and protection. These, perhaps, were to be her companions in the future. And there was no escape. The tempter stood beside her with his suggestions, and took a breathing personality in the form of the silent doctor. She shook him off with increasing fear and agony, and leaned out of the carriage to catch a breath of the air of heaven, all tremulous with the sheen of the stars.

She was so harassed by conflicting emotions that the view of the great profound in its unfathomable repose smote upon her brain with something of mortal suffering. The great city had settled down into the quiet of midnight, and the crushing of the runners upon the frozen snow, and the stamp of the horses, and the music of the bells struck the air sharply, and seemed to leave behind them a track of sound, as a ship, in cleaving the ocean, leaves in her wake a pathway of whirlpools and foam. Why should all things be so calm and she so tossed and maddened? Did the stranger who, in passing, looked carelessly at

the flying equipage think for an instant of the destinies it was whirling out of his sight and his recollection? Did the echo of her going strike upon the sleep-closed ears of those who went to rest that night unburdened with care, and give a sadder hue to their dreams in tender pity for the sorrows of which they had no exact knowledge? She fastened her eyes upon the sky. The "starred map" had always been for her a source of wonderful interest. She knew the constellations and their mythological history, and could weep melancholy tears over the misfortunes of the filthy heroes and heroines who now trod the sky with a purity, a brilliancy, and a regularity their lives had never known. But in such knowledge there was no comfort. The Christian looks upward in his agony, and the meekest star that shines upon him is as the eye of a merciful God looking down upon his sufferings, encouraging and consoling with its mild beam. *This* was a part of her mythology. It was a glorious dream to picture a Being of infinite majesty, intelligence, and power standing on the mountains of eternity and flinging those gigantic worlds into space with the ease of an Atlas or a Hercules. Even in this there was still no ease for suffering. She never thought of looking there or anywhere outside of herself for such a thing. Self was all, and oh! how wretched, how circumscribed, how belittling that all. A kennel was a palace to it for dimension and worth. And still she looked at the heaven. There was so much of confusion below that she found relief in looking at its calm, holy, beautiful fixedness.

Her thoughts came to an end when the carriage drove up the avenue to her home. Lights were gleaming in all the rooms, and figures were moving past the windows in a way that argued no small confusion within. An hour at least had elapsed since McDonell had first been taken ill, and yet excitement and fear still? Her heart was beating rapidly as she gave her hand to Killany and entered the hall. A group of servants with frightened faces were standing at the foot of the stairs. All fell back as she approached.

"Where is my father?" she said gently.

"In his own room, ma'am," one answered, "and the doctors are with him."

They went to the library. Two medical gentlemen stood at the table discussing. A third was just entering from the bedroom beyond. All came forward at sight of the young mistress so pale and so composed, and tendered her a dozen of assurances—non-committal, of course—as to her father's condition.

Doctor Killany put them aside coolly and led her to the chamber.

"Is he conscious?" he asked at the threshold.

"Quite, but unable to speak or move. Paralysis; not a severe stroke."

She went in, and Killany closed the door on them. The valet was standing at his master's bedside, solemn and awe-stricken. A lamp burned behind a screen dimly, and in its feeble light the form stretched motionless on the bed showed ghastly still and helpless. She sank on her knees, overpowered with emotion, bedewed one senseless hand with her tears, and laid it cold and clammy against her colder cheeks.

"O my father!" she sobbed. Nature was stronger than habit, and her indifference melted at sight of his helplessness.

He opened his eyes and looked on her with evident surprise. Then the anguished heart, so mournfully imprisoned by the stricken members, told its agony in a low, wild moan of fearful intensity of feeling, and his eyes dilated with unnatural force, appealing, alas! how vainly, to the love and help of those around him. All the soul's expression and pain were thrown into his eyes. They wanted to speak, to impress upon his attendants his need, and they could not. He tried to form the words with his lips, and neither muscles nor voice would obey him.

"Father," she said gently, "you want something. Oh! can you not tell me? I will get you anything, father—anything."

He could hear and understand. He struggled a very little, less than the infant born, and looked wildly around. No help for him. She smoothed his brow, and kissed him and fondled him. He could make no answering sign. His eyes alone expressed his suffering and his need, but no one could interpret those glances.

Doctor Killany looked in after a little. He had heard her sobs and the loving tones of her voice with some anxiety, for such affection was unexpected and might be troublesome. Her position angered him, kneeling with her arms around her father's neck and her cheek to his, and he ground out a curse or a blasphemy through his teeth. He came forward and touched her gently.

"You are exposing him to greater danger," he said, "by your presence. He will recover, the physicians tell me, as the attack is not so severe as might have been. But he must be kept free from excitement."

She unwound her arms and stood up, but his moans brought her to her knees again.

"I shall remain here," she said; and he saw that her determination was not to be moved.

"When he sleeps," whispered Killany, "come into the library. There is something you should know."

She made no response, and he left the chamber. The head resting in her arms moved uneasily. As she stood up at Killany's suggestion the paralytic's eyes had caught the glimmer and shape of a diamond cross on her breast, and he was now endeavoring to push his face close to the jewel with an eagerness all unseen and misunderstood. She changed his position and her own. He moaned and still made futile efforts to approach his lips to the saving sign. He looked up to her eyes and down to the cross mournfully, and at last she comprehended. Taking it off her own neck, she put it on his, and never spoke eyes so eloquently their gratitude and joy. From that moment he rested peacefully, and in a short time slept.

Killany was awaiting her patiently in the library. His face had grown as anxious as her own. Her appearance, so woe-begone, so still, so determined, did not reassure him, and he feared that he had not rightly estimated this woman. She came over to the mantel where he was standing, a curious expression in her eyes. Scarcely a week past he had stood in the same position in that room, and delivered his opinion on her character to the man who lay almost dying a few steps away.

"Well?" she said, when he made no offer to speak.

"Well?" he answered, raising his eyes languidly. "He sleeps?"

"You wished to tell me something of importance—to yourself, I suspect. Say it quickly, for I am going to my own room."

"Your father has suffered less from paralysis," said he, as indifferently as she had spoken, "than from some want which he could not express in words—a fortunate fact for you. I know what he wanted."

"And allowed him to suffer as he did! You call that my good-fortune, sir?"

Her eyes were full of anger, and hot words trembled on her lips.

"It is not too late," said Killany quietly. "A priest, a Roman Catholic priest, can be had at any moment, and that was all he required."

"Then a priest he shall have," said she. "Thomas, here!"

Killany put one hand impressively on her arm.

"Until he can speak a priest would be useless and add only to

his agony. Moreover, he is not in deadly necessity, and, his brain being slightly affected, he might not thank you for gratifying its crazy whims. Besides, think of the restitution, of the succeeding poverty, of the certain shame."

"Restitution!" she gasped. "Oh! I had forgotten that."

"It will be well for you to keep it constantly before your mind. You do your father no injustice in keeping the priest from him now. When he has recovered he will thank you for the discretion with which you acted. Do not, I pray you, let any sudden attack of filial affection interfere with your father's interests or your own."

"Or with yours," she said, furious at this gratuitous insult. "What have I done that such a thing as you—" she stopped herself there and grew immediately calm. "I am forgetting myself," she said, with a sigh and a weary smile. "When one is tired and excited, trifles"—and she looked at him from head to foot peculiarly—"are more apt to affect the nerves. Good-night."

"Good-night," he responded. "I shall remain here, and call you if anything unusual occurs."

It was one o'clock. The bells were ringing the hour as she entered her apartments, where everything lay in stillness, the statuary visible in its outlines, the mirrors reflecting her white face and gleaming jewels so weirdly that the room seemed full of whispering spectres. She drew the curtains across the windows, for the calm sky with its twinkling lights was mocking the tumult that raged in her bosom. She lit the gas-jets in parlor and bed-room, as if to drive away haunting images from her mind, and then sat down, not to rest, but to mutter over and over three words that had burned themselves into her brain and forced themselves from her lips—Restitution! Poverty! Shame!—and to feel a stab in her heart at every repetition. She had not yet begun to think clearly. Terror still tyrannized over her senses. The victim under the fascinating gaze of a serpent was not more helpless than she under the great and enervating dread of becoming poor. How could she, who had reigned it so long over the multitude, endure to put aside her greatness and become even meaner than those she had ruled and scorned? Was not any fate preferable to one so humiliating? The abyss towards which she was hurrying herself by her morbid fear of suffering and her dangerous indulgence of this fear was not yet perceived. She only felt that a great blackness had fallen upon her, and that death seemed its speediest and surest relief. From one despair to another only could she go—from life with its humiliations to the grave with its

repulsive, horrible nothingness and oblivion. Death was a dread ; a greater dread met her to live. And so she thought on until from pure exhaustion she could think no more. Ideas became entangled, and sleep closed her tired eyes where she lay.

It was four in the morning when from her troubled but refreshing slumber she woke once more to consciousness of life and its misery. The lights were burning still in her rooms. The house had settled once more into the silence of the night. She slipped down to the library, where Killany slept, and passed to the room beyond. He, too, was awake, and the speaking eyes sought hers gratefully, and the low moan welcomed her coming. She knelt down as she had done before and took him in her arms, spoke to him with loving tenderness, and gave him hope of speedy and certain recovery. Once it rose to her lips to tell him that she knew his only want, and that it would soon be supplied. But there was the tempter again to whisper of what she so much dreaded. Killany's words had more deeply impressed her than she had thought possible. She was afraid to run even the slight risk of a priest's presence. Cowardice had seized suddenly on her bold, fearless nature, and in the very height of her affection for her sick father she was led into the first wilful, unfilial act of her life. It was a cruel and a useless one, she knew. Yet the dread of ensuing and unforeseen evils to her held her back. Over his head she whispered, "I dare not."

The night wore away quickly. Killany, coming into the chamber at the first dawning, was not surprised to find her in the old position. He suggested once again the propriety of retiring to her own room. The regards of father and daughter were not the most pleasant that could be fixed even on a Bohemian. Nardo paid no further attention to him, and the patient made manifest his disapproval of such officiousness by an emphatic utterance of the only sound he could just then command. The doctor retired meekly and vented his rage on the other side of the door.

Miss McDonell was not at home to visitors during that week, and did not once stir abroad. Many friends called, and among them was Olivia, full of eager desire to comfort her suffering friend. Doctor Killany, who had coolly established himself as a member of the family, received them with much *empressement*, and sent them away again with the assurance that Mr. McDonell was expected to recover, regretting that his fair relative, the hostess, was not prepared to give or receive calls during the illness of her father. Olivia was puzzled and grieved that no exception had been made in her favor. Had another than Killany

attempted to prevent her entrance she would have promptly and directly appealed to Nano herself; but the doctor was her aversion, and she went away quickly, glad to rid herself of his smiling, baleful presence.

The truth was that Nano did not care to meet with Olivia during those days of trial. Her dalliance with temptation had rendered even the image of the high-principled and pure-minded girl a kind of reproach. She had so sincere an admiration for her virtues that much of her own manner was modelled on Olivia's tastes or predilections, and to have done anything which could merit her reproaches made Nano hateful to herself. How could she now endure her presence when her soul was black with the sin of a child's ingratitude? Sharper than a serpent's tooth would it have been to her father to have suspected her guiltiness. He had gone on during those long, sorrowful days making feeble attempts to reach the comprehension of those around him, raising his hands aimlessly and moving his lips horribly—for muscular power was slowly returning—to form one little word of six letters, which comprised all that he asked of the world, and for which he was ready to give all his wealth in return. She could look at him, knowing his want, and, trembling, agonized, conscience-stricken, could pretend to efforts at understanding him—efforts that ended in apparent disappointment. She could look into the eyes so full of dumb agony and earnest pleading, and in her own express anxiety and wondering innocence as to his need. She despised herself, almost cursed herself, for this weakness, and the more because Killany was fully aware of the struggle she was undergoing. Yet fear and doubt held her back. She did not yet know the circumstances of her father's sin. She was not quite sure of its truth, perhaps, though if anything could make it certain it was Killany's assurance. Her resolutions were weaker than mist. When she came face to face with issues her strength departed.

In a little more than a week after his first attack McDonell achieved the triumph of writing a legible scrawl on a piece of paper, and his lips framed with difficulty the word *priest*. There was nothing to do but accept the crisis. The certainty of having made himself understood at last threw a new expression into his eyes—an expression of infinite relief, as if a great load had been lifted from his body. He was back from the tomb into the presence of men once more. Nano read the scrawl, heard the word smilingly, and, with a little tightening of the throat, comprehended the results. But she nodded her head confidently and went away. Here began the real

struggle. To deny him the priest would open his eyes to her real feelings, and she could not endure to show to him the hypocrisy of her affection. It was, perhaps, fortunate that Killany came to assist her in deciding for the good or the evil. His fear of a false move on her part overpowered his prudence. If she would not herself resolve, he would frame the resolution. She received his advances coldly.

"Will you send for the priest?" he asked.

"Why not?" she answered.

"Do you not yet believe me, Nano? You are thoughtlessly cutting your own throat."

"And my father's?" she said, consenting to argue the point.

"And your father's. Nor will he thank you for it afterwards."

She was coquetting with temptation, and he saw it rejoicing. A few minutes of conversation and she would be won at least to delay, but at that moment footsteps came up the avenue. One glance out the window decided her.

"I shall take the risk," she said with quiet determination, yet inwardly uncomfortable from her own hypocrisy. "The priest shall come, happen what may, and I shall depend on *myself* to meet resulting difficulties."

He would have reasoned and pleaded, but a servant entered and announced:

"Father Leonard."

CHAPTER VII.

VISITORS.

BOTH Nano and Killany arose at this announcement, the one with a surprised and fretful countenance, the other smiling and apparently indifferent.

"For Heaven's sake put him off!" whispered the doctor hurriedly, as the priest's step was heard approaching in the hall.

"Too late, even if I desired to do so," she answered in the same tone, and the next moment was bowing to a stout, medium-sized gentleman, who took both her hands in his with affectionate anxiety, and said, gasping for breath the while:

"Bless you, my child!"

Doctor Killany bowed distantly.

"I heard your father was ill only to-day," continued the priest,

"and I assure you I was deeply hurt that you had not informed me on the instant. But I can understand. You look pale and worn, and did not think, in the alarm at so untoward an event, to do everything. And how is he, Miss Nano?"

"Improving rapidly, father," replied Nano, successfully counterfeiting cheerfulness. "Indeed, he can write a little and say a few words. In a few days he will be able to speak distinctly, the doctors tell me. I must ask pardon for my negligence in not sending you word of his illness. As you have so kindly understood, I was too confused with grief to think of anything, and left all to our friend Dr. Killany."

"And I," said the ready doctor, quietly accepting the responsibility which with some maliciousness she placed upon him—"I, acting upon medical advice, announced to no one his illness, and bravely turned away all who came to see Mr. McDonell. I am glad that your reverence was not subjected to the same treatment."

"Indeed!" said the priest, smiling grimly at this frankness. The priest was not the handsomest man in the world nor the most distinguished-looking, important as was the part which he played in the history of the church in Canada. His face indicated the possession of good administrative and diplomatic talent. The forehead was broad though not high, the eyes of a deep, piercing gray and hidden by the non-committal spectacles, the mouth gentle and sweet in its expression, and the chin as determined and set in its outline as decision of character seems to require. His nose, however, was short and stubby, and his complexion sallow. A few locks of dark hair were thinly scattered over his head. The bald spot was covered by a skull-cap, which had such a habit of disarranging itself and the neighboring locks at every move that much of the priest's time was spent in rearrangement. His manner was naturally graceful, dignified, and courtly, but rheumatism had taken from these qualities considerably, and in kneeling or sitting he found the greatest difficulty in the world. He was a shrewd business man, hard and exacting when necessary, and blessed with a good knowledge of mankind, and of political mankind in particular, with whom his dealings were of the most pugnacious nature. As administrative head of a body whose growing political importance was a thing to be considered in the arrangements of party men, he was a power in the state; and the ambiguous smile that had become a characteristic of his face, and which was now beaming on Killany, was a trick he had learned in his intercourse with slippery politicians.

"If it is not asking too much," he said, rousing himself from a little reverie into which he had fallen while looking at the doctor, "I would like to see your father."

"There is nothing to hinder," replied Nano, conscious that Killany was appealing to her with all his eyes. "Do you wish to see him alone, or shall I remain with you?"

The occasion seemed so urgent that Killany could not resist the temptation, when the priest for a moment dropped his eyes, to make an impassioned gesture of entreaty and warning. His reverence saw it quite as easily as if he were looking at the gentleman, and comprehended it too, as, with an innocent air, he said :

"Be it as you please, Miss Nano. What I have to say to my old friend need not be hidden from his daughter, unless it be your own desire or his."

"Then let us go down. I shall leave you alone together. He can talk very little, and I am sure would prefer to have no one present."

They left her rooms for the library. Killany, seeing that he prevailed nothing over Nano's resolution, had silently departed, and speeded his way to the sick man's room, where he dismissed the valet, informed McDonell of the priest's coming, and apparently departed by the door. However, when Nano and the priest entered he was concealed behind a screen at the further end of the apartment, ready for developments.

"Father," she said, stooping to kiss his cheek, "Father Leonard is here to see you."

"Glad!" muttered the invalid in a thick, almost inaudible voice, extending both his shrivelled hands. He repeated the word several times, with such a kindling of the eyes and such a depth of feeling that Nano, who had looked upon his agony so coldly, was torn with sudden anguish and wept silently. He held the priest's hands tightly, like a man who grasped his only support on a perilous ocean, and he would not let them go. Then Nano, half-frightened at her own boldness, yet conscious of having done something which gave a momentary ease to her aching heart, left them.

In her room she found Olivia, who at sight of her opened the treasure-house of her imagination and eloquence, and made a grand display of both, to her own satisfaction. Her appearance was very welcome in spite of the irritation of the priest's presence in the house, and her indignation at the wrongs she had suffered, her astonishment at Nano's changed manner and face,

and her fresh, hearty sympathy for her friend were entertaining and very acceptable to the lady who had been leaning entirely on self in those troublous days, and had found the support so vile, so fickle, so comfortless.

"Killany met me so smilingly, you know," she explained to Nano, "that I was sure he was going to ask some silly favor of me with his usual display of fine words, fine smiles, and overwhelming politeness. But the idea of being told to go out as I came in never entered my head any more than it entered yours."

Nano winced at this home-thrust, and laughed to hide her confusion.

"Why have you such an aversion for the doctor," she said, "and he the admired of women?"

"Ask your own heart," replied Olivia. "You admire him as much as I do, but you have the faculty of concealing your likes and dislikes better. I rejoice in them too much to hide them more than Christian charity requires, though I fear I do stretch the precept a little now and then. I can't resist a trifle of back-biting sometimes, especially concerning Killanys."

"That *is* wicked," said Nano; "and I, though a pagan, can reprobate such a practice heartily."

"But on what principles? Don't attempt to answer, for I intend to do it myself. You reprobate it because it is not in harmony with the feeling of self-respect which you, as a cultured woman, are supposed to have; because you degrade self by taking an unfair advantage of an adversary; and because you would be guilty of a want of pride. Now, Christians act on the principle that to injure another's good name is the same thing with stealing so many dollars from him, and they are conscience-stricken and enjoy no peace of mind until they have restored what they have stolen. There's law and logic, my love, and it seems not to agree with you."

"You can be tiresome when you choose, Olivia. Have I not read all that a dozen times in some works of the musty fathers? What an amount of rubbish they did manage to collect in their time!"

"Do you know Orestes Brownson, Nano?" cried Olivia in a very shrill voice and with an impressive frown.

"The pervert? Yes. But pray don't deafen me outright."

"He has given transcendentalism some of the sweetest knocks in the world. Did you ever read what he wrote of those old fathers whom all our learned ladies smile down upon so serenely from the heights of their own intolerable ignorance? He said—"

Nano put her hand over Olivia's mouth.

"I don't want to know what he said. The idea of such a butterfly as you reading Brownson!"

"He said that they—"

Up went the hand again.

"Olivia, be so kind as to leave it unsaid. It will haunt me for a week to come."

"He said that they were the authors of all that was solid in modern thought."

Nano's hands were clasped over her own ears.

"Now I've said it," continued Olivia; "and you may listen again. You spoke of those old geniuses slightly, and I have defended them. It was Harry told me that. He reads all about these things. And, by the way, when are you coming to see my new home?"

"How often have I planned to go," Nano answered, "and how many untoward circumstances have occurred to hinder me!"

"Killany's been there, and his comical servant or student Quip, and—and several others. It's the prettiest place in the world."

"No doubt. What special attractions have you there?"

"My brother, for one," cried Olivia with sisterly enthusiasm. "The best fellow in the world, and as handsome as an angel. You should see him."

"I have, Olivia."

"Oh! indeed. And when and where?"

"At Dr. Killany's office. He's the doctor's partner, I believe."

"At Dr. Killany's office!" repeated she in amazement. "And he never said a word about it. O these men!"

Nano was fearing that she would soon be treading on delicate ground, and therefore she attempted a diversion.

"I haven't heard of Sir Stanley in some days," said she, looking out of the window; "what has become of him?"

"He talks of returning to Ireland," answered Olivia promptly, blushing an ingenuous red; "but I think he will wait until the summer."

"You know he will, Miss Artful, and much longer, if you insist upon it. You may laugh, and protest, and blush as much as you please, but when the summer comes Sir Stanley will be here, and he will be here in the fall and through the next winter. It will end, as all these things end, in a wedding. I congratulate you."

There was a very harsh chord in Nano's voice as she uttered

the last words. The little picture of happiness which she had begun to paint in jest, contrasting so painfully with her present feelings, smote her with bitterness when it was finished. To know that she was so very far from Olivia's standard of virtue made her envious. The flood of misery which had rushed around her, leaving untouched those cheerful souls that belonged to her life, filled her heart with rage that she, who had known so little of true happiness, should still be called on to endure while they went on carelessly, untroubled, and fortunate always. Olivia looked at her in surprise, and then laughed dubiously.

"Was it the croak of a raven I heard," she said, "or did your feelings overpower you, Nano? Anyway, your congratulations are premature. I never expressed a particular regard for—"

"Sir Stanley Dashington!" bawled a servant at that moment from the door, and immediately afterwards this gentleman, entered the room. The Irish baronet was a fair representative of the modern gentleman of rank, and appeared to be thirty years of age. His personal appearance was more distinguished than handsome; but being the possessor of brilliant eyes, a taking smile, an insinuating address, a noble disposition, a name, and a fortune, he was, on the strength of these qualities, the reigning lion of Canadian society.

"I am surprised," said he after the first greetings were over, "to find you here, Miss Fullerton. I thought your mornings were entirely devoted to domestic matters. It is just as well, perhaps, for you can do me the honor of accepting my cutter in going home."

"How very convenient!" murmured Nano.

"Thank you very much," said Olivia shortly, "but I cannot permit any temptation to draw me from the useful duty of a constitutional. As to my home affairs, you should know that their rules have a hundred exceptions in Nano's favor and not one in any other's."

Sir Stanley coughed and Nano laughed, for both were aware that she was alluding to the baronet's frequent invasion of rules and exceptions.

"What a model of regularity!" said Nano. "What a stickler for discipline! It will be her punishment in the future to get a husband either more regular than herself or too irregular to understand her discipline. I hardly know which to pray for, both are so much to my mind."

"The latter, by all means," the baronet answered. "She must live not only to condemn, like a good politician, her pre-

sent convictions, but actually to love, honor, and obey their opposites."

"That could never happen," said Olivia in turn. "I would do many things before I would suffer in that way. And have I not a new door of escape? That fussy old member for Blackwood, who had to pay some hundreds of dollars for a divorce last year, has introduced a bill to facilitate such matters. Couldn't I, wouldn't I take advantage of it?"

"That would be disreputable," the baronet remarked.

"And utterly contrary to her own principles," Nano put in. "How often has she held forth to me on the wickedness of divorce!"

"Does it make it any the less wicked because I employ it in a single instance? But of course, being Catholics, we could not marry again. Very likely the first experiment would be enough."

She looked saucily at Sir Stanley, who was bold to say:

"Well, do not pierce me with your eyes, Miss Fullerton, or I shall be tempted to offer myself as the other party to that contemplated divorce. Let us pray to-night for the success of the member for Blackwood. He is a charitable fellow. Having been nipped pretty badly himself, he is anxious to save others from the same misfortune—a charity, take notice, that prevails among statesmen."

"His bill will be of some benefit," Nano said, with serious voice and manner. "I would not object to a little more freedom in this particular, though I do not fancy the ease with which our neighbors do these things."

Sir Stanley glanced at Olivia, as much as to say that they, being Catholics, must unite to crush this loose-principled lady; but she would not respond to the invitation.

"There is no need to discuss a bill which will never pass," she said. "My opinions on divorce in general, and American divorce in particular, are very well known to my friends. The Yankees are fast falling into the license of paganism."

"You are stirring the coals of a hot discussion," cried Nano in tones of warning. "You know that Sir Stanley and I are American sympathizers—"

"Pardon me for interrupting," said Olivia; "but why should these people be called Americans any more than we, or the Mexicans, or any other nation on this continent? Did you ever see them yet that they were not intruding on common or foreign property?"

"Now, now, now," Sir Stanley interposed, "our little Canadian is becoming rampant. Please be calm, Miss Fullerton. We can regret the existence of the facts you mention, but since they are well-established, and you must accept them, willing or unwilling, do so gracefully."

"Must is not the word," said she, becoming suddenly conscious, by a glance at a mirror, that her cheeks were glowing and her eyes sparkling in a manner very dangerous to Sir Stanley's self-control and peace of mind. "But there! I detest those Yankees—no, not detest, but I wish they were some other nation—Greeks or Turks. One might then call them all sorts of names without hurting other people's feelings."

"You are in a blaze, Olivia," said Miss McDonell lazily. "Talk of a cool subject until you are restored. Are you going to Mrs. Strachan's toboggan-party?"

"Certainly. I couldn't miss it. We are to walk to Staring Hollow and back again on snow-shoes."

"Better yet," said the baronet, "Mrs. Strachan has put me down as your first assistant."

"Oh!" pouted Olivia, "what a woman for managing!"

But she did not say whether the arrangement was good or bad in her estimation, and Sir Stanley, taking the former for granted, was made supremely happy. The recollection of the toboggan-party was a slight damper on Nano's hitherto even cheerfulness of manner. She had for a time forgotten her troubles in the presence of her light-hearted friends, and had laughed, as men and women can laugh with the iron deep in their souls. The mention of pleasures in which she had always taken part reminded her more forcibly of her present distaste and its causes, and deep and settled sadness took again possession of her heart. She was glad when an excuse arose for dismissing the baronet and Olivia. The servant announced the presence of

"Sir John McDonough."

"The attorney-general," said Olivia, rising; "then I must go. I shall have a look at the dear ugly old fellow first. He is my model of a Canadian gentleman."

"You will meet him on your way down," Nano said. "He would feel flattered at your estimation of him."

The baronet and she went out together, and saw standing in the hall below a tall, slim, tastefully-dressed, middle-aged gentleman, with the air and bearing of a youth of twenty-five. His hair was long and hung in dark and well-oiled curls about his ears. His face, which could not have been much homelier, was

fleshless, knotty, and hard, its prominent features being a wide, smiling, sarcastic, good-humored mouth and a nose of the most fearless and talented dimensions. The wrinkles were numerous, the eyes large but dull in expression, and the complexion as muddy as the waters of a river on a rainy day. This was the attorney-general of the first of the Canadian provinces, afterwards, with varying fortune, the premier of the Dominion, and Olivia's model of a patriotic Canadian gentleman. He was said in later years to bear a strong resemblance to Disraeli when age, wickedness, and the cares of state had dimmed the personal beauty of that political comet, and the premier's admirers were fond of extending the resemblance of feature to the manners and deeds of their hero.

Olivia stared very hard at him in passing, as she had a clear right to do, being a woman and already acquainted with him; and Sir John, though he could not recall the pretty face that looked at him so slyly, yet so confidently and admiringly, bowed most courteously, as a statesman should who knows his business. The priest came out of the library as Olivia was being handed into the sleigh by Sir Stanley, and she caught a momentary glimpse of the meeting diplomats, each evidently being afraid to offer his hand first, lest a wrong construction might be put upon the act by either.

"Your reverence," said Sir John, with a slight expansion of the unfading smile, "is not more daunted by weather and rheumatism than younger men."

"A sick person is to an ecclesiastic," answered the priest, "what a wavering vote is to a minister, something to be rescued at all hazards."

"How is our friend McDonell?"

"Improving, but still in danger. I would advise you not to visit him. His mind has just been pretty well detached from earthly things. A fall from heaven to earth would be dangerous."

"Thank you, father," said the minister meekly. "I was not aware that my presence usually had such an effect."

"Could it have any other, Sir John?"

They were ascending the stairs by this time towards Nano's apartments, preceded by a servant. Sir John was supporting the priest, who found the work of ascent very trying to his damaged legs. Nano was awaiting them on the landing.

"Church and state," said she, "never moved more harmoniously through a difficulty."

"It's not the first assistance we have offered," Sir John said, with a significance understood only by the ecclesiastic.

"The only one with so innocent a motive," answered the priest, smiling over his spectacles. "I'll warrant that I pay with usury even for this favor. Look, Sir John, at this young beauty, our hostess, and feel remorse, if you can, at the insult you and your government have lately offered her."

"Insult!" echoed the pair in astonishment.

"Insult," repeated the priest emphatically, "in permitting a member of your party to introduce a bill for the obtaining of divorces more easily than at present."

"Oh!" said Nano, and Sir John remained silent.

"It will not pass, I know," the priest continued, "but it is the entering wedge of a more pressing agitation, the first lesson in a crime with which for the better growth of our people they should remain unacquainted. Your party deserves, and will get, I trust, just punishment for its carelessness and weakness."

"Consider, father, consider the circumstances," said Sir John earnestly. "A powerful but foolish member rides this hobby. Practically it will never amount to anything, and to oppose him at a time when the situation is extremely delicate would do us serious injury."

"I must put an end to this discussion at once," interposed Nano, "by giving a casting-vote in favor of Sir John. You, father, I shall ask to be satisfied with an offering of cake and wine. Come to the luncheon-room, both of you."

The old gentlemen sat down to discuss in peace the merits of the situation with the pale, fair lady so sadly racked with pain under her smiling exterior.

TO BE CONTINUED.

ANOTHER TRANSLATION OF THE HYMN *PLA-
CARE, CHRISTE, SERVULIS.*

To thy poor servants reconciled
Show mercy, Christ, for whom the mild
And Virgin Patroness this grace
Implores before thy Father's face.

Ye glorious hosts, whose circles nine
Before God's throne refulgent shine,
Shield us with your celestial arms
From present, past, and future harms.

Ye purpled martyrs, you, now dressed
In white because your lives confessed
Your Lord on earth, us exiles call
Unto the fatherland of all.

O choir of virgins, stainless band!
And ye for whom the desert-land
Made sure the way to heavenly rest,
Prepare us mansions with the blest.

The race perfidious expel
From regions where the faithful dwell;
Let one sole shepherd be our guide,
All Christians in one fold abide.

Glory, O Father! to thy name;
Eternal Son, to thine the same;
To Holy Paraclete be praise
Throughout the everlasting days.

IRISH-AMERICAN COLONIES.

WHEN there is question of a moral revolution affecting large numbers of human beings, their present condition and future destiny, mathematical calculations are, to a great extent, out of place. Hence when it is said that "millions" of Irish people may be moved from the great cities and manufacturing centres of the United States, from the famine-stricken districts of Ireland, from England and Scotland, to the splendid, half-vacant lands of the United States, the idea is not that it will or can be done all at once or even in five years' time. It is readily conceded, by all men who have a mind to think or a heart to feel for the fate and fortunes of that singularly situated and gifted people, that if two millions of them were moved even to one section of the United States—that, namely, lying west of the Mississippi River—it would be a blessing to them and an immense benefit to that favored region. The hand that writes this has blessed the grave of many a poor laborer along the Southern railroads, and that grave is long since forgotten; has anointed hundreds in the public hospitals who had fallen in the great battle of American labor, sometimes called progress; these eyes have seen too much squalor, misery, uncertainty in the means of living, among Irish people in large cities, to doubt for a moment that the majority of that race in America are in the wrong place, or that the land of the West is indeed their land of promise. No sane man who reflects on the subject can doubt it; no honest man will deny it. But how can two millions, or even one million, be thus moved and thus benefited? Principally, as I conceive it, in the five following ways:

First, by speech, public and private, the natural and most potent medium by which, in the providence of God, man is moved by his fellow-man. It is needless to go far in search of illustrations of this great truth. We find them abundantly in the lives of all who have brought about great revolutions in the history of the world. We need only call to mind the men who founded our own republic, and in Ireland fix our minds upon Grattan, O'Connell, Father Mathew. We may be allowed to cite an illustration still nearer to our subject. In the autumn of 1879 two bishops of the Catholic Church in the United States,* deeply interested in this great subject, and boldly setting at defiance the

* Bishops Spalding and Ireland.

danger and annoyance of harsh and ignorant criticism, made a tour of several cities of the Eastern seaboard, generally occupying the same pulpit or platform, and addressing on the same evening the crowds attracted by their name and their cause. The awakening brought about by their efforts in the cause of Catholic colonization exceeded the expectations of all. It is to be measured not merely by the numbers actually induced to seek homes on the land, but far more so by the vast numbers who, not being prepared yet to move, have since that time given serious and practical reflection to the subject. It is absolutely safe to say that if these two bishops could possibly devote four or five years to the accomplishment of so great a work, instead of three months, the millions alluded to as moved to farms of their own would in that time become a glorious fact. Therefore the speech of earnest, practical, devoted men is the most potent engine in carrying out this great work. The merit and success of the labors of the two bishops were greatly enhanced by the fact that one of them came from a Western State (Illinois) in which cheap lands for poor settlers were years ago a thing of the past. It is beyond question that he could have no interest in the matter, excepting purely and simply that of benefiting his co-religionists. The other bishop has, with immense labor and often thankless, anxious toil, succeeded in settling upon the cheap and fertile lands of Minnesota about three thousand families—probably fifteen thousand persons—in the last four years. Very few of these people could now be induced to return to the drudgery and uncertainty of city life on any account. This of itself is a pledge of the success attainable in the project of Catholic colonization. Hence the two bishops commanded a hearing wherever they appeared; and the good effects of their honest labors will reach far into the coming century. Indeed, it is to be hoped that they will both live to see these effects in their fullest measure. Now, the question arises: Can this intellectual and moral crusade be kept up for a few years? If these good bishops are prevented by the care of their respective flocks from continuing their grand work, can devoted, honest, intelligent priests and laymen, deeply interested in the cause, not be found to take their places? Suppose, for a moment, that twelve of these in the United States, and the same number in the British Islands, were to take the stand on this subject and earnestly and intelligently urge it for a few years, speaking upon it wherever it would be feasible or convenient, thus imparting the most valuable instruction to the classes most in need of it, and at the cheapest rate,

what a vast amount of good would be effected ! What a powerful lever it would be in the elevation and saving of as brave, as generous, as long-suffering a people as ever yet appeared on the face of the earth ! Supposing, further, that these twenty-four persons were supplied with several thousand carefully-written pamphlets, papers, and maps having reference to their subject ; we can easily see in the near future one of the grandest and most beneficent revolutions that have happened in modern times. Those of us who have witnessed the want of system, of forecast, of knowledge connected with the moving of six millions of people during the last sixty years from Ireland to America, and have viewed with horror and heartbreaking sorrow the mistakes that have been made, would rejoice that our generation was not likely to pass away before an effectual and far-reaching remedy had been applied to so great an evil. What is to prevent the Irish Catholic Colonization Association of the United States from putting at least six of these orators in the field ? If it is want of means the question is easily settled : a free collection received from the audiences addressed and from well-disposed and well-to-do individuals would doubtless supply the want. It would not be unreasonable to expect the great railroad corporations of the West and the governments of the States immediately interested to lend a helping hand. It would certainly do no harm to put it fairly before them.

Secondly, the next great medium through which this mighty revolution may be effected is the press. Some of our Catholic papers, notably the *Catholic Review* and the *Boston Pilot* in the United States, and the *Liverpool Catholic Times* and *Dublin Freeman's Journal* in the old countries, have taken it up with most commendable zeal. Their efforts have already imperceptibly, and perhaps without the knowledge of their editors, produced much good. If they had the twenty-four orators just mentioned, or even a much smaller number, to support their efforts, it is manifest that their united force would work wonders in this holy cause. The spoken word is most effective for the time being—is the most potent and necessary agent in all moral revolutions ; but the written word lasts longer and is more extensively diffused. The adage, *Littera scripta manet*, will ever be true. The best men of our own race and of all others, in their efforts to benefit their people, have had constant recourse to both the spoken and written word. Witness O'Connell, Father Mathew, Bishop England, Cardinal Wiseman, Lacordaire, and many others less gifted but not less sincere. The preparation of cheap

pamphlets, written from a disinterested and intelligent standpoint, and, as far as possible, by reliable persons actually residing in those parts of the country whither emigration is directed, comes immediately within the scope of these observations. A weekly, or at least a monthly, paper exclusively devoted to the interests of Catholic colonization would probably be the most potent element in the influence of the press.

The third great influence in the matter of Catholic colonization has its life and being in the Catholics of the West. Their power cannot be over-estimated in this connection. They have taken the step that others are advised to take; they have led the way in which we talk of millions that are to follow. For or against the movement their honest, faithful decision, calmly and charitably given, is worthy of deepest respect. Now, it happens that the writer of this has been very much thrown amongst Catholic farmers of the West for nearly thirty years, and he claims to be a disinterested witness of their condition and sentiments. Without hesitation, without the least fear of contradiction, he is prepared to prove to the world that, as a rule, they are among the most happy, contented, independent, intellectual, and moral people in the land. The movement started about twenty-seven years ago by that gifted and unfortunate son of Erin, that truly great man who was so badly abused and so little understood, Thomas D'Arcy McGee, has been a complete success wherever it was heartily entered into. He was seconded in his efforts by some of the best bishops and priests of his time; and neither he nor they need be afraid of what posterity will say. Ninety-nine out of every hundred of those who took their advice and procured land in Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, and Minnesota are independent to-day; their children, in most cases, are faithful, industrious, and obedient, and almost always more deeply imbued with a reasonable and respectful love of the old land than the children of the same class of parents in cities. Can these Catholic farmers of the West help those of their faith and race who, without guide or compass, are apparently condemned to struggle hard amid the waves of poverty and precarious employment in cities? Can they guide some at least into the secure haven of agricultural life? They can do so effectually. They can do it by writing to their friends, describing simply and briefly the condition and advantages of the localities in which they live; also by writing occasionally to the newspapers to the same effect. They can do it more effectually still in another way. A number of Catholic farmers living in the same neighborhood in any of the new States may easily secure a certain amount of land which they cannot

work themselves, but which they can dispose of on fair terms and on long time to intending colonists. Take, for instance, the great State of Iowa. It is safe to say that within its borders there are at least one hundred settlements, great and small, of Catholic farmers. Is it not within the range of probability that each of these settlements could, on an average, add to their number five or ten families every year? They may easily do it in the manner just mentioned. This would be adding five hundred to one thousand families every year to those already in that State. The same may be done in Minnesota, Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, etc. The writer is acquainted with a Catholic gentleman, an old settler, in southwestern Minnesota, in an excellent wheat and corn country intersected by two railroads, who is able and most willing to procure one hundred farms for as many families of moderate means in his vicinity. When "moderate means" is spoken of five hundred to fifteen hundred dollars may be understood, and farms generally of one hundred and sixty acres each. It is plain from this fact that the same may be done, in a greater or less degree, in many other places. This very year Bishop Ireland, of Minnesota, with Father Nugent, of Liverpool, has been instrumental in transferring from one of the poorest districts of Ireland to the fertile lands of that splendid State over three hundred persons in one party, all in good health. It appears that the most efficient aid given to him was by settlers of only two years' standing in Big Stone County, Minnesota. Here is a thorough illustration of what Western Catholics may do in this cause. Above all, their friendly counsel and wise directions to new-comers are of inestimable value. The recital of their own trials and hardships and their triumphant perseverance is not without its good results.

Fourthly, what can be done by Catholics of the Eastern States and of the older States generally? Very much in every way. In their church societies and other organizations they can agitate the question rationally and practically. They can, through their secretaries, procure the most reliable information from any part of the West or South on this great subject. Supplied with such knowledge, even although they may have no mind to move upon land themselves, they can help young people of their acquaintance and recent immigrants to form correct ideas of the most suitable localities for Catholic settlers in other States. Where there is a large and well-established congregation it would not be difficult to form from its members a society having colonization for its special object; and this could hardly fail of success. At least one church * in the city of New York became patron and

* That of the Dominican Fathers.

sponsor for a society of this kind with very favorable results. But the moral strength of the union and interest existing between Catholics of all sections of the country in promoting this work would be of incalculable service.

Fifthly, what can be done by capitalists? The answer is easy and incontrovertible. They can greatly increase their property without any risk. They can render the most important services to poor people at the same time. This can be accomplished in two ways: first, they can buy large tracts and cultivate them, thereby giving employment to great numbers and giving them an agricultural education at the same time; and, again, they can buy large tracts and divide them into moderately-sized farms, disposing of them on good terms, with the land itself for security. Hundreds of Catholics in the United States and in the British Islands are well able to purchase ten thousand acres of Western land at from one to five dollars an acre. In the purchase of such an amount of land on a cash basis the very best terms are secured by the judicious purchaser. He can immediately divide his land into farms of one hundred and sixty acres each, and begin to dispose of them with an advance on his own terms, on the consideration of deferred payments, if required. A practical, sensible man will break a part of each one hundred and sixty acres and put a house upon it as a sure inducement to settlers. The cost of breaking and building will be added to the price of the land, and all should be covered by a mortgage or other security to be paid in a term of years, or in cash with the usual reduction. This plan is the one adopted by the Catholic Colonization Association, and with what results may be learned from the masterly report of Mr. Onahan, of Chicago, on last 5th of May. Only in January last the association secured lands in Greeley County, Nebraska, and in Noble County, Minnesota, putting up houses at from one hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars each, and sometimes breaking a part of the land. Before the first of May—that is, inside of four months—the land was nearly all bought by actual or intending settlers, and ample security furnished to all subscribers in the stock of the association that profitable dividends would be given in a short time. The great lever of success in this particular movement is the fact that a church was built in each colony and a priest placed there to direct and encourage the settlers by his experience and advice. But what has been done by this association may be done by individuals. The idea is admirably brought out in the *Catholic Review* of July 25 in the following style:

"A gentleman of Ireland, having visited Minnesota and being pleased with the country, buys this summer (1880) ten thousand acres of land just beyond the Avoca Catholic colony in Murray County. Here he intends to locate a number of deserving Irish families; houses will at once be built for them, and a sufficient amount of money will be advanced to them to make a start. They will be allowed a liberal period in which to clear off this advance and the price of their holdings." Upon this fact the editor comments as follows: "We do not know who this gentleman is, but it is impossible that, if he carries out the good work he proposes, he will fail to make a very large return on his investment. It would be most deplorable if he should attempt to pauperize an honest race by giving them everything. If he helps them to make contracts similar to those which already have the sanction of the public morals of the West and of the world, he will do for them more than they ever dreamt it was possible for man to do, and he will, at the same time, make such profits as very few capitalists in Ireland and England can conceive. It is pure childishness, in such a case as this, to prefer philanthropy to business. A union of both is better; but had we a choice between dealing in such a case, all other things being equal, with a mere philanthropist who was willing to risk or lose his money and an honest man of business who would see that his enterprise was cared for, we would have no difficulty in making a selection. While we hope and pray that no one will ever attempt to withdraw from Ireland any family that can exist there, we do hope that honest business men will invest their wasting capital in finding on our Western prairies homes and lands and liberty for their distressed countrymen. They will achieve fortunes for themselves, and fortune also, and things greater than fortune, for their Irish countrymen."

The idea was fully and completely developed in a work published by the Catholic Publication Society Co., in 1873, entitled *Irish Emigration to the United States*, as may be seen on page 56. Above all other considerations we must reflect upon the moral effect of wealthy men becoming colonists on their less opulent neighbors. A man worth fifty thousand dollars, for instance, can safely invest ten thousand in Western land in any of the forms mentioned. If he should fail, even partially, he is not yet entirely ruined. If, however, a mechanic or farmer possessing in money or real estate only from one to five thousand dollars makes a false step in this matter, he is ruined. True, a false step can hardly be made by any one of ordinary prudence; yet a palpable and actual taking up of the cause by men who have been successful in other enterprises will give the assurance of success to others. Again, it is plain that the subject should be entered into by Western capitalists rather than by those of the East, for the reason that the former are generally more accustomed to the ways of agricultural life, and consequently better acquainted with all the avenues of success in that career.

Finally, it is of the highest importance that colonization be carried on by parties of fifty or one hundred families or individuals rather than by the same persons singly and separately. All who have had the least experience in the matter will readily admit the truth of this assertion. Railroad men, old settlers, travellers through the West, will at once understand it. In fact, it is founded upon common sense. Not merely in the continued association with persons of the same neighborhood, and generally of the same habits of thought, lies the advantage, although this is very great; but a number of persons can always command better terms in the purchase of their land and all things necessary for farming than isolated families or individuals. We may, for instance, suppose fifty persons in one of the Eastern States forming a party for the purpose of settling together in the West. They will appoint one or two of the party to select a location, after having thoroughly considered the respective advantages and drawbacks of different places. There is no trouble in forming a sufficiently accurate idea on the subject before any risk is run. Fifty farms of one hundred and sixty acres each is equal to eight thousand acres in all; and when the government officials or the land commissioners of railroad companies find that actual settlement to that extent is about to be made on their vacant lands, excellent terms are a necessary result. When we consider for a moment the condition of laborers and mechanics in the cities of the United States, and more especially of England, the conclusion is that a greater emigration than ever yet was dreamt of is necessary. Can the British Islands, with a population of over thirty millions, avoid a revolution during the next twenty-five years? Men like Gladstone, with his consideration for the poor, with his correct views as to the responsibility of a government to all its subjects, might be able to avoid it. But his counsels will probably die with him. External wars can scarcely be evaded; the pent-up wrath of an injured, insulted, and deeply-wronged people may find an opportunity for vengeance even before the end of the nineteenth century. In that case we may live to see emigration to our free and favored country at the rate of a million a year, and our population doubled by the year 1900.

The ideas here set down are given for what they are worth. It is not probable, or even possible, that successful colonization will be accomplished, except to a very limited extent, without the simultaneous operation of all the agencies above referred to. If some one can show a better plan the writer of these lines will be the first to accept it.

PUBLIC EDUCATION BEFORE THE "REFORMATION."

II.

IN a preceding article we proved that there was "popular" education before the "Reformation" in the monastic and other schools, and we quoted the testimony of Protestants as to the work of the church in the establishment of these minor institutions of learning. We now cite similar testimony to show that the church was equally active in laying the foundations of the higher institutions of learning. The Protestant Huber, in his history of the English universities, declares that they were "a bequest from Catholic to Protestant England." "Most of the continental universities," the same author also observes, "originated in entire dependence on the church." Referring to the remarkable intellectual movement which began about the year 1200, Huber frankly admits that "the new intellectual impulse sprang up, not only on the domain and under the guidance of the church, but out of ecclesiastical schools." Guizot makes the same admission; even Hallam and Von Ranke acknowledge the labors of the church in promoting learning, and Lecky speaks of her "vast services to mankind."

"I know," says an Anglican clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Maitland, "that the monks were the most learned men, and that it pleased God to make monastic institutions the means of preserving and disseminating learning in the world." *

According to *Chambers' Encyclopædia* (ed. 1878, art. "University"): "The university is usually considered to have originated in the twelfth or thirteenth century, and to have grown out of the schools which, prior to that period, were attached to most of the cathedrals and monasteries, providing the means of education both to churchmen and laymen. . . . The crowds drawn from every country of Europe to Paris, Bologna, and other educational resorts had local immunities bestowed on them for the encouragement of learning, and to prevent them from removing elsewhere; and the academical societies thus formed were by papal bulls and royal charters constituted an integral part of the church and state."

Such testimony as the foregoing from Protestant sources

* *The Dark Ages*: A series of essays intended to illustrate the state of religion and literature in the ninth, tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries. By the Rev. S. R. Maitland, F.R.S., Librarian to his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, and keeper of the MSS. at Lambeth. London, 1844.

might be largely added to did our limits permit, but we now turn to Catholic authorities.

"From Rome as from a centre," says Cardinal Newman, "went forth the missionaries of knowledge, passing to and fro over Europe. As metropolitan sees were the record of the presence of the apostles, so did Paris, Pavia, Bologna, Padua and Ferrara, Pisa and Naples, Vienna, Louvain and Oxford, rise into universities at the voice of the theologian or the philosopher."

"It is observable how Rome after all strikes the keynote," elsewhere observes the same author. "Charlemagne betook himself to the two islands of the North for a tradition. Alcuin, an Englishman, was at the head of his educational establishments; . . . but whence was it that Alcuin in turn got the tradition which he brought? His history takes us back to that earlier age when Theodore of Tarsus, Primate of England, brought with him from Rome the classics, and made Greek and Latin as familiar to the Anglo-Saxons as their native tongue. Alcuin was the scholar of Bede and Egbert; Egbert was educated in the York school of Theodore, and Bede in that of Benedict Biscop, and of John, precentor of the Vatican Basilica. Here was the germ of the new civilization of Europe, which was to join together what man had divided, to adjust the claims of reason and of revelation, and to fit men for this world while it trained them for another."

How numerous universities became in the latter part of the mediæval era may be learned from the following list, the dates of which are mostly those given by the learned Bulæus:

Bologna,	(433) *1119	Toulouse,	1229	Orleans,	1303
Cambridge,	(630) 915	Salamanca,	1239	Pisa,	1345
Cracow,	(700) 1364	Sorbonne,	1253	Perpignan,	1349
Paris,	(792) 1200	Montpellier,	1289	Geneva,	1368
Oxford,	(802) 1248	Perugia,	1307	Anjou,	(1349) 1364
Lyons, 830	Dublin,	1311	Cologne (refounded),	1385
Cordova, 968	Prague,	1348	Erfurt,	1300
Naples, 1224	Pavia (renovated),	1360	Palermo,	1304
Drogheda, 1224	Angers,	1364	Leipzig,	1409
Padua, 1228	Vienna,	1365	St. Andrew's,	1430
Salerno, 1233	Sienna,	1380	Tübingen,	1477
Rome, 1235	Heidelberg,	1386	Alcalá,	1499
Coimbra, 1279	Lisbon,	(1290) 1391		

This list is by no means complete; Buckingham says that "not less than fifty-six were founded in Europe before the close of the fifteenth century."† We have space only to remark on a few of these, dwelling chiefly on the English universities. Bologna, celebrated for the study of jurisprudence, numbered in

*Where two dates are given the second is that of the refoundation, or most modern revival.

† It may not be amiss to here call attention to the fact that Catholics were also the first to establish a college in North America. Mr. Wm. J. Onahan, in an address at the laying of the corner-stone of Marquette College, at Milwaukee, in August last, said: "The order [Jesuits] founded the first college in North America. As early as 1626 steps had been taken and provision made to establish a college at that frontier post [Quebec], and in 1633 the foundation of the future Laval College was laid with such circumstances of pomp and religious ceremony as became the condition and affairs of the struggling and sorely-harassed community." Harvard, the oldest college in the United States, was established in 1638.

the middle of the thirteenth century ten thousand students, which, according to Muratori, increased in the next century to thirteen thousand; Padua is said at one time to have counted eighteen thousand students (this was the *alma mater* of Tasso, Dante, and Columbus); in the twelfth century the University of Paris, as we learn from Villaret, was so thronged that its students constituted half the population of the city, and in 1453 were twenty-five thousand in number; that of Prague (founded by the Emperor Charles IV., and the first university established in Germany) contained, at the commencement of the fifteenth century, forty thousand students; Salerno and Montpellier had famous medical schools, that of the latter being founded, it is said, by Arab physicians who had been driven out of Spain; the University of Naples ("founded by Ferdinand II. for the propagation of infidel ideas, it produced St. Thomas, champion of the faith") attracted students from every part of Europe; Salamanca (called the "Oxford of Spain") had as many as twelve thousand students in the middle of the fifteenth century; Alcalà, the last of the great mediæval universities, was founded by Cardinal Ximenes, and here was printed the celebrated polyglot Bible, 1514-21.

While, as we have said, the church took a leading part in the establishment of nearly all the mediæval universities, her influence was specially felt in those great intellectual centres—Oxford, Cambridge, and Paris. Of the origin of Oxford Newman writes:

"In a convent near Naples dwelt Adrian, an African; at Rome there was a monk named Theodore, from Tarsus in Cilicia; both of them were distinguished for their classical as well as their ecclesiastical attainments; and while Theodore had been educated in Greek usages, Adrian represented the more congenial and suitable traditions of the West. Of these two Theodore, at the age of sixty-six, was made primate of England, while Adrian was placed at the head of the monastery of Canterbury. Passing through France, . . . at length they made their appearance in England with a collection of books, Greek classics and Gregorian chants, and whatever other subjects of study may be considered to fill up the interval between those two. They then proceeded to found schools of secular as well as of sacred learning throughout the south of the island. One of these schools in Wiltshire, as the legend goes, was, on that account, called 'Greeklade,' since corrupted into Cricklade, and, migrating afterwards to Oxford, was one of the first elements of its university."

An academy is described as existing at Oxford, by Pope Martin II., in a deed dated in 802. Henry III. granted a charter and privileges to the university in 1248. University College is said

to have been founded by King Alfred in 872. Again we quote from Newman :

"St. Frideswide's Priory, founded about 727; St. George's church, founded by Robert d'Oiley for secular canons of the order of St. Augustine ten years after the Conquest; the Abbey of Oseney, founded in the beginning of the twelfth century; the great Benedictine college founded by John Giffard, Baron of Brimesfield, in 1283, for novices of the Benedictine abbey at Gloucester; Durham College, the seminary of the Benedictine priory at Durham, founded about 1286, under a grant of land made 'to God, and to Our Lady, and to St. Cuthbert, and to the priory and convent of Durham,' and whose site was about that of the present Trinity College—these, the beginnings of Oxford University, have passed away"; but "Christ Church is a magnificent monument to the memory of the abbots and canons regular whom it has succeeded; Trinity College occupies the place of Durham, and Worcester the buildings of Gloucester; St. John's is a revival of a Cistercian establishment founded on its site in the fifteenth century, and Wadham has risen amid the ruins of a foundation of Augustines in the thirteenth."

Cambridge University is said to have been begun by Sigbert, King of East Anglia, about A.D. 630; destroyed by Danes; restored by Edward the Elder in 915; was granted many privileges by Henry I. about 1110; was granted a charter by Henry III. about 1230; St. Peter's College (or Peterhouse) was founded in 1257 by Hugo de Balsham, Bishop of Ely. Taking the account of Peter of Blois, Newman draws this picture of the foundation of Cambridge:

"Jeoffred, or Goisfred, had studied at Orleans; thence he came (in the twelfth century) to Lincolnshire, and became abbot of Croyland; whence he sent to his manor of Cotenham, near Cambridge, four of his French fellow-students and monks, one of them to be professor of sacred learning, the rest teachers in philosophy, in which they were excellently versed. At Cambridge they hired a common barn, and opened it as a school of the high sciences. They taught daily. By the second year the number of hearers was so great, from town and country, 'that not the biggest house and barn that was,' says Wood, 'nor any church whatsoever, sufficed to hold them.' They accordingly divided off into several schools, and began an arrangement of classes, some of which are enumerated. 'Betimes in the morning Brother Odo, a very good grammarian and satirical poet, read grammar to the boys, and those of the younger sort, according to the doctrine of Priscian'; at one o'clock 'a most acute and subtle sophist taught the elder sort of young men Aristotle's *Logic*'; at three o'clock 'Brother William read a lecture on Tully's *Rhetoric* and Quintilian's *Flores*'; such was the beginning of the University of Cambridge."

It is thus evident that the English universities owe their rise to Catholic churchmen. In the establishment of universities Catholic charity, too, kept in view the wants of the poor; and

everywhere we find instances of colleges being founded for their benefit.

"In the University of Paris," says Buckingham, "there existed the College of Navarre, founded by Jeanne de Navarre, wife of Philip le Bel, in 1304, for seventy students, twenty in grammar, each of whom received weekly four sous, about 13s. 3d.; thirty in logic and philosophy, who had each six sous, about 19s. 10d.; and twenty in theology, who were allowed each eight sous, about £1 6s. 6d.; the College of Thirty-three, established for thirty-three students in theology, whose number was fixed to correspond with the years of the life of Christ; the College of Montaign [Montague?], founded in 1314 for eighty-four poor scholars, in commemoration of the twelve apostles and the seventy-two disciples of our Lord; the College of Harcour, endowed in 1280 for poor Norman students; the College of Boissi, whose founder, Etienne Vidé, declared that he designed it 'for those who are not nobly born, but sprung from the ranks of the common people, and poor, as we are and as our forefathers were'; the College of Cornouaille, founded in 1317 for indigent scholars from that diocese; the College of Boncourt, established in 1357 for poor students; and the Scotch and Italian Colleges, founded respectively in 1323 and 1333 for poor scholars of those nations."

Newman also mentions one founded by Robert Capet, as early as 1050, for one hundred poor clerks; also St. Catherine's in the Valley, founded by St. Louis, and the Collegium Bonorum Puerorum, founded about 1245; at Bologna, among others, there existed the College of St. Clement, for the Spaniards, and the College of Bayeux, for scholars of the dioceses of Mons and Angers. And such foundations were common all over Europe. Says Bulaeus: "We find that all the ancient colleges were established for the education of poor scholars, but in the fifteenth century other ranks were gradually introduced."

The effect of the "Reformation" upon the literary monuments of the middle ages and upon the English universities was equally disastrous. Phillips, in his *Life of Cardinal Pole*, says: "Each of the greater monasteries had a peculiar residence in the universities; and whereas there were, in those times, nearly three hundred halls and private schools at Oxford, besides the colleges, there were not above eight remaining towards the middle of the seventeenth century." Says Huber: "Up to the time of Mary the Reformation had brought on the universities only injury, outward and inward. There are a thousand results of this great revolution which we must needs deplore and disown." In the time of Edward VI. "the universities were made essentially Protestant," and "every academician whose conscience forbade him to take the oath of supremacy and to renounce Catholicism was rejected." Anthony

à Wood says: "In Oxford fourteen heads of colleges and nearly ninety fellows were expelled, and among these were some of the most learned men."

To an extremely interesting branch of our subject—mediæval teachers and teaching—we are unable to give much space, our chief purpose being to show that there were a host of instrumentalities for "popular" education before Protestantism came into existence, and that these were mainly provided by the church. The Benedictines, Dominicans, Franciscans, Cistercians, Augustinians, and Carmelites appear to have been the chief teaching orders of the mediæval era. Bulæus, in his work on the University of Paris, says:

"The Benedictines, from the very beginning of their institution, had applied themselves to the profession of literature, and it had been their purpose to have in their houses two kinds of schools, a greater or a less, according to the size of the house; and the greater they wished to throw open to all students, at a time when there were few laymen at all who could teach, so that externs, seculars, laymen, as well as clerics, might be free to attend them. . . . Boys who were there from childhood, entrusted to the monks, bound themselves by no vow, but could leave when they pleased, marry, go to court, or enter the army."

The Benedictines and Dominicans also appear as teachers in the early history of the universities of Paris, Cambridge, Oxford, Bologna, Padua, Pavia, and elsewhere. Speaking of the Dominican friars at Oxford, lecturing upon theology, Anthony à Wood says:

"They had such a succinct and delightful method, in the whole course of their discipline, quite in a manner different from the sophistical way of the academicians, that thereby they did not only draw to them the Benedictines and Carthusians, to be sometimes their constant auditors, but also the friars of St. Augustine."

Huber tells us that "as early as the ninth century Oxford was the seat of a school of the highest intellectual cultivation then existing." "In 1056 Ingulf, who died abbot of Croyland, was studying Aristotle at Oxford, and using his knowledge of logic to defend the faith which Oxford now denies." From Huber we gather further these admissions:

"There is no question that during the middle ages the English universities were distinguished *far more than ever afterwards* by energy and variety of intellect." After enumerating such men as Grosseteste, Bacon, Middleton, Hales, Bradwardine, Duns Scotus, and Occam, he observes: "Later times cannot produce a concentration of men eminent in all the learning and science of their age such as Oxford and Cambridge then poured forth, mightily influencing the intellectual development of all Western

Christendom. Their names, indeed, may warn us against an indiscriminate disparagement of monasteries, as 'hotbeds of ignorance and stupidity,' when so many of these worthies were monks of the Benedictine, Franciscan, Dominican, Carmelite, or reformed Augustinian order." "In consequence of this surpassing celebrity Oxford became the focus of a prodigious congregation of students, to which nothing afterwards bore comparison." "These vast numbers eminently testify intellectual activity in the nation and times, especially since the university was as yet very poor and had no outward attractions to offer."

Rich "fellowships" and comfortable "livings" were not the baits which then attracted hosts of students to Oxford—numbering, it is said, as many as thirty thousand in 1231 and fifteen thousand in 1263—but rational piety and an insatiable desire for learning, both of which were inspired by the church. St. Edmund Rich, one of the most eminent of the mediæval teachers, and Archbishop of Canterbury, is thus sketched by his contemporary, Bertrand of Pontigny, and the portrait would serve for those of many others:

"The copious grace of devotion poured out upon his hearers showed how great was the piety and efficacy of his lectures. For often illustrious men, who had come from afar to hear him, closed their books while he spoke, being unable to refrain from tears. He had honey and milk on his tongue, and therewith did he instil great sweetness into the minds of his scholars. Hence from his school went forth many learned doctors, who, as far as they were able, followed in his footsteps."

Buckingham devotes several pages of one of his learned essays to the studies pursued in the mediæval schools, and also gives an extended list of the books used, but our space permits only the following brief extract:

"In the chaptral and parochial schools, and the minor schools of the monasteries, the instruction given appears to have comprehended the articles of Christian faith, morals, grammar, music, and arithmetic; beyond these limits it is not probable that it often extended; but in the major schools of the monasteries, as well as in the cathedral schools, the studies pursued embraced a far wider range; in these were cultivated the divine sciences and the liberal arts, the former comprehending the study of Scriptures and dogmatic and moral theology, the latter being subdivided into the *trivium*, including grammar, logic, and rhetoric, and the *quadrivium*, comprising mathematics, geometry, music, and astronomy."

One of the most accomplished writers in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, M. Ferdinand Brunetière, in an essay on French literature in the middle ages, points out the love of minute detail to be seen in it, and says that "we can reconstruct out of the songs and *fabliaux* the every-day life of the twelfth or thirteenth century as completely as our grandchildren can put together the details of

the life of our time from the descriptions of Balzac or Zola." Speaking of the curriculum of the schools of the middle ages, Cardinal Newman says:

"The primitive schools lectured from Scripture, with the comments of the fathers; but the mediæval schools created the science of theology. The primitive schools collected and transmitted the canonical rules and traditions of the church; the mediæval schools taught the science of canon law. And so as regards secular studies: the primitive schools professed the three sciences of grammar, rhetoric, and logic, which make up the *trivium*, and the four branches of the mathematics, arithmetic, geometry, astronomy, and music, which make up the *quadrivium*. On the other hand, the mediæval schools recognized philosophy as a science of sciences, which included, located, connected, and used all kinds and modes of knowledge; they enlarged the sphere and application of logic; and they added civil law, natural history, and medicine to the curriculum. It followed, moreover, from this, that while, on the one hand, they were led to divide their work among a number of professors, they opened their doors, on the other, to laity as well as clergy, and to foreigners as well as natives."

Of the teaching at Oxford the same author writes:

"In the twelfth century from the monastery of Bec came forth the celebrated Vacarius. . . . From the proximity of his birthplace to Bologna, Vacarius probably there gained that devotion to the study of law which he kindled in Oxford. . . . As Englishmen at that time sought Italy, so in turn, I say, did Vacarius, a native of Italy, seek England . . . and Oxford, and there he effected a revolution in the studies of the place, and that on the special ground of the definite drift and direct usefulness of the science in which he was a proficient. As in the case of Lanfranc, not one class of persons, but 'rich and poor,' says Wood, 'gathered around him.' . . . About the same time that Vacarius came to Oxford, Robert Pullus, or Pulleyne, came thither too from Exeter, just about the time of St. Anselm, and gave the same sort of impulse to Biblical learning which Vacarius gave to law. 'From his teaching,' says the *Osney Chronicle*, 'the church both in England and in France gained great profit.' Leland says that he lectured daily, 'and left no stone unturned to make the British youth flourish in the sacred tongues."

In those ages scholars were true cosmopolites. Wherever learning centred there they gathered, and, come whence they might, were ever welcomed. As the mediæval knight went forth in search of adventure, so the knights-errant of learning wandered everywhere over Europe, seeking rivals or instructors in knowledge. But the quest was a peaceful one; and the challenge was, not "Whence come ye?" but "What know ye?" Again we quote the eloquent language of Newman:

"St. Aidan and the Irish monks went up to Lindisfarne and Melrose and taught the Saxon youth, and a St. Cuthbert and St. Eata repaid their charitable toil. . . . The Celtic Mailduf penetrated to Malmesbury in the south,

and founded there the famous school which gave birth to the great St. Aldhelm, . . . who in turn tells us the English went to Ireland 'numerous as bees.' . . . The Saxon St. Egbert and St. Willibrord, preachers to the heathen Frisons, made the voyage to Ireland to prepare themselves for their work; and from Ireland went forth to Germany the two noble Ewalds, Saxons also, to earn the crown of martyrdom. O precious seal and testimony of Gospel unity!"

"Very intimate relations were maintained between the schools of Paris and Oxford till the time of Edward III. In that happy age religion and learning formed a bond of union, till war and the rivalry of race dissolved it. Wood gives a list of thirty-two Oxford professors who went to teach in Paris, among whom were Alexander Hales and the admirable St. Edmund. An author quoted in Bulæus speaks of 'the whole of Ireland, with its family of philosophers, despising the dangers of the sea' and migrating to the south. On the other hand, Bulæus recites the names of men even greater, viewed as a body, who went from Oxford to Paris, not to teach, but to be taught—such as St. Thomas of Canterbury, St. Richard, St. Gilbert of Sempringham, Giraldus Cambrensis, Gilbert the Universal, Haimo, Richard of Bury, Nicholas Breakspere (afterwards Pope Adrian IV.), Nekam, Morley, and Galfredus de Velsalfe. Indeed, these universities were cosmopolitan in character, for we find among the teachers at Paris at various periods Peter of Pisa, Alberic of Rheims, St. Thomas of Naples, Peter Lombard of Novarra, Theodore and Benedict of Rome, Alcuin and Pullus of England, and John of Melrose and Claudius Clemens of Ireland; and at Oxford we read of Scotch, Irish, Welsh, French, Spanish, German, Bohemian, Hungarian, and Polish students."

Our subject is very far from exhausted, but we have shown, we believe, that the church, so far from being opposed to education, almost alone, during more than eight centuries, kept alive religion and learning; that she instituted the principles, methods, and instrumentalities for a system of popular education long before Protestantism was thought of; and that she was eminently successful in the administration of those principles and methods. It may be objected that the principles and methods of the middle ages are unsuited to the age we live in. The methods, it is true, would need modification, but the principles, being founded upon eternal verities, are adapted to any God-fearing age, and they produced such monarchs as Alfred, Louis IX., and Sixtus V., such statesmen as Sir Thomas More (whom even Burnet pronounces "one of the glories of his nation for probity and learning"), such philosophers as St. Thomas Aquinas, such knightly heroes as Bayard, such navigators as Columbus, such artists as Michelangelo and Raphael, such writers as Dante, Chaucer, and Thomas à Kempis; better than all, such saints and apostles as Sts. Benedict, Dominic, and Francis of Assisi. Is a wholly irreligious common-school system likely to do as much?

TRANSITIONS OF AMERICAN LITERATURE.

PROFESSOR OWEN was able to draw a full-length picture of an extinct monster from an examination of one of its bones. The literary paleontologist, reviewing our American colonial literature, comes to the conclusion that all the writers of that period were wrangling parsons. A theology which has long since gone out of fashion forms the bulk of the American library down to the war of the Revolution, which introduced new topics of discussion. It is not true that American colonial literature is only a faint echo of English thought. As ancient Britain was cut off from the Roman civilization, so colonial America was separated from Europe intellectually as completely as she was geographically. The literary movements of the age of Addison, Pope, and Johnson, and the results of the age of Louis Quatorze, were unknown and unappreciated in New England. The Puritans brought to the country a hearty hatred of merely secular learning. Art, poetry, and the drama were classed among the vanities of the world and the inventions of the evil one. In his recent *History of American Literature* Prof. M. C. Tytler excuses the pitiable literary productions of the colonists on the ground that they were too busy cultivating the soil to give much attention to the cultivation of letters. But how explain the vast bulk of the theological literature? Everybody seems to have found time to write a treatise on election or foreknowledge. Religious controversies raged. The parsons vied with one another in preaching and printing the longest sermons. The Puritans had no pastoral theology. It is all disputative. In vain do we look for plain directions in the conduct of the Christian life. There is not even a good ecclesiastical history. No words can give an idea of the dryness and dreariness of this theology. It is the quintessence of dust. Admiration for the hard-headed and patient Pilgrim Fathers is increased tenfold by the knowledge that they not only listened to these tedious discourses, but actually read them. An Indian war, one would think, would have been an agreeable *divertissement*. Rather than read through Cotton Mather's *Magnalia Christi Americana* we should feel inclined to imitate the example of the Italian felon who, having the choice of reading Guicciardini's *History* or of suffering death, faintly called for the headsman in the middle of the third chapter.

It may be very commendable for the descendants of the Pilgrims to treasure these literary remains, but common humanity should move them to warn those readers who have not the good luck to be descendants. Prof. Tytler, being a native of Connecticut, is determined that his State shall not have produced the Pleiades in vain. The Pleiades were a galaxy of seven Connecticut poets, several of them epic poets at that, who shed their sweet influence upon colonial New England. These poets belong to that fantastic school of rhymers of which Quarles is the head. They hunt a figure to death. They torture the most prosaic idea into the ghastliest poetical shapes. They follow the "ferocious tyger" through jungles of rhetoric, and chase the "busy bee" until one wishes that it had stung them. Although face to face with the virgin loveliness of the New World, they refer to the scenery with indifference or contempt. The New World is associated with the ideas of exile, hardship, savages, and other unromantic surroundings. There is no Camoëns here. The voyage of the *Mayflower* lacked the divine poet. Mrs. Bradstreet, who was called the "Tenth Muse, lately sprung up in America," wrote verses which might have been penned in the dullest English village. Indeed, if we had not the charming letters and diaries of the Jesuit missionaries we should not have a glimpse of the "forest primeval," or a sympathetic thrill or unison with the feelings evoked by the stupendous discovery of the Genoese.

The early poetry of a nation is frequently very attractive. There may be charming rustic quaintness or primitive vigor of speech. Ennius is delightful; so is Cædmon; so are the Troubadours. Had the colonial American bards been satisfied with tuning a rustic pipe we might have a collection of good eclogues. Here was an entirely new field. The very aspects of nature were different. A race of men roamed the forest who offered countless studies to the true poet. It is a shame that the only literature of early America worth reading should belong to France and to Spain. The Pilgrims are disillusioned for us. Their literature, such as it is, sings the praises of the land from whose bitter persecution they had fled, and whose subsequent tyranny their children fiercely resisted. Barlow and Wigglesworth croak plaintive odes in tender regret of Albion.

Benjamin Franklin was the first American writer to break the spell of English tradition. Prior to him American readers waited for their literary pabulum to be brought from England. The sagacity of Poor Richard perceived that America would soon

have to do her own thinking. He discarded the old pedantry and wrote a style which Defoe might have envied. Practical talent, thrift, independence were his themes. He chafed under the narrow-minded rule of the Puritan clergy. "The haughtiest prelate of Rome" never carried rule with so high a hand as the village preacher. The civil magistracy were only the "nursing-fathers" of the state. The axiom that good comes out of evil is illustrated in the influence exerted by such men as Franklin and Jefferson, who were free-thinkers of the poor Voltairean school. They disliked "Romanism," but they could not decently oppose it. Besides, who could dream in those days that the Catholics in a century would form one-seventh of the population?

The Revolution deepened and broadened the current of American life. Our literature may be sparse and jejune enough, but it would have been on a par with that of Canada and Australia if we had continued dependencies of Great Britain. We should be only a nation of pedlars, for England would have owned all the shops. The Revolution gave to American literature a new inspiration and life. It called forth oratory of a high and original order. The prosy and selfish maxims of niggardly thrift were supplanted by a generosity of thought and deed. The aspiration to liberty developed the noblest faculties of mind and imparted dignity and courage to the national character. Dogmatism and the *odium theologicum* had to disappear. The literature of America down to 1830 was largely oratorical even in form. The "readers" of the village school contained some glorious burst of Patrick Henry or the Declaration of Independence, the noblest philippic since Demosthenes.

The Revolutionary spirit characterizes our literature down to Washington Irving, who began the return to English models. No doubt there was too much "spread-eagleism" in our books, but it certainly admitted of some excuse. We are at present inclined to belittle the Revolution, but it was a tremendous reality to the fathers. The ghouls of history have been at work, of course, and we have been warned to be suspicious of much of the patriotism. There were more Arnolds than one. The republic is only an experiment, etc. But these reflections did not occur to the young nation rejoicing in her freedom. We notice a truer tone in the poetry, a bracing freedom in the prose, of the quarter-century after the Revolution. The old books of travel are delightfully provincial. We judge every country by our own. Fenimore Cooper pouted because he had to give the *pas* to an English duke. French Republicanism is nothing like ours.

Poor slaves and tools of despots make up that wretched portion of the human race over which the starry flag does not stream.

The founders of two distinct schools of American literature were Washington Irving and Fenimore Cooper. They represent two developments of literature analogous to those of which Thackeray and Dickens were the English leaders. Irving was the literary artist, carefully modelling his style upon that of Addison and Goldsmith, and floating upon it his light thought through the English-speaking world. He brought about that Anglomania which has since infected American letters. His mind was strongly attracted to the graceful literature of Queen Anne's day, and he was as thoroughly imbued with its spirit as Thackeray himself. He would have been at home with such men as Horace Walpole and George Selwyn. He treated America much as Beau Brummel would have patronized an Indian chief. Not that Irving was a snob, as most of his imitators have been; but his sense of form and his artistic theories were jarred by the contemplation of American life. He had not the genuine artistic fervor of Cooper. It is only conventionality that associates Irving with the glories of the Hudson. He did an injury to that majesty by his comic *History of New York*. It was almost like poking fun at St. Peter's. Irving's dilettanteism needed the comfort and elegance of English mansions, and he is more at home in the *Alhambra* than with Columbus on his ocean-tossed deck.

Fenimore Cooper, on the other hand, was an American of Americans. He first revealed to his countrymen the incommunicable splendor of our scenery, the inspiration of the land itself, the boundlessness of our vision. Old stories and picture-books of Europe were cast aside. He drew the man that links savagery with civilization. He showed the resources of fiction and poetry in the character and history of the red man, and, though his art is not high, it is genuine. Before him America was felt to be prosaic. He achieved the result which colonizers most desire. He interested comparative exiles in their abode, and his imagination fired the fancy of Europe. As Byron is more read on the Continent than Shakspere, so Cooper's stories are more widely diffused than the works of Irving. He is the literary parent of Joaquin Miller, Walt Whitman, Bret Harte, and that class of writers who long to idealize America and who hope to shape a characteristic literature; while Irving is the founder of the school which includes N. P. Willis, Russell Lowell, Bayard Taylor, and W. D. Howells. The distinctively Ame-

rican school has much to learn and many difficulties to overcome. It is forced to work in the commonplace or else in the sensational. But it is better to strike out some new lines of American thought than pass a lifetime speculating over the spelling of Chaucer or trying to understand the meaning of every Italian gesture.

The promise of American literature given by Irving and Cooper was destined to be blighted by certain American publishers. As the language was the same as England's and there was no international copyright, it was cheaper and easier to reprint English books than to encourage American native talent. The consequence is that America is stocked with English books. The order of *gens de lettres* is unknown in this country. The number of American men and women that depend directly upon their pen for support is very small, for a very obvious reason. Those books that do sell here must have received a slight puff from John Bull or no bookseller will touch them. Longfellow, Holmes, Hawthorne, and Lowell had to get their literary diploma from England or America would not read them. Irving himself had to secure an English publisher. There is a firm in New York who have drunk their wine out of authors' skulls, if ever a firm did. They now can afford to be virtuous. It is a notorious fact in literary history that, not content with pirating an author, this firm did not shrink from suppressing his name, changing titles, and inserting sentiments and opinions which the author would have repudiated with indignation. It is bad enough to steal a man's book, but far worse to steal his reputation or lower his literary standing. Dickens used to foam at hearing these things. There is some poetical justice in the circumstance that a publisher of very little standing has "cut into" this firm's monopoly of novels and sells two-dollar books for ten cents. Instead of being the patron of literature, publishing houses which thrive by pirating are its worst enemy. They are independent of the author and can afford to laugh at his wrath. Publishers of this description deserve the thanks of the newspaper press, for they have driven to it writers who, in Europe, would have produced books of sterling and permanent value instead of the fugitive essay or the ephemeral editorial.

We are so formed by English habitudes of thought and speech that our literature is now only an echo. Tennyson and Dickens are imitated *ad nauseam*. Romancers with no sense of humor construct a story on the plan of Dickens, and they imagine they have equalled their master if they produce a few monstrosities.

Now, Dickens' humor is unquestionable, and it is the only element that will keep his books fresh. But mediocre humorists, like middling poets, are intolerable. The funny man is more unbearable in a story than upon the stage. It is strange that no critic has thought it worth while to point out the Tennysonianism of Edwin Arnold's *Light of Asia*. Alas! we are in that hopeless state when we can no longer discern an imitation.

It is noteworthy that some of the best specimens of sustained prose in American letters are furnished by the great lawyers and physicians. The style of Kent, of Story, Taney, and Sharswood is a model of precision and elegance. The careful wording exacted by the law, at times even to tautology, serves to give us that greatest rhetorical blessing, perfect clearness. The same care in description accounts for the excellence of much of our medical literature. Scientific men as a class have a calm, dispassionate way of stating a case. This is a charm absent from poor poetry and romance. We think that the lawyers and the doctors have sustained our literary reputation better than the professional *littérateurs*. The legal style is a tradition in the schools, dating from mediæval times; and it is noticeable in the writings of Catholic theologians how the grave syllogistic forms are dimly perceived, even under the most graceful rhetoric. No weight of flowers or allurements of fancy is permitted to supply the place of the inexorable middle term.

The editors keep us at home. So strong is the current to Europe among literary minds that we have Longfellow translating Dante, and Bryant Homer, although both translations are dead failures. Is there no inspiration in America? Cannot we interest our people in their own institutions, their own training? The editors say yes, and point to the periodical. It is even so. The last transition of American literature is into the journal and the magazine. Our people do not find in books much to interest them. They are tired of this continual appeal to English standards. We forget that the people of the United States have no practical system of education. The public schools are what all sensible men have described them to be for a generation. The blindest are now beginning to see. To teach a child only how to read or to write is to furnish him with instruments for good or evil. It is the old warning about the tree of knowledge. At the very best our contemporary literature resembles that of England during the reign of Charles II. We have got rid of Puritanism, but is Church-of-Englandism any better? Fifty years ago men took an interest in philosophical and theological subjects. Now

they scorn the very idea of metaphysics.* A theatrical manager must be on the lookout for new dramas which would make Boccaccio blush. Flashy art must desert the mountain for the seraglio, and poetry must be "intense." We have here the vulgarity and poor literary work of the Restoration period, and we wonder why Cardinal Newman is unappreciated and scholasticism ridiculed. We forget that the people have not reached even the first stage of an education which makes such appreciation possible.

We still hope that time will develop our literature. A century is but a brief period in a nation's life. We cannot escape the malign influence of bad English literature, and we may possess the beneficence of the good. Our great writers are yet to come. It is disheartening to confess that we have failed in the field which is, or should be, supremely our own. An American should, of all men, be best qualified to write history. We can but specify the stupid bigotry of Prescott and the venom of Motley to arouse us from what should *not* be a dream. We must inaugurate the heroic system of education. We must train our future scholars as a religious order does its novices. Perish a dozen 'ologies, if the scholar but master one science! The public schools and average colleges of America have failed to give us Admirable Crichtons, and we have ceased to look for them. But cannot we have a bit of description without a woodcut, or a few books and essays that will keep our attention for a little while fixed on this side of the Atlantic?

MAGDALEN FINDING JESUS IN THE GARDEN.

"—She, thinking it was the gardener."—ST. JOHN XX. 15.

As if she were in search of fruit!
But faith hath sense than reason more acute,
And thus her thought of error justifies.
Her contrite eyes,
Now skilled to weep,
Behold indeed the Fruit of virgin womb;
And risen from a virgin tomb
The first full-ripened Fruits of them that sleep.

*THE CATHOLIC WORLD, November, 1880, "The Decline of the Study of Metaphysics."

MY RAID INTO MEXICO.

CHAPTER XI.—*Continued.*

BILLY BRIERLY paused and drew a long breath ere he permitted himself to speak.

"It bangs Banagher, an' shure we all know what Banagher bangs, Masther Joe; the ignorantest av us knows *that*."

"What *are* you driving at?"

"What am I dhrivin' at, sir? Troth, thin, I'll tell ye, Masther Joe, but it's a saycret. I'd be kilt av it was let out be me that I heerd it."

"What *did* you hear, Billy?" my curiosity aroused in spite of myself.

"I heerd this, Masther Joe: I was colloquerin' a bit wud the cook. She's for all the world like the widda av poor James Delaney below av Clash, may the Lord be good to him this night, amin! She's a rale daycent craythur, an' for a copper-colored faymale her manners is shupayrior."

"Never mind the cook, Billy. What is it you have to tell me?" I burst in.

"Shure, Masther Joe, I'm comin' to it hard an' fast. I was, as I was sayin', colloquerin' a bit wud Piller; divil such a name I ever heerd, but shure she's called in regard av a great saint that lived here in the time of Julius Caysor an'—"

"Just come to the point, will you!" I sternly interposed.

"Wisha, Masther Joe, but yer always for goin' at a gallop, an' no mistake. I'm thravellin' as hard as I can, an' I'm cotch up every minit. Howsomedever, as I was sayin', sir, I was colloquerin' a bit wud Piller, thryin' for to make her undherstand the Irish for bacon, an' cabbage, and pig's cheek, an' crubeens, for she never knows whin it may be useful to her for to be able for to talk to Christians in regard—"

"That's enough, Billy; you may retire." My patience was completely exhausted.

"Och! very well, Masther Joe," exclaimed my follower in a huffed and mortified tone. "Very well, sir. Av coorse I'll do yer biddin'. I'll go to Botany Bay av ye tell me, but I thought ye'd like for to know what I heerd promiscuous, an'—"

"I don't want to hear anything that you overheard. Good-night, Billy."

"See that, now," he muttered as he retreated towards the door.
"Always conthrairy; divil a lie in it."

He had reached the door, the handle of which was still in his hand, when he paused, seemed to consider a moment, and then, as if determined that I should listen to him, he came quite close.

"Masther Joe, the say-norah is goin' for to lave Mexico."

"Not likely."

"She is, I tell ye, sir. It's gospel what I'm sayin'."

"Going to leave Mexico? Impossible!"

"It's thrue as if Father Tom McManus sed it from the althar. There now!" with great emphasis on the last two words.

"What nonsense is this you are talking, Billy?"

"I'm tellin' ye, sir, what I know. She an' the young wan is goin' for to lave."

"Oh! Miss O'Hara?"

"Yis, sir."

"There's nothing very extraordinary in this."

"Isn't there, bedad?"

"They go to San Angel. The señora goes on retreat."

"Faix, it's a rethrait shure enough, an' a long wan."

All this fuss and mystery, then, referred to the proposed visit of my hostess to the picturesque old convent, whither it was her custom to repair five or six times a year.

"The next time you *insist* upon wasting my time by telling me the tittle-tattle of the servants' hall—"

"Hould on, Masther Joe," Brierly burst in. "Yer over the wrong fince, sir. It wasn't the sarvints I heerd spakin'; it was Mистер O'Shea an' the father. It's not to the convent that the say-norah and the young leddy is goin', divil resave the bet, but to ould Ireland an'—"

"What!" I leaped to my feet.

"To ould Ireland, glory be to God, an' no less!"

"To Ireland! Are you drunk?"

"Faix, I got no provocation, Masther Joe."

"Speak!"

My heart almost stopped beating. What *did* this mean?

"It's thrue what I'm tellin' ye. An' if ye'd only listen to a poor boy ye'd have had the hard word a half an hour ago; but ye won't listen to raison, Masther Joe, nor yer father afore ye, may the heavens be his bed this blessed an' holy night, amin!" And Billy retreated in the direction of the door.

"Stop, Billy! Tell me all about this. What does it mean? What did Mr. O'Shea say? What did the padre say? It's some

mistake. You are mistaken. You've taken up the whole thing wrong. It's one of your blunders."

I spoke rapidly, the thoughts tumbling over each other in my mind. Inez going to Ireland! Oh! there was too much joy, too much ecstasy in the idea.

"Oh! very good, Masther Joe. Ye can ax Misther O'Shea or the father, yerself. There'll be no blundher in that, anyhow."

It took some persuasion to conciliate Billy Brierly, to thaw his mortification.

"Well, Masther Joe, av ye'll let me tell ye what I heerd me own way, I'll go bail I'll give ye satisfaction."

With a groan I consented.

"Well, Masther Joe, I was colloquerin' a bit wud Piller in regard to the Frinch for crubeen, whin who shud come into the yard—the Patty-O, as they call it—but the father and Misther O'Shea. They were talkin' that loud that ye'd hear them from the steps at Dromroe down at Murty Boylan's shebeen; an' shure, Master Joe, I wudn't demayn the family be listenin', barrin' I cudn't help it. The father ups and sez:

"'It's a quare turn she's taken,' sez he.

"'Begorra, that's thrue for ye,' sez Misther O'Shea.

"'She never tould me till yestherda,' sez the father.

"'Nor me till this mornin',' sez Misther O'Shea.

"'Sense ever Nugent cum here,' sez the father, maynin' *you*, Masther Joe, 'she's thinkin' av nothin' outside av her prayers but Ireland,' sez he. 'An' now,' sez he, 'she's off wud him on Frida.'

"'Av that murdherin' ould mine beyant at'—I forget the name, Masther Joe—'had only given us goold instead av rocks as hard as'—faix, he said 'blazes,' Master Joe—'I'd as lieve go as not, father,' sez Misther O'Shea; 'for,' sez he, 'the leddies will want a whillabullero—'"

"*Caballero.*"

"That's the word, Master Joe—caballero. 'It's a long journey,' sez Misther O'Shea, 'an' the ixpinse wud brake me like Boyles Bank; but av I had the manes, father, I'd be off wud a hop, skip, an' a jump. I suppose,' sez he, 'ye haven't any coin, father?' sex he.

"'Sorra a wan,' sez the poor father sorrowful enough.

"'I'm thinkin' as much,' sez Misther O'Shea. Thin, Masther Joe, they kep walkin' up an' down, Misther O'Shea smokin', an' I cud only ketch a word here and there."

"Are you certain that Miss O'Hara accompanies the señora?" I asked.

"In coorse I am, sir."

"What reason have you for thinking so?"

"Shure I heerd the father tellin' Misther O'Shea."

"What did he say?"

"Well, I didn't pay much attention to what he sed in regard to her."

"Pshaw!" And I turned almost angrily away.

"Isn't it a cruel quare thing that the say-nora wud go for to keep her comin' wud us a saycret, Masther Joe."

"It *is* strange."

"As I sed afore, sir, it bangs Banagher."

CHAPTER XII.

I LEAVE MEXICO.

I DID not sleep one wink, and the rose-pink light of the early Mexican morning found me as wide awake as when I lay down on the previous night.

The news which Brierly had imparted to me was so startling, so strange, so unreal, so improbable that I kept cudgelling my reasoning power all night into rejecting the story as a "wild imagining." But a few days previously and the señora had spoken of Ireland as a place only to be affectionately remembered, a place so far off that to visit it would involve the preparation of a lifetime. She had dwelt upon her love for Mexico, the land of her adoption; for the people, the customs, her surroundings. Now, if what Billy Brierly had informed me were true, by a sudden caprice or notion the worthy lady had altered the entire plan of her existence, and, without a note of warning, was prepared to tear up her daily life by the roots.

Then, was it possible that Inez was to accompany her? She would need female companionship, and what could be more natural for her than to take her *protégée*, especially a girl so naïve, so charming, and withal so delightfully Irish? Was it not exactly in keeping with the character of the señora, her permitting this young girl to take a peep at the land she loved so well and in which her childhood had been passed?

I sprang out of bed and dressed in quick haste, resolved upon testing the accuracy of Billy's statement at the earliest possible moment.

"Is it true?" I cried, bidding the señora good-morning, after hearing Mass in our own little chapel.

"Is what true, Joe?"

"The good, the wonderful news!"

"What good and wonderful news?"

"That you are coming back with me to Ireland."

She hesitated for a second.

"What *could* have put such an idea into your head, Joe?"

Billy Brierly *had* blundered! I feared as much. What a bitter pang of keenest disappointment I felt, the wash of an ocean wave!

"It was that blundering fellow of mine."

"Billy?"

"Yes. He must have dreamt it."

"I dare say he would like to see me at Dromroe, Joe, and that the wish was father to the thought. What did he tell you?"

"Well, the fact is, he said he overheard a conversation between Father Gonzalez and O'Shea to the effect that you and Miss O'Hara intended leaving with me on Friday morning *en route* to Ireland."

The señora laughed.

"What a character Brierly is, Joe! *Apropos* de Brierly, my cook has completely lost her heart to him. She has made me her confidante, poor thing! She is a most excellent creature, and has, I am told, actually endeavored to win Mr. Brierly's affections through the medium of Irish dishes. Do you perceive any special and delectable aroma, Joe? Come, then; lean over the balcony. Now!"

There was no mistaking it. It came to me like a voice from Dromroe.

"It's Irish stew, or, as we call it at home, Beggarman's dish," I exclaimed.

"You are right, Joe. This is the result of the charms of Mr. William Brierly. Do you know he came to me last night and begged of me to tell him the Spanish for Irish stew. I had already instructed him in potatoes, cabbage, bacon, and *ay de mi*, pig's face or cheek."

It was with no good feeling of satisfaction that I received my retainer when he came to my room after breakfast.

"You blundering omadhaun!" I growled. "Never let me hear you repeat a conversation again, no matter what the subject. You go and blunder into a statement that led me to place myself in the false position of asking the señora just now about her intended departure."

"Well, Masther Joe?"

"She laughed at me."

"Did she say she wasn't comin' wud us, Masther Joe?"

"Why, such a notion never entered her head."

"Did she say so, Masther Joe?" persisted Billy.

"Of course she did."

"Then, bedad, she's goin' for to make Miss Nelly a present av all her clothes, for there's three thrunks, as big as the side av a house, packed up to the troath already, an' there's more gettin' reddy. If the say-norah sez she's not goin', she's *not*, Masther Joe; but she's makin' a liar av Misther O'Shea. And I can tell ye more, sir: I heerd the father axin' Misther O'Shea not tin minits ago av he was able to rise the money for to thravel on."

"This is too absurd."

"Is it, thin? We'll see who's right, Masther Joe. A gintleman can't hear anything be raison av his bein' always in the parlor; but the likes o' me, that's always in the kitchen—an', be the mortal, Piller gev me a stew this mornin', sir, that reminded me av Biddy Moriarty's own hand. Sorra a lie in it. Th' onions kem up smilin' betune th' illigant lumps av mate, an' every pitatey was as fresh an' as full av divarshin as if it was in ould Ireland it was, instead av bein' up here at the back o' God's speed."

Somehow or other Billy's tenacity somewhat influenced me, although against the promptings of my better judgment. The señora had *not* said that she was *not* going to Ireland, but this hunting of words into corners and demanding literal expressions of thought was nothing short of an outrageous begging the question. My retainer had confused Ireland with San Angel, and the packing-up was but an ordinary household preparation. And so the brightness faded out, leaving me but the cold, yea, the bitter, reality. I was bound to go, and twenty-four hours from that moment would see me quitting the terminus at Buena Vista, and leaving my heart, my every thought, my every hope, further and further behind me as the grim and unsentimental locomotive tore onwards towards the Dantesque horrors of the *Cumbres* of the Boca del Monte.

I spent my last day in the capital in—the pawn-shops; not that I required any monetary assistance from "my uncle," but it is in the *empeños* where the knowing ones pick up those "unconsidered trifles" which form such charming souvenirs of the country of the Montezumas. I invested in two full suits of *charro*, from *sombrero* to the murderous spurs—one for myself, the other for Major Butler, with a view to a long-talked-of fancy ball.

For Nelly, Aunt Butler, Mrs. Bevan, and Mrs. Flink I bought a number of gloriously-tinted *rebosos*—silk scarfs all aglow with yellows and reds only to be seen in Mexico or Spain. I also dealt largely in Aztec ornaments, both of gold and of silver, and I bought a couple of richly-mounted saddles and some Spanish swords of the time of Cortez. I sought everywhere for those large Spanish fans which are at once the pride and the pleasure of the señoras and señoritas of sunny Spain, but, to my astonishment and chagrin, not a single fan was to be had save those imported direct from Paris and of the most Frenchy and common design.

In return for the little prayer-book given me by Inez, and which lay in the breast-pocket of my coat right over my heart, I purchased for her a ring—a plain gold ring set with a single ruby, which, love-sick beggar that I was, I likened to a drop of my heart's blood. The word "Mizpah" was graven upon it, and the meaning of that word became a veritable prayer for me.

I spent the entire day straying through the city, longing to get back to the Calle Marascala, yet foolishly striding further and further from it. What a boy I was, to be sure!

I paid a last visit to the grand old cathedral. The sunlight was streaming in through the stained-glass windows in bars of purple and blue and gold, causing the shadows to deepen in the side-chapels and in remote corners where the confessionals stood surrounded by kneeling and reverential devotees. As I passed one of these I beheld a form which my heart told me was that of Inez O'Hara. She was awaiting her turn and kneeling on the marble floor. Her beautiful eyes were lifted to a rude image of Our Blessed Lady, her hands were clasped, her rosary entwined in her waxen-white fingers. Oh! it was an exquisite picture, a subject worthy of one of those great masters whose works come to us like beautiful prayers. I stepped behind a pillar and gazed at her. It was no harm; after to-day I would only see her in my dreams. I watched her rise and kneel and take her place in the confessional—the confessionals are all open in Mexico—saw her bow her beautiful head as the grave old padre bestowed his blessing upon her, and then I turned away.

I resolved to wait for her in the enclosed space in front of the church. I waited. I paced up and down, down and up. I bought a lot of red-clay earthenware, all in miniature, representing household utensils, some of them very quaint and Oriental-looking. I priced toys, and singing-birds, and parrots, my eye ever on the great green curtain hanging in the central entrance. The band took up its station in the music-stand on the Zocola. Copper-col-

ored boys bawled out the contents of the evening paper. Pordiosos, or beggars, solicited me for alms. Lottery-ticket sellers pestered me to take my chance for twenty thousand pesos. But Inez came not.

Would I seek her in the cathedral? I advanced to the perfect old portal, crossed its threshold, and was about to thrust aside the curtain when I stopped, and, turning on my heel, made straight across the Plaza towards the market.

To go over all this possesses a certain melancholy fascination for me. Psychological analysis is not my *forte*, but there are occasions in life when we are compelled to lay bare our wound and cauterize it without flinching.

As I crossed opposite the Palacio Nacional the archbishop passed on foot, and it was to me a glorious sight to behold the men and women dropping on their knees to receive the good man's blessing. I remained uncovered till he disappeared, and a very little would have brought me into fisticuffs with a well-dressed rowdy, who pushed his high silk hat more fiercely on his head as a sort of challenge to the earnest Catholics by whom he was surrounded. My knuckles itched for a rap at him.

I strolled into the patio of the palace, and there encountered a Mexican gentleman whom I had met at Señora 'San Cosme's. He very courteously took me in tow, and, being in office—he was Ministro de Fomento, or Minister of Public Works—was a privileged person. I was taken into the grand reception-room, the walls of which were covered with crimson watered silk with the imperial cipher in splendid relief. A full-length portrait of the Emperor Iturbide adorned one of the walls. The luckless potentate was attired in a gorgeous uniform, his breast encrusted with orders. The apartment, which is elegantly proportioned, was furnished in execrable taste, the carpets and upholstery and hangings all of different colors, and all so much ajar as to set one's teeth on edge.

From this apartment I was conducted to the Hall of the Ambassadors, a magnificent salon, very long, and seemingly narrow by reason of its great length. The walls were hung with portraits of about forty presidents, amongst whom I perceived no less a personage than George Washington. The room in which the members of the cabinet met had once been the boudoir of the Empress Carlotta. I felt glad when I passed into the sanctum of the president, an apartment where the miserable man hatched those infidel schemes which have proved so pernicious to the well-being of the country.

It was late when I returned to the Calle Marascala, for I dropped into the Fonda del Gillow to say adios to Padre Gillow, one of the most influential men in Mexico, a good priest, and an honest and fearless patriot. I also stopped at the Iturbide to leave two or three P.P.C. cards.

I dressed very hurriedly for dinner, and was, as the Yankees say, "just on time" as the last bell rang.

Miss O'Hara was in the drawing-room, attired in violet the exact shade of her beautiful eyes.

"Take Inez in to dinner, Joe. I go to-day with the *padre*," said the señora.

The girl's hand trembled as she laid it ever so lightly on my arm. If I had been placed in possession of Mr. O'Shea's mine I couldn't have uttered a word.

"As this is your last day—at least for some time—in Mexico, Joe, we will drink *Bon voyage* in champagne."

"You must let me write to you, señora," I urged, after the, to me, melancholy formula had been gone through of wishing me a safe and speedy journey, "and I'll send you the *Freeman's Journal* and a lot of Irish papers. And I'll send you all our photographs—Nelly's, and Aunt Butler's, and Trixy's—and a photo of Dromroe and of my horses, and you shall have a bunch of shamrocks for Patrick's Day—every Patrick's Day. And you must let me send you, for Mr. O'Shea's especial use, some real old Irish whiskey—John Jameson's ten-year-old—and you'd like some Limerick lace, wouldn't you?"

"You'd better send us the whole island at once, Joe. Could you not manage that?"

"I'll try," I laughed, although really I think I could have blubbered at the moment.

"Is there anything I could send you, Miss O'Hara?" I asked, addressing Inez for the first time.

"N-nothing. Absolutely nothing. I live in the hope of seeing Ireland some—"

"Hope tells many a flattering tale, Inez," interrupted the señora with a merry laugh.

Why laugh, crushing the glimmer of the girl's hope? It was bad form, and grated upon me.

Everybody was gay, animated, and the time seemed to pass like a flash. O'Shea looked in after dinner, and he, too, was more full of fun than usual. It was evident to me that the señora wished to make my last evening in Mexico a particularly bright and happy one. She had invited a number of people to a recep-

tion, and they commenced to pour in about nine o'clock. I was kept bowing and hand-shaking for a "long hour by Shrewsbury clock," and although I was madly desirous of being by the side of Inez, and horribly jealous of every gentleman who spoke to her, I was detained on duty.

Señor Pancho Buch, who was educated at Downside College, in England, and who spoke the most perfect English, somewhat puzzled me by an expression he used:

"We shall miss you and the señora very much."

"The señora?"

"Oh! yes. She so seldom leaves even the capital. Why, she's a perfect institution with us. Her place cannot, I say *cannot*, be filled. How long do you think she will remain away?"

At this moment I was called upon to take the Señora Riva Palaccio in to supper, and as that worthy and handsome lady did not speak one word of any language but Spanish, I was compelled to fall back upon my own thoughts, while she played havoc with the good things so plentifully set before the assembled company.

A member of Cortes, Señor Saturnino Ayon, suddenly jumped upon a chair, and, calling upon us to fill our glasses, proposed the health of the Señora San Cosme, adding a good deal to the toast which I could not understand. Whatever he said set a great number of the ladies weeping, and after the bumpers were disposed of the señora made quite a little speech, in which, as she spoke slowly and distinctly, and as the silence was almost oppressive, I could distinguish the word "Irlanda" several times repeated. Then everybody came round her, the ladies to kiss both her cheeks, as is the custom, and the gentlemen to kiss her hands.

"One would think," I exclaimed to Inez, "that the señora was going to leave Mexico for ever. How warm-hearted these Mexicans are!"

"They are very impulsive, Mr. Nugent."

"So are the Irish."

"Oh! yes."

"Would you act on impulse, Miss O'Hara?"

"I—I think so. Wouldn't you?"

How little she knew what impulse nearly compelled me to say then and there! I do not know what held the words that leaped from my heart to my lips.

"Shall I see you in the morning?" I asked of her as we were about to part for the night.

"Oh! dear, yes."

"Then I am not to say *adios* now."

"Not *now*."

"My train goes at 11.30, so I shall have—I mean—that is, good-night."

I did not sleep very much, as I lay thinking over all the good things I might have said to Inez on that last night. Her manner towards me was timid, yet there was none of that strange coldness which had characterized it during the last few days. What should I say to her in good-by? Merely carry on the senseless buffoonery of pretending not to care about parting from her; say, "*Au revoir*," and express a conventional hope in conventional language to see her one day in Ireland. Why should I not return to Mexico? It was no question of distance in the nineteenth century; it was a mere question of time and money. I possessed plenty of the former, and as much as I needed of the latter. Already, as I lay tossing and turning on the luxurious bed, was I speculating upon my return to the country of the Montezumas.

Why leave Mexico at all? I was in nowise pressed. The hunting would continue in old Ireland when I would be gathered to my ancestors. I could hunt every season, but I could not visit Mexico every season. "Why not remain and woo Inez? Win her! It was not too late. Make a *confidante* of the señora. Would it not be the honest, manly, straightforward course to adopt? My leaving now was but a fit of *pique*, a schoolboy's whim—nothing more or less. How could I expect to win every girl, much less a girl like this, by a nod of my head? Miss O'Hara was not one to be lightly won, but, once won, what a treasure! Why not go straight to the señora in the morning, and say, "Señora, I—"

This sort of thing lasted until near dawn, and I was dreaming that my good hostess had just listened to my confession when the voice of Billy Brierly aroused me.

"It's half a past six, Masther Joe, and Mass is for to be sed at sevin; thin we get brequest, an' thin we're off, glory be to God, an' may the Lord sind us safe home! Bedad, Master Joe, it's yerself that's got fat on the vittles here. The cooking *is* shupayrior. Piller is the divil intirely on thim dishes that the quollity likes. Do you know what I was thinkin', Masther Joe?" approaching the bed and speaking in a very confidential way. "I was just thinkin', sir, that ye'll be given hapes o' dinner-parties an' all soarts av divarshins when ye get back to Dromroe—God bless every brick and sod av it this day, amin!—an' ye'll be after

havin' for to keep up wud Sir Robert, and Lord Thrindleton, an' the Marquis o' Headford. An' why wudn't ye? Isn't a Nugent av Dromroe higher, an' grander, an' shupayriorer nor the whole av thim put together?"

"What's all this about, Billy?"

"Well, thin, I'll tell ye, Masther Joe. Ye'll be wantin' for to take the consait out av Sir Robert anyhow wud his Frinch cook, an' if I was you, Masther Joe, I'll go bail but I'd level him wud a Mexican wan."

I burst out laughing.

"That's always the way wud ye an' yer father afore ye, Masther Joe," cried Billy in a mortified tone. "It's always jokin' me ye do be whin I do be advisin' ye for yer binefit. There's Pillar—the divil resave a finer cook betune this and Headfort this minit; an' ye'd get her chape, dog-chape, Masther Joe. She's civil an' obligin', an' has manners that wud win the birds aff the threes. Sorra a lie I'm tellin' ye. Ye can spake Frinch to her yerself, sir."

"Do you want to marry Pillar, Billy?"

My retainer first stood upon one foot, then upon the other, and, looking as sheepish as a school-boy detected in squeezing the matron's hand, exclaimed:

"I—I wudn't mind it, Masther Joe, if she was thrained."

"Trained to what?"

"Natural ways, sir. Thrained for to give up snails an' frogs, an' for to spake Irish."

"I'm afraid, Billy, that you have spoken too late. We two men could not take Miss Pillar along with us, and you have not time to make her Mrs. Brierly."

"Faix, there's time enough for the matther o' that, sir. Father Gonzalez is convaynient an' is a most iligant man, long life to him! But cudn't the say-norah take her wud us?"

"What nonsense! I tell you that the señora is going to San Angel and—"

"Why, Masther Joe avic, it's coddin' ye th' are. It's truth I'm tellin'. May I never see Glory but it is. Herself and the young wan is goin' to give ye a surprise, no less. Shure the father knows it, and Misther O'Shea knows it an' is comin' wud us all the way to Ireland."

I do not know how I managed to dress, but I got through the performance somehow or other. Billy's pertinacity, coupled with the words spoken by Mr. Pancho Buch and the—yes, the kissing and good-bying of last night, set me almost crazy with delighted hope.

The señora was passing to the chapel. I intercepted her.

"O señora! is this true?"

"It is, Joe," she said. "We go with you."

When one is awfully happy one desires to extend happiness to everybody and everything. This, I know, was my state of feeling as the ladies prepared to start, and the idea of bringing home Billy Brierly married to a "forriner" tickled me so much that I resolved upon consulting the señora about it. I should mention that the idea of visiting Ireland had been in the mind of the Señora San Cosme for many a long day, but she feared to let it blossom.

"All the stories you told us, Joe, all the associations you recalled, all the buried and treasured memories came trooping to me and petitioning me to return home, at least for a little while. I fought against the idea, but it became fixed, and then I consulted the dear Padre Gonzalez, who said, 'Go.' I resolved upon keeping it a secret just to give you a pleasant surprise; and when I determined upon taking Inez I put double locks upon the secrecy, so as to double the surprise. I felt assured that our coming would in nowise interfere with your plans, so I made my preparations silently, swiftly. I long to see dear Nelly. I long to see Dromroe. I long to see dear, dirty old Dublin, and St. Stephen's Green, and the house I was at school in. O Joe! the yearning became more intense every day, so that I could not bear the idea of your going back to Ireland—to think of it, Ireland, and I to remain up here! The moment I said yes to myself, that moment I began to feel like a school-girl as the holidays approach."

"Are you going to take a maid with you, señora?" I asked after she had had a good cry.

"No. Do you think I shall need one?"

I told her about Billy Brierly's sneaking admiration for her cook.

"I tell you what I'll do," she laughed: "I'll give Pillar the chance. She's young enough, and not by any means unrepresentable-looking. You shall judge for yourself."

She sounded a gong, and to the servant who responded to the summons she desired that Pillar might be sent to her.

Pillar entered. She was fat and merry-eyed, and showed a row of teeth that would have reflected credit upon Doherty, the great dentist of Dublin.

I could detect the red blood leaping into her face beneath her copper-colored skin as the señora put some questions to her in a very rapid, decisive way. The girl—I suppose I must call her so; she was about two or three and thirty—opened her great,

bright black eyes in joyful wonder, then sprang forward and kissed the señora's hand, and, turning a look of profound gratitude upon me, disappeared like a flash from the apartment.

"She's coming, Joe. Won't it be fun to watch them billing and cooing?"

When my retainer was informed of the fact of Pillar's being permitted to accompany us he hung down his head in so comical a manner as to cause me to roar with laughter.

"Bedad, it's the boys that will call me all soarts av names, Masther Joe, an' I'm a little afeerd of Father Tom; but shure yer honor will colloger *him*, an', faix, I dar the boys for to go too far wud their jokin'. They can say nothin' agin her but that she's a forriner; an' for the love av heaven, Masther Joe, never let out that she aits snails, or the whole barony 'll be up!"

A large party of friends were down at the station at Buena Vista to see us off—some with fruit, some with flowers, some with *dulces*, some with books. What clappings on the back and huggings I received from the Mexican gentlemen! What kissings and gushings and weepings were bestowed upon my fair friends! And as the train slowly emerged from the station a wild huzza, led by Señor Ayon, greeted our ears.

How beautiful Inez looked in her hoddengray travelling-dress, and her felt hat with its blue feather that swept down her shoulder!

I shall not attempt to describe the journey to Vera Cruz. Little did I imagine when I ascended the *Cumbres* of the Boca del Monte that I was toiling upwards to meet Inez O'Hara! Little did I imagine, when my heart was torn with a whirlwind of conflicting emotions at the thought of leaving Mexico, that I should now pass through the *Infernillo* in a very ecstasy of happiness! Such is life. The great veil ever hangs before us, and it is the unexpected that always happens.

We struck Vera Cruz just in time to go straight on board the same old tub that brought me from New Orleans, the *City of Mexico*.

"Be the mortal, Masther Joe, av we're sick this time it'll be cruel hard on the both av us; an' my stomick is terrible onaisy," grinned Billy Brierly, whose attentions to the Señorita Pillar were of the most clumsy and overwhelming character, while his endeavor to make himself understood by yelling into her ear was a source of unceasing mirth to the ladies and myself.

The sun was setting in liquid amber as the good ship steamed on her course across the Gulf.

"*Adios !*" murmured Inez. "Who can tell whether I shall ever see you again, Orizaba?"

The giant, snow-capped mountain towered to the sky in a majestic and awful stillness, and long after the beautiful land of Mexico had disappeared the eye of the Warder was still upon us.

I grieve to say that I was miserably seasick. I grieve to say that I was compelled to keep my berth, and that, despite every effort on my part, the terrible monster held me as in a vise. Neither of the ladies were ill, and this made matters all the more mortifying for me. The señora would come to the door of my state-room and inquire how I felt. I could only groan and make a dismal effort at a joke. No words can tell the anguish I felt when she would say: "Oh! get up, Joe. Make an effort. It is delightful here on deck. Inez is walking up and down *all alone*."

I'll tell what did make me get up, and what completely and effectually banished sea-sickness. It was the third day out, and the señora as usual was urging upon me to make an effort.

"Get up, Joe. Why, everybody is up and about. Even an old lady of over eighty was at breakfast this morning. Inez is making all sorts of inquiries about you. By the way, there's a Cuban on board who is immensely taken with her, and is most polite and attentive."

I don't think I heard any more. I *did* get up. I *did* go on deck, and, *mirabile dictu*, the sea-sickness left me. Didn't I shove that Cuban aside? Didn't I walk with Inez, talk with her, read to her? Wasn't the passage a delirious dream? Wasn't the food ambrosia, the drink nectar? Wasn't a life on the ocean wave a positive glory? Who wanted to see land? Not I. I didn't care if we never saw the shore.

It was delightful to watch the naïve wonder and astonishment that Inez betrayed as we journeyed across the great continent. We stopped one day at New Orleans and one day at Chicago. My great desire was to push on to New York, for any city of America outside the Empire City doesn't count. We put up at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and as the "Shaughraun" was still running at Wallack's I took them to witness the performance.

The ladies spent the entire evening between laughing and crying, while the terror and anguish of Inez lest Con should have been killed was the highest compliment that could have been paid to that able though very stagey Irishman, Mr. Boucicault. I piloted my fair friends to St. Stephen's Church for an early Mass, and, after a turn up Fifth Avenue to let them see the walls

of the cathedral, returned to *déjeuner à la fourchette* at the Brunswick.

I paid a visit to the Flinks, and found Mrs. Flink fresh and blooming as a moss-rose.

"O my!" she said, "what on earth brings you back so soon? I thought you would have remained in Mexico for at least two or three months. Was there a revolution while you were there? Why, of course there was—two or three, I guess. Conchita has gone to New Orleans to meet her brother. She left on Thursday. I sent her in charge of a dear old friend of Mr. Flink, who will look after her until her brother arrives. He is an Imperialist—I mean Conchita's brother—and is in hot water. He was to have come by the *City of something*."

"Mexico?"

"Yes."

"That is the boat I travelled by, and he was not on board."

"Then he must have been shot," exclaimed the little lady, clasping her fat little hands and gazing up at the ceiling. "What *will* become of Conchita? O my! she'll do something desperate. Don't tell *me* she won't," thrusting an imaginary form from her. "I say she will. She'll go to Mexico and, and—shoot the president. I'll telegraph to her to come back at once. O my! this is a terrible state of affairs."

Mrs. Flink proposed to call upon the señora at once, and, ringing the bell, ordered the carriage.

"I won't stop to make a swell toilette," she cried. "An Indian shawl covereth a multitude of rags, and I *must* say that my new hat from Worth's direct—yes, direct, Mr. Nugent. Mr. Flink had to pay twenty-seven dollars duty on it—only think of it, and he a friend of the collector of customs! It's monstrous!"

In a very few moments she reappeared arrayed in a cashmere that would bring tears of envy to the eyes of a Begum.

"Who's the young lady, Mr. Nugent? Mexican? Ah! you are getting the color of a ripe tomato. O my! an't love's young dream quite too delightful for anything. O my! it's a pity it don't last."

The señora was perfectly delighted with Mrs. Flink, and accepted her invitation to dinner for the following day *con amore*.

"An't you pretty as a picture!" she cried, addressing Inez and chucking up that young lady's chin. "Why, your eyes are real violet, child. Ah! Mr. Nugent," wagging her dimpled forefinger at me, "I'm sorry it's not one of our Murray Hill swells who"

—then perceiving Inez grow deadly pale, she lightly added: “Who knows but on her return my nephew may have a chance? He must try, anyhow, or I’ll disinherit him—cut him off with an angry, a *very* angry, dollar.”

Mrs. Flink placed her carriage at our disposal, and we had a most delightful drive out almost to Yonkers. Some golden leaves still clung fondly to the trees, and the voluptuous haze of Indian Summer bathed everything in a soft mist. The noble Hudson was glassy as though it were midsummer.

“Oh! we’ll catch it for this,” exclaimed Mrs. Flink. “We’ll be blowing our fingers and burning our toes at the heaters. This weather is a shocking delusion. When the Indian Summer comes to us as late as this it means mischief, for right after it—ugh!—travels what meteorologists call a polar wave, and then we get frozen—aye, the very marrow in our bones. Oh! you don’t know anything about that in Mexico. I can tell you a lot about the capital, for Conchita, a lovely Mexican girl whom I have adopted on account of her mother, who was—well, it’s a pitiful story, and a very old one: a bold, bad man, a marriage with undying love on one side and horrible indifference on the other. People shouldn’t marry foreigners.”

“I wish Billy Brierly could hear you,” laughed the señora, who thereupon gave a very droll description of my follower’s wooing.

I shall not dwell upon our four days in New York, although they were rendered absolutely delightful by the hospitable Flinks, who, in common with all Americans whom I have met, seemed to do their uttermost to make their magnificent country “a blithe and blissful spot” to us who were fortunate enough to visit it. The Flinks came to the dock to see us off, and their floral offerings would put Covent Garden and the Marché aux Fleurs to ten thousand blushes.

The *Germanic* steamed slowly down the river and through the beautiful bays. We soon passed the Narrows, and, leaving the Hook on our right, the noble land, the home of the brave and the free, faded from our vision; but never, oh! never, I trust, shall it fade from our hearts.

CHAPTER XIII.

IRELAND.



"AND is that Ireland?" asked Inez, as, in the mist of the early morning, she stood by my side leaning over the bulwarks and gazing at a long, low-lying gray streak toward which the good ship *Germanic* was approaching at fifteen knots.

"Yes," I replied.

"Thanks be to God I see it again!" fervently exclaimed the señora, her eyes filling with tears.

"I wish, ma'am, ye'd be so good as for to say a word to Piller," exclaimed Billy Brierly, edging alongside the señora. He dropped her Mexican title from the moment we left Vera Cruz.

"What's the matter, Billy?"

"She's roarin' murdher about somethin', ma'am, an' only I know she wudn't go for to do the likes I'd take me davy it's cursin' she wor."

"Tell her to come here."

"Shure I can't, ma'am, barrin' I dhrag her to ye."

The señora soon discovered the cause of her ex-cook's excitement. It would appear that her admirer had been endeavoring to explain by pantomime the near approach of land and the process of going ashore. The young lady read his gestures as conveying that she was to be thrown overboard, or something equivalent to it, hence her natural terror and dismay. She had never beheld the ocean till she saw it at Vera Cruz, when the comparatively short passage reassured her; but ten days and ten nights proved too much for her, and her nervous condition was something deplorable.

"Will she be always goin' on that a way, ma'am?" ruefully demanded Billy of the señora.

"Oh! dear, no. It will pass. She's frightened at sea, that's all."

"Bedad," he muttered, "av she doesn't mind her hand it's back to the haythin she may go for me. Sorra a haporth o' good in a bawlin' woman, even though she does cook mait aikil to Morrisin's Hotel."

My heart leaped as Queenstown hove in sight, and the Irish faces in a fishing-boat that bobbed up and down near the fort were more to me than the ideals of manly beauty by any master

that ever took brush in hand. How deliciously green everything appeared, how fresh, how welcome! The brogue of those who came over in the tender delighted me.

"I feel, Joe," observed the señora, "as if I would like to kiss everybody on that boat."

"So do I," added Inez, with a joyous laugh.

I had despatched a cablegram to my sister Nelly, merely asking her to be at Dromroe to receive some American friends who were returning with me, telling her the boat I intended leaving by.

What was my astonishment, my delight, to realize in the person of a little lady who kept frantically waving a white handkerchief from the tug my darling sister! Yes, there she was in a sealskin coat and sealskin hat, and rosy and pretty, and oh! so enchanted to see me.

I caught the señora frantically by the arm and pushed her almost over the side of the ship.

"Look," I cried, "there's Nelly! Miss O'Hara, there is my sister, the little red-faced girl in sealskin waving the handkerchief." Beside Nelly stood Major Butler, and at the other side—Trixy.

"There's Trixy," I shouted, "in the deep blue braided jacket, and the black hat; and Uncle Butler. God bless them! How true they are!"

I leaped to the gangway to receive Nelly and kiss her as if I was never to kiss her again. Then came Trixy.

"For once," I said as I kissed her too. "Nelly, who do you think is with me? Here she is, the señora, our dear mother's bridesmaid."

In a second Nelly was hugging the señora, and the señora was laughing and crying over Nelly.

"How splendid you look, Joe!" exclaimed Trixy. "So sunburnt! Have you forgiven me?"

"Oh! I was a jackass, Trixy. Here, I want you to be awfully good friends with Miss O'Hara. She's with us; she's coming to Dromroe." I suppose I made a mess of it, for Patricia cast a quick, searching glance at Inez, then at me. Then she became very pale.

"I feel sea-sick," she murmured. "Let me go ashore as soon as possible."

"I'll get you some champagne, Trixy," I cried.

"Thanks, no, Mr. Nugent," she coldly replied, turning away from me.

Nelly stared very hard at Inez ere she approached her, then she took her in her arms, and kissed her, and began to cry. It was strange, all this, but I was so engaged in wringing the major's hand and asking after everything at home that I hadn't time to notice much.

"Musha, Major, but it's the cockles o' me heart that's leppin' this minit. Miss Nelly, but it's yerself that's lukkin' rosy an' illigant. An' how's Tam o' Shanther, major? Is he cured av the spavin yit? Is the pigs nearly reddy for Ballyglass Fair, Miss Nelly? How is his riverince, the Lord be good to him? Shure it's himself that'll be plazed whin he hears what good Catholics the haythins is—proud an' plazed, an' so wud the Pope av Room. Is Biddy Moriarty as crukked as ever, Miss Nelly?—I mane in regard to timper; she'd vex the calendhar, she wud, she's that conthairy. Faix, major, we seen a power, an' here we are back agin, wud whole bones in our skins, praises be to the saints, amin! An' how's the misthress, sir? Och, major, but it's yerself that wud shake a loose leg av ye got up in thim forrin parts."

Poor Patricia was too ill to join us, so she sat down on a trunk on the deck and gazed out to sea, her chin on her hands, her elbows on her knees.

"Let her alone, Joe," cried Nellie imperiously, as I was offering her all sorts of remedies. "For God's sake let her alone. You don't know what you are doing. You don't indeed."

"Why—"

"Not a word. Who is this Miss O'Hara, Joe, and—and when are you to be married to her?"

"All ashore!" cried the officer, and amid a scene of hand-graspings and earnestly-expressed hopes of meeting again on the part of our fellow-passengers, we went on board the tug.

Nellie's question startled me. How had she perceived that I was in love with Inez? The perception seemed to lead her further; it indicated that Miss O'Hara—pshaw! I had now been a month in the closest intimacy with the girl, and—no, I could tell nothing, and I feared to test the hazard of the die.

We caught the express-train, and were duly decanted at Dunshaughlin, where Aunt Butler and all my tenants awaited our arrival. Poor Trixy wasn't herself at all. She sat in a corner of the carriage, her elbow on the window-pane, her gaze outwards, and she scarcely ever turned to us for the six hours. She was deadly pale, too, but looked handsomer than ever.

"Joe," said my sister when we got together in the railway carriage, "when did this all happen?"

"When did what all happen?"

"Your engagement with this—girl."

"I'm not engaged to Miss O'Hara, Nelly."

"Don't *dare* to deceive me!" cried the little lady, flashing angrily.

I told her all—our meeting, Inez's history, and the dearest hopes of my heart.

"Are you sure you love her—really *love* her, Joe?"

I suppose I was very emphatic in my assertion.

"I—I thought—I was *sure* you loved somebody else," said my sister in tearful tones.

"Whom do you mean, Nelly—Miss Wriothlesly?"

Nelly said nothing, but nodded in the direction of the window.

"Trixy?"

"Yes."

"Never, Nelly. I own that when I left I was a little jealous of her—that is, of that captain of dragoons; but I didn't know my own heart then. I know it now."

"Heigh-ho!" said Nelly. "This is a shocking bad business."

It was my turn to be angry now, and I fiercely asked her what she had to say against Miss O'Hara.

"Miss O'Hara? Pshaw! I wasn't thinking of her." Then my sister added: "She's very beautiful, Joe."

Great was the rejoicing on my return. The whole road to Dromroe was marked by bonfires, and over the entrance was a triumphal arch, with the grand old words, "Cead Mille Failthe," in colored lamps. Beneath the arch, the light shining on his dear old bald head, stood Father Tom Mooney, in his hand a roll of paper. This was an address written in Latin and English—an address of "Welcome Home." Good God, how those two words sounded! What delicious music!

As I handed the señora out of the carriage I felt a pull at my sleeve, and, turning round, saw that it was Billy Brierly.

"Masther Joe, av ye hope to see glory, keep Mary Lannigan's tongue aff a me. She's here, sir; come over from Timolin for to see *me*, sir. I'm afeered she'll claw Piller, divvle a doubt av it. Wanst she's riz, she'd face Hecthor, bad cess to her!"

Patricia insisted upon going home, although beds had been prepared at Dromroe, and Aunt Butler went with her. I urged her to stop.

"It's awfully hard, Trixy. I thought you'd be glad to see me and—"

"Oh! don't," she cried, and ran out into the darkness.

"What is the matter with Trixy, aunt?" I asked.

Mrs. Butler stared at me.

"Nothing, Joe, only a bad attack of nerves. She'll be all right in a few days. I'll take her up to Dublin, perhaps, to-morrow for a change."

Wasn't I proud and happy to have the señora on my right hand, Inez on my left, and at my own mahogany!

"I have often wildly dreamt of this," I said, "but *now* that it has come to pass I can hardly realize it." Or could I.

Father Tom sat beside the señora, and, as they talked nothing but Mexico, I had a chance of drawing out Inez, to whom my sister and Major Butler devoted themselves in common with myself. At first she was very timid and shy, and blushed confusedly, and kept glancing at the señora; but after a little she became more at home and conversed with delightful naïveté and freedom.

"Well, what do you think of her?" I asked of my sister when we gentlemen later on joined the ladies.

"She's very charming indeed," said Nelly.

"Is she not a very lovable girl, Nelly?"

"I suppose so."

"Isn't it delightful to have the señora with us?"

"Oh! yes, I like to have *her*."

My sister, usually inclined to gushing, was horribly cold on the subject of Inez. It was quite evident to me that she disliked the idea of my liking anybody. It was very difficult to deal with some people. Here was a very beautiful young girl about her own age, an orphan, the protégée of the friend of our dear mother; and yet, why I could not tell, Nelly didn't seem to like her. It mortified me terribly. Inez must see it when *I* saw it so plainly.

The next day I was for going over to Timolin to inquire for Trixy, but Nelly wouldn't let me.

"Trixy must be left alone," she said. "I'll take your *rebosos* over to her myself."

Almost as we were speaking Patricia entered the room, great dark circles round her eyes, her cheeks considerably flushed.

"I've come to say by-by, boy and girl," she cried.

"Why, what's up, Trixy?" I asked.

"Papa has at last consented to take me for a trip on the Continent. We'll do Paris first, then on to Naples, and get back to Rome for the Carnival. Won't that be awfully jolly?" She spoke rapidly, and her mirth seemed to me to be rather forced.

"Awfully jolly, Trixy," I said. "When does the governor think of starting?"

"To-night."

"To-night?" I exclaimed.

"Yes. So I rode over to say by-by. Come up to your room, Nell; I've got something to say to you. *Au revoir*, Joe."

Why did she stop in the doorway, look at me in a strange, wistful way, rush back, take my head in her two gloved hands, pull it down to her, and kiss my forehead? She was always a queer sort of girl.

Pillar caused an immense commotion in the servants' hall, where she was regarded as a greater curiosity than a stuffed wolf. The inhabitants of the surrounding country for miles came to take a look at her, some of them pinching her in order to ascertain if she was alive. Billy Brierly's sneaking kindness for her soon manifested itself, and he became the target for the united wit of the townlands of Drungoff, Cabintaly, and Dromroe.

"Faix, it's ye cudn't go much further or fare worse," said one.

"Its nothin' short av naygur wud do him."

"He bought her for a cupple av shillin'; thim things is chape out beyant in Asia."

"Begorra, he might have brought home somethin' daycint whin he wint about it."

"They say she's a prencess."

"He caught her runnin' wild in the woods an' naked as a biled egg."

"But it's yerself that has dhroll notions, Billy; a white faymale wasn't good enough for ye."

Billy bore the chaffing good-humoredly enough, and retaliated upon his persecutors by teaching Pillar several denunciatory words in the Irish language, which tended to raise her considerably in the estimation of those at whom they were ever and anon laughingly hurled. Of course Nelly and I took the señora and Inez up to Dublin, where we spent one week in doing the lions. The first visit our elder guest made was to Clarendon Street Chapel, and from there she crossed out into Grafton Street and up to Stephen's Green, on the south side of which stood and still stands the house in which once flourished the famous school of Mrs. Parsley.

It was about a month after we arrived in Ireland that the señora asked me to give her a few minutes' *tête-à-tête* in my snugery, as she wished to consult me about a matter of some importance.

"Joe," she said after she was seated, "I want to make a clean breast of it, for your sake, for my own sake, and for the sake of—another. I perceived while you were in Mexico that my darling Inez—well, no, I cannot commence that way; I saw, Joe, that you had fallen in love with Inez—"

I started.

"Yes, my dear, dear boy, I saw it, and at first I resolved upon sending the dear girl back to San Angel. Then, Joe—I am going to be very imprudent now—I saw that the affections of Inez were—were engaged beyond recall—that she loved you."

The room seemed to whirl round as the señora proceeded.

"Then I said to myself, If this is to be, why not let it be? Why not give it every encouragement in your power? This is why I resolved upon coming to Ireland, for I love that child as my daughter. I love you, Joe, as a son. Is it to be?"

I need not detail my reply. I need not put my raptures upon paper.

Inez is châtelaine of Dromroe to-day, and her oldest son is able to sit a Shetland pony like a man.

The señora is at present in Mexico, but she returns next April to remain with us for good and all. Patricia Butler is married to the very dragoon I found her playing billiards with. He is a very good sort of fellow, and I see a good deal of him during the hunting season, as he contrives to tune in his leave when the scent lies deep. My sister Nelly is engaged to be married to Sir Patrick O'Gorman, our popular Home-Rule member, and I am delighted at the choice she has made. Mr. Van Dyck O'Shea, having disposed of his interest in the mine and of his partner with the impossible name, resides in Dublin. He is to be seen sunning himself in the windows of the Stephen's Green Club at all reasonable hours. He comes to us for the partridge, and again at Christmas, when he meets the Bevans.

Billy Brierly was married to Pillar, and a capital wife she makes him.

"Faix, Masther Joe, but it's a quare thing for to think av," he often says to me—"masther and man for to be matched in that out-av-the-way place. Well, sir, av it wasn't for bakin an' cabbage I'd be a single boy this day; but the way she done the cabbage done it."

Yes, I obtained a wife by My Raid Into Mexico.

THE WRITINGS OF CARDINAL DECHAMPS.*

A REVIEW.

CARDINAL DECHAMPS began his ecclesiastical career as a Redemptorist. He was a professor of theology and an author during this first period of his life, but most widely known and distinguished as an orator, the most famous among the successors of the celebrated F. Bernard as a missionary preacher, and at the same time a compeer of Lacordaire by his public conferences. He was first appointed to the see of Namur, and translated from that see to the primatial church of Malines after the death of Cardinal Sterckx, shortly before the Council of the Vatican, which he attended in his capacity as Primate of Belgium. After the close of the council he was raised by Pius IX. to the cardinalate, and continues, we believe, at the advanced age of 76 to fulfil all his episcopal duties with undiminished vigor, aided by a coadjutor.

The works of a period of active industry as a writer covering the space of 37 years, which we have now before us in a complete and elegant edition of 16 volumes, were published in their present form in 1874, under the eye of their author. The greater part of them have long ago been translated into the principal languages of Europe, have excited great attention and often lively controversy and have been extensively circulated. Their principal scope has been to place in a clear light the harmony of reason and faith, and they have received, especially in view of this character, the highest eulogium from the late Sovereign Pontiff Pius IX. Moreover, as is testified by the late Cardinal Pie, Bishop of Poitiers, the first Doctrinal Constitution of the Council of the Vatican was derived in great part from one of the works of Cardinal Dechamps, published before he was elevated to the episcopal dignity.

The first volume of the complete works contains Conversations on the Catholic Demonstration of the Christian Religion. Another is entitled The Christ and the Antichrists in the Scriptures, History, and Consciousness, and is the antithesis of Re-

* *Œuvres Complètes de S. E. Le Cardinal Dechamps de La Cong. du T. S. Rédempteur, Archevêque de Malines, Primat de Belgique.* Malines : H. Dessain.

nan's idea, though it preceded the first of this writer's publications. Another work on Certitude in Religion fills two volumes, Infallibility and the General Council is the topic of another, The New Eve is a Treatise on the devotion to Mary, and besides these larger connected works, there are several volumes of oratorical discourses, pastoral and official documents, minor treatises, miscellaneous writings and letters. All have an important bearing on the ecclesiastical history and the principal controversies of the last fifty years. The most original, the most salient, the most effective and enduring part of the collective array of intellectual weapons to be found in the cardinal's extensive arsenal of argument and eloquence, consists in the exposition of the way of proving the truth of Christianity by a Catholic argument which is equally adapted to the wise and simple and equally cogent for all minds. We confine ourselves, therefore, principally, to a review of that portion of the eminent author's works in which this argument is made the direct and specific object of exposition.

Pius IX. praises the works of the cardinal because they "manifest clearly that right reason gives such a testimony to the Catholic faith, that not only believers, but even rationalists themselves are compelled to confess the absurdity of the opinions which are contrary to it." Cardinal Pie in a letter to the distinguished Belgian philosopher Dr. Van Weddingen, expresses himself in reference to the same as follows: "I have particularly appreciated what you have so well said of the popular proof of the true religious doctrine. This point had been already treated in a new and striking manner by your eminent metropolitan, while he was still F. Dechamps, and the first doctrinal constitution of the Council of the Vatican has rendered him the well-merited honor of reproducing the substance and almost the precise form of his argument."

The entire scope and substance of the cardinal's works directly treating of this argument is summarized and sanctioned as the rule of Catholic teaching in these words of the Vatican Council:

"The church by herself, namely by her admirable propagation, eminent sanctity and inexhaustible fecundity in all good things, together with her catholic unity and immovable stability, is a grand and perpetual motive of credibility and an irrefragable testimony of her own divine legation."

This is the old argument of St. Augustine which he frequently repeats and upon which he dilates.

"It is the very name of Catholic which holds me in the bosom of the church." "I would not believe the Gospel unless the au-

thority of the Catholic Church moved me thereto." (Con. Ep. Fund. c. 5.)

In another place, he most explicitly argues that as the disciples who had Jesus himself before their eyes believed directly upon his own oral testimony confirmed by miracles, and among other things believed in the future catholicity of the church which was not yet visible, so the successors of the disciples to whom the church is visible by her visible notes, but Jesus himself invisible, believe in the Lord and in his word by means of the testimony of the church.

"This the disciples did not yet see, the church spread through all nations beginning from Jerusalem. They saw the head, and they believed the head concerning the body. By that which they saw, they believed what they did not see. We also are similar to them: we see something which they saw not; and there is something which we see not but which they saw. What do we see which they did not? The church spread through all nations. What do we not see which they saw? Christ existing in his bodily presence. As they saw him and believed in his body (the church): so we see his body and ought to believe in the head. Our respective visible objects are fitted to give us mutual aid. The visible Christ aided them to believe in the future church: let the visible church aid us to believe in the resurrection of Christ. Their faith was full, let ours be the same; their faith was full, derived from the head, let ours be full derived from the body. The whole Christ was known to them, and is known to us: but the whole was not visible to them, and the whole is not visible to us. The head was seen by them, the body believed: by us, the body is seen, the head believed." (Serm. 116, Ed. Ben.)

Again: "The Church is diffused throughout the whole globe of the earth: all nations have the church. Let no one deceive you: she is true, she is catholic. We do not see Christ: we see her, let us believe in Christ." (Serm. 238.) "We have our respective turns, we have the grace of our dispensation: the times are distributed to us in one faith, with the most certain evidences for enabling us to believe. They saw the head and believed concerning the body; we see the body, let us believe concerning the head." (Serm. 242.)

Bossuet proclaims the fact of catholicity to be a perpetually subsisting miracle which confirms the truth of all the other miracles, Pascal declares that the present state of the true religion of itself suffices to prove its truth, Moehler that it is to the divine work of catholic unity our Lord himself appeals as the perma-

nent proof of his mission. The same is laid down with accurate theological precision by the most approved authors of classical text-books, such as Liebermann, who says that "the church, by her notes, is a motive of credibility sufficient for the simple and necessary for the wise"; and Dens, who says that "she is by the splendor of her notes the first of the motives of credibility, proves revelation independently of the Scriptures, and alone makes the divine origin of the Christian revelation apparent in all its evidence to those who have not received an immediate revelation out of the ordinary course."

What is meant, then, by ascribing to the mode adopted by Cardinal Dechamps in Christian Apologetics a certain novelty and originality? It is merely this: that in modern Treatises on The True Religion and The Christian Demonstration, the argument from the very existence and manifest notes of the Catholic Church has not been sufficiently insisted on and made prominent, and that in reasoning from the stability and universality of Christianity abstraction from the church has been made, the demonstration of the church being subsequently and separately developed. The special characteristic, therefore, of the cardinal's works on this subject is: that, to use his own explanation of his intention, he has aimed to impress on the attention of the defenders of the faith "that if there are several good methods of the demonstration of the faith, if there is a Christian demonstration and a Catholic demonstration, each one of which is conclusive, although presented successively, there is also a Catholic demonstration of the Christian revelation which Providence makes at one stroke and continues before the eyes of the world by the permanent work of Catholicity; a grand fact which is not only strictly speaking a motive of credibility, but is *for us* the principal one, distinguished above all others by its being *present, public, and notorious*, and by being *living, speaking, self-manifesting* and *self-explaining*." (Tom. xv. p. 340.)

No one who believes that Christianity is a divine and revealed religion, and that faith is necessary for the temporal and eternal salvation of individuals and the human race can fail to see how important, how necessary it is to find the best and quickest and most generally suitable way of confirming all believers against involuntary or voluntary doubts, and of convincing those who are in unbelief, in ignorance or in doubt, so that they may clearly understand that they are rationally bound to believe. St. Thomas says that no one can rationally believe unless he first sees that he ought to believe, that what is proposed to him as an object of

faith is credible. In respect to those who have leisure and learning, there is no great difficulty in the way of their proceeding by philosophy, history, the examination of documents, to acquire a competent and extensive knowledge of the whole moral demonstration of the divine origin of Christianity, of the fact and the contents of revelation, of the Catholic Church and her principles, doctrines and laws, taken singly and collectively. This is a legitimate way in which faith may seek for science, when one already has faith. In the same way, one who has not faith or does not possess the Catholic rule and criterion of faith, may, by spending some considerable time in dilligent inquiry and study, arrive at the certainty which is the preamble of full and complete Catholic faith. The greater number, however, of those who are believers are impeded from obtaining any great measure of this kind of science, and the same is true of the greater number of those who are seeking or who ought to be seeking for faith itself. Moreover, those who have faith without science must have a reasonable motive for their faith, even though they can never attain to science. Those who can attain to science by means of study cannot lawfully and safely hold their faith in suspense while they are acquiring science. Those who are seeking for faith, if they are capable of science, are yet in a very insecure and disadvantageous position if they are obliged to wait for years while they are acquiring it. Much more pitiable is the condition of those who are incapable of science, if they must remain in doubt or ignorance, because there is no short and easy way by which they can come to see rationally and certainly that they ought to believe, and what they ought to believe, in order to be in a secure way of attaining interior peace, the grace of God and the future salvation of their souls. Two things, obviously, must be true and verifiable in respect to a revealed religion which is proposed to all men as the only way of salvation and is adapted to the actual state and condition of mankind in general. Proceeding from God who is the author of the natural order and whose providence is universal, who is also the source and measure of all truth whatsoever, it must be in perfect agreement with all the real, all the known and all the knowable, and thus capable of the most complete scientific and historical demonstration to the utmost extent of the human capacity. But, being provided for all men, and necessary for all, it cannot, viewing the actual condition of mankind, have need of any such demonstration, in order to be known with certainty as a true revelation and to be certainly and sufficiently understood by all. A religion which presup-

poses any great degree of intelligence, of study and of knowledge as the necessary preamble and disposition for certainly knowing its divine origin and believing with a reasonable and certain faith what it proposes, cannot be the universal religion which God has provided and adapted for the salvation of all mankind. Therefore, any form of professedly Christian doctrine which presupposes a personal and adequate examination of its own documentary evidence as a condition requisite to a reasonable assent to its truth, stands self-condemned. Moreover, any form of demonstration however complete and conclusive of the verity and the genuine nature of the Christian Revelation, of its authentic documents and doctrines, of the rule and contents of its faith and law, which can be known and understood only by the few who surpass the many in mental capacity and knowledge, cannot be the primary, necessary and universal means of obtaining a certain knowledge that the Christian Religion is from God, and a certain knowledge of what it really teaches and commands.

It is of the utmost consequence, therefore, that those who undertake to teach the faithful generally how it is that their faith is not only an act of supernatural virtue proceeding from a gift of God inherent in their regenerate nature, but also an act which accords with the essential principles and acts of their rational nature itself, should find out what is the palmary and summary motive of credibility which really exists in their minds and makes their assent reasonable. Otherwise, they will present to them evidences and arguments which are only intelligible and useful to the smaller number, and will pass over the heads of the multitude. It is of equal importance that those who seek to convince the multitude of the truth of Christianity, or, specifically, of the identity of Christianity with Catholicity, should find out this first, most universal, and most easily intelligible motive of credibility for the claim of Jesus Christ as the Saviour and of the church as the Teacher of all mankind.

Cardinal Dechamps, in fulfilling his life-long mission as a champion of the faith against every kind of modern incredulity, has set forth the church herself, resplendent with her four notes of unity, sanctity, catholicity and apostolicity, as that subsisting and perpetual motive of credibility which the Providence of God has furnished and which is both sufficient for the simple and necessary for the wise. Going backward from the foundation of the Apostolic Church to the creation of man, he shows how the society established by God in the primordial human family and perpetuated through the patriarchal and Mosaic dispensations

was generically one and the same with the Christian Catholic Church, and endowed with attributes and powers sufficient for fulfilling the same purpose relatively to the initial and progressive conditions of redeemed humanity. It might naturally be supposed that one whose dominant idea was the one we have described would have devoted himself principally to the instruction of the people. The young F. Dechamps, as a Redemptorist missionary, did consecrate himself to this work at the beginning of his priestly life, and labor in it with apostolic zeal during many years. Nevertheless, his high and varied gifts fitted him to become the teacher of the learned and cultivated, a teacher and ruler of the clergy, and a primate among bishops, as well as a popular preacher. His dominant idea was one which did not need to be exchanged for another, when he turned from teaching the multitude to teach their teachers, to instruct the most cultured minds among the faithful, and to confront the most able and subtle sophists. To quote his own words: "That which constitutes the proper character of the method which we have preferred, without disowning the legitimate quality of other methods, is that it follows the ordinary way *incontestably* traced by Providence in order to lead men to the faith, and in which one sees clearly that which is a point of the utmost importance, viz., that the *reasoned-out* faith of the learned reposes absolutely upon the same foundations with the *reasonable* faith of the simple, as we have already remarked in the second chapter of this work, where we show how in this way of Providence, the rights of reason and the rights of faith are *always* harmonized." (Tom. vii. p. 404.) The cardinal's writings are not popular tracts for the uneducated multitude but mostly learned and polished works for the educated laity, useful also for the clergy, relating to the *foi raisonnée*, and often discussing the highest matters of philosophy and theology. Yet they all proceed from the principle before laid down, and are the development and illustration of the one dominant idea. Those who have to prepare conferences and discourses or to write essays on the topics of faith, no matter whether the level of intelligence and knowledge in their hearers or readers be lower or higher, will find in the cardinal's writings a great quantity of most excellent material, and also fine models of style for compositions which are intended for the more cultivated class.

The comments and expositions which a prelate of the high rank, the great learning, and relations of intimate confidence toward the Holy See belonging to the Cardinal Primate of Bel-

gium has given upon the doctrinal decisions of Pius IX. and the Council of the Vatican must carry with them a great authority. A great deal of light is thrown upon several interesting modern controversies by the information and the explanations furnished in his writings. We wish to call attention particularly to the cardinal's explanation of the import of the condemnations pronounced upon modern rationalism, specifically that reason can attain to a science of all dogmas, even those which are the most recondite mysteries of the faith, which is founded on demonstration by the natural power of the intellect, from natural principles. It is well known to all who are familiar with theological speculation that some Catholic writers have endeavored to prove by purely rational arguments, not merely in a negative but even in a positive manner, the reasonableness of the dogma of the Trinity. Notably, among ourselves, Dr. Brownson and F. De Concilio have distinguished themselves by the remarkably able and subtle manner in which they have argued that the concept of the three hypostases is necessary to a clear and distinct conception of the unity of essence in the divine nature. We observe that an eminent Protestant writer, Principal Caird of Glasgow University, has recently affirmed that the Trinity is a necessary doctrine of Natural Theology. There has been some misgiving awakened in respect to arguments of this kind, lest they might imply an assertion of a possibility of discerning the intrinsic reasons of truths which are beyond the capacity and scope of the human intellect in its present state and can only be known and believed as the extrinsic authority of revelation. Some of our classical authors in theology are very shy of arguments of this kind, and not only exclude them from their treatises but even take pains to show that they are inconclusive and to deprecate the effort to reason at all upon this line as fruitless if not rash and censurable. Cardinal Dechamps does not concur with those who adhere to this kind of theological positivism.

He does not confine himself to the demonstration of the verity of revelation, but he goes further by arguing that the revealed verities are in themselves both negatively and positively reasonable, showing their intrinsic reasons by which they are made intelligible to the intellect in its intellectual and rational light, and thus adding another motive of credibility to the external motive of faith which is the veracity of God who reveals them. He takes his departure from the declarations made by the Sovereign Pontiff and the Vatican Council. Pius IX. in his Brief of December 11, 1862, defines that the scope of reason and philosophy ex-

tend even "ad illa etiam reconditiora dogmata, quæ sola fide percipi primum possunt, ut illa *aliquo modo* a ratione intelligantur": "to those more secret dogmas which can be first perceived by faith alone, so that they may be in some way understood by reason." The cardinal translates: "afin que ceux-ci soient en quelque manière aussi *compris ou saisis* par la raison." The Constitution *Dei Filius* also declares that "ratio quidem, fide illustrata, cum sedulo, pie et sobrie quærit, aliquam, Deo dante, mysteriorum intelligentiam eamque fructuosissimam assequitur, tum ex earum, quæ naturaliter cognoscit, analogia, tum e mysteriorum ipsorum nexu inter se et cum fine hominis ultimo." "Reason, indeed, illuminated by faith, when it searches carefully, piously and prudently, obtains, by the gift of God, some understanding, and that most fruitful, of the mysteries, both by analogy derived from the things which it naturally knows, and also by the connection existing between the mysteries mutually, and between themselves and the final end of man."

The cardinal refers also to the doctrinal authority of the greatest theologians as well as to the judicial authority of the church herself, and especially to St. Thomas, St. Bonaventura and Bossuet. Specifically in respect to the mystery of the Trinity, following the reasoning of these two last-mentioned doctors, he designates the line dividing what reason may attempt to demonstrate, and may be considered as demonstrable and actually demonstrated, from that which is intrinsically inevident and undemonstrable. The demonstrable part viz. is that for which analogies in created things furnish concepts and data by means of which we can understand the uncreated and infinite nature of God. By means of these analogies St. Bonaventura and Bossuet have argued from a threefold modal distinction in the rational nature of man, that if this nature were infinite the modal distinctions would necessarily be real terms of the essence, constituting three hypostases. Consequently, the divine nature, being intellectual and infinite must subsist in three distinct hypostases. In what sense, then, does the cardinal understand those definitions of the church which proclaim the mystery of the Trinity a revealed truth above reason, essentially inevident and undemonstrable? In this sense, that the entire and complete dogma revealed by God and proposed to faith by the Catholic Church is not comprised in the proposition that there are three hypostases in the divine unity, but includes more. Analogies fail at a certain point which is the term of human intelligence, and must fail at some point which terminates the line of vision for every created intel-

ligence. That which cannot be seen except by the intuition of the divine essence remains in the dark obscurity of mystery. Therefore, it is only a certain something of supernatural verities which can be seen, and in their totality as the adequate objects of divine faith, they are mysteries. Yet, in part, and *aliquo modo* they are intelligible, and those who have attained to the intelligence of this part or side of a revealed truth can demonstrate it to others.

“ This is what St. Bonaventure explains, when he says at one and the same time that human reason cannot pretend to *comprehend the incomprehensible* Trinity, but yet that it can *see* and therefore cause others to see, that is prove that this incomprehensible Trinity is *necessary* in the unity of the divine nature, by showing that the sovereign goodness or the sovereign good cannot be conceived without it, *quin cogitetur trinum et unum.*” (Tom. vii., Pie IX. et Les Erreurs de son Temps, p. 95.)

The cardinal presents in like manner, the Incarnation, the Holy Eucharist, and other dogmas of faith under their rational aspect, and we are pleased to see that he favors the view which among others, one of our own writers, F. De Concilio, has presented with so much clearness of reasoning, that the Incarnation was not decreed solely in view of the redemption of fallen man, but as an original and necessary part of the whole supernatural order.

It is interesting to know what are the prognostications of the future issue of the great combat between the Catholic Church and her enemies made by the veteran champion and leader, who at the close of his long career has collected the works of his whole life as so many trophies, the armor, weapons and banners of a glorious warfare, and which may yet be used again by other soldiers of the cross in new campaigns. We conclude therefore with a passage in which the cardinal expresses his highest hopes of an approaching victory of the Faith in so beautiful a manner that we regret to impair its form by a translation:

“ It is sure that the splendor of the conquests of the truth never has been and never will be unaccompanied by some shadow. These victories can never absolutely finish the warfare between truth and error, for the church must remain militant even to the last day ; yet notwithstanding this necessity for the perpetual continuance of the struggle, everything warrants our expectation that an epoch is drawing near which has no parallel in the history of Christianity. On the one hand, God is diffusing through the world *the spirit of grace and supplication*, more

abundantly than in any foregoing times; and on the other hand, as if they felt themselves in danger of a great defeat, all the anti-christian forces *are joined in battle-array against the Lord and against his Christ*. They are frightened, then, and what is it they are afraid of? Of a disarmed power, of the word of an aged man, which nevertheless cannot be imprisoned with him. It is in this way that they confess by their actions what they will not acknowledge to themselves, that this word is more than human, and that in the end God will bring them into subjection to its power." (Tom. x. Œuv. Orat. p. 132.)

TWO LETTERS TO THE REV. E. B. PUSEY, D.D.,

CANON OF CHRIST CHURCH, AND REGIUS PROFESSOR OF HEBREW
IN THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD. BY ORBY SHIPLEY, M.A.

PREFATORY NOTE.

The two following letters have been addressed to Dr. Pusey.

The first letter was privately printed; and when it had been forwarded to the venerable doctor it was widely circulated to public men in the Establishment, to private friends, to a portion of the press, and to some Catholics. Neither of the letters, after a period of four months, has been honored by any reply.

With the first printed letter to Dr. Pusey was sent a formal manuscript letter of presentation. In acknowledging its receipt Dr. Pusey pleads that he is overworked in trying to finish an answer to a late book on *Universalism*, and excuses himself from other controversy. As a rejoinder to this brief note Dr. Pusey is respectfully asked if these few words may be taken as his answer to the letter, and if he will sanction their publication: To this second manuscript note Dr. Pusey in substance answers that he has not read the printed letter; and that, as it is proposed to publish the correspondence, he declines to answer it: The second printed letter was then posted to Dr. Pusey; and to this no word has been returned.

Whilst awaiting any response which Dr. Pusey might be pleased to give to the letters in question, a courteous invitation from the editor of THE CATHOLIC WORLD, to furnish an epitome of the rejoinder to Dr. Littledale's tract, *Why Ritualists do not become Roman Catholics*, entitled "Truthfulness and Ritualism," was received by the author. As the privately-printed letter to Dr. Pusey already contained a summary of the pamphlet, and as the work on which Dr. Pusey had been engaged was published—and hence since one of his reasons for maintaining silence had lapsed—without any answer having been made by Dr. Pusey, the opportunity of obtaining an extended publicity in the church in America for both the letters following was thankfully secured.

The letters may now speak for themselves.

OCTOBER 1, 1880.

LETTER I.

MY DEAR DR. PUSEY:

I am reluctantly compelled to appeal to your individual judgment, and to the attention which your respected name can alone

secure for my appeal, in regard to some recent corporate action of former fellow-laborers and old friends of my own.

After consideration I have decided to address myself to you, in your official relations, not only because for many years past I have looked up to you with deference as an authority in matters of dispute within the Anglican communion, but also because you are, and have long been, the one and only person whose word—spoken, or written, or even conveyed by telegraph—I have myself known to become law to those against whose course of action I venture to appeal. And I so address myself in the assurance that, from your high religious character and from your keen sense of right, I shall be certain to secure justice.

I make this appeal with reference to a gross, unprovoked, and widely-circulated attack on the moral character of converts to the Catholic Church—a body of men of whom I daily more and more thankfully know myself to be one—to the reckless and unscrupulous imputations of bad motives, which are beyond man's power of perception; and to many positively false charges and inaccurate statements which are devoid of any semblance of proof.

This attack and these accusations, moral and literary, have been published under the special patronage of a great religious society, consisting exclusively of "communicants," viz., the English Church Union, of which you are the vice-president. They originated from the pen of its chief, if not of its only prominent, and certainly of its most frequent, spokesman, who is also one of its accredited and honored office-bearers—Dr. Littledale. And I appeal to you in person, and through you, in the first instance, to public opinion within the society, for these reasons: First, because I have failed to obtain from the president and council any acknowledgment whatever of the grievous wrong that has been done. Next, because I have been equally unsuccessful in obtaining privately, from several representative members of the Union, both lay and clerical, any hope or any hint of contemplated reparation. Thirdly, because in no other equally effective way can I expose the shameless accusations and mendacious statements which, to an extent unconsciously, perhaps, the president and council have been led to circulate broadcast. And, lastly, because I am determined to expose Dr. Littledale's assertions, by simply repeating them categorically, by annotating them in a few words, and by challenging the society who has adopted them to establish their veracity.

I take this course, you will be pleased to observe, *not* in rela-

tion to myself, but on a twofold ground. In the first place, I write on behalf of gentlemen who need no defence at my hands, but whom the society, through Dr. Littledale, has maligned. And then I plead on behalf of high-toned, honest, and courteous theological controversy with the Catholic Church, which the society, through Dr. Littledale, has degraded. I appeal, therefore, in the interests of truthfulness in the abstract, which cannot really be advanced by vulgar personalities, by vague and defamatory religious gossip, by bold and rash assertions unsupported by evidence, and by definite charges that are demonstrably false. I appeal, also, in defence of upright and earnest men, whose chief, if not whose only, crime against their persistent and bitter calumniators is this: that they honestly abandoned, and often at a great personal sacrifice, what they at length, as all others from the first, have perceived to be an untenable and precarious position in the Established Religion.

To this position the extremest Ritualist section of the High-Church party—who, however wrongly, venture to claim your countenance, if not your example—still think fit to adhere. Nor, on the present occasion, do I question the liberty of their choice. I only question the means which they allow themselves to take, through the instrumentality of another, to defend and support such liberty. Neither do I now question their acceptance of a false principle on the strength of which men, otherwise consistent, adopt nearly all Catholic doctrine, practise many Catholic usages, and follow much Catholic example, as members of a Protestant communion, whilst at the same time they incontinently abuse—for no other word expresses their attitude towards—the church, to which they are yet ceaselessly attracted and which they even slavishly imitate.

But I do earnestly and indignantly denounce as morally wicked the action of a religious society which, with no obvious restraint, employs the powers of one of its members in vilifying the character, in distorting the actions, and in misquoting the words of those who, at the least, are in religion more consistent than themselves, though they be hated converts to the Holy Roman Church. I do protest against the conduct of the Union as unworthy which condescends to utilize such a writer and such a mode of attack, but will neither frankly apologize for the indignity if it were unwittingly offered, nor will publicly repudiate the offender when his statements have been publicly proved to be false.

Such conduct I feel sure that you will agree with me in condemning as at once immoral, unmanly, and ungenerous.

I ask, then, for your help, as that of one whose influence with all who are implicated in this unhappy and gratuitous defamation of converts is all-powerful. I ask for the exercise of your influence with the president and council of the English Church Union. I ask you to obtain, *not* from the writer—for from the outset I have declined to appeal to Dr. Littledale—but from a company of gentlemen and clergymen who support and encourage, or at the least fail to disclaim or repudiate, his wanton assault, such reparation as they alone, and now, can make. I ask you to obtain for a candid admission of error in judgment (which is avowedly excusable under misapprehension) and of consequent wrong-doing (which is morally inexcusable in persistency) the like publicity that they spontaneously and even ostentatiously afforded to Dr. Littledale's indefensible and undefended accusations. And I ask this *after* having publicly proved, and *not before* I have proved, my case from matters of fact that are beyond cavil; from trustworthy witnesses whose testimony cannot be gainsaid; from documentary evidence which the Union has attempted to answer, no, *not in one single point*.

My case, stated shortly, is as follows:

Dr. Littledale has lately published in the *Contemporary Review* a reply to an essay of the Rev. Abbé Martin's, entitled *What hinders Ritualists from becoming Catholics?* This reply was officially brought before the notice of the president and council of your society. It was examined by them. They requested the author to revise his work. His consent to its republication was secured. The Union reprinted it in a pamphlet form and at their own expense. They issued it under their special recommendation; advertised it in their literary organ; sold it to their own members at reduced terms. In a word, they did what they have before done, I believe, for none other, whether pamphleteer or pamphlet—they *adopted* the author's tract and made it their own. Their efforts for its circulation were not in vain. The *Reply* met with a certain amount of success.

The evidence for this definite statement is taken from the society's official paper. In spite of it, and in opposition to it, the Hon. Charles L. Wood has been content to deny in general terms, in the *Tablet* newspaper, the responsibility of the Union for *all* the separate utterances, in *this or that* publication, which may *happen to appear* under its auspices!

The article in the *Contemporary Review* was written previously to my submission to the Catholic Church. Hence it affects me personally, whether directly or indirectly, not at all. Upon its

reissue, under the patronage of the Union, in a pamphlet form and under the title of *Why Ritualists do not become Roman Catholics*, I was led, without a presentiment of the revelation which awaited me, to examine with scrupulous care Dr. Littledale's charges against converts and his attack upon the church. Some results of my criticism I submitted, first at large and then in detail, to the consideration of the society and for public inquiry, in two series of letters, which have been lately completed in the *Tablet* newspaper, and are now published by Messrs. Burns & Oates. They are entitled *Truthfulness and Ritualism*.

In my letters to the *Tablet* I dealt with some of the accusations, made by Dr. Littledale and accepted by the Union, against Anglicans in general who had joined the Church of Rome, and against certain distinguished men amongst them. These passages I compared, where comparison were possible, with authorities at first hand and with official and printed documents. Without exhausting either topic, I selected twelve definite charges and a like number of statements, and I more or less thoroughly examined each one of them. With your permission I will summarize some of the results at which I arrived.

The charges brought by the English Church Union against converts, through the instrumentality of Dr. Littledale, vary from a comparatively harmless assertion of opinion to the most shameful accusations of untruthfulness and immorality. Two features are apparent in most of them. They abound in the imputation of bad motives; and, also, they are made either independently of any proof at all, or dependent on proofs which will bear no test of verification. For instance, to pass upwards from pure matters of opinion or sentiment to positive detraction and false-witness:

1. Tractarians, Dr. Littledale affirms, left the Church of England because they despaired of reform.
2. Convert-Ritualists, he says, are cowards.
3. Waverers towards Rome, he declares, know next to nothing of their old religion and absolutely nothing of their new faith.
4. Seceders to Rome are insignificant in number, and individually are unregretted.
5. Converts have no intellectual power, and exercise no personal influence.
6. They accept the Catholic system eagerly, because they like it—just as they might like oysters and pastry.
7. They give up the sin of thinking, from motives of mere mental laziness and sloth.
8. Not one convert clergyman was ever converted by the study of theology and history.
- And, 9, while most lay converts sink into religious indifference, not a few fall into downright scepticism.

Dr. Littledale's nine charges, which are made apart from any

semblance of evidence, more or less closely or individually affect converts who bear these amongst many other honored names. I confine myself to the repetition of a few names from a galaxy of intellect and a crowd of lofty moral characters to which even the paper which claims to be the organ of the Ritualists is compelled to bear witness. But I shall mention many of whom you personally will be able to judge whether or not they deserve Dr. Littledale's systematic ridicule or his ridiculous disparagement. They are these, and their names are heard in every position of life: Allies, Badeley, Barff, Bellasis, Bowyer, Coleridge, Digby, Faber, Fortescue, Harper, Herbert, Lindsay, De Lisle, Lucas, Manning, Maskell, Mivart, Morris, Newman, Northcote, Oakeley, Paley, Palmer, Pollen, Pugin, Ripon, Spenser, Ward, Wilberforce.

Such are the men—typical of a class—at whom the above libels are levelled. Nor do these exhaust the minor and vaguer charges, sanctioned by the Union, which are brought by Dr. Littledale against converts. Indeed, an impartial person, from a perusal of the *Reply* to Abbé Martin, would be naturally led to conceive the Anglican convert to Rome as one who, beyond the above-named characteristics, lived the life of a fast layman, being indifferent to his religion, loafing about billiard-rooms, not paying his butcher's and baker's bills, and even getting drunk and being locked up for assaulting the police—and that, observe, for the first time in his life on the evening of his conversion, and by way of inaugurating his admission into the Catholic Church! I pause to ask, *not* if you recognize the portrait of a convert to the church of your earlier life, from the ranks of the gentlemanlike, cultivated, pious, and scholarly Oxford Tractarians; but if you can accept such a wicked caricature, even after Tractarianism has been for years vulgarized and degraded by so-called Ritualist writers?

But, in any case, here is an instance of the Ritual method of controversy with Rome. These calumnies appear amongst the reasons offered to the world why Ritualists do not become Catholics. On such moral garbage is the modern Ritualist intellectually fed by his accredited leaders and acknowledged spokesmen. For such shameful statements are individual members of the English Church Union responsible—responsible by reason of the action of their president and council—yourself and the Hon. Charles L. Wood, Canon Liddon and the Rev. T. T. Carter, Archdeacon Denison and the Rev. Dr. West, Lord Limerick and the Rev. F. H. Murray, the Rev. C. F. Lowder and Dr. Phillimore, the Hon. and Rev. R. Liddell, Mr. J. D. Cham-

bers, Mr. Shaw Stewart, the Rev. G. Body and Canon King, and others, members of the council and of the society.

These nine charges, however—if, indeed, any one outside the Union can believe them to be true—are light in comparison with those remaining charges which affect the moral character of converts to the church. The latter are threefold :

10. The old, old story of constantly recurring bad faith in converts—a charge which receives a curious counter-illustration in the course of the controversy. In the solitary instance supplied by Dr. Littledale of convert-falsity I have shown from printed evidence that the inculcated assertion is literally exact.

11. The fact that conversion to Rome involves, according to the English Church Union, in a large majority of cases sudden, serious, and permanent moral deterioration, especially as to the quality of truthfulness. The specific charge—viz., of convert-inveracity—is devoid of any evidence whatever. The generic charge we shall come to presently.

12. The even worse slander which is attached by the Union and its licensed agent of detraction to married clerical converts—viz., that the motive of secession, in not a few instances, has been the wish to be permanently free from the moral and religious checks of the clerical profession, and to be at liberty to adopt uncensured the habits of fast laymen. This most grave charge against convert clergymen only assumes its real and almost fiendish aspect when the following is added. The above words form an integral portion of the author's argument, in which he, under the guise of a friend, deliberately accuses English Catholic clergy, by scores and hundreds, who have formed no hallowed domestic ties, with that type of immorality which is sometimes asserted of the priesthood by ultra-Protestant controversialists. Moreover, as we shall see, Dr. Littledale has lately reiterated, with studied emphasis, the more offensive portion of this charge.

These accusations I have repeated in the writer's own words, as revised by himself and as adopted by the Union. The intrinsic amount of probability which belongs to them—in the absence of all evidence in their favor—may perhaps be incidentally estimated. I now propose to draw your attention to certain other statements, with a like general malign purport, gathered from the pamphlet which has secured the special and even exceptional *imprimatur* of your society. These statements occur in some of the author's assertions which I have carefully annotated in the *Tablet* newspaper. They are collected from a cloud of similar propositions—similar, *i.e.*, in their utter untrustworthiness, in

their inexactitude, in their pretentiousness, in their mistakes and blunders, in their positive and irreconcilably false quotations. They form "fair average examples" of the quality of Dr. Littledale's accusations, though they afford but a few instances of their variety. I shall esteem it a favor if you will bear with me whilst I recapitulate from the *Tablet* the following reckless and unproven propositions, not one of which the Union has ventured to support by evidence, not one of which the Union has had the candor or the courage to withdraw. For example :

1. Dr. Littledale has charged Cardinal Newman with describing as like a bad dream certain devotions thrust by authority on English Catholics. Cardinal Newman has said nothing of the sort, but has affirmed *almost* the exact contradictory.

2. Dr. Littledale has accused Cardinal Manning of denouncing an appeal to the church herself, and to church history, as treason and heresy. Cardinal Manning has affirmed *precisely* the opposite.

3. Dr. Littledale has imputed to a statement by Cardinal Manning—*viz.*, that "Janus" first formally announced a certain silly fable about papal infallibility—deliberate bad faith. The cardinal's assertion is *literally* true.

4. Dr. Littledale has committed himself and the Union to this assertion : that Cardinal Newman has acknowledged the English Church to be *the* great breakwater against infidelity in this country. His eminence has not only *not* acknowledged this, but he has said much, and has said often, that which is totally *inconsistent* with such an opinion.*

5. Dr. Littledale, fourteen years after making the *same* charge and reading the *same* denial, has again declared that a certain papal rescript on the reunion of Christendom (whereby hangs a tale) was promulgated at the instance of a leading convert. The venerable Bishop Ullathorne, upon *personal* knowledge and from *official* documents combined, contradicted the assertion then, and repeats the contradiction now.

6. We have seen the lack of evidence which illustrates Dr. Littledale's exceptional attack upon the untruthfulness of converts. His collective charge, however, of moral deterioration is supported by a disgraceful personal attack upon some Catholic nuns, defenceless ladies devoted to God and works of charity, whom Dr. Littledale, anonymously though plainly, accuses—and *falsely* accuses—of vulgar and petty dishonesty.

7. *Apropos* of his detraction of the late Father Faber, Dr. Lit-

* See THE CATHOLIC WORLD, April, 1866, p. 49.

lledale has charged that divine with false doctrine, on the strength of his own misquotation from Faber's *Hymns*. In a revised edition of his *Plain Reasons for not joining the Church of Rome* Dr. Littledale has corrected the quotation to which I drew public attention, but *he has allowed the false charge to remain*.

8. In relation to the Catholic doctrine of the Real Presence Dr. Littledale has quoted, between inverted commas, a theological term and a sentence, in order to prove a contradiction in teaching between the Council of Trent and Father Gallwey, S.J. These quotations are found in the utterances of *neither*.

9. Dr. Littledale has quoted, and has incorrectly quoted, an expression of opinion by Bishop Maret on a hypothetic result of the Vatican Council. He has done so without informing his readers that the bishop *retracted* his opinion years ago, and, at a great pecuniary loss, *suppressed* the work which contained it.

10. Dr. Littledale has asserted that Count de Montalembert called the devotions of the church by the term "idolatry." I take the liberty to inquire, *not* of Dr. Littledale, but of yourself, or of any member of the tract committee who sanctioned the libel: *Where* has Montalembert thus spoken?

11. Dr. Littledale has accused St. Alphonsus of an immoral decision in a case of conscience. I have shown that, in the case misquoted, Dr. Littledale has actually mistaken a *limitation* or *exception* for a *final decision*, and has thus misrepresented the saint's real judgment. I have reason to think that Dr. Littledale has here permitted himself to quote controversy at second hand.

12. Dr. Littledale has parodied a theological proposition of Perrone's on the doctrine of intention. Will it be credited, I have asked the reader, that Dr. Littledale has ignorantly quoted (and the Church Union, apparently without inquiry, has sanctioned the quotation), as Perrone's actual teaching, the *supposed objection of an opponent*?

These misrepresentations, inaccuracies, and false charges I have in this place referred to only, without adding verbal marks of quotation and without quoting any authorities. But I have patiently exhibited them in detail and with exactitude, in regard to each selected assertion of Dr. Littledale's, in the series of letters referred to above. These letters contain at length the proofs of all that I have here advanced in brief. And to them I beg leave to refer both yourself and any other who may be sufficiently interested in the topic, or compromised by the action of your society, further to pursue the inquiry.

The inexactitudes which I have thus exhibited at length and

estimated at their proper value form but a fractional part of the inaccuracies to which, in an evil moment, the Church Union gave its unconditional and plenary *imprimatur*, and from which, after some months of interval, the society silently but firmly declines to withdraw its sanction. For within the short range of sixty-four pages Dr. Littledale has succeeded in collecting an unprecedentedly large number of serious errors, one-half of which, if substantiated, would destroy the reputation of any living author—not, by profession, a controversialist. These errors occur in nearly every conceivable division of his subject, and on nearly every single page of his pamphlet. For instance—and I confine myself, you will observe, to Dr. Littledale's reasons "why Ritualists do not become Catholics":

His facts (not less than his fictions) are wrong; his figures and his dates are wrong; and his deductions from both are, consequently, wrong. His theology is bad; he exposes his ignorance of the controversial method of theologians, his want of familiarity with Catholic dogma, his incapacity in dealing with the decisions of Christian morality. His ecclesiastical history and biography, and (oddly enough) even his liturgical knowledge, whether they be English or Roman, are more than questionable. His quotations are often transparently and superficially inaccurate; nay, in some given particular they are far more frequently erroneous than correct. His statistics, as evidence of divine truth, may be proved to bear a double significancy where he allows of but one. He retails scandalous religious and social gossip on his own sole responsibility which independent inquiry shows to be either unproven or false. And, on these and other points, he pretends to an acquaintance with men, facts, and things which circumstantial evidence, often most unexpectedly, thoroughly disproves. Indeed, he sometimes displays his own simulation of knowledge which he does not really possess, and that with *naïveté*. For example, in a certain argument "against Rome" he pompously refers to a long list of authors, presumably consulted at the least by himself, as Anglican theologians. Two of these, in truth, are Catholics—aye, and distinguished Catholics. (See *Reply*, p. 48.) Nor is this all. Certain statements in different parts of his pamphlet are obviously inharmonious. Many of his accusations, in themselves improbable, are incapable of proof. Some of his references cannot be verified. Some of his translations are grammatically and critically inexact. And many, perhaps the larger portion, of his conclusions are unwarranted from his premises.*

* For many other and very serious misstatements by Dr. Littledale the reader may be re-

In short, and apart from moral delinquencies, Dr. Littledale, in a work which has been decorated by the Union and has been pronounced "unanswerable," has blundered. It may be from nationality. It may be from the misfortune of an inexact mind, an undisciplined temperament, or wide and superficial reading counteracted by a treacherous memory or the vice of hasty generalization. It may be from more serious faults which, even in the palliation of critical error, I will not permit myself to name as the motive of Dr. Littledale's apparent determination at all hazards and at any cost to vilify converts to the church. It may be, once more, from sheer recklessness, inseparable from the immunity secured by controversial writing which is anonymous, and intensified by habitual indulgence. But, whatever may be the probable cause, the result is beyond a question. Wheresoever Dr. Littledale can stumble he falls. He falls heavily and prostrate. He falls so helplessly and so often that he makes no effort for the recovery of his character as a controversial writer, and even appears to be unconscious of the moral disgrace which follows the conviction of uttering, with whatever intention, false statements the result of which—for I ignore the motive—is calumny.

If you or any other should consider these general assertions to be exaggerated—as I allow that in former days, before I had weighed the author's work, I should have considered them to be—I must beg leave to refer you or him to my letters, *Truthfulness and Ritualism*. In this place I have merely summarized, from the proofs therein printed at large, some few of Dr. Littledale's inaccuracies, as a specimen of recent Anglican controversy with Rome which has obtained the approval of the representative High-Church society. If you or any other should consider these criticisms too severe—as I admit that, under ordinary circumstances, I should consider them to be—I must refer you or him, in a critical spirit, to the pamphlet itself by Dr. Littledale. If you or any other should demand why I have presumed to defend those who have been wantonly assailed, I would make the preliminary inquiry: Why should they have been maligned whom it is an honor for any one to be allowed to defend? It is at least as excusable for me to exhibit some results of their detraction as for Dr. Littledale to denounce and for the English Church Union to applaud. Indeed, had not a society of gentle-

ferred to the new work by Abbé Martin, entitled *Anglican Ritualism* (Burns & Oates), which contains a reprint of all the abbé's articles upon the present controversy, together with some valuable additions.

men voluntarily taken the responsibility of the pamphlet, I had certainly not thought it worth while to expose its contents. But of the writer's endless inaccuracies, and against his gratuitous and wicked attack on converts to the church, I have written *in the defensive only*. And if even thus I shall have seemed, to any one standing outside the controversy, to overpass the bounds of charity when inflicting castigation, this fact will, I hope, be taken into account, viz., that I only combat his calumnies upon the moral character of others, and only disprove his inveracities on their words and actions.

At the same time I will not disguise the fact that the absence of all charity, or even courtesy, in the conduct of controversy, for a long series of years past, by Dr. Littledale and his organ of opinion, with those who conscientiously abandoned the Established religion for the Catholic Church, consciously stimulated my efforts and strengthened my powers. For myself, and as an Anglican, I thank God that I never joined in and always strove to moderate this popular but futile device with Ritualists to stem the constant flow of secession by depreciating the character and belittling the gifts of those who left the Church of England. I always considered such detraction mean and unworthy in itself, impolitic and unwise controversially, and as ungenerous as it was untrue.

But when the present deliberate, minute, and far-extended calumny was accepted as deserving of honor by the society which claims yourself and many others who command respect; when I had satisfied myself of the real value of this worthless and pretentious Ritualistic manifesto, then I determined, please God, faithfully to exhibit in his true light the man who thus maligns his former friends and the divine and world-wide system which he, up to a point of his own choosing, servilely imitates. I was determined, at any risk, to expose the man who is guilty of all that I have proved, and all that I can still prove, from his own words—of his false-witness, of his false quotations, of his singular misstatements, of his unaccountable mistakes; the whole of which, it may be noted, are made to support the author's reasons, which the society has adopted, "why Ritualists do not become Catholics." I was determined, at whatever cost of time and labor to myself, to expose the man who, himself guilty of such literary immorality—for I judge him no further; I avoid all imputation of motive—has yet the hardihood to suggest a counter-inquiry into his own manner of controversy by thus aspersing the fair fame of others. For the author of the *Reply to the Abbé Martin* is the man who professes his own experience of the constantly

recurring proof of bad faith in Roman controversy to be large. He dares to say—apart from all evidence—that he is continually met by unquestionably misleading statements, garbled quotations, incorrect renderings, unverifiable references, and the like. And Dr. Littledale has secured for this rash statement the moral support of yourself and of the president and council of the English Church Union!

It may be asked by others, if not by yourself: Has the English Church Union done nothing in consequence of this exposure of its accepted, honored, and trusted controversialist? I reply: *The society has done nothing.*

It is true that when I had, in general terms, stated my case, in a preliminary correspondence in the *Tablet*, against Dr. Littledale; and *before* I had publicly examined a single charge brought by him against Catholic converts; and when the president believed (as I also did at that time) that Dr. Littledale's tract was out of print, *then* the president wrote to the *Tablet* to say that, in its unaltered state and with regard to certain indefinite points, the *Reply* would not be reprinted. And on learning that the residue of an edition was still on sale, Mr. Wood repeated the substance of his promise that the tract, as it then stood, should be suppressed. Mr. Wood's engagement, you will observe, appeared in the pages of a Roman Catholic newspaper only, which, of course, is not read by a tithe of the Ritual party. It was *not* published in the organs of Ritualism, nor in any Anglican paper; nor in the official gazette of the Union. This is all the action which your society has taken in this miserable matter.

Two further points have to be repeated, in order to allow you and others to learn the whole truth and to master the moral aspect of this case of detraction by a religious society.

In the first place, the Union has already circulated, with a special *imprimatur*, between two and three thousand copies of these false statements. No public effort has yet been taken (so far as I can learn) to counteract these falsehoods. They have not been retracted by the author, nor has the pamphlet which contains them been repudiated by the society which is responsible for them. The president's promise of merely suspending the sale in the future is no present reparation, is no apology for the past. Hence whatever responsibility once adhered to the publication of these inaccuracies still remains. It has not been removed from yourself and others.

But the next point is even more serious, and demands from every honorable man in the Union a clear explanation. The accredited exponent of the Ritualists—the *Church Times*—has lately

made an editorial pronouncement on one of the questions at issue. It has declared, "after inquiry" into the author's charge of immorality against convert clergymen, that *Dr. Littledale himself* maintains "the strict accuracy of his statements." This deliberate repetition of a base calumny was made public, I beg you and others to observe, *after* the pamphlet had been suppressed by the Union on this very ground, and *after* the Hon. Charles L. Wood had affirmed, on Dr. Littledale's own authority, that "certain imputations of motives," in the event of republication, should be withdrawn. Nearly four months have now elapsed, and Dr. Littledale has not denied the accuracy of this editorial statement in the *Church Times*. Such conduct, I feel sure, can claim no sympathy from yourself. To speak plainly, it is trifling with the president's assurance. It still further compromises the society. It is one more insult to Dr. Littledale's victims. It is one more outrage upon truth.

In the meanwhile, although no disproof of any one statement which I have made has been attempted, the English Church Union remains inactive and silent. It tacitly declines publicly to disconnect itself from a grave ethical responsibility which it voluntarily assumed. It has not publicly repudiated the author by whom it has been deceived, and who has made the society a vehicle for wrong-doing. It will offer no reparation to vindicate its own veracity, nor any retraction, nor any apology to the maligned character of others. Two courses only can be consistently taken by a body of English gentlemen in this unhappy moral and literary complication. The Union must either prove that, in any particulars important enough to convict me of conscious and wilful inaccuracy, I have misstated my case, or it must withdraw the false charges deliberately made by Dr. Littledale and incautiously accepted (probably without due inquiry) by the president and council.

The Union has elected to take neither course. It has been induced to adopt an unworthy compromise, as above mentioned, by merely suppressing an unsold remnant of the tract, whilst failing to notify the suppression to those who are chiefly if not only concerned—viz., its own members. This, like all compromises, has failed. It has failed to satisfy high-minded and honest men within its own ranks. It fails to satisfy those who stand without. Hence, as I have said at the beginning of this letter, I appeal to you, who I believe to have been kept in ignorance of the purport and details of this matter, and who I feel confident will imperiously require that all which justice, honor, and Christian courtesy

demand shall be done. I appeal to you as one who, to a large extent, stands outside and above the miserable littleness of Ritualistic cavils on the one hand and Ritualistic mimicry on the other. I appeal to you as one whom I know, as I know myself, to be incapable of writing with the pen of another what he would fear to write with his own. I appeal to you as one who, I am convinced, will in no wise countenance a lie (much less a collection of falsehoods) even when levelled at Rome, nor will condone a calumny (still less a catalogue of detraction) even though it strike at a convert to the church. I appeal to you to exercise your well-known and, if you are pleased to exert it, your unbounded influence with the majority of members in the English Church Union. Of your own inmost opinion on this gratuitous attack on conscientious and upright men, who have sacrificed much when from being friends they became your opponents, I allow myself to entertain no shadow of doubt. My only doubt consists in this: that even your weighty influence may not be still powerful enough to cause the society, under the lash of hostile criticism and with no legitimate defence, to remember its duty, to act with charity and truth independently of all respect of persons, and to free itself from the burden of self-assumed responsibility.

I appeal to you, lastly, as the vice-president of the English Church Union, to take action in this painful and humiliating case. In what direction you may consider it becoming for the society to move I shall not presume to dictate. If the efforts you may make shall be happily crowned with success, there will be no necessity for me publicly to connect your honored name with the wretched scandal exposed in the present letter, although I shall be thankful for permission to allow your name to remain upon its pages. But if, unhappily, you shall fail in your efforts to obtain a public repudiation of the false charges and statements above indicated, I shall feel constrained to proceed further. Under that contingency I shall ask leave to consider any reply with which you may favor me as in no sense of a private nature; and I shall appeal from your decision to public opinion, to judge between the society and those converts to the Catholic Church whom it will then have encouraged Dr. Littledale to defame by deliberately declining to repudiate his wanton and unscrupulous attack. With much respect, I remain,

My dear Dr. Pusey,

Yours very faithfully,

ORBY SHIPLEY.

LETTER II.

MY DEAR DR. PUSEY :

I was prepared to learn that you declined to *answer* my letter, but I did not expect to hear that you had not *read* it. After our relations in past years there was, I think, nothing unseemly in my addressing you.

You say that you have "not read the printed letter, *not guessing* what (you) could have to do with it."

It was natural that you could not *guess* what my letter contained; and the fault, perhaps, was mine. The title, no doubt, misled you, and I failed to indicate in manuscript the purport of my writing.

I regret the error, and now repair it. But I beg you to believe (what you appear to doubt) that I had no wish to draw you into controversy. My letter was intended to produce a practical result only.

I wrote to you, the most influential member of the English Church Union and its clerical vice-president, as being, together with the society, morally responsible for the adoption, reissue, and circulation of Dr. Littledale's *Reply to Abbé Martin*. And the object of my letter was to draw your attention to the unscrupulous and unproven attack upon personal character and motive which that *Reply* contains.

In the course of my letter I briefly indicated the position which you and the Union have taken towards the pamphlet, and pointed out certain results for which the Union and yourself are, as a fact, accountable.

I repeated some of the shameful calumnies of which Dr. Littledale, under your joint auspices, has been guilty against converts to the church. He accuses them, either individually or as a body, of intellectual and moral deterioration, of dishonesty, drunkenness, and scepticism, of living fast lives, of untruthfulness, and of gross immorality.

I repeated also, in outline, as specimens of many more inaccuracies, twelve serious cases (all of which were supported by printed evidence) of Dr. Littledale's inexactitude, misrepresentation, false quotation, and false witness, to which the Union has rashly given its *imprimatur*.

Further, I wrote to say that these inveracities, personal or controversial, have been publicly exposed by myself, and that not one of the strictures which I have made has been answered; and I brought to your notice the grave responsibility you have incur-

red as the clerical vice-president of the society which has published these untruths.

Moreover, I entreated you to use your great influence with the Union to make them publicly repudiate this untrustworthy and defamatory pamphlet.

Such was the purport of my letter; and now that you are conscious of its object, I feel sure that you will no longer refuse to read it.

I ask leave to make public your two former notes, together with any reply to this letter with which you may favor me.

I remain,

My dear Dr. Pusey,

Yours very faithfully,

ORBY SHIPLEY.

PURGATORIO.

CANTO TWENTIETH.

A WEAK will yields, by better over-willed;
 Whence, to please him, my pleasure I postponed
 And from the water drew the sponge unfilled.
 My guide and I, among the spirits that moaned,
 (Where space was found) shouldering the rocky steep,
 Crept as one walking on a city wall
 Hugs close the battlement. The souls that weep
 From worn eyes, drop by drop, the sin that all
 The whole world occupies, too closely crowd
 Upon that other side whence one might fall.

Accursed be thou! wolf of ancient brood
 That hast more prey than any beast beside!
 Having a greed so infinite for food.
 O heaven! in whose bright circlings men confide
 To change the state of things down here below
 When will He come who shall drive her to Hell?
 Onward we move with footsteps few and slow
 While those poor shadows by their moans compel
 Me still to list their weeping and their woe.
 By chance before me one cried in such strain
 Of agony, 'Sweet Mary!' that methought
 I heard some woman in her time of pain.

Then followed thus : ' How lowly was thy lot !
As by that humble hostelry is plain
Where with thy holy burden thou wast brought.'
Following I heard : ' O good Fabricius ! thou
Wouldst rather have thy virtue and be poor
Than vice with riches !' These words pleased me now
And I drew further forward to make sure
What spirit he was ; for still he spake in praise
Of that dower Nicholas for the damsels made
To lead their youth in honor's holy ways.
' O soul so nobly speaking there,' I said ;
' Tell me who *wast* thou ? and I fain would learn
Why thou alone dost these just lauds renew :
Thy words shall be well paid if I return
To round the brief road left me to pursue
Of mortal being hastening to its bourne.'
He answered : ' I will tell, not hoping aught
Of comfort there from any mortal breath,
But for the miracle of grace thus wrought
In thy strange visit here before thy death.
Of that pernicious tree I was the root
Whose deadly shade so blights each Christian land
That seldom aught is cropped save evil fruit.
But might Douay, Ghent, Lille or Bruges make stand,
Swift vengeance would ensue. Soon may it be !
All-judging One ! I ask it at thy hand.
Hugh Capet I was called on earth : from me
Each Louis, and those Philips, every one,
Whom France is ruled by, in this later day,
Had birth ! and I, a Paris butcher's son.

The ancient race of kings had passed away
(All but a nameless one in grey attire) .
When in my gripe I felt the reins of sway
For that old kingdom, and did soon acquire
Such strength thereby, such plenitude of friends
That to the crown without a lord my son's
Head was promoted ; and from him descends
This present line of consecrated bones.
Ere the great dower of Provence banished shame
Out of our blood, if weak, our sins were few.
Thenceforth with fraud and many a falsehood came
Our course of rapine ; then we seized Ponthieu,

Normandy, Gascony, to make amends :

Charles came in Italy and there he slew
His victim Conradin, to make amends :

Then sent home Thomas on his heavenward way,
Him of Aquinum, all to make amends.

A time I see, not far off from to-day,
That brings another Charles from that same France,
The better to make known himself and friends.

Unarmed he sallies forth, except the lance
That Judas jousted with, and that he sends
Home through the bowels of Florence till she burst.

* *Lack land* he may, but shall not lack disgrace,
Nor crime, for which he shall be more accursed
The less he counts his damning ravage base.

I see, just sailed, made prisoner on the waves,
That other Charles his daughter trade for gold !
Even as the Corsairs do with other slaves.

What worse in store oh avarice canst thou hold
For us, that hast my blood perverted so

It recks not of its own flesh, bought and sold ?
That less may seem all past all future woe,

Entering Anagni's gates the flower-de-luce
My vision shows ! and Christ himself brought low
By his own Vicar's capture and abuse.

I see Christ mocked again ! yea, my soul grieves
To see renewed the vinegar and gall
And himself slain between two living thieves.

I see that pitiless man whom now I call
The modern Pilate, for all this but leaves

His lust unsated and his power prevails
Against the temple, no decretal gives

Charter—the pirate goes with greedy sails.
Oh when shall I be gladdened, my Lord God !

To see the vengeance that awhile doth hide,
In secret calm, that stays thine anger's rod ?

About the holy Spirit's only bride

That which I said, and all that made thee draw

Towards me for comment which I spake beside,
Even such response, by daylight, is the law

That rules our prayers ; but soon as night comes on
Our counter-burden in its turn begins.

* Charles of Valois, nicknamed *sans-terre*.

We tell the tale then of Pygmalion ;
His avarice, that brought on so many sins,
Miser, thief, traitor, parricide, in one.
The misery of that miser Midas then
Following his gluttonous desire of gold
That made him evermore the jest of men !
Of Acham next the fond record is told
Who stole the spoils and Joshua's wrath did rouse
That still we seem his vengeance to behold.
Then we condemn Sapphira with her spouse
And laud the hoof-prints Heliodorus felt ;
Now the whole mountain round resounds once more
The shame of Polymnestor, he who spilt
For greed of gold the blood of Polydore.
Lastly our song is—Crassus and his guilt—
“ Tell, thou who know'st ! what sapor has that ore ? ”
Just as our passion prompts us is our tone,
Now slow, now rapid ; sometimes with much force,
Then low we speak ; our penance thus is shown.
But at those lauds which formed our day's discourse,
Though none spake near me, I was *not* alone.' .

We had from him departed now, and strained
Hard to o'ercome our difficult road as well
As was permitted to what strength remained ;
When suddenly, as 'twere some great thing fell !
I felt the mountain tremble—such cold chained
My limbs as taketh one going forth to die.
Sure Delos was not with such violence riven,
Before Latona found, wherein to lie,
A nest for nursing those twin eyes of heaven.
Then upon every side was raised a cry
So loud that close to me the Master came
And said : ‘ While I am guiding do not fear.’
‘ *Gloria in excelsis Deo !* ’ this acclaim
The whole were shouting, as from those most near
I judged the chorus of the rest the same.

Like those old shepherds who first heard that lay
We stood immovable and in suspense
Till the cry ceased, the trembling died away,
Then did our holy journey recommence,

Viewing the shades to their accustomed wail
Turning and grovelling in their penitence.

Never did ignorance my mind assail
With such a battle of desire to learn
(Unless herein my recollection fail)
As seemed to make the soul within me yearn :
I dared not slack our speed by asking aught,
Nor of myself the cause could I discern :
So timidly I went and full of thought.

END OF CANTO.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

RELIGION AND CHEMISTRY : a Restatement of an old Argument. By Josiah Parsons Cooke, Erving Professor of Chemistry and Mineralogy in Harvard University. A newly revised edition. New York : Charles Scribner's Sons. 1880.

This book was first published nearly twenty years ago, and has not been very much changed either in matter or form in this new edition. The progress of science has of course been taken advantage of by the distinguished author for further proofs and illustrations of his point, which is to show the evidences of intellect and design which we find in the arrangement of the universe, particularly in the distribution and properties of the principal chemical elements and their compounds.

Coming as it does from one who holds one of the foremost places in the chemical science of the present day, it is of great value as a bulwark against materialism, pantheism, and atheism, not only from its intrinsic ability, but also from the position of its author in the scientific world. It is of itself a great argument for religion in the minds of those who, like so many men of this age, have given it little attention, to know or to hear that Prof. Cooke has ranged himself on its side, even though they should not read a word of his book. But they are very likely to read it from cover to cover if it falls into their hands. For it is written in a popular style, as is natural from the fact that it was originally prepared to be delivered in a series of lectures. They were first given in Brooklyn in the early months of 1861, and afterward repeated elsewhere.

We are, then, very glad to see it republished, and believe that it cannot fail to do good to the cause of religion, and also to that of true science. We are, however, sorry to see that the author's information on religious matters bears apparently no proportion to his great scientific acquirements. Indeed, it could not well be expected that it would, both from the fact that men of science in general really have hardly time for profound study of other subjects, and also because he in particular is disposed to regard religion, as it would seem, more from an emotional than from a historical or

strictly theological point of view. He shows, of course, no sign of having studied Catholic doctrine, and has probably taken not only Protestant theology but Protestant history as his basis. On this ground he may be excused for such passages as that at the very outset, where he says that "the whole hierarchy of Rome united to condemn its results" (those of physical science) "and to resist its progress." He has, we may presume, no suspicion of error in this and similar statements; we may believe him to be invincibly ignorant; and they will do probably little harm to the many who have, like himself, been accustomed from childhood to take these things as a matter of course. It is nevertheless a great pity that a more thorough scientific ability and knowledge in these matters could not have been joined to the very high acquirements which make this work so interesting, instructive, and valuable.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION. By John Caird, D.D., Principal and Vice-Chancellor of the University of Glasgow, and one of Her Majesty's Chaplains for Scotland. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1880.

Dr. Caird is a writer of distinction and a foremost champion of Religion against modern infidelity in Great Britain. His Croall Lecture for 1878-79, now published under the title given above, betokens an intellect of a very high order with a special aptitude for metaphysical reasoning. He has a perfect style and diction, and has given ample proof by an actually successful effort, that the English language can be made an adequate instrument for expressing philosophical conceptions and conveying metaphysical arguments, without impairing its idiomatic purity. His chief aim in the present volume is to show the competency of reason in matters pertaining to metaphysics and theology, and the rational necessity of recognizing the existence of mind as purely spiritual being, of absolute truth and of the Infinite Mind, which is Truth and Intelligence in its essence. That part of his work with which we are most pleased, is a refutation of Hamilton's theory of the Relativity of Knowledge and of Spencer's doctrine of The Unknowable. It is masterly in respect to argument, and a fine specimen of philosophical writing. The refutation of materialism is equally good. In what follows, we seem to see the working of a noble and religious mind striving after an adequate philosophy of religion, endeavoring, with only partial success, to make a synthesis of principles derived from reason and revelation, from which a rational Christian theology can be deduced, wherein faith and science will be harmonized. In some respects, Dr. Caird reminds us of the late Dr. Brownson, particularly in his way of constructing the argument for the existence of God and the necessity of religion. The Ontological Argument is developed with remarkable ability, and we find everywhere germs of ideas, imperfectly apprehended truths of a Platonic type, adumbrations of the philosophy of St. Thomas, presenting in a confused and inchoate state the elements of a better system than the old Scotch metaphysics or the old Presbyterian theology. Dr. Caird is only one of a number of Scottish Presbyterian divines and professors, men of superior talents and learning, whose intellectual movement at the present time is important and interesting, in view both of its philosophical and its theological tendencies and aspects. They are under the action of two forces, one the con-

servative, holding them back in Presbyterian orthodoxy, the other an impulsive force pushing them toward rationalism. Thus far, it seems that these two forces result in a movement toward a theology which is more Catholic and more rational than Calvinism, and is connected with a better philosophy than any which has been in vogue since Cartesianism and Kantism came in like a flood. Atheism, Deism, Unitarianism, Transcendentalism, Materialism, are played out. The wretched Agnosticism which has tried to steal the robe of science is only a bare-boned, grinning skeleton, which none but the despairing can worship. It is necessary to be a Christian in order to be rational, and it is necessary to worship Christ as the True God and receive by faith all his revealed truths in order to be a Christian. It is impossible for God who is Truth and the Sovereign Reason to reveal anything unreasonable. Therefore if we can only ascertain what are the certain dictates of revelation and what are those of reason, they will assuredly not conflict with one another. Genuine Christian orthodoxy, genuine rational metaphysics and genuine natural science must agree with each other; it is only spurious pretenders which fight with each other and with the genuine. Certitude is surely attainable in respect to all these three kinds of knowledge so far as that is necessary for the great ends of life. The fact that the intelligent and studious youth of this age are so generally *unsettled* in respect to truth, shows that there is some great disturbing cause somewhere. We have the testimony of one entitled to great consideration, President McCosh, that they are *only* unsettled, and wish to become *settled* in their convictions and belief. There is reason to hope, therefore, that the strenuous efforts which so many are making to present Christianity, philosophy, history, physics and all other objects of thought and knowledge in their reality and harmony will end in a triumph of faith, not at the expense of reason or science, but through their voluntary alliance and co-operation. Dr. Caird is one of the most extreme rationalists to be found among the leaders of the New School of Presbyterians. We have already expressed our opinion that he is only partially successful in his effort to elaborate a philosophy of religion in harmony with those revealed truths which lie at the foundation of the Westminster Confession. At about the middle of the book he loses himself in a Hegelian mist which reminds us of a passage in Ecclesiasticus: *sicut nebula texi omnem terram*. Such a clear intellect as his cannot, we should hope, become permanently lost in Hegelianism. The advice which a nephew and pupil of Hegel told the writer of these lines he received at the close of his studies from Feuerbach is pertinent: "*Go back to common sense.*" Scotch common sense will, we trust, prevent the Hegelian logic from dissolving and causing to evaporate the truths of metaphysics and divine revelation which lie at the basis of sound religious philosophy and are still held in the school to which Dr. Caird belongs. At the end of the volume, the learned Principal emerges from the cloud, and gives some very clearly-reasoned views upon Philosophy and History, in many respects very similar to those of Mr. Formby, which we think are both correct and very important. We quote the concluding sentence: "Thus, whatever elements of truth, whatever broken and scattered rays of light the old religions contained, Christianity takes up into itself, explaining all, harmonizing all, by a divine alchemy transmuting all, yet immeasurably transcending all—gathering together in one all things in heaven and

earth' in its 'revelation of the mystery hid from ages,' the revelation of One who is at one and the same time Father, Son and Spirit; above all, through all, and in all."

Extend this so as to embrace all science and history, and we have a comprehensive statement of the great thesis which it is the special task of Christian philosophers in our age to defend and prove.

THE ENDOWMENTS OF MAN CONSIDERED IN THEIR RELATIONS WITH HIS FINAL END. A course of Lectures by Bishop Ullathorne. London: Burns & Oates. 1880.

The venerable Bishop of Birmingham treats of a most important series of topics in these Lectures. They are all connected with the fundamental idea of the absolutely supernatural character of the destiny of man and the way of its attainment. The great merit and value of the doctrinal and philosophical exposition of man's endowments in the order of grace consist chiefly in the clearness and distinctness with which the idea of the supernatural is set forth and explained. The learned prelate has given in his Lectures, first to his ecclesiastical pupils, and afterwards to all intelligent and educated Catholics, a sublime doctrine and philosophy, free from technical phraseology and the formalities of the scholastic method, with that diffuseness of reasoning and eloquence of language which are so necessary to make these intelligible and pleasing to the great majority of readers. Such great and difficult matters as the Fall and Restoration of Man, the Origin and Nature of Evil, the Reason for not making Man Perfect at the outset, and for placing him in a State of Probation, the Reason of the Incarnation, etc., are copiously and lucidly treated in these Lectures.

The great truths of Revelation and Christian Theology in respect to all these topics have been so perverted and obscured by Protestantism, so violently combated by Rationalism, so weakly or absurdly handled by the superficial English philosophy, so rarely or imperfectly set forth in the English language by competent and orthodox writers, and they are at present an object of such extreme and yet perplexed curiosity to a multitude of minds seeking for light on the problem of human life, that a thoroughly rational and intelligible exposition of the sound Catholic doctrine is a God-send for which we have cause to be thankful. The manner in which Bishop Ullathorne treats the question of the Nature and Origin of Evil is especially worthy of admiration. It is St. Augustine's profound philosophy reproduced. Equally admirable is the exposition of the reasons for the present imperfect state of man and the moral risks which attend upon it, the miseries which are its consequence, and the difficulties which obstruct the way to perfect happiness. The reasons for rejecting the accepted scholastic definition of man as "a rational animal" and substituting for it, that of "an intelligence served by organs," we do not find so satisfactory, and we might be obliged to express dissent from some other opinions and arguments on particular points, if we were attempting a thorough review. A treatise on the subjects discussed in this volume which should be altogether perfect and in every point conclusive would place its author at once on the level of St. Thomas, as the Master of all theologians and philosophers for all coming time. Human science and wisdom have not thus far

attained to this degree of perfection, and perhaps never will, since it may be unattainable. The substance of that which they have attained in the persons of the greatest and wisest teachers of sound doctrine is contained in these Lectures. The age and position of their author add weight and sanction to their doctrinal teaching, especially for all those who are obliged to trust to his authority for its conformity to Catholic orthodoxy. In fine, we know of no book in English on the same topics of equal value for the enlightenment and instruction of an intelligent Catholic laity.

THE CHURCH AND THE MORAL WORLD. By the Rev. Aug. J. Thébaud, S.J. New York : Benziger Brothers.

We have often had occasion to speak of the works of F. Thébaud, which are not only considerable in size and number, but real mines of erudition and thought. In fact, his knowledge of antiquity, of history in its various branches, and of the philosophy of history is vast as well as minute and accurate. Having already set forth in the earliest history of the church its instantaneous spread through the whole Roman Empire and beyond as a proof of its divine origin, he now takes up that note of sanctity which is joined to universality, apostolicity and unity as a divine mark which the Author of the Catholic Church has stamped upon his own work, to make it known as the effect of his causative, almighty power. We have seen only the advanced sheets of the First Part of F. Thébaud's new work. This treats of the causes and principles of sanctity in the church. It is not, however, a treatise according to the ordinary, theological method. It is rational and philosophical, and while it accords perfectly with theology it is new and original, profound and striking.

In the Second Part, the author takes up the historical evidence of the actual moral effects of the church in all ages and all parts of the world, as the results and experimental proofs of the principles of sanctity existing in the church. We await with interest the fulfilment of one portion of the promise made in the Preface, in the exhibition of the sanctity of the church during the tenth century and the rest of that age immediately preceding and following which is commonly called the Iron Age. This is of more special importance than other parts of the subject, because there has been so much omission, perversion and invention indulged in, not only by infidel and other anti-Catholic writers in regard to this period, but also by Catholic writers, whose prejudices and erratic opinions have beclouded their historical perspective, or who have been with the best and most loyal intentions misled by partial and unfair accounts which have become a kind of staple of literary commerce. There are grave faults of this sort in the posthumous volumes of Montalembert's *Monks of the West*, which require correction. We cannot say too much in recommending all F. Thébaud's learned and most valuable works to the perusal of the studious. Most of them are above the average mark of the reading community, considering their general unwillingness to apply themselves to serious and long-continued mental labor. They contain, however, treasures of facts and ideas, which writers of smaller and more popular books can draw upon and thus bring into more general circulation.

DAS GNADENBILD DER MATER TER ADMIRABILIS VON INGOLSTADT IN BAYERN. Geschichtlicher Bericht und Gebete von Franz Hattler, Priester der Gesellschaft Jesu. Mit einer Abbildung. Freiburg in Breisgau (and St. Louis, Mo.): Herder'sche Verlagshandlung. 1880.

In the church of St. Mary Major at Rome is a picture of the Blessed Virgin and Child which popular tradition has long attributed to St. Luke. The undoubted history of this picture goes, at all events, back to the sixth century, when Pope Gregory the Great had it carried in procession through the streets of the city during a pestilence then raging. In the sixteenth century a copy of this picture was carefully and skilfully made and presented to the Jesuit college of Ingolstadt, in Bavaria, where it has ever since remained. Messrs. Herder, the Catholic publishers of Freiburg, have had a xylographic print in colors executed after the original picture at Rome, and one of these prints is now before us. It is about twenty-one inches high and fifteen wide. The background of the picture is in dead-gold in the Byzantine style. Mary is represented holding the Child in her left arm, her right hand resting on her left. The faces of Mother and Child are different from anything we are accustomed to see in pictures of this sort. These faces are decidedly Oriental; the Mother's, which is the more remarkable of the two, has rather an Egyptian cast. Her features are strikingly beautiful, yet their wonderful repose is something superhuman, reminding one of the Greek conception of Pallas Athené. The Child holds in his left hand a book, while with his right, the third and fourth fingers of which are bent down, he is giving a blessing. The expression of the Child's face suggests that of Raphael's cherubs in the Madonna del Sisto. We must congratulate Messrs. Herder on their success in this copy of the ancient and venerable picture.

Father Hattler in the book above tells us something about the history of the Ingolstadt copy, and of a special devotion to the most admirable Mother which had its rise among the fathers and students of the college of Ingolstadt, in the seventeenth century, under the rectorship of Father Jacob Rem.

THE LIFE OF HENRI-MARIE BOUDON, ARCHDEACON OF EVREUX. Dieu seul. London: Burns & Oates; Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1880. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

This life is another volume from the pen of Edward Healy Thompson, who has done so much and so well in furnishing English-speaking Catholics with the lives of the saints and spiritual works. Boudon was a man of God, richly endowed with spiritual gifts, and his pen was fruitful in treatises on Christian perfection. This life is not a translation but original, evidently written with great care, and is full of interest. No one who has a taste for spiritual things can read it without benefit, and those who aim at perfection cannot fail to be both enlightened and strengthened by its perusal. Reading of this kind contributes greatly towards freeing the soul from worldliness and purifying it of self-love, while tending to lead it to the meditation of celestial things and the consolations of divine love. Mr. Thompson has our sincere thanks for supplying this newspaper and novel-reading age with a most salutary antidote; one which we would recommend every Catholic to supply himself with and take often.

Among the works which Mr. Thompson has translated and published, from M. Boudon, are :

(1) *The Hidden Life of Jesus*, a lesson and model to Christians.

(2) *Devotion to the Nine Choirs of Holy Angels, and especially to the Angel Guardian.*

(3) *The Holy Ways of the Cross*; or, a Short Treatise on the various trials and afflictions, interior and exterior, to which spiritual life is subject, and the means of making good use thereof.

A HISTORY OF THE DEVOTION TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN IN THE FIRST TEN CENTURIES. By Cardinal Hergenroether. Translated from the German with an Introduction by the Rev. D. S. Phelan. St. Louis: P. Fox. 1880.

We do not know where we could lay our hand upon a volume which contains so satisfactory an exposition and defence of the devotion of Catholics to the Blessed Virgin, in so short a compass, as in this little book. Its perusal, while stimulating Catholic devotion, is well calculated to dispel the prejudices of Protestants. The translation reads as if the original had been written in English.

A HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE DIOCESE OF PITTSBURGH AND ALLEGHENY FROM ITS ESTABLISHMENT TO THE PRESENT TIME. By the Rev. A. A. Lambing. New York: Benziger Brothers. 1880.

Pittsburgh and that part of Pennsylvania which is adjacent to it have a character which is *sui generis*, and their own peculiar features of picturesque interest. The same is true of the Catholic Church in that region. The History contained in Father Lambing's stout volume has been carefully and accurately compiled, and must therefore be reckoned among the most valuable and authentic historical documents pertaining to the ecclesiastical annals of our country.

LIVES OF THE LEADERS OF OUR CHURCH UNIVERSAL, from the days of the successors of the apostles to the present time. The lives by European writers from the German, as edited by Dr. Ferdinand Piper, Professor of Theology in the University of Berlin. Now translated into English, and edited with added lives by American writers. By Henry Mitchell Maccracken, D.D. New York: Phillips & Hunt. 1880.

The note of unity is certainly a mark of the true church, and we have looked with wonder on those who believe that the endless discussion and subdivision into which Protestantism has divided the religious world is a cheering sign of life and a benefit to humanity. In our times men have seen the foolishness of such a pretension, and a movement has been set on foot to effect a union between the sects. The work before us is the outcome of this movement. It is a series of life stories so written by various clergymen as to make "our Holy Church Universal" embrace within its expansive folds men whose lives were the realization of the most contradictory principles. This is not unity, but a syncretism. While deploring the fallacy of the present theory, we hail the attempt as one calculated to awaken in the breasts of many that dormant aspiration which can alone be satisfied in the unity of the Holy Catholic Church.

COMMON SENSE IN THE HOUSEHOLD: A manual of practical housewifery. By Marion Harland. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1881.

While the literature of cookery, *quâ* literature, may not be worthy a conspicuous place in the library of the scholar, yet, for physiological and economical reasons, a good cook-book deserves a place of honor among the treasures of the thrifty housewife.

From the earliest times cookery has engaged the attention of many minds and pens in all civilized nations. Among the ancient Persians the common people partook of simple but wholesome dishes, eating more sweet food than meat, but the banquets of the rich were very elaborate. Herodotus tells us that "the Greeks who invited Xerxes to supper all came to the extremity of ruin, and that wherever he took two meals, dining as well as supping, that city was utterly ruined." The ancient Egyptians are not, according to modern notions, to be reckoned as epicures. "Fish they salted and dried in the sun; quails, ducks, and smaller birds they salted and ate raw." And yet they are hardly to be pronounced barbarians, for they made good bread and cake, and must have had a penchant for eggs, as they invented a plan for artificial hatching. The meals of the primitive Greeks are ridiculed by the comic poets, but after the Homeric age an advance was made in the diversity and preparation of food, until in time the Greeks became noted epicures. Fish, flesh, and fowl were served in many toothsome forms at the tables of the well-to-do, and the bread made at Athens was celebrated for its fine quality. The women generally looked after the requirements of the table, but cooks stood in the market at Athens ready to be hired on special occasions. Athenæus, in his work entitled *Banquet of the Learned*, has recorded the names of the authors of many cook-books (that of Archestratus, the guide of Epicurus in his pleasures, being the most famous), and the same author quotes the following lines from Dionysius, a comic poet:

"To roast some beef, to carve a joint with neatness,
To boil up sauces, and to blow the fire,
Is anybody's task; he who does this
Is but a seasoner and brothmaker;
A cook is quite another thing. His mind
Must comprehend all facts and circumstances."

In the early days of Rome barley gruel and vegetables formed the principal diet of the lower classes, but little meat being eaten. The conquerors of Asia, however, imported luxurious habits of eating on their return to Rome, which in time culminated in the extravagances of Apicius, who won for himself a certain sort of immortality by absurdly committing suicide because, of a large fortune, he had unsquandered only a half million of dollars to feed himself withal. Oysters and fish were highly prized by the Romans (a mullet of six pounds is said to have sold for 8,000 sesterces—about \$350), and we read of such dainties on the tables of the rich as pastry and fruit, ring-doves and field-fares, hares, capons, ducks, peacocks, pheasants, the livers of geese, and "a huge boar, surrounded with sucking-pigs made in sweet paste, which were distributed among the guests." The ancient Danes and Germans gave more attention to the preparation of their drinks than of eatables. Among the Normans the kitchen was held in much higher estimation. The French began to mend their manners in the art of cookery after the Medicis came among them, and have undoubtedly attained the highest rank as cooks in our day. The early Britons, it is to

be feared, were rather inferior, not to say crude, in gastronomic matters, but their descendants have made encouraging progress, till they may, perhaps, rank next after the French.

If we may accept the testimony of foreign critics, American cookery is far below the French, or even English, standard. Indeed, the French cook is a true artist as well as a domestic economist. The Americans are probably the most wasteful people in the world. Nor does the mischief end here: with markets abounding with prime meats, fish and game, with a vast variety of delicious and succulent fruits and vegetables, we are nevertheless an ill-fed and dyspeptic people. And these evils are due to our almost wilful ignorance of the art of cookery. Now, while it may not be literally true that "God sends meat and the devil sends cooks," it is to be feared that too many American housewives look upon time spent in preparing food as wasted, and that many an unhappy dyspeptic in vain pleads, in the language of Holy Writ, "Feed me with food convenient for me." But there is reason to believe that a better state of things is approaching, and that in the near future American housewives, regarding not alone the pockets, but the health, of their "bread-winners," will be as famed for their culinary skill as for their other accomplishments. Among the best signs of this are the establishment of cooking-schools and the eagerness with which good cook-books are sought.

Since Mr. Pegge published *The Forme of Cury* (cookery) in 1390 innumerable cook-books have appeared, but that the demand for such literature is still unsatisfied is evidenced by the fact that the publishers of Marion Harland's *Common Sense in the Household*, in announcing the appearance of a new and revised edition, say that over one hundred thousand copies have been sold since its first appearance. This of itself seems sufficient praise, but we have the authority of some lady friends for pronouncing it an excellent and useful volume. We may add that besides a multitude of valuable recipes it contains much good advice to those concerned. The chapter on "Servants" is humorous as well as sensible.

FATHER GLEESON, of East Oakland, Cal., has in press a work on the persecutions suffered by the Church.

THE CATHOLIC'S POCKET MANUAL. Baltimore: John B. Piet. 1880.

A QUARTER OF AN HOUR'S SOLITUDE. From the French of Canon Layet. Baltimore: John B. Piet. 1880.

THE MIRACULOUS MEDAL: ITS ORIGIN, HISTORY, CIRCULATION, RESULTS. By M. Aladel, C.M. Translated from the French by P. S. Illustrated. Baltimore: John B. Piet. 1880.

ADDRESS BY WILLIAM J. ONAHAN, ESQ., at the laying of the corner-stone of Marquette College, Milwaukee, Wis., August 15, 1880.

THE following (which should be the third) stanza of the hymn *Placare, Christe, Servulis*, on page 345 of the present number, was omitted through an inadvertence of the translator:

Apostles joined with Prophets hoar,
Do you the Judge severe implore
To grant indulgence when sincere
And sorrow-stricken souls draw near.

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THE GENESIS OF FAITH.

I.

RELATION BETWEEN THE PREAMBLE OF FAITH AND FAITH, AND
BETWEEN FAITH AND REASON—ORDINARY AND EXTRAORDINARY
MEANS OF ATTAINING TO FAITH.

FAITH, according to the Catholic doctrine, whether considered as an intellectual habit or as an act of assent to revealed truths, is quite distinct from and superior to rational assent to metaphysical truths. It is, moreover, distinct from the rational assent of the mind to the truth of the revelation which God has made, on account of the motives of credibility, and from assent to the logical conclusion that all which is revealed by God must be true, and ought to be believed. It is a divine gift. The habit of faith is an infused habit of grace, altogether supernatural, imparted by the Holy Spirit. This habit is the principle from which all acts of faith proceed, as reason is the principle of acts of rational assent. No man can make an act of faith before he has received this supernatural endowment, except by an actual aid of divine grace enabling him to make such an act as a preparation for receiving the infused and permanent habit. The motive of the assent of faith is not the credibility or evidence of the revelation, but the veracity of God immediately apprehended. The firmness and certitude of the assent is above all natural certitude, whether physical, moral or metaphysical. This divine faith is the root and first principle of all the intellectual and moral

virtues and acts which constitute that righteousness by which a man is rendered just before God, holy, capable of receiving and worthy to receive the divine friendship and everlasting life. The whole process, therefore, by which the mind, exercising its natural powers in the most perfect manner, acquiring the most perfect possible rational knowledge and conviction of natural theology, of the evidence and credibility of revelation, of the authority of the Catholic Church as the proximate rule of faith, and of the truths actually contained in the revelation itself, furnishes only what is called the *preamble of faith*. Faith itself cannot be acquired by this process. The knowledge and rational conviction which can be gained by historical and philosophical investigation, even when the mind and will both act with rectitude, are neither identical with faith or capable of generating it. Faith is supernatural in its essence. It must be given by God, and both the mind and the will, even supposing the one to be free from error and the other from actual sin, must be raised up to a plane and endowed with a virtue, which are above their nature, before the act of faith can be elicited. It is very important, as any one may easily see, when we undertake to show that the Catholic Faith is rationally credible, and that a firm assent to it is an act not only in accordance with rational principles but even required by them, that an explanation should be given of the genesis and nature of faith, as supernatural and divine. Ideology is a difficult part of metaphysics, and that part of theology which treats of faith is even more difficult. The difficulties which are in the way of acquiring a perfect speculative science of the origin of knowledge and of the origin of faith may be passed over and left to the discussion of the authors of profound works. But, as there are difficulties in respect to rational certitude which occur to ordinary minds and need to be settled for their benefit, so the case is similar in respect to faith. We can easily suppose that any one who has thought and read with some attention about the matter of religion might ask these questions, among others. Why is not reason sufficient for attaining by its natural light all necessary knowledge in respect to doctrine and morals? If, nevertheless, it is certain and morally demonstrable that God has chosen to furnish to man an additional aid by revelation, why cannot reason suffice to accept and interpret the same? If supernatural illumination and inspiration are necessary in order to receive the truths of revelation with faith in a salutary manner, how is a previous exercise of the reason necessary or useful? If man cannot make the first act of faith by any natural power of

mind and will, how can it be a rational or an obligatory act at all? The religious world is full of confusion and disagreement in respect to all these questions, and the minds of sincere inquirers who have not received sound Catholic instruction are generally and unavoidably puzzled and perplexed in respect to the relations between reason and faith. These perplexities are not merely theoretical, they are practical, and they disturb the consciences and hearts of many, as well as baffle their intelligence.

The necessity of revelation arises from the supernatural end and destiny of man, which have been elsewhere explained. The supernatural order with the mysteries pertaining to it, the Trinity, the Incarnation, superhuman Union with God, the Beatific Vision, and similar objects of faith, are above the scope of the natural understanding, and can only be disclosed by revelation.

The natural intellect does not suffice for an adequate apprehension and belief of these truths, for the same reason that the rational nature of man in its natural essence does not suffice to make him a fit subject for the supernatural order without regeneration and sanctifying grace. There must be a due proportion between the subject and the object. The human intellect, being disproportioned to the divine essence as an object of intuition, must be supernaturally elevated into due proportion. The light of glory gives this proportion in a perfect manner, and the light of faith is the aurora of the light of glory. Moreover the inspiration of the Holy Spirit is necessary to give the act of the will which commands the intellect to give the required assent, a supernatural firmness. The revealed truths presented by the Catholic Church to the mind do not of themselves determine and compel its assent. The assent is voluntary and free. That it may be firm beyond all natural assent, capable of resisting and overcoming all doubts, holding fast amid all torments and adversities, enduring through life and in the hour of death, a principle of superhuman virtue and sanctity, a bond of union with God, a beginning of eternal life, the grace of God is necessary.

The previous exercise of reason is necessary because grace supposes nature and perfects its operation. There must be a rational nature existing in order that the grace of regeneration may have a subject. Natural acts cannot be elevated to a higher order unless they exist. A man must know that God exists, he must perceive that veracity is a part of his nature, he must see that he has revealed certain truths, in order that he may be capable of receiving the illumination of the Spirit and the inspirations of his grace, by which he elicits an act of divine faith. The bap-

tized infant has the regenerate nature with its infused habits of faith, hope and love, but he cannot act from these principles, any more than he can make any perfect acts of rational thought and volition, before he attains the use of reason. His first act of faith must be intelligent. He elicits it voluntarily. That this volition may be rational he must have in his mind a sufficient reason. Otherwise he believes blindly and irrationally. An educated adult who has before his mind the Catholic Faith, proposed to him by the church as the object of an assent which he has never hitherto given, must have a reasonable motive for the judgment that the Faith can and ought to be believed, before he can prudently or rationally determine himself to give this assent.

The assent of faith is rational, because it is in agreement with reason, although it transcends the ability of pure, unaided reason. Reason can perceive that God is Truth by his essence; that he is the author and sovereign of rational nature; that his testimony is absolutely the best and most perfect conceivable evidence of anything whatever which he may reveal; and that he has undoubtedly proposed the Catholic Faith through the medium of the Catholic Church to the credence of all men. It is therefore both reasonable and obligatory, according to the natural rule of reason and conscience, to assent to the truth of his testimony. The assent which transcends the power of rational nature; proceeding from a principle in the nature which has been elevated above itself, which is also actually illuminated and inspired by a divine grace; is required by reason and conscience, because the aid of the Holy Spirit is offered to make it possible. A man is not commanded to elicit an act above nature by an unaided natural power, but to consent to and concur with the action of God upon his mind and will, and thus elicit a supernatural act by supernatural grace. One who has been baptized possesses already the habit of faith, if he has not destroyed it by any contrary act. One who does not yet possess the habit of faith, if he has, by the aid of that grace which is given to all who try to do what they can, disposed his mind and will to receive baptism, may rely on the Holy Spirit to give him the actual grace by which he can make the acts of faith, hope, and contrition which are necessary in order to receive regenerating grace in the Sacrament. If one has lost the habit of faith formerly received through the Sacrament, he can rely on the Holy Spirit to restore it to him if he makes a sincere effort to regain it.

It is plain, therefore, that the Catholic doctrine respecting the nature, the necessity, and the obligation of divine faith is reason-

able. It represents God as requiring of men only that which the natural rule of reason and conscience requires. He demands of them at any one time only those dispositions and acts which are possible; those which both reason and conscience acting with rectitude dictate to them, as due to their own natural integrity and highest welfare. God follows the rule laid down by St. Ambrose as a universal law of justice. "*Solenne est ut qui fidem exigit fidem astruat.*" "Whoever exacts faith should show a reason for it." The sufficient reason for believing underlies the whole foundation and structure of faith. The reason for believing God is given in the intellectual light which manifests his essential truth in being, knowing and signifying. The reason for believing that he is the author of the Christian revelation is given in the motives of credibility. The unerring criterion and proximate rule of faith is given in the authority of the church. When the revealed truths are proposed with evidence of certainty as objects of faith, the motive of faith is the known veracity of God. The cognition which the intellect attains in this way surpasses in sublimity and certitude all other knowledge whatever. The truths proposed are of a more sublime order, they are proposed more immediately by God himself, they are apprehended in a more pure and divine light by a higher principle and faculty in the mind, they are the vital force of a more exalted life and more splendid virtues, they are the aurora of the coming sunrise of eternal day. By faith the mind is illuminated and the will inspired by the Spirit of truth and grace, so that they as it were think and will in God, with divine thoughts and divine volitions. Even those which are purely human, which belong to philosophy and the practical art of rational operations, are rendered more perfect in their own kind by the illustration of faith and the hallowing influence of grace. There is a perfect harmony between the supernatural and the natural, between revelation and philosophy, between reason and faith, between the ideal of natural virtue and that of supernatural sanctity. The most perfect Christian is the most perfect kind of rational man.

The way is now open to explain why and how we go to work to demonstrate Christianity and the church by historical, logical and ethical argumentation.

First, in respect to those who do not yet know or are not convinced of the truth, or of some part of it. Faith, as St. Paul says, is the argument of things which do not appear. But it is only the argument or medium of apprehending truth for those who have it and are capable of bringing it into exercise in a ra-

tional manner. One who does not know God clearly must have this knowledge imparted to him, in a sufficient manner to serve as a basis for the evidence of the truth of his divine, Christian religion. One who does not know the Christian religion must be made to know it in its evidence and in its nature. One who knows it in a confused and imperfect manner must have a more clear and adequate knowledge of its nature communicated to his mind. We do not simply assert the truth and expect God to give a miraculous illumination to the minds of those who hear. We might as well leave the whole work to miraculous intervention and abstain from preaching, as to preach without giving any reason for believing the truth which we proclaim. The scope and end of all demonstration of the truths of natural theology, of the evidences of revelation and of the divine authority of the Catholic Church, from its simplest and most popular to its most elaborate and erudite form, is the following: to furnish motives for a reasonable and prudent judgment that the one most perfect and sovereign God exists, that he is our creator and ruler; that he has made a revelation which subsists in the Christian religion; that the Catholic Church is the infallible teacher of this divine religion, and that, therefore, what the church teaches ought to be received with a firm assent and voluntarily, on the veracity of God.

A baptized infant needs to be instructed from the first beginning of his intelligent life, in order that he may be able to elicit a perfect act of faith in a rational manner when he comes to the age of reason. Reason and faith are brought into active exercise together in the soul of a child who is educated in a Christian manner. Reason has, however, the priority, and the child must have the certainty which is relative to his capacity of thought and knowledge, that God is, and reveals the truth proposed to him by his parents and teachers, before he can believe this truth with a firm and supernatural assent on the veracity of God. It is the same with all other simple and comparatively ignorant persons.

In respect to those who already have faith in active exercise, instruction and argument concerning the rational evidence of the revealed truths have a different use. In the first case, it is intelligence which seeks faith, in the second, faith seeks intelligence, according to St. Anselm's well-known formula of Catholic science: *Fides quærens intellectum*. Faith already has its sufficient rational basis, and possesses its sufficient motive for believing firmly all that God has revealed, viz., the known veracity of God, *veracitas Dei ut cognita*. It is, therefore, neither reasonable

nor lawful to suspend the assent of faith, or to inquire with a dubitative investigation into the grounds and evidences of the doctrines of Catholic Faith. But it is reasonable, lawful, praiseworthy, and often even obligatory, to inquire into the rational evidence of religion, as far as the mental capacity and opportunities of the individual allow, in order to gain more perfect knowledge, to find an answer to difficulties, to remove unreasonable and involuntary doubts, to confirm and fortify faith, to perfect the intellect, and to acquire the means of instructing others or refuting and resisting cavillers and disputers against the truth. Revelation contains a great amount of truth which is in itself knowable without revelation, but which is made known with greater clearness, perfection and certainty, and made more easily accessible to the majority of minds by means of revelation. All except the first elements of this extensive natural theology is learned and believed at first by the way of faith, and by the larger number is never known in any other way. Yet it can be known after a scientific and philosophical manner, together with the harmonies which subsist between this order of knowledge and every other, the physical sciences included. Even the mysteries have an intelligible side when they have been once disclosed by revelation and received by faith, and they can be partially and imperfectly proved. That is, their mutual harmony can be shown, one mystery can be deduced from another by reasoning, their relation to the final end of the universe can be shown, and by analogical arguments they can be proved not only to involve no contradiction to reason but to show a positive conformity to its deepest and highest principles. Thus, an intrinsic as well as extrinsic credibility of the supernatural dogmas can be discovered and manifested, which gives great delight to the pious mind and perfects it in the most sublime kind of knowledge.

We have seen that before God exacts from the mind an absolute assent, never to be retracted, to the truth of a revelation and to the truths revealed, he gives it a reasonable evidence of the fact of revelation. Whatever may be the way in which the fact of revelation and the real purport of the thing signified by it are actually made known, the obligation of assent is imperative. The motives of credibility which attest the truth of the Christian revelation are exceedingly various and numerous, so much so, that it is difficult for any one mind to grasp them all. Probably, this argument of moral demonstration has never been and never can be exhausted, or set forth in one complete view in such a way as to present clearly everything which can be discovered

and expressed in language. It is not necessary to know all the motives which are actually presented in learned treatises on the Evidences, or even a great number of them. It suffices to have a few, or even one, if what is known gives a certitude of credibility.

There is no particular mode of bringing the evidence of credibility into contact with the mind which is absolutely necessary and is so connected with the revealed truths that divine faith is impossible without it. It is only necessary to see that God has made a revelation in order that one should be bound to receive it, and to believe every truth contained in it, when it is certainly known to be so, whatever may be the way by which this object of divine faith is proposed and made intelligible.

Yet there must be, and there actually is an ordinary and common argument and motive of credibility for a revelation which is public and common, and which God has given to mankind as the means of instructing all men generally in natural and supernatural religion. There must be an ordinary way by which men are instructed in the knowledge of the truths contained in the revelation, and of the moral precepts which it enjoins as the conditions of salvation. In point of fact the Catholic Church is both the one and the other. Its existence, with the four great notes which mark it, is a present, intelligible and splendid motive of credibility. It is the one providential motive and evidence, sufficient for the simple and necessary to complete knowledge for all, which God has given to the world. And it is through this motive that all the others receive their unity and perfection as one grand and conclusive demonstration of Christianity. The church is also the ordinary means of instruction in the verity of revelation, and in the true, genuine sense and meaning of the doctrines and precepts contained in its documents.

The condition of man as he actually exists in his present state is such, that he spontaneously demands a teaching from God to enlighten, direct and console him. He feels his own insufficiency, the insufficiency of the manifestation of God in his visible works, and the insufficiency of any philosophy drawn out of the natural resources of the human reason. God provides for him the teaching which he needs in such a way that when he comes face to face with it he easily recognizes its divine character. He does this by giving him a visible Teacher whose divine authority is easily recognizable simply by being seen and heard. This Teacher meets him at the beginning of his rational life, and thus supersedes all need of anxious searching, prevents all reason for

doubting, and furnishes him with all that sufficient and easy instruction which his nature spontaneously demands. The Catholic Church is the continuation under a more perfect form of an institution which has existed since the creation of man, for receiving, attesting, preserving and imparting the revelation which God has given immediately to patriarchs, prophets and apostles. Before Moses, the continuity and antiquity of the tradition handed down in that society of men which adhered to the primitive revelation, was the great motive of credibility; and the instruction given by parents and elders to the young and to dependants in the religion of their fathers, was the medium and proximate rule of faith. Under the Mosaic Law, the national church of the chosen people with its doctrinal authority was the great witness to its own divine institution and the living teacher of the entire ancient and sacred tradition of truth.

The condition of those who have been in former times, or are now, separated from that society which possesses the pure and entire tradition of divine truth, differs greatly from that of the members of this society. Nevertheless, the primitive tradition, even the augmented revelation possessed by the chosen people in the post-Mosaic period, did more or less furnish the ancient heathen nations with the necessary means of saving faith, which their descendants in modern heathendom have not lost. The testimony and instruction of the Catholic Church reaches in a partial and imperfect manner all those who have any knowledge of Christianity, even though they are separated from the communion of the church. Divine Providence has extraordinary ways of presenting that truth which makes the substance of revelation as an object of rational knowledge and divine faith to those who are deprived of the appointed and ordinary means. In so far as special, individual illumination is necessary to supply the defect of a sufficient rational knowledge of the motives of credibility, and of the divine truth which must be believed as the indispensably necessary condition of salvation, God can, and doubtless does give, in an immediate and supernatural manner, this special and gracious light. But, apart from such private revelations or extraordinary inward inspirations and aids of grace, there have never been wanting in any age or region of the world, for those who have acquired the full use of reason, more general and common means of knowing the true God and the natural law, and of obtaining grace by fidelity to the dictates of reason and conscience. This general and common medium of religious instruction has never been a merely rational philosophy, deduced

by reasoning from the first principles of rational nature and the data of experience. All men have believed in a revelation, true or false, and as a fact, the existence of something purporting to be a revelation is as universal as the existence of reason and of knowledge derived by the use of the rational faculties. The universality of the fact establishes the universality of the law as a law of the divine providence over men. There is also a universal fact of human consciousness corresponding to this law. Men have desired to know the Power above the world, to hear from him, to propitiate him, to know their own nature and reason of being, to know their future destiny, and to obtain a perfect and endless felicity. They have always looked, not to philosophy, but to some tradition of a divine revelation for the satisfaction of this desire. Philosophers have never been the teachers of the multitude, and their metaphysical systems have never furnished the people with their code of belief and morals. More than this, the greatest sages and philosophers have recognized their inability to meet the demands of human consciousness by the sole resources of logic and metaphysics, without tradition and divine revelation. "Do you wish to discover the truth with certitude," says Aristotle (*Met. lib. xi. c. 8*), "separate with care that which is first and hold to it; this is indeed that paternal doctrine which only comes with certainty from the word of God."* Cicero represents and sums up all the ancient philosophy known to him when he declares that "antiquity being nearer the divine origins and productions of things knew best the truth." (*Tuscul. i. 12.*)

Zoroaster, the greatest of the heathen sages, in that part of the Avesta called the Patets, prescribes the following confession of faith: "I am wholly without doubt in the existence of the good Mazdayacnian faith, in the coming of the resurrection and the later body, in the stepping over the bridge Chinvat, in an invariable recompense of good deeds and their reward, and of bad deeds and their punishment, as well as in the continuance of Paradise, in the annihilation of Hell, and Ahriman and the Dævas; that the god Ormuzd will at last be victorious, and Ahriman will perish together with the Dævas and the offshoots of darkness." (*Bleek's Transl. of the Avesta.*)

Confucius says: "Of what use are your efforts to weave a new tissue by yourself? As for me, in order that I may not fall into

*This is a free periphrasis of Aristotle's text by Cardinal Dechamps which correctly expresses the sense of this and other passages in his writings. There are several similar passages in Plato.

error I will meditate on the manners and the doctrine of our ancestors, of antiquity ! I study it always. My mind clings to the mind of the ancients. Grand, brilliant and beautiful is the doctrine which the sages have transmitted to us." (Chow-King, c. xi. n. 4.)

The providential method by which men have always been instructed in religion corresponds to that law of nature by which children are dependent on their parents and give them spontaneously an unbounded and unquestioning credence and trust. As they grow up and become active members of a larger family, the doctrine and law of the society in which they live and the authority of its elders, supersede the private authority of their parents. The paternal doctrine, the religion of their fathers, becomes wider than the particular family circle, and is assumed to have been given to the founders of the larger human family by a superhuman power.

The difficulty in the case consists in the intermingling of false revelations, of impostures, of things absurd and immoral, with the remnants of the primitive revelation, in the religions of ancient and modern heathendom. The question necessarily arises, and demands an answer : how can that be a providential method of proposing and making credible the divine truth, which imposes also on the same motive of credibility what deserves rather to be called diabolical falsehood than divine truth, and is morally degrading rather than salutary ?

It is impossible that the Holy Spirit should ever concur with the erroneous operations of the human mind by elevating assent to falsehood to an act of divine faith. It is impossible that God should lead a rational creature into error and sin by sanctioning an authority which teaches falsehood and commands immoral acts.

The answer to this is : that those who are not within that society, that original and universal church, in which the pure tradition of the divine faith and law is preserved, are not under the perfect and complete operation of the providential method of instruction. The divine institution for instruction in the truth and direction in morals has been perverted, and the authority which it exercises in this perverted and corrupted form is a human usurpation. The lack of the ordinary means for knowing easily and certainly what God has revealed makes it necessary, that God should provide for the salvation of those who are brought up in a society which has a perverted doctrine and law, by extraordinary means. The use which divine providence makes of

the false religion or sect is an overruling of its usurped authority, by which it is compelled to teach and transmit truth involved in its errors, to bear a reluctant witness against itself, and to furnish a criterion by which its subjects can discern the genuine, divine authority, when they are brought face to face with its evidence. Over and above this transmission of truth in the midst of and in spite of the errors which surround it, there is the extraordinary grace of illumination and inspiration given to those who seek truth and righteousness with an upright heart, following and obeying the light which they have as they best can. There is also in all men who have the full use of reason, a natural light and a natural law of conscience, by which they are advertised of the reasonableness and obligation of refusing assent to manifest absurdities and obedience to laws or customs manifestly degrading and immoral. Men who act with rectitude of reason and will do not assent to anything proposed as divine and revealed truth, except with the tacit understanding that it is one, catholic, holy, and *apostolic*, that is, handed down from the original apostles of God to the human race who were commissioned under the Old Law, or the apostles of Christ under the New. There is also the tacit understanding that this professed revelation is either positively or negatively in harmony with the truth and law which God has imparted to the natural reason and conscience, viz., that it is positively proved to be true and credible by reason, or, at least is not in evident contradiction to truths and facts which are known to be certain and cannot be reasonably doubted.

In this manner there is a way open to see how those who are brought up in a false religion or in some imperfect and erroneous form of the true religion, can free themselves from whatever is absolutely incompatible with a belief in the truth and a practice of the righteousness which are absolutely necessary to a state of grace and salvation. We can see, moreover, how they can, if they are sufficiently instructed, reasonably and justly question and reject all usurped authority over their mind and conscience, and abjure all the errors of their traditional teaching. Those who hold the substantial truth of divine revelation are virtually catholic. Whatever is uncatholic falls away of itself when the proper tests are applied. It is only catholic authority which remains perfectly consistent with itself, with the first principles of reason and conscience, and with all truth, when it presents the full justification of its claims and the complete exposition of the motives of credibility. The facts of human consciousness prove that a revelation made known with rational certitude as credible,

and made known with equal certitude as to its genuine signification, is precisely adapted to the necessities and desires of the soul of man. The facts of history prove that men have always looked to a religion professedly divine for guidance. The Catholic Church, by its four evident marks of unity, sanctity, catholicity and apostolicity, at once proves the truth of the Christian Revelation and its own supreme, unerring authority as a rule and criterion of faith; and thus it brings the mind directly in contact with the veracity of God, the motive of its most firm and supernatural assent to the truths which God has revealed.

The celebrated French historian Augustin Thierry expressed to F. Gratry, a little before the death of the former, in terse and concise form, what is the dictate of sound and enlightened reason, when it judges calmly and impartially.

"I know by history the manifest necessity of a divine and visible authority for the development of the life of the human race. But all which is outside of Christianity is of no account. Moreover, all that is outside of the Catholic Church is of no authority. The Catholic Church is, then, the authority which I seek." *

THE TRUE TENDENCY OF PHYSICAL-SCIENCE RELIGIONS.

So far is it from being true that the explication of phenomena from physical causes leads away from God and providence, that rather those philosophers who have employed themselves in these investigations have been able to find no way of getting to the end of anything except by a final recourse to God and providence.

It is most certain and proved by experience that slight draughts of philosophy may by chance give an impulse toward atheism, but that deeper drinking of the same brings the mind back to religion.

LORD BACON.

* Works of Card. Dechamps. Vol. vii. p. 228.

THE PLACARD.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

A LONDON Christmas has none of the traditional picturesqueness of that old home festival with which we associate good cheer and happy gatherings; even Dickens could not make it attractive, though he makes it pathetic. This was what Dr. Walsh, a young Irishman just getting into fair practice in a dull part of London, thought somewhat ruefully as he trudged home on Christmas Eve, through the black slush which did duty for snow, past the brightly-lighted shops, and the array of fat beef, wreathed in holly and box and decorated with gay-colored ribbons, hanging in whole carcasses in the butchers' stores. Tanks of mincemeat, with lace-like patterns spread over them in the shape of pastry and candy, filled the grocers' windows; snow-white cakes, gaudily decorated with international flags and gilt gimcracks of all sorts, were heaped in confectioners' stores; the toy-shops blazed with a lot of waxen pink and white beauty and its accompaniment of floss-silk hair and blue eyes, besides the more sensible attractions of toy houses, toy carts, toy ships and railroad-cars, and what was spent on illumination alone must have reduced the profits of even good Christmas sales. The streets were filled with hurrying people, chiefly men laden with baskets and parcels, and a few children, the eldest of families, come out to share the responsibility of choosing Christmas boxes for the little ones; and had it not been for the black mud underfoot and the black sky overhead, the scene would have been tolerably cheerful. But Dr. Walsh could not quite reconcile himself to it, except as a *pis-aller*, remembering as he did the roystering times he had had only five years ago at his old home in Ireland, where Christmas was kept up in ancient style, and where, mortgages notwithstanding, every one for miles around found himself better off for the Christmas largess or hospitality of the Walshes. Nevertheless hard necessity had driven him to take his chances in London, where he and his sister were trying to earn money to redeem the tumble-down homestead and get rid of hungry creditors. She was teaching in a private school, and he had a tolerable practice and a treasure of a housekeeper in his young wife, who devoted herself entirely to saving and managing the income

so as to accumulate ready money for the end they all had in view. What she fed the family on, and what she clothed the three baby girls with, was a mystery, for the latter always looked clean and tidy, and the food was always appetizing; yet the little fund steadily increased. She had even hinted that there would be a Christmas tree this year, with the orthodox accompaniments, as little Clara was four years old and really could not be defrauded of the fun all children ought to have at this season. The doctor was thinking of this tree, for which some of his small bundles were destined, when he turned off into a side street rather ill lighted and running for a good distance along the dead brick wall of a large factory building, just the place for advertisements, though not for an advantageous display of them. However, there they were, a good many staring, incongruous slips of flimsy paper, overlapping each other, many torn and illegible, others fresh from the press, a theatrical flourish grimly jostling a chemical one, and the figure illustrating "Laughing-Gas" stuck sideways across the bottom of the advertisement of a new Egyptian clown at Astley's. The doctor had a national sense of humor, and took in the suggested fun of these motley bills as he passed quickly by, though he had no time to spare to look at them in detail; but at the further corner of the wall, where a rickety boarding joined the next house, he noticed a man, too thinly dressed for the season of the year, standing vacantly before a new yellow placard. He could just see the color of the poster and a singular figure upon it like a blurred attempt at an eruption, with letters a foot long below, by the light of a lamp whose frame seemed to let in a great deal of wind, for the flame flickered badly. The man looked commonplace enough, with a round face and reddish hair and beard, and the doctor slightly wondered at his immovableness; for even at a distance he could see that the figure was not looking closely at the placard or trying to spell out its meaning. It was only a few seconds before he reached the same spot, and a glance told him the advertisement was one of a sensational religious import, relating to the "Second Advent," such as is no longer uncommon in London streets; but he had not time to think of it before the man spoke in a muffled tone, evidently begging for a copper. Dr. Walsh turned towards the flaring lamp and felt in his pocket, but while looking at the little silver coin before he handed it to his companion he felt himself seized from behind, evidently with a murderous intention. He turned and grappled with the man, and being a fine, athletic fellow and not unused to the science of self-defence, he was able to defend him-

self effectually. He became the more anxious to do his best as he felt the nature of the grip the strange man had upon him—a grip out of proportion with his natural strength as gauged by his appearance. The doctor had also clearly seen a knife in his hand, and hastened to trip up his antagonist, whom he got down on his back just in time. Neither he nor the man had yet said one word nor made an attempt to cry out, and the doctor knelt on his chest and got the knife away, throwing it over the factory wall. Then the man, still struggling to rise, said in an odd, hoarse, muffled tone, not fiercely, but with a queer, blood-curdling tone of entreaty :

“Oh! *do* let me kill you, *do* let me kill you.”

The doctor was sure now of what he had already suspected, and answered, humoring the lunatic :

“Well, so I will by and by, if you will tell me just why you want to kill me.”

“I can’t help it,” said the man; “I want to kill some one. Two women passed down the street ten minutes before you, but they did not suit me. I took a fancy to kill you when I saw you coming towards me. Why don’t you let me?”

“Couldn’t you put it off a little? Did you know my face?”

“No, but I wanted to kill some one, and when you came down the street I knew at once it was you, and only you, whom I wanted. What have you done with my knife?”

“Put it away in a safe place. Suppose you come with me and tell me why you wanted to kill me.”

“I don’t want to leave that placard.”

Dr. Walsh glanced at the yellow poster.

“Well, shall we go and hear the sermon it advertises?”

“What sermon?” said the madman vacantly. He had risen, and was standing by the doctor, who held his arm with a grip not easy to get away from.

“Or perhaps you don’t care for that. Come with me and tell me where you belong to.”

He was wondering what he could do with the man. The police-station did not always occur to his mind as the fit receptacle for every kind of vagrant, for he had a professional as well as a natural feeling of discrimination, and was never in the selfish hurry to get rid of disagreeable people which characterizes most of the prosperous inhabitants of London. The man did not answer him, and as the doctor watched him in silence he noticed changes in his face, and also differences from the common run of street types familiar to men in town. The lunatic’s mind was

evidently clearing ; a lucid interval was quickly coming on, and the doctor was anxious to remove him from the scene of the late struggle before the recollection of it could become painful or shameful to him. He drew him gently away, and there was no resistance on the part of his now silent companion ; the doctor, still undecided as to where he should take him, walked in the direction of his own home. It was the lunatic who broke the silence, saying in an evidently sane tone, and with a gentle and courteous intonation revealing his natural good-breeding :

"I hope you will accept my earnest apologies for what I now recollect has just passed. You may have guessed who and what I am."

"My dear fellow," frankly said the doctor, standing still and holding out his hand, "you could not have come across a better man to experiment upon, seeing that I am a doctor and can readily appreciate your trouble. And now can I be of any use to you?"

The other was silent, still holding Dr. Walsh's hand in his, but presently, recollecting himself, said in a hesitating voice :

"I have a little money in my pockets. Could you recommend me a decent hotel not too far from here? I am very tired."

"I think," said the doctor with a sort of plunge, "I had rather beg you to accept my poor hospitality ; you would be more comfortable."

The man looked up slowly with evident surprise.

"Are you in earnest?" he said.

"Why, of course," said Walsh cheerily. "My wife will make you welcome—that is, unless you were on your way to friends to spend Christmas?"

"No," said the man wearily, and, after a pause, he added : "I don't believe there is another man in London would ask a stranger—an escaped lunatic—to his house like that. God bless you!"

"Oh! nonsense," said Walsh. "Do you suppose there is no good-fellowship left in this big town? Here is my card ; and now come along or you will catch cold."

The other read the name and immediately said :

"My name is John Llewellyn, and I used to be a briefless barrister, though my real business was literature, and it was to an unlucky venture in the latter that I owed my first fit of insanity."

"Well," said the doctor, as he found his companion stopped, "I am glad we have met, for I have no doubt your trouble can be cured, and we can talk over matters at our leisure at home

after the children's Christmas tree. I suppose you are a bachelor?"

"Yes," said Llewellyn, "though I am nearly thirty-seven. But then I fear this is an hereditary trouble; my uncle killed himself in a fit of this sort, though it was drink that brought on his."

"We are not far from home," answered Walsh cheerfully; "and I own I shall be glad to see the fire."

His home consisted only of the lower part of a dingy London house, than which a drearier abode can scarcely be imagined; but "where there's a will there's a way," and the Walshes had clearly gone to work with a will. The usual dismal room on the ground-floor denominated a dining-room, with its inevitable black horse-hair furniture, had become the family sitting-room, though a tall screen cut off one corner and formed an impromptu bedroom for the doctor's sister. The black furniture was covered with cheap chintz, miraculously kept clean, with frills always accurately fluted, and dark, cheap stuff curtains, fit to stand London "blacks" without exposing them, draped the tall windows. Some of the chairs were evidently tied back to back beneath their covering of chintz, so as to form a sort of *tête-a-tête*, and there were sundry couches and tables evidently home-made, while one side of the room was filled with plain shelves, or rather piled-up book-boxes used shelf-wise for a large collection of books, miscellaneous as well as professional. Diagonally to the books, and back to back with a "cottage" or upright piano (a wedding present), stood the doctor's writing-table, a common but unusually thick board standing on two rough trestles stained dark red. This table was covered with a black silk Norwich shawl with a deep gold-colored border of intricate pattern, also a wedding present, as were most of the other pretty things in the room. A Sutherland table with deep leaves stood by the wall, and, when spread out, made an ample dinner-table for four; otherwise it held a bronze lamp and a marble group, and looked like a narrow shelf along the wall. Centre-table there was none, but a square, low, substantial one stood by the sofa, which was placed obliquely before the fire-place. There was a passage-door leading out from the bedroom end of this parlor, which was handy for the women to escape by when patients came at unseasonable hours; but during regular "office-hours" this room served the doctor as his study and office, the one on the other side of the hall being divided into a nursery and the doctor's own bedroom. Here the furniture was very simple, and the hangings merely gray lining trimmed with bands of colored stuff, yet there was nothing of the

homeless look of a lodging-house anywhere: the kitchen, as is usual in most London houses, was below the street level, and there were two pantries and a sort of recess between them, which also formed part of the apartment. I was going to forget the most characteristic thing in the sitting-room, which was also repeated in the bedroom and nursery: the windows were pasted over, half-way up, with Japanese pictures, and strips of black paper between each, as a sort of frame or border, so that no outlook into the dirty, dreary street could be had, and a border of Japanese design also ran along the upper sash, leaving only a broad strip of glass uncovered, but in no way interfering with the ventilation.

When the doctor reached home his eldest little girl was holding the door ajar and peeping out, watching for him; the sitting-room door was open, and showed a glimpse of the fire and an unusual illumination within. Walsh pushed his companion into the room and bade him sit down and warm himself at once. He dreaded the effect upon him of a single minute's hesitation in the reception, or rather the impression of a reception, given him by his wife; so as he forced his companion into a chair he glanced quickly at his wife and drew back into the hall, where she followed him and learnt in a few minutes all there was to know. She took in the situation at once, though she had a momentary misgiving as to her husband's safety in the future. Of this, however, she gave him no hint, and, going back into the sitting-room, found the younger babies established on the stranger's knee.

"Mr. Llewellyn," she said, "the best welcome has been given you already—the little ones have forestalled me, I see; but wouldn't you like to step into my husband's room a minute while I give the tree its last finish?" And she took up the bundles the doctor had laid on the sofa, while he appeared at the door and led the guest across to his room. While the men were away Mrs. Walsh explained matters to her sister-in-law in a whisper, and the two women ventured on a natural confidence as to the fears which they tried to hide but could not help feeling. Murderous assaults impress a woman more than a man, and even a doctor's wife is not hardened to professional views of all things, insanity included; but our friends were sensible women, and, as far as possible, locked up their fears in their own inner consciousness. When Walsh and Llewellyn came back there was nothing to do but push the screen into a different position from its common one, and reveal the Christmas tree, ready lighted and loaded. It stood where Miss Walsh's bed-room was supposed to be;

but the screen hid the huddled-up bed and other piled encumbrances, and there was room enough to go round the tree cutting off presents. Clara insisted on the stranger having his gift too, and chose it for him herself—a small gilt box with a miniature compass, originally meant by Miss Walsh for Clara herself, who had an uncommon fondness for scientific instruments. After the little hubbub consequent on Christmas distributions, no matter how small or intimate the circle may be, Mrs. Walsh sat down to the piano and made the children join in a few Christmas carols and hymns, an English translation of *Adeste Fideles* being the closing one; for of course the Walshes had not forgotten the old customs of Christmas at their little church on the mountain-side, two miles from home, where they used to go for Midnight Mass, and where they remembered many lovely Christmas nights with a full moon, or with other beauties which the cold never seemed to mar. Midnight Mass in London did not seem the same, though the doctor penitently reproached himself every year for the thought, supplementing the reproach with a wish his practice were good enough to allow him a holiday.

After the hymns the children were sent off to bed, and Miss Walsh disappeared with them for half an hour. The guest was very silent and apparently sad, though the doctor chattered his best, offered him a pipe, a long German one, which, though he declined it, seemed to fascinate him, for he kept fingering it gently and turning it round and round. Mrs. Walsh now and then glanced nervously at her husband; their guest's moodiness alarmed her.

Presently the doctor started a new subject: "I dare say you have travelled a good deal, Mr. Llewellyn?"

"Yes," said his guest, "though mostly in very hackneyed places. Even Cracow is on the list of tourist hotels, and that is the most out-of-the-way place I ever went to."

"How did Poland strike you?"

"Well, I saw really so little that was characteristic that I dare not give any judgment about the country. I was an idler then, and went to see some friends who had a large property and lived in plenty, though, politically speaking, they considered themselves shamefully persecuted."

"I fancied the Austrian Poles were pretty contented."

"Yes; but my friends, though in Austrian Poland, so identified themselves with their people as a whole that Russian affairs engrossed them most, and they lost sight of their individual good-luck as Austrian subjects."

After another pause Walsh said to his wife :

"Mary, I dare say it will amuse Mr. Llewellyn to see something of Irish catering for Christmas; let us open the hamper now, though it looks rather a greedy proceeding. Just call Clara; she must have finished playing nursery-maid."

Miss Walsh was called accordingly, and a pretty scene followed, though some might call it prosaic, seeing that it was connected with eatables of various sorts. Hampers are a great institution across the ocean; they form a large part of the freightage material on the railroads from September to March, and especially at Christmas, and experienced senders have devised certain sealed knots by which to ascertain whether any hungry porter or brakeman has tampered with the contents. Game is thus sent from the Highlands of Scotland to Cornwall, fish from the west of Ireland to the coast of Norfolk, farm produce and home-made bread, etc., everything that hungry country-folk shut up in cities can long for, or epicures prize because it is unattainable at a common shop. This particular hamper was a home gift from Walsh's father and some younger brothers and sisters still living in the dilapidated family home which he and Clara were working so hard to free from creditors.

A lot of sweet-smelling hay was packed at the top, under which, wrapped in moss, were some late violets with a faint scent, and a few chrysanthemums. The substantial were not far to seek: two home-cured hams of last year and a side of bacon; two large turkeys and two couples of chickens, all ready for cooking; a small round of salt beef—not the scraggy thing which boarding-house reminiscences have made too familiar and most hateful to most of us, but salt beef such as is thought a luxury by well-to-do lovers of good cheer, the traditional squires of romance; some jars of pickles and catsups, of jellies and jams, all home-made; eight or ten pounds of new butter, some of it in tiny pats with a rabbit stamped on them; a jar of cream and a larger one of milk; a small cheese and a smaller cream-cheese; a hare, two rabbits, half a dozen partridges, and some sea-fish in a separate parcel labelled with the name of Walsh's favorite fisher-boy, Michael Hanlon; some brown wheat bread and two loaves of white bread, a rich plum-cake, two large covered mince-pies and a dozen small open ones, with two bottles of old port and one of the traditional whiskey that never paid duty, and a big plum-pudding ready mixed in a stout bag, besides a lot of dried fruit, and four lemons and three oranges, the latter being "rich and rare" in the home of the Walshes, though common enough on London

street-stalls. There were also a few fire-crackers for the children. Llewellyn evidently took great delight in this domestic event, and the little excitement consequent on opening the hamper did much to remove the stiffness of the conversation. A little supper was laid on the table by a neat maid who appeared now for the first time, as Miss Walsh took a good deal of the nursery work, and Mrs. Walsh did everything but the rough housework and the waiting. The supper was chiefly cold, except for an excellent oyster-stew and some unrivalled black coffee, and the strange guest became more at home as the meal went on. After supper the ladies disappeared for half an hour, and Walsh indulged his guest with a glass of wine and one of his hidden store of cigars—not, however, an extravagant purchase of his own, but a present from an admiring patient in the tobacco trade. The doctor, though apparently careless and jovial, watched the stranger closely, and was becoming more and more satisfied that his fit was over for the present and that his case was curable in the end, when Llewellyn said :

“ I think I owe you an explanation fuller than that which you may have gathered from my chance allusion to my adventures.”

“ I am quite ready,” said the doctor cheerfully—“ that is, if it is not disagreeable to *you*. I am quite satisfied to take you on trust.”

“ You have been much too generous,” said the other, “ for me to leave you in the dark. You may say what you like, but not one man in a thousand would have done what you have.”

“ Well,” said Walsh deprecatingly, “ let us get to work.”

“ I told you I had travelled on the Continent,” began Llewellyn. “ It was in Germany—that is, in Prussian Silesia—that my trouble first showed itself. My name will tell you that I am a Welshman, and my father was a small squire, who, having got into debt, was in a great hurry to sell his estate, which afterwards turned out to be full of iron, but not till he had parted with it for a very small sum to a retired manufacturer. He and my brother and I came up to London. My brother was ten years older than myself, and was of age when the property was sold. He and my father had the same tastes, and did not husband very carefully the ready money they had in hand after clearing their debts; so I was sent to a second-rate private school, and should have missed college altogether if the man who bought our place had not been honest enough to press upon us an additional sum after the discovery of the mine was made. He also suggested that my brother should marry his daughter, as he could give his own sons money enough

in other forms, and would settle the Welsh property on his only girl. After some hesitation my brother accepted this proposal, and engaged himself to Miss Charlton, who was only sixteen at the time. Her father good-naturedly took an interest in me, and induced my father to use part of the new sum of purchase money to set me up in a profession. I went to Cambridge, and subsequently to Gray's Inn. Meanwhile my father died and my brother married. As my inclinations were different from his, my thrifty mother's characteristics having revived in me, I was rather cut off from the family and shifted for myself. I saw that the bar was not my vocation and set about trying to earn money my own way. You know how that generally ends in a trial of literature, and I gravitated helplessly towards publishing and newspaper offices. By and by I found my level and got a connection with the theatres, writing plays, adapting scenes, etc.—a dramatic author on a small scale, and content to be a well-paid hack all my life—when all of a sudden a little farce I wrote became the rage, and the merest accident threw me headlong into a sea of sensational popularity. No one was more surprised than myself. At first I was a little ashamed as well, for I knew what trash my things were, seriously and artistically speaking. But an author's vanity is insidious; I gave in, wrote more such stuff, and made money fast. That was eight years ago. This lasted about two years, and my head was fairly turned, when, as suddenly as the first success, came the first failure. I had made sure of the favor of the public, but it deserted me as unreasonably as it had sought me out, and a pet performance of my comic muse fell flat.

“The sudden revulsion was a great blow to me. I got away from the theatre before the play was over, and took an aimless walk through the streets, having forgotten to put on my overcoat. I wandered about, feeling cold and dizzy, and instinctively trying to get out of the way of the crowd. Everywhere posters, placards, and ‘sandwich-men’ met me, and some of the advertisements were of my own unlucky piece, then being ‘damned’ at the theatre I had left. For days before the piece had been announced and cried in the streets, and I had been proud of seeing fearful caricatures of myself connected with the advertisements; now a frenzy seized me and I longed to smash every board I saw placarded, and kill every perambulating human poster I came across. Presently I saw one of these men—I could not see what he carried on his horrid wooden shield—turn down a by-street leading to the Thames. Beyond the Embankment you know

there are still many queer nooks; I followed mechanically, or rather with a muffled aim which I only dimly understood. The chill night air was doing its work on my unnaturally-excited brain, and I was beginning to be unlike myself. I followed the man, trying to decipher the advertisement on his back-board, and persuading myself it was mine, when presently he turned, and, with an uneasy look, said something, it seemed to me tauntingly. I shouted some threat in reply. My recollection of the scene is vivid in some respects, but in others quite the contrary; I only know that I flew at him, and he ran from me further down the street till he turned and came out on an unfrequented corner skirting the river, with a high blank wall on the right covered with torn and fluttering advertisements. I pursued him blindly, still trying to decipher his hideous placard, till I saw him dart through, as I then thought, a hole in the wall; and when I looked around I saw two more men bearing placards behind me, and a third turning the corner. I was faintly conscious that I was feverish and that my proper place was bed, and yet I was impelled to go on and try the same hole, wondering what the other men would do, and if they were real men or only phantoms of my brain. I heard footsteps and voices behind me; then what seemed like a whispered consultation, then coarse jests and questions, as the men made up their minds I was drunk and not worth troubling about. They passed me, and by this time I felt stupid and unable to move; but I saw them disappear one by one where the first had disappeared, though I could see nothing but a wall of torn paper before me. When I was alone again I felt bewildered and, I believe, frightened; confused notions of murder haunted me, and I could hear the swash of the tide lazily slapping the wooden piles of those grisly piers that some people think so picturesque in Doré's illustrations. Presently the wind got up, and I suppose the sudden increase of cold suggested dimly the instinct of getting home to shelter; but just as I turned round a large sheet of crimson paper fluttered out from the wall and struck me in the face. There was a fitful, rainy-looking moon, and as it came from behind a cloud it threw light enough on the stained and torn paper to let me see a supposed likeness of myself grinning at me; I knew then that it was a poster about my unlucky piece. I tore it down, and felt impelled to tear down as much more loose paper as I could get hold of; but I had not done much before a policeman came up—I scarcely knew him for one, however—and, with a few words which I did not understand, took a strong hold of me. I know I struggled, and I remember

distinctly believing that the man I struggled with was myself, who had stepped down from the paper wall on purpose to throttle me for my silly failure at the theatre. I learnt afterwards that this place by the river was a large placard manufactory and employed many of the 'sandwich-men.' Before I was got as far as the police-station, where the man naturally meant to take me, I fell down senseless, and the policeman searched my pockets for signs of my identity. What he found decided him to take me to my lodgings instead of the station, and there I woke next morning with the impression that I had had a hideous dream. I was as weak as a cat, and still feverish, but I escaped brain-fever that time. Besides my professional connections I had very few friends, and I felt so sore and ashamed that I refused to see any one, and left word two days after that I had gone abroad. I left no address and started by the Ostend boat. I was not fit for the journey, and caught a fresh cold on board. I neglected this so stupidly that when I reached Cologne I had to send for the English doctor and make up my mind to a serious illness. This happened late in July, and it was the middle of September before I was myself again; my brain was seriously affected, and I was recommended to travel quietly and avoid any exciting correspondence, so I told the Cologne postmaster not to forward my letters, should any come, and I set out on horseback for a friend's house in Silesia.

"I had a very pleasant journey, and spent a few weeks at my friend's; he was married to a Frenchwoman, a pretty, dark-eyed girl, a great-niece of Talleyrand. The country was pretty, though flat, and I was told the cold in winter was intense; indeed, I judged so from a picture I saw in the house which represented plains and valleys of snow and looked like a Siberian landscape; it was Oppersdorff in February. The house was comfortable and commonplace, not very old, and the furniture was mostly French; my friend was an improver of land, and spent most of his energies on his English garden and farm. There were drainage works going on, for the land was low and the climate not always healthy; in fact, I caught my second fever there. I thought I should shake off this touch of sickness by a change and a long ride, and I started for Breslau with some nice letters of introduction from my hosts. I went to the theatre the first night of my arrival, and the associations of the stage certainly did me no good. I had noticed myself how odd and irritable I had grown; more than once I saw the surprise of my Silesian friends peeping through their good-breeding; and now in the city I felt an uncom-

fortable suspicion that I could not trust myself; and yet I was unwilling to tell even a doctor of my new notion. I left three of my letters with my card on people of note in Breslau, and meanwhile went about seeing sights, and still trying to shake off my uneasiness about myself. This lasted a week and I had not broken down yet. I began to hope I was all right, but my new acquaintances all appeared to notice something odd and strange about me, the women especially. There was no English doctor here, and I determined to take the advice of the first German one I came across. I went to his office and had a long talk. I told him the truth, that I feared I was going mad, and he advised quiet, and promised to look after me, which he did more like a brother than a professional man, making himself my companion and so on; but from one freak to another my trouble increased and declared itself. He admitted at last that I had better leave the hotel, and hinted delicately that I should get better care in a regular asylum. I still had my lucid moments, and I agreed to do as he directed. I gave him my bankers' address in London, with strict orders not to allow the bankers to give any one at home *my* address, as I was still in hopes of getting well at Breslau, and did not wish my circle in London to gossip over what had happened to me abroad. I knew the asylum by sight; indeed, it was almost one of the curiosities of the town, the building having formerly been a Canonesses' House, and the architecture was lovely. The place was partly cared for by Sisters of Charity, partly by lay hired nurses, men and women, and partly by such of the canonesses as volunteered for the work. One part of the building was still appropriated to them, and the rent which the town paid for the use of the rest went to eke out the income of the ladies. I suppose you have heard of these lay communities, if I may call them so?"

"Yes," said the doctor, "though I have no very clear notions about them."

"Oh! they serve the purpose of giving a young girl of good birth but no means a home and an independence which would be impossible otherwise, and yet leave her the loophole of marriage, since no vows bind her. There is a kind of superioress, but no real monastic obedience, and the ladies live apart, visit in the town, have their own servants, and are bound by no rules but that of wearing a certain dress within the walls, being home by dusk, and attending Mass and Vespers on certain days, and special services on three or four festivals. They are only obliged to reside in the chapter-house for six months of the year; the rest,

if they like, they may spend visiting. But it is a dull life, and few women care to forego their slender chances in society before they are thirty; it is uncommon to find very young girls among the canonesses, and then, too, the number is limited by the stringency of the rule as to noble descent. Birth alone is not enough; and an illegitimate ancestor generations back incapacitates a candidate, or a lack of the right number of legitimate ancestors, or a *mésalliance*. Otherwise the old maids with this dignified name of canoness would swarm through the land. Some 'chapters' are not quite so hard to please, but as all give a 'dowry,' or at least a wedding present, to one of their number who marries, and provide part of her income while she remains a member, they are entitled to be '*difficile*.' Well, the institution at Breslau had dwindled from its high estate and found it to its advantage to rent part of its immense premises to the municipality, and so it came to pass that the Canonesses' House became my home for a while. I remember it as well as if it was yesterday that I had first entered it; my friend the doctor drove me there in one of my sane and pleasant moments—in fact, I thought then that my attack would prove a passing trouble. We went just after a late breakfast, and what with the doctor's kindness and the aspect, so homelike and so artistic, of the building itself, I scarcely felt the unpleasantness of the circumstances. The house stood in a large *platz* where weekly fairs were held; a high, double set of steps wound in a half-circle and joined in a wide stone platform in front of the door, which was massive and elaborately carved.

"From the hall we went into a large, high saloon floored with polished oak, the carved ceiling supported by a few slender stone pillars; and this place, which somehow impressed me with the same sense of vague distance and hushed dignity of the *Sala Regia* in the Vatican on festival days, was filled with small dining-tables exquisitely clean but very simply served. At a few of these sat some of the nurses, just finishing their mid-day meal, some Sisters of Charity in their lovely gray dress, and some of the younger canonesses in very antique, stiff-looking costumes of black stuff with a wide white linen collar of peculiar shape, and some odd silver trinkets down the front of the dress. In addition to this most of them wore a large rosary at their girdle, and one or two wore close caps. The doctor and I passed through this hall and on to the staircase beyond—which was a marvel of intricate carving—but did not go up-stairs, as he said his friend, one of the under-masters of the place, lived in the L wing, mostly occupied by female patients, and he wished us to pay him a visit together

before I went to my apartments, as he called them. This wing consisted of an immensely wide passage, wider than a common room, with tapestry hangings on one side, and occasional windows into a large courtyard, and a series of rooms, generally unconnected with each other, each opening into the corridor, while their other sides looked into a garden. The arrangement was so peculiar that I was delighted with it; the doctor explained that this corridor served as a kind of cloister, and had once been open to the courtyard, but the weather proved too severe to allow of regular exercise being taken in the cloister at all times, so the open side had been walled up and a few of the arches turned into large windows. A few doors were open, and we met two ladies walking up and down at the nearer end of the passage. My friend told me that one was an American whose relations had brought her there from Vienna, where she became insane through a sudden loss of her fortune, and they had now paid regularly for her for nine years, preferring this exceptional asylum to anything in their own country. She was a silent person, he said, but would refer, as often as she opened her lips, to 'my aunt Miss Tilden,' and she spoke no French or German. Through the door of her room I could see the ingenious strawpanelling, if I may call it so, at which she busied herself; the walls, as high as a woman could reach, were covered with minute colored split straws, a sort of Japanese-looking pattern, and across the room, so that one could not help seeing it, hung a common clothes-line, with small square tiles hung to it by wires—isolated tiles, each costly and beautiful, but incongruous. Most of these were presents; she had a passion for them, and her friends indulged the whim. It reminded me of a certain sane woman's passion for cream-pitchers, of which she had in a carved book-case about thirty of various materials, sizes, and ages in an old Welsh house of my acquaintance.

"We visited the assistant doctor, to whom my friend wished to recommend me particularly, and found him very cheerful, very German, very beery, and very enlightened. His room was modern and smelt of happy-go-lucky bachelorhood; it opened on to a little garden of its own, and was sunny and jolly, though disorderly. He accompanied us back to the main part of the building, introduced me to the head doctor, and installed me in my apartment, a large room with an alcove for the bed, on the first floor overlooking the courtyard. I scarcely know how long I stayed there before doing anything palpably queer and insane. I remember sometimes dining alone, sometimes in a long room

with many others; then we had billiards and chess and other games in a large room with an immense white china stove, like a press, running up to the ceiling, with an ornamented cornice at the top. I was tacitly required to go to Mass, though not a Catholic myself, and I remember vaguely several festival days. It was not till long after that I examined the chapel. Male nurses attended the male patients, except those sick of other diseases than madness. We never saw the women socially; there was no attempt at aping a home, but once or twice a year the patients whom it was safe to leave to themselves dined in company, somewhat solemnly, in the Elizabeth Hall, the room I had first seen. (A local princess of that name had been the foundress of this quasi-order of religious women.) I had no adventure, no love-affair, no romantic friendship; my gloomy fantastic fits were more and more frequent, and I lost count of much time. I was told I had been unconscious though docile enough for two years, when one day my friend called early in the morning and proposed to take me out; he thought I was much better, and he was anxious to try the experiment. First we stopped in the chapel to hear Mass. It was a holiday, the patron saint of the institution; the sanctuary was brilliant, but the old altar very plain; the stalls were arranged lengthwise down the two sides of the chapel, and when they were not sufficient plain benches supplemented them; the men sat on one side, the women on the other, and the canonesses had a tribune with a magnificent carved balcony looking into the sanctuary. Formerly, of course, they occupied the stalls. After service we went into the market-place, then to the public gardens, then to a restaurant, then took a long drive into the country. I enjoyed it all, and was quite rational and cool, when on coming back a placard met my eye. I had seen others before that same day, but the effect of this was instantaneous and unaccountable: I grew violent, insisted on tearing it down, and behaved altogether like the unlucky lunatic I was. My friend was sadly grieved. I heard after that I had attempted to kill him with my fists. I had a few weeks of a very bad time, and then grew suddenly better as the weather grew cooler. The doctor sounded me as to the advisability of my going home. I was reluctant, as I knew no one who could be of use to me in the dreary places known as asylums in England; but I began to fear being a burden on my friend in Breslau, and after a stay of nearly four years I yielded, and, as my sane intervals were pretty sure to last at least a month, I allowed arrangements to be made for my removal. One of my bankers' clerks came to accompany me,

but I felt as if I was leaving home when I left my Breslau friends. It is no use spinning out the sad tale. I came home and at once entered an English private asylum, where I am bound to say I was well and even affectionately treated; but I grew worse since the day I crossed the Channel, and when my fits came on I was almost always murderous, which, before my attack the day of the fair, used not to be the case. Lately, however, the intervals have been longer and the fits, even if violent, shorter; but oh! the dreary feeling of homelessness. My brother and sister-in-law had to know of my condition, and they and their children often came to see me, but I never felt as I did in Breslau—that is, until to-night, when my physician-friend seemed miraculously revived in you, his brother in the profession. Well, that is my story so far as I have any story, but I wonder how it will end.”

“In your cure I feel confident,” said Walsh. “We will contrive a bed for you—you must be tired—and if you will let me do as I like with you for a little while I have no doubt we shall get to the bottom of the trouble. Smoke another cigar while my wife and sister go to church; I shall stay away this Christmas night and keep you company.”

So John Llewellyn became a guest of the young doctor, and Miss Walsh removed her belongings *pro tem.* into the nursery. By degrees the lunatic recovered, and the doctor was very proud of his cure, of which the details would be out of place here. It is years ago since this happened, but the Christmas at Ballywalsh (the old house was successfully redeemed and the family set on its legs again) was never kept without Llewellyn as a special and central attraction. Miss Walsh married in due time, and a younger generation swarmed round the old building. One year the Walshes took a holiday in the autumn and with Llewellyn visited Breslau, the Elizabeth Hall, and the doctor, who had now succeeded the head man at the asylum, and was delighted to see his old patient safe and sound, proof against placards or anything else. Walsh's practice is large and prosperous, and he has a boy going to school whom he intends to bring up as a farmer at the old home. Llewellyn, too, is his country neighbor, as he bought a cottage near Ballywalsh for the summer, though he has resumed literature in London as a profession for six months in the year.

THE LOUISIANA OF CREOLE DAYS.*

WHEN we think of or name a dead or distant nation there comes before our mental view the picture chiefly of its principal city, and of that city some salient portion or building—a temple, a palace, perhaps a prison. One says Greece, and we see in the city of the violet crown the Acropolis bright against the blue Athenian sky, and the Agora where Alcibiades walked with doves in his breast; Rome, and behold in the Eternal City the awful circle of the Coliseum, the flower of pagan strength and persecution, and St. Peter's, the flower of Catholic faith and prayer—one for the killing of the body, the other for the saving of the soul. To most of us, above all to “home-keeping folk,” England means grim and vast London, with the Abbey and the Tower to stand for church and state; and France shows us a vision of bright Paris with Notre Dame and the Louvre. So, in our own country, at the mention of Louisiana the stranger who has visited or the native who has left it remembers the long reaches of cane and cotton, the matted swamps and sluggish bayous, or the freer stretches of open prairie only as the fringed mantle of the city that “sits by the sea” where the wide Mississippi broadens to the Gulf. And of that city one picture will rise most frequently before him. Once more he stands in the Place d'Armes of the Creoles, where in old days there lingered a faint flavor of formal French gardens in the prim flower-beds and precise clipped hedges, but which the rampant and too well known charger of American sculpture links to its Northern brotherhood under the name of Jackson Square. To right and left from street to street stretch the uniform dark-red fronts of the Pontalba Buildings, from which for so many years went good American *rentes* to Paris to the old French countess whose title they bear. Facing the square, and beyond it, is the Spanish-built cathedral of St. Louis, which has seen more changes of dynasty than any other building in America north of the Rio Grande. There in turn knelt the Spanish comandante and the French gouverneur; there Jackson and the Kentuckians heard the Mass of Thanksgiving for the deliverance of the city; there, after the cannon in Jackson Square had saluted the ordinance of secession, a new banner was brought to the altar

* *Old Creole Days*. By George W. Cable. New York : Charles Scribner's Sons. *The Grandissimes*. By George W. Cable. New York : Charles Scribner's Sons.

to be blessed, and the dark old church was bright with the scarlet and gold, and blue and grey of the Gardes d'Orléans, and the Piques-d'abord, and the Chasseurs-à-pied, and in place of the solemn, breathless stillness at the Elevation the stone floor rang and re-echoed with the rattle of rifles as the soldiers presented arms. And one rainy April morning no news came from the forts of the bombardment begun on Good Friday, and while men wondered and conjectured the great church-bells rang the danger-signal, and passing Chalmette, where the English had been stayed, the Federal men-of-war steamed into view and dropped anchor.

On either side of the cathedral, across wide-flagged courts, are the old court buildings, the forgotten bas-reliefs crumbling away from their stucco façades—crumbling, as is the memory of the days when they were built, and the men who made them, from the minds of their busy American successors. Soon a new courthouse will be built further up-town, after a brand-new design from the architect's office in Washington, well equipped with elevators, and hot and cold water, and a Mansard roof, and inside shutters, as appropriate to Maine or to Michigan as to Texas or Oregon.

Will any one regret to lose the subtle flavor of association, of history and romance, that hangs around the shabby old two-storied buildings with their cool corridors under Moorish arches, where the beggars and cripples used to sit patiently all day long, and the fat *marchandes*, with their heads adorned with bright *tignons*, offered you *calas tous chauds* or *crème à la glace*, according to the season? Will any one miss the silent lesson and reminder of justice and mercy preached by the cathedral standing between the civil and criminal courts, as in France formerly, in every court where sentence of death could be pronounced, there hung the thorn-crowned image of the just Judge, himself unjustly condemned—the merciful Saviour suffering the penalty of sin?

Not far from the cathedral might be seen one of the objects of the city's pride, the date-palm, solitary as the phoenix, whose exquisitely graceful stem and dome of leaves rose high above the one-storied, tiled buildings around, and whose story has been prettily imagined or told by Mr. Aldrich. It was old when the writer of this article saw it last, and when it dies New Orleans will lose that link with the tropics and the desert as she is fast losing the traces of Spanish and French rule. A year or two ago it seemed that the memory of those days would disappear utterly from the minds of men, but before the fading frescoes have lost all their grace of outline and beauty and sweetness of color they have

been seen by intensely sympathetic eyes, and a great artist has given them to the world in the brightness of their departed youth. More than this, the wiser vision of a later generation has seen clearly every blot and shadow on the picture, and while in *Old Creole Days*, and *The Grandissimes* Mr. Cable draws a picture of life in Louisiana which is both charming and true, he has also, by virtue of the absolute truth of his art, shown slavery and its sins in so electric a light that even a beggared slaveholder should rejoice that at the price of poverty and humiliation, even of war and death, that curse is for ever lifted from his land. The whole story of *The Grandissimes*, but above all the chapters relating to Bras-Coupé and the murder of Clémence, seems, in its studied nakedness and freedom from exaggeration, the most terrible picture which fiction has presented of slavery. These are the fair, square, sledge-hammer blows of a strong man, compared with which *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, for instance, appears hysterical, and sensational, and untrue. The two chapters which give the history of Bras-Coupé are written with the power of Victor Hugo, and with a touch of his tenderness in the devotion of that splendid savage to his "*baille Palmyre, so piti zozo*," his adoration of and obedience to his beautiful and gentle white mistress, and his relenting at the close of his own agony.

"The lady came, her infant boy in her arms, knelt down beside the bed of sweet grass, and set the child within the hollow of the African's arm. Bras-Coupé turned his gaze upon it; it smiled, its mother's smile, and put its hand upon the runaway's face, and the first tears of Bras-Coupé's life, the dying testimony of his humanity, gushed from his eyes and rolled down his cheek upon the infant's hand. He laid his own tenderly upon the babe's forehead, then, removing it, waved it abroad, inaudibly moved his lips, dropped his arm, and closed his eyes. The curse was lifted.

"*'Le pawv dgiab!'* said the overseer, wiping his eyes and looking fieldward. '*Palmyre, you must get the priest.*'

"At length: 'Do you know where you are going?' asked the holy man.

"'Yes,' answered his eyes, brightening.

"'Where?'

"He did not reply; he was lost in contemplation, and seemed looking far away. So the question was repeated:

"'Do you know where you are going?'

"And again the answer of the eyes. He knew.

"'Where?'

"The overseer at the edge of the porch, the widow with her babe, and Palmyre and the priest bending over the dying bed, turned an eager ear to catch the answer.

"'To'—the voice failed a moment; the departing hero essayed again;

again it failed; he tried once more, lifted his hand, and with an ecstatic, upward smile whispered: 'To—Africa'—and was gone."

The capture and murder of Clémence show as keen an insight into the workings of dull, ignorant minds as Hardy displays in the dense and distorted stupidity of his clowns. It is the story of generations of slavery and cowardice, flattery and fawning, and ignorance which keeps on lying even after it is discovered, told "without an adjective" or one superfluous word.

"'Oh! fo' de love o' God, *Miché Jean-Baptiste*, don' open dat-ah box! *Y'en a rein du tout là-dans*, Miché Jean-Baptiste; *du tout, du tout!* Miché, on'y p's teck dis-yeh t'ing off'n my laig, ef yo' please, Miché. *Mo' parole d'honneur le plus sacré*. I'll kiss de cross! Oh! sweet Miché Jean, *laisse moi aller!* Nutt'n but some dutty close *là-dans*.' She repeated this again and again, even after Capitaine Jean-Baptiste had disengaged a small black coffin from the old dress in which it was wrapped. '*Rein du tout, Miché!* nutt'n' but some wash'n' fo' one o' de boys."

"He removed the lid and saw within . . . the image in myrtle wax . . . of a negro's bloody arm cut off near the shoulder—a *bras-coupé*—with a dirk grasped in its hand."

"At the base of this tree sat Clémence, motionless and silent, a wan, sickly color in her face, and that vacant look in her large, white-balled, brown-veined eyes with which hope-forsaken cowardice waits for death."

The picture of her murder ranks, for force and vividness, with the best or worst in modern fiction—Nancy killed by Bill Sykes; that treacherous shot when André Desilles, stretching his arms out like a great white cross, fell dead before the men he tried to save, in front of the cannon at Nanci; the "murder grim and great" that avenged beautiful Hypatia—while it borrows from the position of the actors as masters and slave a shame and a ghastliness all its own.

In exquisite and refreshing contrast with these strong and sombre chapters are those in which the lightly yet firmly drawn women of the story appear, bringing vividly before us their potent but almost impalpable Creole charm.

It is not beauty, though they are beautiful as the truth of Mr. Cable's art demands; nor intellect, for their quick, bright, humming-bird minds have nothing in common with our idea of an intellectual woman; nor goodness, though they are sweet, and loving, and unselfish, and brave; but a subtle attraction as indescribable and as unmistakable as the perfume of a flower. To what a sweet sisterhood he has introduced us in his two books!—'Tite Poulette waiting behind the latticed window over the archway of the old Spanish Barracks, whence you could almost see "Count O'Reilly's artillery come bumping and trundling out, and dash into the

ancient Plaza to bang away at King St. Charles' birthday"; the seven fair sisters of the Belles Demoiselles Mansion, "with its broad veranda and red-painted cypress roof peering over the embankment, where, at high water on windy nights, every minute the river threw a white arm over the levee's top, as though it would vault over"; Mme. Délicieuse, in her balcony, spinning her innocent little webs to bring together the estranged father and son; the stately, virginal Clotilde, brave, high-minded, a little feared by her mother; and, most carefully drawn of all, Aurore herself, less perfect than her daughter, but how bewitching and delightful, how exactly calculated to win a man as thoroughly unlike her as her noble and stately lover! We seem to see not only these prominent characters but many of those whose names are not even given—the cloud of girlish cousins walking arm-in-arm down the broad galleries, or whose white dresses glimmer through the shrubberies in the soft scented twilight at the Fête de Grandpère. This is one of the prettiest and truest scenes in the book, doing justice to some of the most attractive characteristics of the Creoles—their profound reverence for and obedience to their elders; their exquisite amiability and politeness, making it possible for half a dozen families to live in harmony and happiness beneath one roof; their clannishness, only equalled by the Scotch Highlanders' "shoulder to shoulder." And how much of the picturesque but little known history of the State it brings before us in the picture of the *grandpère* himself—"the oldest living Grandissime, Alcibiade, a shaken but unfallen monument of early colonial days, a browned and corrugated souvenir of De Vaudreuil's pomps, of O'Reilly's iron rule, of Galvez' brilliant wars" (who ever thinks how Galveston got its name?), "a man who had seen Bienville and Zéphyr Grandissime."

We shall have to go to the English masters of fiction to find a group of such well-drawn, widely differing types as the men in *The Grandissimes*. *Facile princeps* is Honoré—wise, far-seeing, chivalrous, high-minded, a splendid figure standing boldly out against the confused background of Louisiana society of 1806. He is the *fine fleur* of a race which showed many shining examples of heroism and endurance in the late war, as many a Creole woman since has matched the brave, light-hearted struggle with poverty of Clotilde and Aurore. Mr. Ruskin would approve of his attitude in regard to a love which his exaggerated sense of honor fancies hopeless. "It has not killed me. And . . . while I keep in mind the numbe'less other sorrows of life, the burhials of wives and sons and daughtehs, the agonies and desolations, I

shall nevvah die of love, my-de'-seh, fo' verhy shame's sake." In politics he is the calm thinker, wise enough to see that the old order *must* yield, giving place to new, and strong enough to keep his footing in the turning tide. He is well contrasted with a bigoted and intense reactionary, the ruffled old eagle Agricole Fusilier, whose passionate loyalty to a lost and hopeless cause may well be drawn from life, and with his wise, languid half-brother, whose education and wealth only make him understand more clearly the futility of a struggle. Midway between the courage of the gentleman who can face reproach and anger and the falling-off of friends, and the unreckoning, animal bravery of the African prince, stands the weak, pathetic figure of the man of mixed blood, failing in everything—except his revenge.

Among the minor characters the most carefully and charmingly drawn is Raoul Innerarity; gay, honest, sweet-tempered, intensely proud of being "cousin to de distingwish Honoré Grandissime," and speaking a language which would have gladdened the ears of him who wrote the English of Florac and of Captain Costigan. One must go to Louisiana to do justice to the accuracy with which the two dialects are rendered—the "Congo"-French and the Creole-English. Every harsh and hissing letter is softened and thickened, almost every final letter dropped, until that softly-breathed language seems to symbolize at once the sweetness and the indolence of the Creoles; and of this the conversations of Raoul and Aurore are the most finished specimens. Raoul is consistently charming in every situation. As an artist he introduces us to his *chef-d'œuvre*—"Louisiana rif-usin' to hanter de h'Union! Gran' sujet!" and tells us, "If you insist to know who make dat pigshoe, de hartis' stan' bif-ore you!" He shows us his liberality when he asks Frowenfeld, "You t'ink it would be hanny disgrace to paint de pigshoe of a niggah?" And on being told that it would not, exclaims, "Ah! my soul! what a pigshoe I could paint of Bras-Coupé!" As a politician he quiets all discussion with a short formula: "Mifrien', you haven't got doze *inside* nooz: Louisiana is goin' to state w'at she want." It is generally easy to understand the Creole-English, though we were puzzled at first to know what was the peculiar merit of that candidate for the position of drug-clerk whom his friend described as "so grezful ligue a peajohn"; but many a French scholar would find it hard to translate some of the Congo songs, which are not without a beauty and simplicity of their own.

So giés yé té plis noir passé la nouitte,
 So dé la lev' plis doux passé la quitte !
 Tout mo' la vie, zamein mo oir
 Ein n'amourèse zoli comme ça !
 Mo' blié manzé, mo' blié boir,
 Mo' blié tout dipi ç-temps-là,
 Mo' blié parlé, mo' blié dormi,
 Quand mo pensé après zami ! " *

We must leave to a more accomplished linguist the translation of the boat-song,

"Dé zabs, dé zabs, de counon ouaïé ouaïé,"

The "coming man," the judicious, honorable German-American, Frowenfeld, is possessed of every virtue and the one unpardonable vice (in a novel): he is not interesting. At the outset he is very promising, and the story of his family is as touching as it is unfortunately too true—the stout-hearted, hopeful emigrants waiting to see the hills on which New Orleans is built, bearing patiently the infinitely-multiplied torment of the mosquitoes because they have been told they purify the air; the disappointed arrival; and in a few days every member but himself a victim to the yellow fever, and he nursed back to a lonely life by strangers. But our interest fades with his convalescence, and we are apt to skip his earnest harangues and perfectly correct arguments, or to read them for the sake of the interruptions. We are rather bored while he preaches abolition and the dignity of labor to the pretty little Creoles—miles over their heads—and only wake up when wise Aurore attempts to be philosophical herself.

"'Doze Creole is *lezzy*,' said Aurore.

"'That is a hard word to apply to those who do not *consciously* deserve it,' said Frowenfeld, 'but if they could only wake up to the fact—find it out themselves—'

"'Ceddenly,' said Clotilde.

"'Sieur Frowenfel',' said Aurore, leaning her head on one side, 'some pippie thing it is doze climade; 'ow you lag doze climade?'

"'I do not suppose,' replied the visitor, 'there is a more delightful climate in the world.'

*Her eyes were blacker than night,
 Her two lips sweeter than *quitte*.

(I guess this to be *cuite*, the boiled cane-juice before it candies—a great delicacy of the "rolling-season.")

In all my life never did I see
 A sweetheart beautiful as she,
 I have forgotten to eat, I have forgotten to drink,
 I have forgotten all things since that time,
 I have forgotten to speak, I have forgotten to sleep,
 Since I am thinking of my love.

“‘Ah-h-h!’ both ladies at once in a low, gracious tone of acknowledgment.

“‘I thing Louisiana is a paradize—me!’ said Aurore. ‘W’ere you goin’ fin’ sudge a h’air?’ She respired a sample of it. ‘W’ere you goin’ fin’ sudge a so ridge groun’? De weed in my bag yard is twenny-five feet igh!’

“‘Ah! maman.’

“‘Twenny-six!’ said Aurore, correcting herself. ‘W’ere you fin’ sudge a reever lag dad Mississippi?’

“And finally, at the end of a long oration on the slavery of caste, an armed and indolent aristocracy, Aurore gets back comfortably to her bearings. ‘Of coze,’ said Aurore, with a pensive respiration, ‘I thing id is doze climade’; and the apothecary stopped as a man should who finds himself unloading large philosophy in a little parlor.”

But we must resist the temptation to continue our quotations, and be content to call attention to the delightful final chapter of *The Grandissimes*, a welcome and happy relief after the horror of the two preceding ones. To those who like to be led by a master’s hand to a little-known city and a forgotten time we commend this remarkable book. They will find people as real as the creations of Scott and Thackeray, in scenes as vivid and striking as those of Dickens and Victor Hugo, nor will there be wanting the close observation, the caustic sentences which are revelations of George Eliot and the philosophical novelists. They may tire of the long, confused family story of Fusiliers and De Grapions and Grandissimes. They may think the voodoo practices of Mme. Hancanon a blemish to nature and to art. Although belonging to a family that has lived in Louisiana for four generations, we confess that we know and have heard very little of the dark powers of whom Mr. Cable speaks so familiarly—Papa Lebat, Monsieur Assonquer, Monsieur Danny, and the rest. While we are willing to admit that in the first decade of the century, and much later, women may have been foolish enough to believe in the voodoo charms and rites, we do not think that a devout little Catholic going to early Mass and frequent confession would have had recourse to them. Mr. Cable forgets how free from the taint of the witchcraft madness and persecution is the history of all the Catholic colonies. It was in Protestant New England that that faithless and cruel frenzy raged like a fire, not in Catholic St. Augustine or Maryland. In our own time it is in intellectual Boston that the papers are filled with the advertisements of clairvoyants and mind-readers—sixty, we are told, in the Boston, to ten in the New York, papers—and the vagaries of Home and Katy King, and materialized spirits and turning tables, have risen to the

dignity of a Northern "institution." All of which seems to show that an enlightened faith is a stronger foe to superstition than an ever-so-much enlightened and advanced reason.

We cannot help regretting that in writing of a Catholic country and time Mr. Cable's quick sympathies have not been awakened as were those of another non-Catholic author. No one can read Mr. Parkman's *Jesuits in North America* without kindling at the fiery enthusiasm of those early missions. The story of the priests and nuns in Canada, the heroism of Brébœuf and Marquette and the martyr-pioneers of faith and humanity, have been told by a Protestant in language that makes one proud of being a Catholic. While there are not the same splendid examples of Catholic adventure in Louisiana, there is much that is picturesque and peculiar which would have added truth and beauty to his book. He might have told the outside world something of the careful, conscientious, religious training of the slaves: the shiny little black babies brought up to the "great house" to be baptized on the occasion of the priest's visit, and the young couples coming up to be married—the wedding-feast spread on long tables under magnificent moss-hung oaks—and the mistress or her daughters reading the prayers for the dying at the bedside of some faithful and devoted old slave. Mr. Cable could have brought vividly before us a sunset scene of long ago when all the hands came trooping up with baskets on their heads, filled with white cotton-bolls, and knelt while the stately mistress, the daughter of a French and daughter-in-law of a Spanish *commandant*, prayed aloud for the safe return from the Senate of *le bon maître*, and for the blessing of the Heavenly Master on the *fidèles esclaves* and the abundant harvest. He could have shown in a hundred subtle touches the humanity and kindness of the relation between master and slave.

Well do we remember when our good Irish nurse would take us to the cabin of some old mammy whose work was all done, and whose leisure afternoon of life had come, whose patch-work quilt was more beautiful and interesting in our eyes than the Bayeux tapestry of Matilda of Flanders, for there was a story to tell of each patch. Then it was that we were taught to knit, beginning with goose-quills and garters, but aspiring to needles and socks. Then, too, we thought the candied watermelon rind which mammy gave us much more delicious than the myrtle-oranges of our mother's tea-table. Then we were taught the highest of reverences—of youth to age, and of a superior to the inferior, because of the helplessness of his position. We meet with

few examples of either kind now, but the last was known in the days of King Arthur, if we may believe the Laureate :

“For in those days

No knight of Arthur's noblest dealt in scorn ;
But, if a man were halt or hunch'd, in him,
By those whom God had made full-limb'd and tall,
Scorn was allow'd as part of his defect,
And he was answered softly by the King
And all his Table.”

It was with horror and bated breath that Mrs. — was mentioned as a lady who would strike a servant. For the other side of the picture, the affection and devotion of the slave, one need only remember many a lonely plantation during the long four years' war, with every white man fighting in the field and the women and children safe in their trust and confidence in their own slaves.

But we are wandering far from the times and the Louisiana of Mr. Cable, and once more we turn to the Place d'Armes to gaze on the goodly multitude whom he pictures to us. There are Casa Calvo de la Puerta y O'Farril, Marquis of Casa Calvo ; and the French prefect Laussat ; and Daniel Clark, too well known as the father of Mrs. Gaines ; and Wilkinson, the friend of Burr ; and Livingston, who wrote the Code ; and the Lafitte brothers, and many a familiar Creole name of to-day. Not Creole but *Français de la France* is Marigny de Mandeville, whom he calls the Marquis Member of Congress, whose name is glorious to all the readers of the *Memoirs* of Mme. de la Rochejaquelein as one of the chiefs and heroes of the heroic war in La Vendée. We are loath to say farewell to them, and we thank Mr. Cable for bringing them before us again. We think that his last book gives him rank among the very foremost of American writers.

GOD leads every soul by a separate path, and you will scarcely meet with one spirit which agrees with another in one-half of the way which it advances.

ST. JOHN OF THE CROSS.

THE LIGHT OF ASIA.*

IF we greet Mr. Arnold's poem with less favor than has so generally been extended to him it is because we do not approve the school to which he belongs. According to the rules of that school he has done his task well. But, while we say this, we cannot refrain from protesting against the artificiality of modern verse. Shelley's defects were illumined by genius, but his imitators seem to fall into them without receiving any of his gifts. Swinburne's meaningless twaddle is escaped by Mr. Arnold; nor shall we charge him with the apparent carelessness of his work, for a journalist on the *Telegraph* must lead a busy life of it. Still, there is no excuse for the sensational striving, the mawkish sensibility and jarring rhythm of his verse. In a word, Mr. Arnold is laboring under the nineteenth-century disease—book-making.

But, narrowed perforce to the limits of this age, and in comparison with modern poets, we must give Mr. Arnold a high place—as a writer for to-day, and not for posterity. He has portrayed in striking colors—colors that descend too often to be sensational—the history of a great religious revolution, and the aspect of the country and the manners of the people of a most interesting portion of the earth. In the great mass of this work we find some really noble lines, marred, however, by the defects pointed out; and we shall present some extracts from the *Light of Asia* which contain a promise of better things that may, alas! after all never be fulfilled. But before we go to the poem a slight reference to Indian religion anterior to the time of Siddârtha will be necessary.

The Vedic system, while teeming with a vast deal of absurdities and full of subtle Eastern theosophy, recognized behind its caste lines and special gods a great God above all. This was Brahme—at first Brahme the Thought, then Brahma the Thinker. Above Sabaism, above Agni, Indra, and Surya, the Aryans dimly conceived a Soul and a Light, of which these were but the manifestations. While they and all else were destined to die, he remained omniscient, omnipotent, eternal. This was most likely some far-off echo of the doctrine of that remarkable people who, dwelling between the Dead Sea and the Mediterranean, clung so

* *The Light of Asia*. By Edwin Arnold, C.S.L.

tenaciously to a belief in one God.* The belief, in the then state of the Aryan mind, could scarcely have failed to take the shape of pantheism; and accordingly their creed took that form, with all the significations of the word, but around which clung a grotesque mass of fantastic creations peculiarly characteristic.

Our object is to show the story of Siddârtha, as set forth by Mr. Arnold: how, wearied of a world of misery, and finding no consolation in the shadowy teachings of pantheism, he set his face in the wrong direction and went into a blank atheism. Like many a blind sciolist of our own days, when a specious theory takes possession of an over-sensitive and not well-balanced mind, instead of seeking for a stronger faith he rebelled, and resolutely faced a future without hope, except the hope of death. This shall be the measure of our record, this shall be the moral of our story: Civilization, without God, is a failure.

The poem is supposed to be written by a devotee of Buddhism, and is therefore full of ejaculations which must not be placed to Mr. Arnold's account; though Mr. Arnold seems to have fallen enthusiastically into Buddhistic notions, so that a strange identification between a rishi of the East and the scholarly poet runs through our mind while reading.

Placed on the confines of Oude and Nepaul was the kingdom of Kapilavastu, over which reigned Suddhodana and his queen, Maya, who were of the great solar division of the race. Of these was Prince Siddârtha born—the queen, according to tradition, having been warned in a dream of the great honor in store for her. Siddârtha, while on earth, was sometimes called Sâkya from his family or tribe name, and sometimes Gautama from the solar section of the Aryans. Born in a miraculous manner, the boy grew a sensitive, delicate child, full of awe at and pity for the suffering he was permitted to see. This period of his life is more fully treated than any other part in the poem, and gives the poet opportunities for bringing out all the shades of his character. We warn the reader, though, that this is to a large extent an ideal picture, and in some particulars inartistically overdrawn. In our opinion the best parts of the poem are those describing in a vivid, nervous style Indian life and scenery.

When he became of the right age an instructor was set over him; but he soon convinced his teacher—in a respectful way, however—that he knew more of the sciences than the learned scholar had ever dreamed of knowing. So high himself, yet ever does he thus appear “gentle but wise,” looking down on his fellow-

* See Lord Arundel's learned work on this subject.

mortals with deep pity and reverence. Nothing that could suffer pain was beneath his notice. One day a noble swan is shot flying over the garden, and Siddârtha runs to it, lifts it up, bathes and puts balm on the wounded wing, and refuses to give it to the shooter, alleging that he who saves is more a master of life than he who destroys.

So all through youth we see him, tortured occasionally by thoughts of the suffering in the world. In vain are all the delights and all the ease of his lofty station ; in vain

“ Among the palms
The tinkle of the rippling water rang,
And where it ran the glad earth brodered it
With balsam and the spears of lemon-grass.
Elsewhere were sowers who went forth to sow ;
And all the jungle laughed with nesting songs,
And all the thickets rustled with small life
Of lizard, bee, beetle, and creeping things,
Pleased at the spring-time.”

He saw the thorns under the rose ; how

“. . . the fair show
Veiled one vast, savage, grim conspiracy
Of mutual murder, from the worm to man,
Who himself kills his fellow ; seeing which—
The hungry ploughman and his laboring kine,
Their dewlaps blistered with the bitter yoke,
The rage to live which makes all living strife—
The Prince Siddârtha sighed.”

He is already beginning to discover that primal truth of Buddhism, that existencé is sorrow. Then if life has no joy, but only pain, in all its aspects—joys being pains in fantastic costumes—what a mockery the whole thing is, what a puzzle to the brain of Siddârtha !

When he was eighteen his father, the king, built a magnificent palace for him, filled with all beautiful objects, every delight desired by the mind of man, but ingress and egress sternly guarded. Warning dreams had come to the king wherein his son was predicted as destined to conquer the world ; and from the tenor of those dreams the old man feared that the means of this would be some wild, erratic errand of mercy. Cursing the gods for this part of their design, but accepting the end, he determined that the prophecy should be fulfilled as a king should conquer, with troops and instruments of war. So he built this palace to im-

mure his son in, away from all sight of misery which would tempt him apparently to leave his throne.

The marriage of Siddârtha, and the manner of his choice, is told in such very fine lines that we are almost tempted to quote them ; at least we cannot refrain from copying a few lines which illustrate one of those strange theories, evolved by the Eastern mind, so utterly opposed to all our feelings, knowledge, and reason that we can scarce comprehend how it arose. We mean the transmigration of souls—a doctrine not specially identified with Buddhism, but merely incorporated by it from the old Hindooism from which it sprang :

“ Long after, when enlightenment had come,
 They prayed Lord Buddha touching all, and why
 She wore this black and gold, and stepped so proud ;
 And the world-honored answered, ‘ Unto me
 This was unknown, albeit it seemed half known ;
 For while the wheel of birth and death turns round,
 Past things and thoughts, and buried lives, come back :
 I now remember, myriad rains ago,
 What time I roamed Himâla’s hanging woods,
 A tiger, with my striped and hungry kind ;
 I, who am Buddh, couched in the kusa-grass,
 Gazing with green blinked eyes upon the herds
 Which pastured near and nearer to their death
 Round my day-lair ; or underneath the stars
 I roamed for prey, savage, insatiable,
 Sniffing the path for track of man and deer :
 Amid the beasts that were my fellows then,
 Met in deep jungle or by reedy jheel,
 A tigress, comeliest of the forest, set
 The males at war ; her hide was lit with gold,
 Black-broidered like the veil Yasôdhara
 Wove for me ; hot the strife waxed in that wood
 With tooth and claw, while underneath a neem
 The fair beast watched us bleed, thus fiercely wooed.
 And I remember at the end she came
 Snarling past this and that torn forest-lord
 Which I had conquered, and with fawning jaws
 Licked my quick-heaving flank, and with me went
 Into the wild with proud steps, amorously.
 The wheel of birth and death turns low and high.’ ”

We pass over Siddârtha’s early life, which dozed away in dreamy love and soft luxury, away from the great, bustling, glaring miserable world, in the cool quiet of gorgeous palaces and sensual existence characteristic of Eastern magnificence. But the prince cloyed on all this bliss ; his mind becomes unsettled ; invisible

spirits of the wind whisper to him of the suffering so carefully hidden from his eyes. He must go forth and see if people are happy or not. Everything was prepared so that the world would present itself to him in its gala-dress; but a pathetic incident reveals to him that man is the heir of sickness, age, and death.

“ Then spake the prince :
‘ Turn back, and drive me to my house again.
I have seen that I did not think to see.’ ”

The sadness of Siddârtha is reported to the king, and fearful visions disturb his slumbers during the following night. His dream was interpreted to him as a forewarning that Siddârtha would conquer the world by the preaching of the word. The king was greatly troubled, and ordered new delights and double guards for his son's palace. Then comes a request from the prince that he might be allowed to go forth and see the world as it is; and the king, saying, “ Belike this second flight may mend the first,” consents. And here we shall quote the closing lines of the third book, with three aims: they show the turning-point of Siddârtha's life, they contain an exquisite picture of Indian life, and will serve as an illustration of the excellences and defects of Mr. Arnold's style :

“ Thus on the morrow, when the noon was come,
The prince and Channa passed beyond the gates,
Which opened to the signet of the king ;
Yet knew not they who rolled the great doors back
It was the king's son in that merchant's robe,
And in the clerkly dress his charioteer.
Forth fared they by the common way afoot,
Mingling with all the Sâkya citizens,
Seeing the glad and sad things of the town :
The painted streets alive with hum of noon,
The traders cross-legged 'mid their spice and grain,
The buyers with their money in the cloth,
The war of words to cheapen this or that,
The shout to clear the road, the huge stone wheels,
The strong, slow oxen and their rustling loads,
The singing bearers with the palanquins,
The broad-necked hamals sweating in the sun,
The housewives bearing water from the well,
With balanced chatties, and athwart their hips
The black-eyed babes ; the fly-swarmed sweetmeat-shops,
The weaver at his loom, the cotton-bow
Twanging, the millstones grinding meal, the dogs
Prowling for orts, the skilful armorer

With tong and hammer linking shirts of mail,
 The blacksmith with a mattock and a spear
 Reddening together in his coals, the school
 Where round their Guru, in a grave half-moon,
 The Sâkya children sang the mantras through,
 And learned the greater and the lesser gods ;
 The dyers stretching waistcloths in the sun
 Wet from the vats—orange, and rose, and green ;
 The soldiers clanking past with swords and shields,
 The camel-drivers rocking on the humps,
 The Brahman proud, the martial Kshatriya,
 The humble toiling Sudra ; here a throng
 Gathered to watch some chattering snake-tamer
 Wind round his wrist the living jewelry
 Of asp and nâg, or charm the hooded death
 To angry dance with drone of beaded gourd ;
 There a long line of drums and horns, which went,
 With steeds gay painted and silk canopies,
 To bring the young bride home ; and here a wife
 Stealing with cakes and garlands to the god
 To pray her husband's safe return from trade,
 Or beg a boy next birth ; hard by the booths
 Where the swart potters beat the noisy brass
 For lamps and lotas ; thence, by temple walls
 And gateways, to the river and the bridge
 Under the city walls.

“ These had they passed
 When from the roadside moaned a mournful voice,
 ‘ Help, masters ! lift me to my feet ; oh ! help,
 Or I shall die before I reach my house ! ’
 A stricken wretch it was, whose quivering frame,
 Caught by some deadly plague, lay in the dust
 Writhing, with fiery purple blotches specked ;
 The chill sweat beaded on his brow, his mouth
 Was dragged awry with twitchings of sore pain,
 The wild eyes swam with inward agony.
 Gasping, he clutched the grass to rise, and rose
 Half way, then sank, with quaking, feeble limbs
 And scream of terror, crying, “ Ah, the pain !
 Good people, help ! ’ whereon Siddârtha ran,
 Lifted the woful man with tender hands,
 With sweet looks laid the sick head on his knee,
 And while his soft touch comforted the wretch,
 Asked, ‘ Brother, what is ill with thee ? what harm
 Hath fallen ? wherefore canst thou not arise ?
 Why is it, Channa, that he pants and moans,
 And gasps to speak and sighs so pitiful ? ’
 Then spake the charioteer : ‘ Great prince ! this man
 Is smitten with some pest ; his elements

Are all confounded ; in his veins the blood,
Which ran a wholesome river, leaps and boils
A fiery flood ; his heart, which kept good time,
Beats like an ill-played drum-skin, quick and slow ;
His sinews slacken like a bow-string slipped ;
The strength is gone from ham, and loin, and neck,
And all the grace and joy of manhood fled :
This is a sick man with the fit upon him.
See how he plucks and plucks to seize his grief,
And rolls his bloodshot orbs, and grinds his teeth,
And draws his breath as if 'twere choking smoke.
Lo ! now he would be dead, but shall not die
Until the plague hath had its work in him,
Killing the nerves which die before the life ;
Then, when his strings have cracked with agony
And all his bones are empty of the sense
To ache, the plague will quit and light elsewhere.
Oh ! sir, it is not good to hold him so !
The harm may pass, and strike thee, even thee.'
But spake the prince, still comforting the man,
'And are there others, are there many thus ?
Or might it be to me as now with him ?'
'Great Lord !' answered the charioteer, 'this comes
In many forms to all men ; griefs and wounds,
Sickness and tetter, palsies, leprosies,
Hot fevers, watery wastings, issues, blains,
Befall all flesh and enter everywhere.'
'Come such ills unobserved ?' the prince inquired.
And Channa said, "Like the sly snake they come
That stings unseen ; like the striped murderer,
Who waits to spring from the Karunda-bush,
Hiding beside the jungle path ; or like
The lightning, striking these and sparing those,
As chance may send.' 'Then all men live in fear ?'
'So live they, prince !' 'And none can say, "I sleep
Happy and whole to-night, and so shall wake "' ?
'None say it.' 'And the end of many aches,
Which come unseen, and will come when they come,
Is this, a broken body and sad mind,
And so old age ?' 'Yea, if men last as long.'
'But if they cannot bear their agonies,
Or if they will not bear, and seek a term ;
Or if they bear, and be, as this man is.
Too weak except for groans, and so still live,
And, growing old, grow older, then what end ?'
'They die, prince.' 'Die ?' 'Yea, at the last comes death,
In whatsoever way, whatever hour.
Some few grow old, most suffer and fall sick,
But all must die—behold, where comes the dead !'

"Then did Siddârtha raise his eyes, and see
 Fast pacing toward the river-brink a band
 Of wailing people, foremost one who swung
 An earthen bowl with lighted coals ; behind
 The kinsmen shorn, with mourning marks, ungirt,
 Crying aloud, 'O Rama, Rama, hear !
 Call upon Rama, brothers ' ; next the bier,
 Knit of four poles with bamboos interlaced,
 Whereon lay, stark and stiff, feet foremost, lean,
 Chapfallen, sightless, hollow-flanked, a-grin,
 Sprinkled with red and yellow dust, the dead,
 Whom at the four-went ways they turned head first,
 And crying ' Rama, Rama ! ' carried on
 To where a pile was reared beside the stream ;
 Thereon they laid him, building fuel up—
 Good sleep hath one that slumbers on that bed !
 He shall not wake for cold, albeit he lies
 Naked to all the airs ; for soon they set
 The red flame to the corners four, which crept,
 And licked, and flickered, finding out his flesh
 And feeding on it with swift, hissing tongues,
 And crackle of parched skin, and snap of joint ;
 Till the fat smoke thinned and the ashes sank
 Scarlet and gray, with here and there a bone
 White 'midst the gray—the total of the man.
 "Then spake the prince : ' Is this the end which comes
 To all who live ? '

" ' This is the end that comes
 ' To all,' quoth Channa ; ' he upon the pyre—
 Whose remnants are so petty that the crows
 Caw hungrily, then quit the fruitless feast—
 Ate, drank, laughed, loved, and lived, and liked life well.
 Then came—who knows ?—some gust of jungle-wind,
 A stumble on the path, a taint in the tank,
 A snake's nip, half a span of angry steel,
 A chill, a fishbone, or a falling tile,
 And life was over and the man is dead :
 No appetites, no pleasures, and no pains
 Hath such ; the kiss upon his lips is naught, .
 The fire-scorch naught ; he smelleth not his flesh
 A-roast, nor yet the sandal and the spice
 They burn ; the taste is emptied from his mouth,
 The hearing of his ears is clogged, the sight
 Is blinded in his eyes ; those whom he loved
 Wail desolate, for even that must go, .
 The body, which was lamp unto the life,
 Or worms will have a horrid feast of it.
 Here is the common destiny of flesh :
 The high and low, the good and bad, must die,

And then, 'tis taught, begin anew and live
 Somewhere, somehow—who knows?—and so again
 The pangs, the parting, and the lighted pile :
 Such is man's round.'

“But lo! Siddârtha turned
 Eyes gleaming with divine tears to the sky,
 Eyes lit with heavenly pity to the earth ;
 From sky to earth he looked, from earth to sky,
 As if his spirit sought in lonely flight
 Some far-off vision, linking this and that,
 Lost, past, but searchable, but seen, but known.
 Then cried he, while his lifted countenance
 Glowed with the burning passion of a love
 Unspeakable, the ardor of a hope
 Boundless, insatiate : ‘O suffering world,
 O known and unknown of my common flesh,
 Caught in this common net of death and woe,
 And life which binds to both ! I see, I feel
 The vastness of the agony of earth,
 The vainness of its joys, the mockery
 Of all its best, the anguish of its worst ;
 Since pleasures end in pain, and youth in age,
 And love in loss, and life in hateful death,
 And death in unknown lives, which will but yoke
 Men to their wheel again to whirl the round
 Of false delights and woes that are not false.
 Me too this lure hath cheated, so it seemed
 Lovely to live, and life a sunlit stream
 For ever flowing in a changeless peace ;
 Whereas the foolish ripple of the flood
 Dances so lightly down by bloom and lawn
 Only to pour its crystal quicklier
 Into the foul, salt sea. The veil is rent
 Which blinded me ! I am as all these men
 Who cry upon their gods and are not heard
 Or are not heeded—yet there must be aid !
 For them and me and all there must be help !
 Perchance the gods have need of help themselves,
 Being so feeble that when sad lips cry
 They cannot save ! I would not let one cry
 Whom I could save ! How can it be that Brahm
 Would make a world and keep it miserable,
 Since, if all-powerful, he leaves it so,
 He is not good, and if not powerful,
 He is not God ?—Channa ! lead home again !
 It is enough ! mine eyes have seen enough !’
 “Which when the king heard, at the gates he set
 A triple guard, and bade no man should pass

By day or night, issuing or entering in,
Until the days were numbered of that dream."

The fourth book describes his parting from his wife, his palace, and his station, that he might preach his new doctrines clothed in humble robes. In the yellow robe of the rishi he goes about, exciting the awe and homage of the simple folk. He falls into a dispute with his brother hermits touching the advantage of applying torture to their bodies, and departs from them. Meeting a herd of sheep and goats, he exhibits again the infinite tenderness of his heart. Seeing a limping lamb straggling behind despite its mother's cries and anxiety, he takes it upon his neck and follows the herd. He questions the herdsman, and the latter tells him they are taking five-score sheep and five-score goats, by the king's order, to sacrifice to the gods. Drawing near to the river-side, he meets a woman kneeling at his feet with clasped hands. She reminds him that it was she whom he had told to get a tola, or black mustard-seed, from some neighbor's house, to bring to life her babe, which had been poisoned by the bite of a snake, only warning her not to take a seed from any house where death had been. Of course she found no house without a visit from the grim ender of this mortal state; with her cold infant clasped to her breast, she had gone from house to house, and each one offered the seed gladly, but each had lost some member of the household:

"O sister! what is this you ask? The dead
Are very many, and the living few."

So she comes back to ask him to direct her to such a house.

"'My sister! thou hast found,' the Master said,
'Searching for what none finds—that bitter balm
I had to give thee. He thou lovedst slept
Dead on thy bosom yesterday; to-day
Thou know'st the whole wide world weeps with thy woe:
The grief which all hearts share grows less for one.
Lo! I would pour my blood, if it could stay
Thy tears and win the secret of that curse
Which makes sweet love our anguish, and which drives
O'er flowers and pastures to the sacrifice—
As these dumb beasts are driven—men their lords.
I seek that secret: bury thou thy child!'"

They then proceed to the temple, where Siddârtha persuades them to forego the sacrifice, his gentle heart bleeding at the

thought of putting to death any animal, no matter how mean and low.

“For aye so piteous was the Master’s heart
To all that breathe this breath of fleeting life,
Yoked in one fellowship of joys and pains,
That it is written in the holy books
How, in an ancient age—when Buddha wore
A Brahman’s form, dwelling upon the rock
Named Munda, by the village of Dâlidd—
Drought withered all the land; the young rice died
Ere it could hide a quail; in forest glades
A fierce sun sucked the pools; grasses and herbs
Sickened, and all the woodland creatures fled
Scattering for sustenance. At such a time,
Between the hot walls of a nullah, stretched
On naked stones, our Lord spied, as he passed,
A starving tigress. Hunger in her orbs
Glared with green flame; her dry tongue lolled a span
Beyond the gasping jaws and shrivelled jowl;
Her painted hide hung wrinkled on her ribs,
As when between the rafters sinks a thatch
Rotten with rains; and at the poor lean dugs
Two cubs, whining with famine, tugged and sucked,
Mumbling those milkless teats which rendered naught,
While she, their gaunt dam, licked full motherly
The clamorous twins, yielding her flank to them
With moaning throat, and love stronger than want,
Softening the first of that wild cry wherewith
She laid her famished muzzle to the sand
And roared a savage thunder-peal of woe.
Seeing which bitter strait, and heeding naught
Save the immense compassion of a Buddh,
Our Lord bethought, ‘There is no other way
To help this murderess of the woods but one.
By sunset these will die, having no meat;
There is no living heart will pity her,
Bloody with ravin, lean for lack of blood.
Lo! if I feed her, who shall lose but I,
And how can love lose doing of its kind
Even to the uttermost?’ So saying, Buddh
Silently laid aside sandals and staff,
His sacred thread, turban, and cloth, and came
Forth from behind the milk-bush on the sand,
Saying, ‘Ho! mother, here is meat for thee!’
Whereat the perishing beast yelped hoarse and shrill,
Sprang from her cubs, and, hurling to the earth
That willing victim, had her feast of him
With all the crooked daggers of her claws
Rending his flesh, and all her yellow fangs

Bathed in his blood : the great cat's burning breath
Mixed with the last sigh of such fearless love."

Having brought king and priests over to his views, he departs from Rajagriha, seeking the wood of Gaya, wherein the truth, he thinks, is to be found.

He spends some time in the forest, musing on the life of man, almost lost in a long thought broken only by one external incident. At length his feet approached the fateful Bôdhi tree, under whose leafy foliage full enlightenment is to come. The voices of inanimate nature hail him as he takes his station in the coming-on of night. And what a fearful night it was! The prince of darkness, Mara, sends forth all his fiercest and most powerful fiends to shake the mind of the Buddh and to subdue his resolution. Mr. Arnold puts forth much graphic power to illustrate this scene. The sin of self, "wan doubt," superstition, Kama, king of passions, with his troupe of false appearances, each passes before the Buddh's eyes, but do not move his soul.

" Next under darkening skies
And noise of rising storm came fiercer sins,
The rearmost of the ten : Patigha—hate—
With serpents coiled about her waist, which suck
Poisonous milk from both her hanging dugs,
And with her curses mix their angry hiss.
Little wrought she upon that holy one
Who with his calm eyes dumb'd her bitter lips
And made her black snakes writhe to hide their fangs.
Then followed Ruparaga—lust of days—
That sensual sin which out of greed for life
Forgets to live ; and next him lust of fame,
Nobler Aruparaga, she whose spell
Beguiles the wise, mother of daring deeds,
Battles, and toils. And haughty Mano came,
The fiend of pride ; and smooth self-righteousness,
Uddhachcha ; and—with many a hideous band
Of vile and formless things, which crept and flapped
Toad-like and bat-like—ignorance, the dam
Of fear and wrong, Avidya, hideous hag,
Whose footsteps left the midnight darker, while
The rooted mountains shook, the wild winds howled,
The broken clouds shed from their caverns streams
Of levin-lighted rain ; stars shot from heaven,
The solid earth shuddered as if one laid
Flame to her gaping wounds ; the torn black air
Was full of whistling wings, of screams and yells,
Of evil faces peering, of vast fronts
Terrible and majestic, lords of hell

Who from a thousand limbos led their troops
To tempt the Master.

“But Buddh heeded not,
Sitting serene, with perfect virtue walled
As is a stronghold by its gates and ramps;
Also the sacred tree—the Bôdhi-tree—
Amid that tumult stirred not, but each leaf
Glistened as still as when on moonlit eves
No zephyr spills the glittering gems of dew;
For all this clamor raged outside the shade
Spread by those cloistered stems.”

Failing, the hellish legions fled, and in the third watch of the night Buddh attains Summa-Sumbuddh, or a knowledge of transmigration of souls. In the middle watch he reaches Abhidjuna, which is the knowledge of Brahme's days and nights, or, to speak more correctly (for Buddhists believe in no god), of blind Fate's.

‘But when the fourth watch came the secret came
Of sorrow, which with evil mars the law,
As damp and dross hold back the goldsmith's fire.
Then was the Dukha-satya opened him
First of the ‘noble truths’; how sorrow is
Shadow to life, moving where life doth move;
Not to be laid aside until one lays
Living aside, with all its changing states,
Birth, growth, decay, love, hatred, pleasure, pain,
Being and doing. How that none strips off
These sad delights and pleasant griefs who lacks
Knowledge to know them snares; but he who knows
Avidya—delusion—sets those snares,
Loves life no longer but ensues escape.
The eyes of such a one are wide, he sees
Delusion breeds Sankhâra, tendency
Perverse: Tendency energy—Vidnnân—
Whereby comes Namarûpa, local form
And name and ‘bodiment, bringing the man
With senses naked to the sensible,
A helpless mirror of all shows which pass
Across his heart: and so Vedanâ grows—
‘Sense-life’—false in its gladness, fell in sadness,
But sad or glad, the mother of desire,
Trishna, that thirst which makes the living drink
Deeper and deeper of the false salt waves
Whereon they float, pleasures, ambitions, wealth,
Praise, fame, or domination, conquest, love;
Rich meats and robes, and fair abodes, and pride
Of ancient lines, and lust of days, and strife

To live, and sins that flow from strife, some sweet,
 Some bitter. Thus life's thirst quenches itself
 With draughts which double thirst, but who is wise
 Tears from his soul this Trishna, feeds his sense
 No longer on false shows, files his firm mind
 To seek not, strive not, wrong not; bearing meek
 All ills which flow from foregone wrongfulness,
 And so constraining passions that they die
 Famished; till all the sum of ended life—
 The *Karma*—all that total of a soul
 Which is the things it did, the thoughts it had,
 The 'self' it wove—with woof of viewless time,
 Crossed on the warp invisible of acts—
 The outcome of him on the universe,
 Grows pure and sinless; either never more
 Needing to find a body and a place,
 Or so informing what fresh frame it takes
 In new existence that the new toils prove
 Lighter and lighter not to be at all,
 Thus 'finishing the path'; free from earth's cheats;
 Released from all the skandhas of the flesh;
 Broken from ties—from Upâdânas—saved
 From whirling on the wheel; aroused and sane
 As is a man wakened from hateful dreams,
 Until—greater than kings, than gods more glad!—
 The aching craze to live ends, and life glides—
 Lifeless—to nameless quiet, nameless joy,
 Blessed NIRVANA—sinless, stirless rest—
 That change which never changes!"

The sun rises on Siddârtha's triumph—Siddârtha no longer,
 but the Buddh of all the world.*

A holy peace and joy fall on all; kings at war declare peace;
 the murderer buries his knife; the thief gives back his plunder;
 hardest hearts and coldest heads grow gentle and kind on this
 supreme day.

"So glad the world was—though it wist not why—
 That over desolate wastes went swooning songs
 Of mirth, the voice of bodiless pretis and bhuts
 Foreseeing Buddh; and Devas in the air
 Cried, 'It is finished, finished!' and the priests
 Stood with the wondering people in the streets

*There is a confusing variety in the modes in which this name is spelled by European writers. S. Hardy, in his *Manual of Buddhism*, gives more than fifty forms that have come under his notice. Some of the more common are: Bud, Bod, Buth, Budh, Boodh, Bhodd, Buddo, Buddow, Boutta, Poota, Poth, Pot. The Chinese, owing to the meagreness of their articulations, seem to have been unable to come nearer to the real sound than Fo, Foe, or Fohi; from the same cause they convert Brahma into Fan.—*Chambers' Encyclopædia*.

Watching those golden splendors flood the sky,
 And saying, 'There hath happed some mighty thing.'
 Also in ran and jungle grew that day
 Friendship among the creatures; spotted deer
 Browsed fearless where the tigress fed her cubs,
 And cheetahs lapped the pool beside the bucks;
 Under the eagle's rock the brown hares scoured
 While his fierce beak but preened an idle wing;
 The snake sunned all his jewels in the beam
 With deadly fangs in sheath; the shrike let pass
 The nestling finch; the emerald halcyons
 Sate dreaming while the fishes play beneath,
 Nor hawked the merops, though the butterflies—
 Crimson and blue and amber—flitted thick
 Around his perch; the spirit of our Lord
 Lay potent upon man and bird and beast,
 Even while he mused under that Bôdhi-tree,
 Glorified with the conquest gained for all
 And lightened by a light greater than day's."*

So, fully enlightened, the Buddh goes forth to preach.

The other two books of Mr. Arnold's poem, with a slight exception, are taken up with the teaching of Buddha. The sermon, which occupies the entire eighth book almost, is diffuse and weak compared with the terse original. We shall diverge from our previous course to give the literal translation of it:

"There are two extremes," said the Buddha, "which the man who has devoted himself to the higher life ought not to follow—the habitual practice, on the one hand, of those things whose attraction depends upon the passions, and especially of sensuality (a low and pagan way of seeking gratification, unworthy, unprofitable, and fit only for the worldly-minded); and the habitual practice, on the other hand, of asceticism (or self-mortification), which is not only painful, but as unworthy and unprofitable as the other.

"But the Tathagata"—that is, the Buddh—"has discovered a Middle Path, which avoids these two extremities, a path which opens the eyes and bestows understanding, which leads to peace of mind, to the higher wisdom, to full enlightenment—in a word, to Nirvâna. And this path is the Noble Eightfold Path of—"Right views, A harmless livelihood, High aims, Perseverance in well-doing, Kindly speech, Intellectual activity, Upright conduct, Earnest thought."

And the four Noble Truths follow:

"Birth," said the teacher, "is attended with pain; and so are decay and disease and death. Union with the unpleasant is painful, and separation

* This sounds strangely like a reminiscence of Shelley, although of course without much of his fire and genius.

from the pleasant ; and any craving that is unsatisfied is a condition of sorrow. This is the First Truth, the truth about sorrow.

"The cause of sorrow is the thirst or craving which causes the renewal of individual existence, is accompanied by evil, and is ever seeking satisfaction—now here, now there—that is to say, the craving either for sensual gratifications, or for continued existence, or for the cessation of existence. This is the Noble Truth concerning the origin of sorrow.

"Deliverance from sorrow is the complete destruction, the laying aside, the getting rid of, the being free from, the harboring no longer of, this passionate craving. This is the Noble Truth concerning the destruction of sorrow.

"The Path which leads to the destruction of sorrow is this Noble Eightfold Path alone—that is to say, right views, high aims, kindly speech, upright conduct, a harmless livelihood, perseverance in well-doing, intellectual activity, and earnest thought. This is the Noble Truth of the Path that leads to the destruction of sorrow."

There are ten difficulties to be overcome, called the Ten Fetters or Hindrances—viz., delusion of self, doubt, dependence on the efficacy of rites and ceremonies, bodily passions, ill-will, desire for a future life in a material body and then in an immaterial, pride, self-righteousness, and ignorance. After all these difficulties are overcome, and the Eightfold Path traversed, the individual reaches Nirvâna, self is destroyed, and manifestation of life in one form sinks back to the great whole.

The reader will perceive that so far there is not a great change from Brahmanism. Buddh denied the multitude of gods before prevalent, but this was not much, as they were held to be manifestations of a great central Being from whom all emanated ; he also did away with caste, which after all was only a custom of society attached to religion as a rite ; yet the moral system, as we see, was the same. Where, then, was the difference ? It lay at the very root of all religion. The God of the Hindoos was indeed but a shadowy being in their pantheistic creed ; but Buddhism not only denied God, but utterly ignored the possibility of his existence. They were thus, and are to this day, not merely renegades from theism, but atheists in the true sense of the word.

In addition to this, and as a natural corollary of it, the Buddhists denied the existence of that part of us which we know by the name of soul. It is true they held to the belief that there was something within us which did not die when the body went to dust, but, according to the deeds done in the body, was transferred to another sphere of life, from that of a low animal up to that of a perfect, holy man ; and having reached this stage, the I sinks into Nirvâna. Here comes the distinction between the Vedic

creed and Buddhism, for up to this point they concur identically in the doctrine of the transmigration of souls; but in the nature of individuality, the Buddhists, not believing in the Brahme into which the soul was absorbed, held that it sank to nothing, being diffused, as it were, throughout all existence, in the same manner as we follow them to a certain extent when we say a good man's deeds live after him; so easy is it to slip from pantheism into atheism. Buddha, from the circumstance of his image being in their temples, is declared by some to be their god. They honor him, or even worship, if you will have it so—we are no sticklers for mere words—but only as the highest and best of men; a state his most degraded follower can reach through the medium of the Noble Eightfold Path.

Here are the closing lines of Mr. Arnold's poem :

“ Here endeth what I wrote,
Who love the Master for his love of us.
A little knowing, little have I told
Touching the Teacher and the ways of peace.
Forty-five rains thereafter showed he those
In many lands and many tongues, and gave
Our Asia light, that still is beautiful,
Conquering the world with spirit of strong grace :

All which is written in the holy books,
And where he passed, and what proud emperors
Carved his sweet words upon the rocks and caves ;
And how, in fulness of the times, it fell
The Buddha died, the great Tathagato,
Even as a man 'mong men, fulfilling all ;
And how a thousand thousand crores since then
Have trod the path which leads whither he went
Unto *Nirvāna*, where the silence lives.

“ *Ah ! Blessed Lord ! O high deliverer !
Forgive this feeble script, which doth thee wrong,
Measuring with little wit thy lofty love.
Ah ! lover ! brother ! guide ! lamp of the law !
I take my refuge in thy name and thee !
I take my refuge in thy law of good !
I take my refuge in thy order !*”

The queer Oriental scenes of life, the strange creeds, the hair-splitting theosophy fade away as in a dream, and we wake, glad to find ourselves free from its nightmare, in the broad, strong, hearty stream of Western thought.

Dwarf the picture as to time and numbers, and you will see a startling resemblance between India twenty-four hundred

years ago and Europe to-day—or we should say a certain section of the highest classes of Europe. Precisely the same order of thought has followed. Pantheism rampant eighty years ago, and fallen to atheism now! It would not be so dangerous if confined to the few who now profess positivism; but that few are gifted, stirring, talented writers and propagators, who are gradually taking possession of the book and periodical literature of the day, and tinging the whole flow of modern thought. Rationalism does not go as far as positivism, it is true, for the latter is, as its name indicates, a positive creed that utterly ignores God or a soul, and proceeds on that shadowy basis to erect a religion and a moral system; while the former is divided into an infinite number of schools. Still rationalism may lead the believer into atheism. And it is under this specious garb that atheism works—first undermining, and then assaulting.

We do not know but that the atheist rather admires the dead body of the Chinese Empire, whose strength and heart of progress has been sucked from it by the vampire of atheism. But there the decomposing corpse lies with a civilization, once polished and bustling, now rotten and stagnant; and we are sure no reasonable man, aside from the question of faith, would join hands in a movement to bring this about. The present apostles of atheism, from George Eliot to Frederick Harrison, may be as lofty in intellect, pure in morals, and gentle in heart as Siddârtha was himself; but underneath the glitter of their brilliant theories the poison which is, sooner or later, the death of men and nations lies.

JESUS APPEARING TO MARY MAGDALEN AS A GARDENER.

METHINKS that He, whose tender care
Thee, sin-crushed flower of fragrance rare,
Transplanted from the venal mart
To deck the Garden of His Heart,
Should have appeared in other guise
To hide from Love's discerning eyes.

THE ENGLISH OF TO-DAY.*

MR. JUSTIN MCCARTHY is a daring man, as all discoverers need to be. He has made the very remarkable discovery that the history of our own days is of sufficient interest and importance to call for the attention of earnest and intelligent men. The reign of Victoria is to him as important as the reign of Charlemagne, or Cæsar, or Alexander the Great. He approaches a parliamentary blue-book of yesterday with as keen and eager a spirit of investigation as leads Dr. Schliemann to the ruins of Troy or De Rossi to the ashes of Pompeii or the labyrinth of the Catacombs. He is audacious enough to find Lord Palmerston or Lord Beaconsfield, Mr. Gladstone, Louis Napoleon, or President Lincoln—any one, in fact, of the men who make modern history—as worthy studies as Ajax or Achilles, Widow Dido or Pius Æneas. London, New York, Paris are actually as great cities to him as was ever Troy or Athens. It may be irreverent and unpoetic to let the dead past bury a good deal of its dead. Mr. McCarthy's raid into the present is very successful nevertheless, and the result eminently practical and useful.

The title of the work is to a certain extent misleading. It is not so much a *history of our own times*, which would embrace a very wide range of subject, as a history of the English people in our own times; and as such it will be considered in this article. The author's "times" are those of Queen Victoria, his subject the British Empire, and nothing foreign is allowed to enter in save as it trenches upon British history. The first two volumes began with the accession of Queen Victoria, and ended with the temporary settlement of the Eastern question after the close of the Russian war. The two volumes just published bring the history down to our own doors, to the elections of 1880 that returned Mr. Gladstone to power. The new volumes cover events of deeper import and more startling surprise than the old. The world has moved with giant strides, and history has been made and unmade with bewildering rapidity, since the congress sat at Paris in 1857 to settle the question of the East. So rapid, indeed, have been the changes and so troubled the current of public

* *A History of Our Own Times from the Accession of Queen Victoria to the Berlin Congress.*
By Justin McCarthy. Vols. iii. and iv.

events that it required no small amount of skill merely to collate and group those events together, let alone to construct them into a pleasing narrative and pass fair judgment upon them.

In his closing chapter, which is devoted to the English literature of the day, Mr. McCarthy says of Charles Reade, the novelist, that "he can make a blue-book live and yet be a blue-book still." What Mr. Reade has done for fiction Mr. McCarthy has done for fact. The author has the experienced journalist's eye for the really important events and personages of the time, though, as is perhaps natural in one who writes of events in which he moved and of persons whom he knew, he at times attaches undue weight to minor personages and matters. He has a happy manner of seizing on the heart of a question and strongly setting it forth in a few clear, bold touches. He groups matters with effective skill and links them naturally into the chain of progress and the march of events. With so clever and fascinating a writer one cannot help feeling regret that he restricted himself to what, wide though it may be, is still to the outer world a necessarily narrow field. Had he substituted Europe for England, and the strong and stirring arena of European politics for the British House of Parliament, his work would have had much higher value and deeper interest for all readers, even for Englishmen themselves. But Mr. McCarthy stays sturdily at home. Everything he touches, even on foreign questions of international import, takes on a local color, a cool English gray, so to speak. The result is occasionally a little dull and tedious. Matters that may be of profound interest to Englishmen, or may have been at the time of their occurrence, are not necessarily so to other people. One wearies here and there of the minutiae of English politics into which the author is driven to enter. For instance, the world to-day cares very little about the Lorcha "Arrow" affair, to a minute elucidation of which Mr. McCarthy devotes his opening chapter, and even nine out of ten of his English readers will have to consult their encyclopædias to find out what the Lorcha "Arrow" means. So, too, with the "Ionian Islands," the "French Treaty and Paper Duties," and other matters of quite minor general importance, but which Mr. McCarthy dwells on with as much force and care as he expends on such questions as reform in parliamentary representation, education, or the struggle between labor and capital—matters of universal interest. The same conscientious spirit leads him to dwell at unnecessary length on the personal character and characteristics of secondary personages, who are forgotten save by those who were associated with them

at the time—Sir George C. Lewis, for instance. Mr. McCarthy is writing for a new generation, and a new generation sweeps carelessly by persons who might have been great, but were not. The fact is, a considerable portion of the work reads as though it were written from the Reporters' Gallery or the lobby of the House of Commons. The atmosphere is too confined. One longs to get out and breathe the fresh air of the broad world. Men do not like to be shut up in a theatre beyond two or three hours, though the very best actors are on the stage.

With matters of this kind American readers have no special concern. Indeed, what will here be especially dwelt upon is the English people, as it shows itself at home and abroad, whose life to those who look for it and know something of it is revealed with peculiar vividness and fidelity in Mr. McCarthy's lucid pages. He seems especially fitted for this task. His position and profession brought him for many years into intimate acquaintance with the leaders of the time in England. He has seen very much, perhaps most, of what he records with his own eyes. He has lived among the English people, and acquired the English habit of thought and expression, yet has kept the keen eyes of an outer observer that no mere English prejudice could blur. He is thoroughly at home among the people whom he depicts. It is plain that he is an honest admirer of them and a loyal subject of the British crown. Yet few men have so well caught as he the capacity of the average Englishman, from peer to peasant, for blundering into the wrong side of a great question. At the same time he is fully alive to the higher and deeper qualities of a nation that has done, and is yet destined to do, much in the world. This peculiar English habit he shows up incidentally with admirable effect. For instance, the commercial treaty with France in 1860 seems to have been unquestionably beneficial to both countries. It was in the interest, too, of free trade, of which England was the great champion. It introduced light French wines at a cheap rate into England, with a very general beneficial result in the way of temperance. It was negotiated by Mr. Cobden and Mr. Gladstone, Lord Palmerston being at the head of the government. And how was this excellent measure first received?

"Many prophetic voices," says Mr. McCarthy, "declared in the House of Commons that with the greater use of French wines would come the rapid adoption of what were called French morals; that the maids and matrons of England would be led by the treaty to the drinking of claret, and from the drinking of claret to the ways of the French novelist's odious

heroine, Mme. Bovary. Appalling pictures were drawn of the orgies to go on in the shops of confectioners and pastry-cooks who had a license to sell the light wines. The virtue of Englishwomen, it was insisted, would never be able to stand this new and terrible mechanism of destruction. She who was far above the temptations of the public-house would be drawn easily into the more genteel allurements of the wine-selling confectioner's shop; and in every such shop would be the depraved conventional foreigner, the wretch with a moustache and without morals, lying in wait to accomplish at last his long-boasted conquest of the blonde misses of England."

For a great conquering nation like England the people have always shown themselves strangely ignorant of the ways and feelings of others. It was this contemptuous faculty of disregard that brought about the Sepoy revolt in India. It was this that caused the disagreement between England and the United States—a disagreement that more than once trembled on the verge of war. It is to a great extent at the bottom of England's everlasting Irish difficulty. It is at the bottom of all her troubles with foreign peoples; and Mr. McCarthy does England a service by giving prominence in his volumes to this marked and unfortunate characteristic of the British race. That his honesty has done him no harm is shown by the cordial welcome extended to his work by the English press. This generous appreciation has acted favorably on the author; for, with the exceptions mentioned, his new volumes are broader in sweep and firmer in outline, while they have all the old charm of style, fairness of dealing with men about whom public opinion differs as much as about the origin of species or the path to heaven, and sound judgment on questions of public moment. His treatment of the Indian struggle is admirable both in matter and form; and while he labors hard, and not without a measure of success, to make a reasonable show for England's attitude towards this country during the civil war, his conclusions are just and sound. Here again the perversity of the whole thing was the English tendency to follow a hue and cry. Of course there was much more than a mere hue and cry in the favor extended by England to the South. There was, or was thought to be, money in it, and money is apt to color even British enthusiasm. Mr. McCarthy is anxious to prove that there was really no opposition to the North in England at all, or at least next to none. He may be right, but the facts look rather ill for the theory. He devotes a distinct and very interesting chapter to the civil war in America, and another to the cruise of the *Alabama*. He maintains that Lord John Russell's rather hasty proclamation of neutrality "was made with no unfriendly motive. It was made at the instance of some of the most faithful friends

the Northern cause had on this side of the Atlantic, conspicuous among whom in recommending it was Mr. W. E. Forster."

"International law on the subject," he says, "is quite clear—that is to say, it was clearly on the side of the action of the British government, on the broad ground that 'a state cannot blockade its own ports. It can only blockade the ports of an enemy.' . . . Therefore, whether the recognition of the Southern Confederates as belligerents was wise or unwise, timely or premature, it was not done in any spirit of unfriendliness to the North, or at the spiriting of any Southern partisans."

Indeed, Secretary Seward had already in a despatch described the "revolution" as "civil war," and it is hard not to accept Mr. McCarthy's reasoning on the subject.

He is not so successful, however, in explaining away the later attitude of the British government and of a very large portion of the English people. He says, and doubtless with truth, that it was no feeling of sympathy with slavery that influenced "so many Englishmen in their support of the South." What was it then? It looks remarkably like an English rush of blind partisanship to which England is sometimes given, as it at first supported Prince Bismarck's onslaught on the Catholic Church, which its public voice in the press now as universally condemns. Mr. McCarthy insists that "the dislike of many Englishmen to the slave system converted them first into opponents of the North, and next into partisans of the South. An impression got abroad that the Northern statesmen were not sincere in their reprobation of slavery, and that they only used the arguments and feeling against it as a means of endeavoring to crush the South." "Not a few Englishmen condemned, wholly and out of hand, the whole principle of coercion in political affairs. They declared that the North had no right to put down secession; that the South had a right to secede." He is simply giving the state of public opinion at the time, and the kind of arguments that convinced Englishmen; and here follows one of his keen thrusts by way of comment: "Yet the same men had upheld the heaven-appointed right of England to put down the rebellion in India, and would have drenched, if need were, Ireland in blood rather than allow her to withdraw from a partnership into which, after all, unlike the Southern States, she had never voluntarily entered."

Mr. McCarthy touches the heart of the matter, perhaps, when he describes how, as affairs progressed and the war was actually afoot, "there was a kind of impatient feeling" in England, "as if we and the world in general had no right to be troubled

with these American quarrels, as if it was unfair to us that our cotton trade should be interrupted and we ourselves put to inconvenience for a dispute about secession." This fully developed the growth of English feeling against the North—a feeling that greeted the news of the first Southern victory "with exultation." At once it was concluded that there was an end of the Republic of the United States. The "Yankees" were derided as cowards and mere tradesmen by the "nation of shop-keepers." "It had been well settled," says Mr. McCarthy, "that the Yankees were hypocrites and low fellows before; but now it came out that they were mere runaways and cowards"; and again comes one of the author's customary thrusts that the English would do well to take to heart:

"The English people, for a brave nation, are surprisingly given to accusing their neighbors of cowardice. They have a perfect mania for discovering cowardice all over the world. Napoleon was a coward to a past generation; the French were for a long time cowards; the Italians were cowards; at the time of the Schleswig-Holstein war the Germans were cowards; the Russians still are cowards. In 1861 the Yankees were the typical cowards of the earth."

It is all very odd but not uninteresting to look at now, now that the struggle has gone into history and a nobler and friendlier feeling, a better mutual understanding, have sprung up between the two peoples and displaced the old bitterness. Still, there was the fact that "the Southern scheme found support only in England and France"—in France owing to the direct interposition of Louis Napoleon. "In all other European countries the sympathy of people and government alike went with the North. The Russian emperor and Count Cavour favored the North in a marked and emphatic manner. Mr. Disraeli did the same, as did the other leaders of the Tory party. "The Pope, Pius IX., and Cardinal Antonelli repeatedly expressed their hopes for the success of the Northern cause," says Mr. McCarthy. "In France the French people in general were on the side of the North." But the emperor had his airy schemes about regenerating the Latin race on the soil of the New World. The result was the tremendous Mexican failure and blunder; and the sequel to that was Sedan.

It is unnecessary to go any farther into the question, interesting though it must be to American readers. The author pursues it honestly, and exposes with unsparing hand the utter fatuity and blindness of the Liberal statesmen of England and of

the majority of Englishmen in this matter. To the last they would not accept the thought of Southern defeat. The truth is, they knew neither the North nor the South, and were not at pains to inform themselves. But what is to be expected of a nation that, as a nation, knows next to nothing even of its own affairs outside the kingdom of Great Britain? Had English statesmen only half attended to their business there would have been no revolt in India. But even to-day, with their bitter experience, what does the nation that rules and governs India know of one of the greatest and richest of its possessions? What do ninety-nine of a hundred Englishmen know of the vast Indian Empire, the peoples that compose it, the questions that trouble them, the divisions among them, the difficulties that beset them? To the average Englishman India is a country that produces diamonds, that is an outlet for a certain amount of British trade, an exercise-ground for British armies, and an excellent place for younger sons of noble families and aspiring youngsters who wish to make their mark and ruin their livers. Not more than one in every hundred Englishmen, if so large a percentage, could, if asked, give an idea of the area of India, of its chief rivers, natural features, cities, productions, far less of the various principalities and governments that compose it, not to mention the habits, customs, and religious belief of the peoples of India. The first chapter that Mr. McCarthy devotes to India opens with the statement that "on the 23d of June, 1857, the hundredth anniversary of the battle of Plassey was celebrated in London." How many even of Mr. McCarthy's readers to-day could at the first blush tell him who fought at the battle of Plassey, where it was fought, what it was fought for, and what it decided? And yet 1857 is not so very far removed from 1880. At least it is fair to ask how many could have answered these questions in 1857. It is doubtful whether one-half of the British Parliament could. "Yet," as he says, "at the hour when the Plassey celebration was going on the great Indian mutiny was already six weeks old, had already assumed full and distinctive proportions, was already known in India to be a convulsion destined to shake to its foundations the whole fabric of British rule in Hindostan. . . . A few evenings after the celebration there was some cursory and casual discussion in Parliament about the doubtful news that had begun to arrive from India, but as yet no Englishman at home took serious thought of the matter." The English were in India; that was enough.

Mr. McCarthy's account of this terrible struggle is a contrivol.

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bution to English literature and English public thought. It is beautifully told, and eminently calm and lucid. The story of the Indian revolt is too well known to call for special mention here. One or two points are brought out with marked emphasis. One is the wretched manner in which the country was governed previous to the revolt. It always takes something terrible to shake Englishmen into the consciousness that there is something wrong going on somewhere, and that the wrong is either their doing or of their provoking. Another point is concerning the massacres by the natives, such as that at Cawnpore, which in Mr. McCarthy's narrative rivals Macaulay's account of the sufferings of the prisoners in the Black Hole of Calcutta. It curdles the blood and chills the heart, and it is hardly to be wondered at that in avenging such crimes civilized men forgot their civilization. Yet the story of the awful outrages on women which were told at the time and are still current in the English mind, at least in the manner in which they are generally accepted, were not true.

"During the Indian mutiny the blood of innocent women and children was cruelly and lavishly spilled, on one memorable occasion (Cawnpore) with a bloodthirstiness that might have belonged to the most savage times of mediæval warfare. But there were no outrages, in the common acceptation, upon women. No Englishwomen were stripped, or dishonored, or purposely mutilated. As to this fact all historians of the mutiny are agreed."

On the other hand, the revenge taken was most bloody and barbarous—so much so that Mr. Disraeli lifted up his voice in protest against making Nana Sahib the model for the conduct of a British officer, and declared that "if such a temper were encouraged we (the English people) ought to take down from our altars the images of Christ and raise the statue of Moloch there." And Mr. McCarthy adds:

"One cannot read the history of this Indian mutiny without coming to the conclusion that in the minds of many Englishmen a temporary prostration of the moral sense took place, under the influence of which they came to regard the measure of the enemy's guilt as the standard for their right of retaliation, and to hold that if he had no conscience they were thereby released from the necessity of having any."

It would be a matter of interest and importance for a statesman like Mr. Gladstone or Lord Beaconsfield to state explicitly what he considers ought to be the conduct of a great power, claiming to be civilized and Christian, towards millions of subject people alien to it in race, religion, customs, habits of mind—in a word, alien in everything that separates men. They need not

travel to India for an experiment. They have a case on trial at their doors. There is Ireland, a subject country for seven centuries; and here are the present leaders of the Irish people in the British Parliament about to be arraigned. And this is the result of seven centuries of English rule in an island not "of three days' journey," nor of three hours. Does the same vice, the same ignorance and contempt for the Irish people and their ways and wants, prevail in the English mind as prevailed in India? Is it this that renders what is really a loyal, a religious, and naturally conservative people eternally restive and hostile to the English government? If the Irish people were happy and contented they would surely not waver for ever on the verge of rebellion; they would at least not be natural foes of England. There is no force more conservative than the sense of having something to lose. There is no force more destructive of law and order than a hopeless outlook in life, and a feeling that the world is not worth living in; that power is all on one side, accompanied by neither justice nor mercy. It is this that drives honest men into revolt.

Mr. McCarthy takes up the Irish question, as he takes up all questions, boldly. He is an Irish member, recognized as among the Irish "moderates" of the British Parliament. He is a man experienced in public life and affairs, and his calmly-expressed opinions have all the weight that superior intelligence, exceptional good sense, and downright earnestness can give them. His account of "The Fenian Movement," the "Irish Church," and his chapter on "Irish Ideas" are excellent in tone and pregnant with suggestive matter. It is doubtful whether Irish difficulties were ever before discussed before an English audience in a manner so cogent, succinct, and so dispassionately. In his cool hands the Fenian movement assumes a new and more heroic aspect than it generally presents, and which justifies the high importance that Mr. Gladstone avowedly attached to it. There was something real, something very deep and profound at the bottom of it. There was great wrong and great provocation; and not all the men engaged in the wild enterprise were ignoble or false. Bad and mercenary men it had, especially among those who figured as its chiefs; but the rank and file were true and self-sacrificing to all the lengths that self-sacrifice can go. The movement proved a fiasco; the honest men suffered, the dishonest escaped, as they always do.

"There was, however, much feeling," says Mr. McCarthy, "in England as well as in Ireland for some of the Fenian leaders who now began to be put upon their trials. They bore themselves with manliness and dignity;

some of them had been brave soldiers in the American civil war and were entitled to wear honorable marks of distinction. Many had given up a successful career or a prosperous calling in the United States to take part in what they were led to believe would be the great national uprising of the Irish people. They spoke up with courage in the dock, and declared their perfect readiness to die for what they held to be a sacred cause. They indulged in no bravado and uttered no word of repining. All manhood should have deserted the English heart if the English people did not acknowledge some admiration for such men. Many did acknowledge such admiration freely and generously. The newspaper in London which most of all addresses itself to the gratification of the popular passion of the hour frankly declared that the Fenian leaders were entitled to the respect of Englishmen, because they had given such earnest of their sincerity and such proof that they knew how to die."

John Stuart Mill was one of these Englishmen; John Bright was another; Swinburne, the poet, was a third. Mr. McCarthy enumerates a few of the illustrious men, not Irishmen, who have been bold enough to find fault with English government of Ireland. Lord Chesterfield was one of them. Fox was in favor of governing Ireland according to Irish ideas. Byron was an enthusiast in the cause of Ireland. Sydney Smith said of the Irish Church establishment: "There is no abuse like it in all Europe, in all Asia, in all the discovered parts of Africa, and in all we have heard of Timbuctoo." Cavour wrote that the same church "remains to the Catholics a representative of the cause of their miseries, a sign of defeat and oppression. It exasperates their sufferings and makes their humiliation more keenly felt."

Mr. Gladstone felt that the hour had come. He rose up to destroy this monstrous abuse of centuries. Those who remember the fierce debates of that stormy time in English politics will call to mind the stubborn tenacity with which so large a portion of the English people and so many leaders of English thought clung to a rooted wrong as though it were a precious heirloom in the preservation of which the honor of England lay. Spoliation, confiscation, revolution, sacrilege, were the cries that beat the air. Nevertheless the men who cried the loudest and used the biggest words kept a keen eye to the main chance. When at last they realized that a church which had never had much Christian vitality, but offered excellent pickings for professional parsons and bishops, was to be levelled to the dust, there was a most unchristianlike hurrying and skurrying to and fro to sweep in whatever of material worth could be saved from the remains. It was the Irish Church all over. Mr. McCarthy gives an amusing account of the sudden zeal that rose up in the church to mul-

tiply curates where there were no curacies, and to increase salaries with liberal hand, before the lease of life had quite run out, so as to get a grab at the disendowment fund.

And so the evil life of the Irish Church went out; the loud cries and lamentations were soon silent; and nothing more was or is ever likely to be heard of it. But this was nothing. Great wrong as it was, a badge of servitude to the people of Ireland, it was a light burden compared to the pressing weight that crushed the people down. There remained the everlasting struggle for the soil, that even at present writing sets Ireland aflame and is a cause of grave anxiety to England.

Mr. Gladstone had boldly attacked the church, and it fell. He now proceeded to lay his hand on something far more sacred in English eyes: the land. Ireland had been waiting through centuries for an English statesman to come forward and say that there was really something wrong in the relations between landlord and tenant, and that the wrong ought to be righted. "Ireland is essentially an agricultural country," says Mr. McCarthy. Not at all; it has been made so, and no man better than Mr. Froude has shown by what wicked legislation on the part of the English government and what cruel selfishness on the part of English manufacturers and traders. However, there it stands to-day, crippled of the industries and manufactures it ought to possess, an agricultural tract, with the great mass of the people looking to the soil for support. "The majority of the Irish population," says Mr. McCarthy, "live on the land and by the land. The condition of the Irish peasantry may be painted effectively in a single touch when it is said that they were tenants-at-will. That fact would of itself be almost enough to account for the poverty and misery of the agricultural classes in Ireland." The other conditions tending to the same end are known: the landlords are comparatively few; many of them are habitual absentees "who would as soon have thought of living in Ashantee as in Munster or Connaught." The people had to rent the land, for it was their only source of livelihood. They were absolutely at the mercy of the landlords. "The demand for land was so great, the need of land was so vital, that men would offer any price for it." Yet "if they improved the patch of soil they worked on their rent was almost certain to be raised, or they were turned out of the land without receiving a farthing of compensation for their improvements." What hope was there for men living, or rather dying, from hand to mouth in this way? What spur to improvement or industry? All the tenant's im-

provements would go to the benefit of the landlord or the new-comer who bid over his head. "He was, therefore, content to scratch the soil without really cultivating it." Such was the sum of seven centuries of English rule in Ireland. Is it not natural, under such conditions, that the Irish landlord, as this calm writer puts it, "began to be looked upon at last as the tenant's natural enemy"?

To the average English mind it was equivalent to a crime for legislation to dare step in between the sacred rights of the landlord and the wrongs of the tenant. What is land, after all, but a form of property? "Yet English statesmen for generations complacently asserted the impossibility of any legislative interference with the right of the landlord, as if legislation had not again and again interfered with the right of the factory-owner, the owner of mines, the possessor of railway shares, the shop-keeper." What dogma lays it down that legislation must cease at the land? Mr. Gladstone's land bill of 1870 was rather theoretically than practically effective. In reality it was little more than the thin end of the wedge destined to rive asunder the whole land system of Ireland. It struck at the vicious principle, leaving natural developments to follow. "What it did was to recognize the fact that the whole system of land tenure in Ireland, so far as it was the creature of law, was based upon a wrong principle. Mr. Gladstone's measure overthrew once for all the doctrine of the landlord's absolute and unlimited right."

From what has been said the reader may gain some idea of what the Irish peasantry groaned under, and what, to a great extent, they groan under still. The conditions of life to them are not fair and adequate, and are rendered so by the system under which they live. The Irish land struggle is one of universal interest, and it can only eventually end in one way: not in the spoliation of the landlord, but in securing to the people who live on and by the soil all the opportunities that it fairly affords of yielding a livelihood in return for their toil.

A few salient points of the history have here been taken up as illustrative of the English people of to-day, of the mistakes and shortcomings that accompany their great force of character and undeniable power in a manner that too often vitiates that power and turns what ought to prove a blessing into a curse. And so it must continue to be until Englishmen recognize the fact that not all the world can or will be ruled according to English ideas. Certainly the England of to-day is broader and more liberal in spirit than the England of twenty years back. But it has still

much to learn in the art of governing, and it is always too ready to fall back into the old ruts. Mr. McCarthy is excellent in his dealing with the popular movements of England. His vivid sketches of the leaders of political life and thought are very delightful. But best of all is he in bringing out into strong relief the English people, with all their faults, and follies, and virtues, painted as Cromwell wished to be painted, without loss of a pimple or softening of a rugged line. Probably no man has done this so thoroughly. Perhaps Mr. McCarthy did it unconsciously; but he has certainly caught the face and the character of the genus Englishman. If the English people have only the grace to recognize their portrait the author may congratulate himself on having achieved what in itself is no mean success. One of the best aids to make a man do right is to see himself as others see him.

THE MODERN MATERIALIST MOVEMENT IN GERMANY.

It is nourished by hypotheses of dilettanti, which an unlearned and credulous public believes, as a little while before it believed in moving, writing and talking tables and a special power residing in decayed wood.

J. VON LIEBIG.

A WOMAN OF CULTURE.

CHAPTER VIII.

AN EAVESDROPPER.

THE sixth day of his illness was sinking into a soft-colored twilight when John McDonell could be said to have recovered in some degree the use of his limbs, though not of his tongue, to have been roused from the deadly nightmare which had so long held him fast, and to have come forth almost a second Lazarus from his living tomb. The danger was past; he was to live, and the unutterable sweetness of life, the delicious content and security of that state so often misunderstood, so wofully loved or hated, so miserably treated by its possessors, filled him with a vague thankfulness to somebody or something—for he scarcely dared think of God—that the boon was still his and that he had delayed for a little the day of reckoning.

On that memorable evening when, sitting in the library, the hand of God had stricken him, and he lay stunned, dazed, helpless, ignorant of what had befallen him; when from the hurrying steps, the frightened faces, and smothered expressions of alarm and grief from those around him he learned that he was become mortally ill, that his life hung in the balance, an agony had overshadowed him as terrible as the peace and security of the present moment were grateful. To die so helplessly and miserably, without a single movement of limb or feature, without a voice to call for assistance and sympathy, more than a child, less than a brute, his dying pain expressionless, his despair unconsoled, was a fate whose justice he acknowledged, but whose fearful intensity of suffering could even now set him to trembling with apprehension, and was to bring the glistening drops to his brow for many a day to come. To die with his manifold sins unconfessed, to go down to the grave laden with the possessions of others, to appear before God as a traitor who had denied him and sold him like Judas for gold, as a bad father responsible for the soul of his daughter, as a bad husband who might have rescued his wife from error, yet allowed her to go blindly to death, were circumstances that took a breathing personality for him, and stood leering and mocking, demon-formed, threatening their separate vengeance, around his bed. He would have cried out the name

of God to banish them, but there was no voice to come at his bidding. He would have hurled at them the sign of the cross, but his hands mocked his will and lay motionless. Bound and gagged with invisible cords, ready, like the guest who had not on his wedding-garment, to be thrown into the outer darkness, he saw opening for him that hell which in the mad, careless, secure past had seemed an impossible thing, a weak superstition, the barbarous invention of priests. He had laughed at it with the world; now it yawned laughing for him. Its reality was piercing his soul with anticipated agonies, and his excited brain pictured it in the very room, a part of the very bed, where he lay. He saw its flames stealing insidiously through the floor, along the walls, by the curtains, along the coverlet, hanging over him, dancing round his helpless hands that could feel no pain, the smoke stifling him, the cries of unnumbered lost ringing in his ears. He could not fly nor call for help. One word he strove to scream out to his valet—a word which the man never heard but with abhorrence, and which had a cursed meaning in all but Catholic ears. With fatal prudence he had kept Catholic servants far from him, that he might never be reminded of what he had been once and should be still. His servants could not understand the great want which his eyes expressed, and which to the Catholic would have been his most intelligible sign. The devil had been at great pains to make these last moments as hideous almost as those which were to follow in the invisible world. If he could but pray! To whom? To the God against whom every action of his life had been directed in enmity? To the man whom he had rejected and betrayed for gain? To the mother whom he had insulted by his passive neglect and secret ridicule? To their friends, whose holiness had been his scorn and by-word? He would rather blaspheme, and he did in his madness.

The physicians came, handled him, discussed him, shook their heads doubtingly, nodded encouragingly when they thought he was looking, and said not a word in answer to his appealing eyes. They forced stimulants down his throat, and performed many medical incantations over him; yet the one assurance that would have benefited him more than all this they withheld. "Shall I get well?" his eyes said as plainly as eyes could speak, and they were politely ignorant of ocular language. "Shall I recover my speech?" he groaned, and they retired to the outer room to discuss the groan, probably. It was at this moment that Killany and his daughter returned from the opera. To have Nano's hands

clasped around his neck, and to hear the sweet filial and agonized words from her lips, was an unusual sensation for him, and at another time he would have wondered and put her away with smiling reproof. He did not now think of this, hoping only that her affection would discover his greatest need. Alas! even she, unknowing, could not interpret his anguish. His child was his own reflex, who might have been his good angel at this hour had he but felt long ago the importance of a father's position, the littleness of the power and wealth he had sinned and struggled to win, the truth and force and majesty of the religion he had deserted. She knew more of the Zendavesta, of the Norse sagas, of the moral follies, madresses, and idiosyncrasies of philosophers, than of the Christian faith and its necessities. He had lived a pagan, she would help him to die one. Every accessory of death only added to his despair. It would have been a relief to toss himself about and scream his blasphemies in the ears of horrified listeners. Yet even this was denied him. Cold, dead, ready for the tomb and yet alive, every inward sense sharpened by peril to ten times its ordinary acuteness, down to the grave and into the terrible beyond he was destined to go.

Killany's assurance to Nano that his illness was not absolutely dangerous relieved him of many of his apprehensions. The fear that had weighed him down as in a nightmare departed, and he slept from exhaustion. His sleeping thoughts were scarcely less fearful than his waking ones. The deadly burden of his helpless limbs intruded itself everywhere. He walked in lands blessed with eternal summer, but cursed with the presence of venomous reptiles. They filled every place with their loathsomeness, and the more beautiful the spot the more terribly was it infested. If the appearance of fruit tempted him, and he approached to pluck it, a snake darted from a concealment, and he could not fly with his dead limbs. When thirst brought him to a spring a coiled serpent lay beside it, forbidding all approach, or his helplessness was too great to bear him to the wished-for spot. Hungering and thirsting with water and food within easy reach, Tantalus-like he moved through the weary night, waking at times in deadly fear, and always unable to express it in more than a smothered groan.

The days wearing on brought him but little rest or satisfaction. The sun, that came through the window and lay in a golden heap on the floor for some hours each day, was his only companion. It was dumb like him, but it came from heaven, and, as he had learned to pray, he sent childish enough his prayers to

God with the fair messenger, begging that it, at least, would understand him and bring back a speedy and favorable answer. Each morning his eyes waited for the first ray that illumined the glass, watching until a thousand of them were flooding the room with light; and then he asked in his mind what news, and pretended to feel comfort at the answer that was never made. His limbs were not the only parts which disease had affected.

Nano's devotion and filial tenderness were surprising but very acceptable. He wondered that he had not claimed so much that was sweet from her before, and remembered with shame how he had always rejected her childish advances. His neglect had now recoiled on himself. She, whose loving eyes should have been first to interpret his suffering, was last to understand. And, alas! the tempter had won her into direct disobedience when the knowledge had reached her through others. The very embraces which she showered upon him were prompted as much by remorse as by affection. She was wronging him in his helplessness, playing the hypocrite instead of the true daughter, because of that same love of wealth and station which had been his characteristic and was the cause of his present despair and suffering. Killany's presence he could not endure. It was like the sight of a devil, and yet he dared not show his disgust and hatred. He would be out of his power soon when the great restitution would be made. Nothing could delay that now, he thought. He was an old man, broken down by disease, and his old haunts would know him no more. He must prepare for death, and his first work would be to cleanse from his soul those stains whose existence there had made the past week so terrible. He did not think of consequences but in the vaguest way. He was only anxious that a priest should come to take his confession and direct him in the thorny paths which he and his daughter might have to tread. In Nano he had still great faith, and was angry with himself when Killany's assertions as to her utter want of the religious principle found a lodging-place in his disturbed mind. She would not retain the wealth of another at any cost. Her pride, at least, would push her down to comparative poverty in preference to maintaining their present state at the expense of others.

It was a moment of supreme satisfaction to him when, after eight days of enforced silence, he was able to articulate a little, and could move his hands sufficiently to write his name feebly on a bit of paper. He thanked the sun that morning with glad tears that at last he had been heard, and very gratefully, very humbly and penitently, received the priest and his admonitions.

He was ready, anxious, and willing to do all that was required of him ; but being unable to speak connectedly or continuously, or even to write a long sentence, the priest contented himself with putting him in the proper dispositions for the confession to be made three days later. McDonell determined to spend those days in planning his method of restitution.

Here the work of the evil one began. Confession is a humiliating and irksome thing even to the humblest of souls, and the devil, whose personality nowadays culture has banished from the circle of the truthful or possible, finds in it the occasion of his greatest triumphs as well as of his sorest defeats. The greater the sin and the more hidden, the greater the difficulty of confessing. McDonell was about to strike, as he thought, a death-blow in the mind of one man at his own commercial integrity and purity of character, which was highly estimated in the world. This was no temptation to him, who had so severely suffered from remorse. Health and confidence were slowly returning. The misery of the past few days was becoming no more than a dream, and its sting was already half lost. The price which confession would cost him was tremendous—full restitution of his ill-gotten goods. The question rose vague and shadowy, yet importunate and daring : Why go to confession now ? why make restitution at all until the moment of death, as he had at first intended ? He put the thought away with a shudder, recalling the flames that leaped about his bed on that dreadful night of his early sickness. Still the idea thrust itself forward. His mind was pitifully weak. He yielded to every influence brought to bear upon him, and magnified terrors or securities to an extraordinary degree. This act of justice which he was about to perform haunted him day and night. It looked at him from every object about which his disordered fancy could throw the attributes of life. The portraits on the wall, the marble figures on the mantel, the dragon-heads about the grate seemed to leer at him and say, “If you do this we are yours no more.” Nano’s pale face and troubled eyes disturbed him. She would be the chief sufferer. Wealth was not what it had been to him, but to her, so beautiful, so talented, so deeply in love with it, there was nothing he could offer to compensate for its loss. She would not be poor, but her present condition of life would be reduced to more than one-half of its magnificence.

The struggle in his breast between good and evil went on with varying fortune until that day which the priest had appointed to make his second visit. It was the turning-point of his career, and it found him undecided. Under such circumstances

he who hesitates is lost. He could not resolve upon a final effort, could not determine to thrust aside the devil and do right at once and with honest courage. It was evening, and he sat in his invalid-chair near the window through which the messenger sun had shone so cheerily during his illness. It might have reproached him now for his weakness, as before it had comforted him; but it was already below the horizon, and the reddening clouds were the only indications of its presence. He could feel that he was losing his feeble hold on heaven, and knew in a confused way that the blame must rest with himself. He would not pray. He feared almost that his petition for help might be granted, and the resolution be taken which would so cripple his daughter's fortune while he yet lived. The fading sun seemed to be receding less than he from heaven. Its rosy pathway downward seemed to be his own over which he was hastening back to earth again when he had been almost at the gates. The twilight slowly darkened. He heard the ringing of bells and the tramping of horses' feet on the avenue, and listened trembling to hear the sound of the priest's voice in the hall. He was mistaken. The priest had not yet come. There was a few minutes' respite for the unfortunate. He lay back in his chair relieved, and, with the weariness of a child, fell asleep in the midst of his harassing thought.

It was an evening of anxiety to more than him in the cold, lonely, sin-stricken dwelling. Nano had listened with not less dread for the priest's coming. She no longer doubted the story of her father's sin, so many had been the confirming circumstances in his late behavior, but for pride's sake she continued to look coldly upon Killany, his pressing advices, and his eager offers for assistance. To-night the dreaded confession was to be made, and it was to be presumed that restitution would follow. She had learned that the absolute poverty which at first she had apprehended was not to reach her, but the loss of three-fifths of their present income was as keenly felt as if they were to lose all. The power which she loved to wield must necessarily go with the money. Where had been a constellation in society's heaven would now be a star of an ordinary grade, and even its moderate brilliancy might be clouded by disgrace if the story of her father's crime went forth. Poverty was nothing to such shame. Yet out of her misfortunes there seemed no avenue of successful and honorable escape, and she grieved and fretted, as the hours of grace went by, in hopeless misery. When Killany arrived with the intention of persuading her to adopt his methods of deliverance from the danger, he found her in one of her strangest moods.

"I need not mention to you," he said, "the crisis that is to be developed this night. You have thought of it often enough. The last time that the priest was with your father it was agreed that he should make confession at this time, which means simply that he will throw away his property and yours on the poor, or rather on such money-begging adventurers as the priest."

"You were listening," said Nano, with scornful composure, "to that last interview? You could not respect the privacy of my father's room?"

"I understood your necessity better than yourself," he answered in apology. "I did not wish that you should be taken by surprise, and I concealed myself in the room. Nothing was said that I did not expect to be said. The danger is knocking at your doors."

"Let it knock," she returned haughtily. "I do not fear it. Do you imagine that I would retain one penny of a property which is another's? Whatever my father does in the matter, if it be within the bounds of reason, shall have my full approval and support."

"I applaud your resolution," he said cunningly; "but the property belongs to no one, and your father, with his already weakened mind, will not act within the bounds of reason. The heirs of the property are dead. To no one can restitution be properly made. But the Romish Church requires that it be made to the poor, to some good work—a very fortunate arrangement for his reverence, who will now be enabled to pay off the debts on the asylums and other institutions of his diocese."

Nano was startled at this piece of intelligence, but she was careful to allow no tell-tale expressions to appear on her countenance.

"It is not our property, nevertheless," she said. "I leave all to the wisdom of my father and the priest."

"The mind of your father," answered Killany, with a calmness he did not feel, "is partially shattered, and the wisdom of his reverence is of a kind that will certainly appreciate the position in which you have placed yourselves. Once his grasping fingers close upon this wealth you will have to cut them off to shake his hold. One would fancy, Nano, that your mind was as much affected as your father's."

"I am not often prejudiced in favor of good," said she, with exasperating indifference, "and this is a fair opportunity to distinguish myself in the cause of virtue."

"Since you are to scatter your goods among the poor, then, I

pray you, end the comedy by taking the veil or retiring into the wilderness. But there is the bell, and I surmise that the priest has arrived. I shall not remain to see this game of foot-ball with your fortune. Commend me to his reverence as a good kicker, for he will safely toe it into his strong-box. Take my advice and hear what passes between—”

“*Sir!*”

“I beg your pardon. Where great interests are at stake one should not be too nice in taking risks. I wish you, cousin, a merry evening.”

He went away chagrined but hopeful, half-conscious of the dismay he left behind. Nano was now face to face with her destiny, as the “cultured” love to say of those delicate situations where nature and the devil on one side struggle fiercely with the soul and grace on the other. It was easy and sublime, while the danger was remote and looked like the cloud no bigger than a man’s hand, to roll out platitudes of transcendental virtue, heroism, and self-denial, and to be politely scornful towards the practical but foul-smelling suggestions of Killany. Yet here was the hour of her trial. The feeble step of an old man on the stairs without was sounding a war-cry in her soul. Alas! instead of meeting the enemy with calm, unshaken demeanor, according to the best and most approved and most inspiring rules of the school, and as she had so lately met Killany’s dark suggestions, she was meditating a parley and a disgraceful surrender. The maxims of Confucius and Seneca were making a helter-skelter retreat over the moral battle-plain, being very much more ornaments of peace than sinews of war. “No heirs,” Killany had said. “The poor will have all.” Why not she rather than the poor—she whose father had garnered, preserved, and increased the wealth which its original owners were not living to claim?

The priest’s step was at the head of the stairs. If she decides at all it must be done quickly. One minute of time is given her, for his reverence stops to rest after his ascent, and then comes slowly to the door on his bad legs. One minute, and the battle is fought and lost—lost, but not for Satan. Honor and self, mere material things, have been vanquished by the powers of darkness. Transcendentalism, to no one’s surprise, has scored another defeat.

The priest has entered and is shaking hands in his paternal way with a pale, composed woman whose whole demeanor is one of studied cordiality and self-possession. He is led down to the sick-room, where McDonell still sleeps with his face upturned to

the evening sky. "Father," she says, touching his arm gently. The slightest touch awakes him.

"The priest has come," he cries, with a start, and his voice is joyless and dead.

"His reverence has been so kind," Nano says. "I shall leave you to talk with him."

Lights were brought in by the servant, and she goes out with him. The priest is looking towards his penitent with anxious eyes; he hears the door close, and he turns to see that the room is entirely free before the solemn conference begins. She has slipped noiselessly behind the screen, has passed to the bed and around it, and is standing deep in the shadow near another door whence flight is easy, yet close enough to hear every word that is to be uttered. It does not matter that her heart is beating to suffocation under the humiliation which she has put upon herself. She has done a mean, unwomanly thing, and feels that she is capable of descending to lower deeps of degradation. Her face is burning there in the darkness with shame. She thinks of Olivia, and the thought almost turns her from her purpose. But no; interest, passion is stronger in her soul, and she remains until the end.

Father Leonard was too experienced a man not to perceive that in the disposition of his penitent some serious and unfavorable change had occurred, and, determining to take the devil by surprise and by the horns as well, he opened up briskly, taking it for granted that McDonell was quite ready to do all that his religion required. But the unfortunate man stopped him ere he had well begun. Remorse and terror had decided him for the right; interest, when both were departed, decided as imperatively for the wrong. When he looked up, in waking, into Nano's face he fancied that in her eyes there was an expression of pain and appeal, as if she knew of the misfortune about to happen her and were mutely entreating him to spare her this blow. His heart shut out the grace proffered with a suddenness and decision that were appalling.

"I have concluded," he said coldly, when the priest began to speak, "to put off this matter of confession until a more convenient time. Your reverence will excuse me if I decline at present to discuss my reasons."

"I cannot excuse you," answered the priest mildly. "You are not aware of the risk you are running in acting thus. Where is your good sense and your gratitude? He who rescued you from death, and gave you time to save your soul, expects at least

ordinary thankfulness. You are showing extraordinary ingratitude. If you maintain this resolution you will have every reason to expect that when death stands at your door again God will be less merciful. It is the commonest justice."

"I have thought of all these things," he answered, unmoved, "and am not the less determined. Pray excuse me if I insist on your withdrawal. I am weak, and you are taking an unfair advantage."

"Not more unfair than that which you have taken of yourself. The devil thinks little of such a proceeding, and we, his enemies, still less."

McDonell reached for a hand-bell and rang it imperiously.

"I am quite settled in my resolution," said he, smiling, "and if you will talk it must be before others."

"As you will," answered the priest in deep accents of pity. "I have not been wanting in my duty, as you in yours. My prayer is that the divine vengeance may be averted from your soul and find its satisfaction only in physical suffering. But your sin is great, McDonell, and must find a bitter atonement."

The paralytic did not answer. His immovable lower limbs, his palsied tongue and hands, his shattered body should have spoken to him more loudly than any of the priest's arguments; but they did not. He was possessed of the devil, it would seem, for a harsh spirit reigned in the bosom so lately full of the benign grace of repentance. He could almost laugh at the priest's forebodings. His reverence rose to take his leave at once, and in so doing saw the vanishing form of Nano in the gloom beyond. The stars had betrayed her presence.

"Some spirit of evil," thought he, "is working in this house. The wise have lost their wisdom, and the honorable their honor."

CHAPTER IX.

A PLEASURE-PARTY.

A PLAIN, old-fashioned, solid brick building on the northern outskirts of the city was the residence of Mrs. Strachan, a lady whose name has recently been mentioned in connection with a toboggan-party. She was a Scotch lady of good family, a brisk, angular, but matronly woman, with the practical good sense and shrewdness of her race developed to a high degree, possessing the rarest spirit of fun, and being an ardent promoter of every

species of innocent, vigorous, loud recreation. Hence her snowshoe expedition to a distant hollow where the lovers of tobogganing might find, amid remote and picturesque scenery, a hill sufficiently steep and long to ensure a thorough enjoyment of their favorite sport.

A party of ladies and gentlemen, all in the first, or at least the second, flush of youth, was assembled on the snow-covered lawn of Mrs. Strachan's residence at an early hour on Thursday morning, and among them, conspicuous by the bloom of her cheeks, and the shimmer of her hair, and the quiet *abandon* of her manner, was our pretty Olivia, the impulsive bit of sweetness which had drawn the greatest catch of the season, the Irish baronet, from the gilded and artificial toys hanging round within easy reach of his hand. She was full of life and vivacity this morning. Her eyes were sparkling, and her lips were saucily curved into a real Cupid's bow, as she ordered or commanded or scolded her meek baronet, to the envy of the other damsels, or browbeat the meeker youth whom she had honored with the position of assistant. The ladies were having their ungainly shoes put on, and the length of time which the gentlemen were allowing themselves for the operation had driven Mrs. Strachan, a most punctual and exacting woman, into a state of high indignation.

"Ten o'clock," she shouted from the veranda, "and not ready yet, gentlemen! Sir Stanley, you have a most obstinate buckle there, and I command you to pass it over to Mr. Crawford and lose no time in putting on your own. Miss Fullerton, how can you tolerate such awkwardness?"

"It is very cold," said Olivia, with a side-glance at the lady. "They can't work very well with cold fingers."

"But they couldn't go more slowly if they had no fingers and were working in silk," answered Mrs. Strachan.

"It *is* silk," said the baronet, very red in the face with much stooping.

"Or illusion," put in Mr. Crawford, sighing, driven secretly by his own despair to make a pun which nobody understood.

"The cold has no effect on your flattery, gentlemen," said Mrs. Strachan. "I give you every one just five minutes to get to the front gate. The toboggans have gone ahead by wagon an hour ago."

The lady's fiat was respected, and with a great deal of laughing, and running hither and thither, and entanglement of straps and dresses, the whole party, thirty in number, assembled at the front gate. Mrs. Strachan was there in a short dress and snow-

shoes. Though forty or over, she was not the slowest of foot nor the least skilled in a walk of this kind, and the four miles to be travelled within the next two hours, up hill and down dale, had no more terrors for her than for the youngest of her friends. They started at once, after the hostess had constituted herself general of the expedition, had given out the information that there was to be a moon that night, that they were to start for home at seven o'clock, and that the first gentleman who allowed his lady to fall—a most ignominious event—or fell himself—the very height of disgrace—would be subjected to a heavy fine.

The day was a delightful one, there being no wind, any amount of sun and blue heaven, and crusted snow which lay so deep that only the fences were in sight along the road. The road itself would have been lost but for the track which the advance-sleigh had made, and they could follow the trail as it wound down the valley and entered the woods on the hill beyond. Walking on snow-shoes is not the most graceful movement in the world, although skilled and practised walkers go through the performance with an enviable ease and repose of manner. The legs are spread out and the toes turned in, and the forward movement is an insinuating, gliding process after the fashion of skating, but without a particle of its poetry. Mrs. Strachan's party were perfectly at home on the shoes. The members were thinking more of one another than of the special unloveliness of their manner of walking. The jest and laugh passed through the merry crowd, and an occasional chorus from the gentlemen gave food for amusement and criticism to the ladies. The country along their line of march was thinly inhabited. A log-hut in a clearing, out of sight but for the smoke curling from the chimney, an occasional chopper with his axe swung over his shoulder, or the first traveller moving cityward laboriously through the great drifts, were the only living objects that crossed their path. They were under no restraint, and felt all the better for it. They laughed to the full extent of their lungs, singly, doubly, and in chorus. They talked very loud and all together, and the general, a very model of etiquette at home, was foremost in discarding rules here.

Olivia walked with a cavalier on each side to guard against accidents—Sir Stanley autocratical and indifferent in his bearing, and Mr. Crawford meeker than the proverbial lamb. As a matter of course she petted the latter as he grew meeker, and snubbed on every occasion the proud baronet, who never would understand the drift of such performances from one whom he loved.

"There's something hurting my foot," said she when the first half-mile had been passed. "It is the very shoe which you put on, Sir Stanley."

"Then we must stop and arrange it," said he in a matter-of-fact way, and not with the air of one who had committed an unpardonable blunder. "Here is a suitable spot."

An old tree, with a gnarled and obstinate root thrust upward, lay in their path. She sat down in a pet, and called Mr. Crawford to make the required changes.

"You did the other one so well, Mr. Crawford. I couldn't trust it to Sir Stanley, for I would be sure to sit down at the end of the next mile."

The baronet was in no way disturbed, and presently the general's commanding eye had caught sight of them, and her commanding voice was heard from a distance expressing loud disgust at their sluggishness.

"Gentlemen," said she, "you seem two too many for that young lady. I shall condemn her to a post beside myself if you break ranks again."

"Not I," Sir Stanley shouted back gravely. "Crawford it was that did the mischief"; and "Crawford did it!" screamed the crowd, until the meek youth was overwhelmed with shame. Olivia did not know with whom to be angry most.

"The old ogre!" whispered she to her cavaliers; "she seems determined to have this journey without incident. Mr. Crawford, but that I do not wish to expose *you* to a fine, I would fall at the first opportunity."

"I am extremely grateful," murmured Mr. Crawford.

"Mrs. Strachan is not to blame," said the baronet. "She does not wish to have her rules upset to suit the whims of every one. What a pretty sight is that old farm-house half-buried in the snow near the woods!"

No one responded.

"I feel humbled," Olivia thought, "at this calm fashion of walking over me. Doesn't he know that he shall be punished for every one of his idle words?"

He might have known, but it was quite evident he didn't care. They walked on in silence until an accident took place and the party was brought to a stand-still. A lady in the front rank had stumbled and fallen, and three or four gentlemen were establishing the unfortunate on her feet, her cavalier guilty and shame-faced the while.

"It's the general herself," cried enthusiastic Crawford. "She'll

not have a word for the rest of the day, if most of us do not suffer the same accident."

Olivia looked up at the baronet.

"You might begin, Sir Stanley," she said.

"If I were sure," answered he, pulling his moustache with calm indifference, "that the ladies would take upon themselves the task of placing me upright again, I would tumble over a precipice. Otherwise, it would be too absurd. Perhaps Crawford would be more obliging."

"Would you, sir?" she asked.

"I wonder that you ask," replied the gentleman reproachfully.

"I wonder, too," said Olivia. "You are both very tiresome. How far is it to the hollow yet?"

"Two miles more."

There was another long silence, until a second commotion in the laughing crowd ahead brought the whole party to a halt. A gentleman had lost his footing and gone headlong into a drift. His ornamented feet were sticking in the air, and every one was laughing, even the indignant general, who had not yet recovered from the chagrin of her own unexpected and ludicrous fall.

"Four accidents in two and a half miles," said Crawford. "At that rate there is a fair chance of an upset for every one between this and our return."

"But we are going to have a moon," said Olivia.

"That will add to the number of catastrophes," said the baronet. "By the light of the moon is the most forgetful, if the most entrancing, time for the average young man. *He* never looks for obstructions then."

"I shall dismiss you both if that is the case," Olivia replied. "I wish to be taken care of. Pardon me, Mr. Crawford, for having to turn you away. Perhaps you are an exception to the average young man."

"I am afraid not, Miss Fullerton. The moon does affect me, even in daylight occasionally."

"What a pity! But here are the woods."

The party had left the road, and, striding fairy-like over buried fences and hollows filled with snow, was entering the winter silence of a forest. Olivia did wish to grow sentimental over the loveliness of the scene. The branches above their heads bent low under the weight of the snow-mantle, upon which the sun at times dropped a ray of his brilliancy. The old trunks, straight as savages are wont to be, rose from a wondrously smooth but hollowed floor, and, like pillars, seemed to support the

interlaced roof above. There was no apparent outlet, and they seemed to follow no regular path, the party winding in and out through the tree-labyrinth, with laughter and song, under the guidance of the general.

"It wouldn't be much of a surprise to meet an old Druid wandering here some day," said Crawford, venturing, after much reflection, upon a remark which he had heard made under similar circumstances.

"With long, white hair," said Olivia, brightening, "and the most secret and terrible eyes."

"There's a more practical and useful inhabitant," said the baronet, flinging a pine cone at a squirrel and hitting Mrs. Strachan instead. Olivia laughed at the general's surprise when the missile lighted on her hood.

"You were more prosaic than you intended, Sir Stanley," said she. "Now be good enough to say something poetical and appropriate. Aren't you really touched by all this winter loveliness?"

"Of course," cried the bold nobleman, with a direct and unmistakable glance into his lady's eyes. "It is a temple with something of the heretical about it, for the worshippers take things comfortably and there is neither altar nor priest. If there were *we* might do rash things, I fear." "If she will be so kindly foolish," he thought, "to ask what may be the rash things."

But she was too wary, and, although her upward look was very innocent and engaging, she could not resist making some fun out of his words.

"There isn't an organ, and the choir is poor."

"The real choir have gone south for sake of their voices. But haven't we the musical silence. And sufficient wind will make an organ of the trees."

"Ah! that will do," said she. "There's something too realistic in your poetry; so stick to plain prose."

They would have gone on wordless for the rest of the journey had not the fifth accident of the morning occurred. Crawford, finding himself at a loss to take part in the conversation, and perceiving its drift in despair, had wandered aside to enjoy his own gloomy thoughts alone. A hidden twig caused him to turn a somersault in the air, and he disappeared in a drift so deep that he went out of sight altogether. The evident astonishment and nervousness of the gentlemen at this mishap filled the ladies with alarm. Some lost their footing in consequence of the excitement. Demoralization seized upon the party, and for a few

minutes the general's powers and the general's temper were severely tried. Olivia sat on a convenient stump and laughed in her sleeve. The appearance of the inverted ones was too comical for the gravest to resist laughing, and in spite of young Crawford's danger and the general's severe countenance, and the tears of some of the more impressionable ladies, Miss Olivia laughed quietly. Mr. Crawford was more unfortunate beneath the snow than he had been above it, for his shoes had slipped under a pile of brushwood and would not release themselves until a bitter jack-knife battle had been begun and ended, while the gentlemen tugged at his body. The good-humor of the party received from this event too violent a shock to permit of chaffing the unfortunate Crawford. Each endeavored to calm his own disturbed soul, and to check the rising anger against the author of so many misfortunes. Olivia would have not been daunted if she could have restrained her desire to laugh, but she dared not open her mouth.

When they left the woods Staring Hollow was before them. A stout log-house with three apartments had been hired for their accommodation at the foot of the long hill, and its puffing chimney in the vale below carried the gayest and cheeriest of messages to the tired and disgusted snow-shoers. There was a general rush for the toboggans. The ladies whipped off their own shoes with great agility, and were ready and eager to take their places without assistance. The gentlemen fought hilariously at the wagon, and the general, half angry, yet compelled to laugh at the boyishness of old boys, shouted and ordered in vain. Sir Stanley was wicked enough to seize upon a toboggan of the largest size, and to fill it, too, with a mixed crowd, much to Olivia's disgust. Yet he was careful not to bite his own head off in teasing Olivia. He sat in the rear, and she sat in front of him, and Crawford in front of her; and, unheard of this meek cavalier, the baronet whispered various pleasant things over her shoulder. The rush down the hill was brief but full of intensest pleasure. There is little time given even on the longest hill to analyze the sensations of a toboggan-ride. A feeling of airiness comes over you; you seem for an instant to be disembodied; an exquisitely, painfully sweet dizziness forces you to close your eyes momentarily, and then all is over. You are at the foot of the hill. Having come down, it becomes necessary to walk up again, which is not the most prosaic part of the sport, if you have been properly favored in your partners.

The general with two of her lieutenants led the way, followed

by six others, two abreast. There was a cheer from the gentlemen, and a gasp from the ladies, whose fascinating tongues found the occasion too much for them. At the foot of the hill there was an upset and a few collisions which amounted only to a laugh, and all withdrew to the secluded retirement of the cabin. A lunch of the hottest kind was spread in the main apartment. The general in her short dress did the honors, and was livelier, though more ironical, than a girl of sixteen. She had not quite recovered from her mortification at her fall in the snow; it was still a sore point, and she collected her fines from the cavaliers with a great display of acrimony. Sir Stanley sat beside her, with Olivia opposite on her left hand; "for next to the baronet," Mrs. Strachan observed to a lady who usually occupied the post of honor, "the baronet's future wife is our most distinguished guest."

"People have a rather conclusive and annoying way of settling these things beforehand," thought Olivia, as she marked her position and the glances telegraphed around the table. "It would be serving them right to disappoint them."

But the prospect of such a disappointment, it must be confessed, made her heart beat faster. Sir Stanley was looking anywhere save in her direction, but he was saying in secret:

"She must understand this move of the general's, at all events. There is a moon to-night, and by the light of the moon—"

He went off into a reverie of so moonshiny a character as to pass the salt to the general for sweetening her coffee. Mr. Crawford was lost to sight at the remotest corner of the room. He was in disgrace with Mrs. Strachan since his unlucky disappearance in the snow; but this did not grieve him one-half so much as the unconcealed merriment in Olivia's face when she looked at him and thought of his vanishing heels. There was an unusual amount of appetite among the party, and no attempt to conceal or stint it. In a short time the table was cheerfully bare, and the gentlemen, rising, left the ladies in the main room, while they retired to smoke and chat unrestrainedly in the apartment set aside for them.

"We had better stuff the crevices," says the general, with her Scotch nose in the air, when they were gone, "or the odious smoke will stifle us right away."

"Dear Mrs. Strachan, don't," says a pretty but elderly young thing. "I do so love the smell of tobacco!"

"You'll recover from that attack of mannishness, Miss But-

tonhole, when you have arrived at the years and dignity of a matron."

"The foolish old thing!" thought Olivia; "she smiles as if Mrs. Strachan were complimenting her."

This was the strain of the ladies' conversation, and, trivial as it was, they managed to sustain it for an hour with a success that would be marvellous to any but ladies with a great amount of time on their hands. Not one succeeded in escaping a thrust, or failed to give one; and hence, when the gentlemen appeared to claim their partners, all were in high good-humor. Mr. Crawford lingered mournfully in the distance, and would not have approached Olivia had she not nodded encouragingly to his inquiring glances; and as the matter stood Mrs. Strachan could not forbear from some scathing remarks on his ability to take care of a lady when he could so poorly manage himself. It was now two o'clock in the afternoon. The day had preserved its early beauty unimpaired, and the sun ran downward through a steely-blue sky, its rays turning Staring Hollow into a fairy dell for brightness and enchanting colors.

"It pleases me," said Olivia to her attendants, as they were walking up the hill with the others, "that we have no literary people in our vicinity. You would hear so much of the *chiaro-oscuro* cant on these sun-glories in the valley, and the mythologies of Persia would be ransacked for picturesque adjectives."

"Perhaps it would be as well, Miss Fullerton," answered the baronet, "to hear that sort of talk rather than to hear nothing at all."

"Well, give me time and a chance to breathe," said she, stopping, "and I shall get enthusiastic after a sensible fashion. But you, Sir Stanley, take the sentiment out of one by your astonishing love for the practical."

"Then I won't say another word."

"I think," said she, looking back, and conscious that the baronet and Mr. Crawford were looking at her with interest—"I think that the Hollow looks much like a lake just now, a fairy one, I mean, where the trees and houses and people are under the water, and the water itself is sun-liquid."

"And we are the mermaids and mermen," Mr. Crawford ventured to remark. "The general now would take the superstition out of a sailor on that point. Fancy her with golden hair and a comb and—"

"Don't be personal," Olivia went on. "See how the sun lies against the snow on the opposite hill. Doesn't it look like water

up as far as where the shadow breaks the line of light, just as the bank of a river breaks the line of water?"

"That is chiaro-oscuro," said Sir Stanley.

"You are ungenerous, you are envious, Sir Stanley, and I shall not say another word. Hurry up the hill."

At the summit a surprise awaited them. Dr. Fullerton was just assisting Nano out of his cutter. Olivia gave a few gasps of astonishment, and then rushed to greet her friend, who was icier this afternoon than the air itself, and received her embraces chilyly.

"The doctors insisted that I should ride out," she explained, "and your brother was kind enough to offer me his cutter and his company."

"And you found both just splendid, dear, I know you did. Isn't he a young—a young—Centaur? There, don't laugh at my similes. I wanted you to fill up the remark, and you wouldn't, so that I had to say something."

But Nano was reserved in the presence of a mixed company, and talked very little. They did not remain a long time. An hour's sport with the toboggans, a short chat in the cabin with the general and those of the company there assembled, and they were ready to return to the city.

"A very handsome pair," said the general to the ladies. "I wouldn't be surprised if—"

"But he's only a doctor, and is not very distinguished," cried the elderly young thing in alarm. "And he has no money and no connections."

"She has enough for both," replied the general; "and the brother-in-law of a baronet will never want for patronage."

"*That* isn't settled yet, you dear matchmaking Mrs. Strachan!"

"A foregone conclusion. I prophesied it from the first, and if it doesn't come to pass put me down a false prophet."

Outside Olivia was gushing over her brother, and, as he did not seem to take it as well as he ought, she drew him aside and lectured him secretly.

"You are too indifferent, Harry," she was saying. "Why, she is beautiful, rich, and you are an icicle."

"So is she, Olivia."

"And is it going to improve matters by freezing as hard as she? Become a sun, and melt her into dripping, overflowing love. Ha! what is this? A photograph?"

Her hand had for an instant rested on a hard, square substance over his heart.

"There," said he, breaking away hastily, "Miss McDonell is looking towards me impatiently. I'll explain to-morrow. You have enough to do to manage your baronet without scheming to marry me to that—"

He was off without finishing the word, and the sleigh was soon ringing its musical way to the city.

"Supper immediately; music and conversation till half-past six; then preparations for return, which takes place at eight o'clock," were the orders which the general trumpeted from the cabin-door. The sun was just gone down behind the hills, and the fading glow in the west warned of the rapid approach of darkness. The moon had already made her appearance, swinging round and high in the ethereal sea.

"By the light of the moon," sang the baronet, emerging from the kitchen dining-room with a skillet in his hand, "we are going home."

"I would that it were by daylight," said she, "for I am so tired that all poetry has been knocked out of me. I am more tired when I think of a four-mile walk."

"Say the word," cried the baronet, with an eager flourish of his skillet, as if he were about to fling it into space—"say the word, and my sleigh shall be here at your service."

"You are dangerously kind. But I have a reputation as a snow-shoer, and I must sustain it. Thank you."

"As you please." And he sought once more the regions of the kitchen to assist in preparing supper.

Enthusiasm was not yet wanting in the party, even after the laborious amusements of the day. Cold punch and hot punch were the mainspring of the gentlemen's good spirits towards the close of the evening, and the ladies found all their excitement in looking at the gentlemen. The meal was slightly convivial, and the songs sung afterwards were weighed down with vociferous choruses. But the preparations for departure in the icy air neutralized the effects of the punch, and it was the most reserved of parties that started homeward by the light of the moon. The same order was preserved in the line of march, and Olivia found herself in the rear with her usual attendants. Mr. Crawford, who had confessed to the softening influence of the moon on his disposition, seemed to find an opposing force in the baronet, and remained as hard and unimpressionable as a rock. Sir Stanley, after having made several attempts to shake him off, settled down into a ponderous gloom and resisted all the seductions of conversation.

The prosaic snow of the day had been converted into silver dust. Their feet threw showers of shining metal into the air, which itself seemed like a blue garment shot with silver thread. The forest-line stood up from the earth, grim and pugnacious, cherishing the shadow, but bathed unresisting in the glow and carrying the stars on its head. From the hills the lights of the distant city were seen, and a broad strip of brightness, measured and defined along the horizon, indicated the presence of the lake. Olivia went over these beauties one by one. She dilated on them and said the most provoking things about them, yet neither gentleman could or would respond beyond what good breeding required. "By the light of the moon" turned out a farce, and when they had reached the city, and were waiting for their respective carriages, Olivia's good-night to her cavaliers was :

"Gentlemen, never walk on moonlight nights. So much soft-headedness I never dreamed that the innocent moon could transmit to man."

SOME USES OF HERALDRY.

VOLUMES have been written on the origin and meaning of heraldry, the most ridiculous theories being often explained with equal absurdity, which has brought discredit on a subject interesting both from an antiquarian and an artistic point of view. Not everything, however, in the literature of heraldry is beneath our notice, and the increasing regard for heraldic matters may be fairly inferred from the large number of able treatises which have lately appeared. A science which has engaged the attention of such really learned men in former times as Camden, Dugdale, Ashmole, and Selden in England, and Nisbet and Mackenzie in Scotland, and the writers on which have in all ages and in every country been drawn largely from the ranks of the clergy, cannot be one utterly devoid of interest or instruction.

Heraldry was a study which of old engaged the attention of all who were gentle-born, and it is worthy in these days even to be looked upon with respect ; and in consequence of its singular utility and comprehensive place in painting, sculpture, engraving, architecture, biography, and history, during several centuries at least, some knowledge of it ought to be included as a necessary

element of a liberal education, for it was one of the most influential means, after commerce and religion, of forming European society. It is called a thing of the irrevocable past; but, even so, that past is so intimately bound up with all that still interests us in mediæval history, poetry, and romance that its study is not useless, even though it be of little practical importance. Its resurrection followed closely upon the revival of the taste for mediæval institutions, in which Muratori in Italy, Scott in Great Britain, Guizot in France, and Hurter in Germany nobly led the way, and which now forms one of the happiest characteristics of our age, which needs some conservative weight to counterbalance the irreverent and iconoclastic spirit of the times:

“Make tombs inscriptionless—raze each high name”;

but fortunately, on the other hand:

“Multa renascentur quæ jam cecidere,”

as Horace said.

Many of the terms of heraldry have become “familiar in our mouths as household words,” and many of the best English authors use expressions which are intelligible only to those who are acquainted with at least the rudiments of the science, which can easily be acquired by giving to it no more than what Dr. Johnson calls “those interstitial vacancies” that may intervene even in the most crowded variety of diversion or employment. The works of Chaucer, Shakspeare, Spenser, Drayton, and other of our earlier poets abound with allusions to the “noble science,” indicative on their part of a thorough familiarity with the subject; and the very name of the inn or hostelry immortalized in the prologue to the *Canterbury Tales* has an heraldic odor hanging about it.

“In Southwark at *The Tabard* as I lay.”

Shakspeare’s insult in the “Merry Wives” to the arms of Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlote (whose family still flourishes in Warwickshire), personified by Justice Shallow, is well known as more witty than delicate; but, while venting his malice against the knight, he was no despiser of heraldry, for we find him complacently using the arms of which a grant was made to his father, John Shakspeare, by the Heralds’ College in 1596, and which was prompted by his own ambition to found a family—in which he was closely imitated by the “Wizard of the North,” who was prouder to be called Scott of Abbotsford than known as the author of *Waverley*. We must not judge these men too harshly for displaying such a weakness, because it is so natural to wish to transmit a

name, and blood, and honors to one's own descendants that it seems almost like that aspiration after immortality against which Saturn vainly rages:

"For I am well-nigh crazed and wild to hear
How boastful fathers taunt me with their breed,
Saying, 'We shall not die nor disappear,
But in these other selves ourselves succeed,
Even as ripe flowers pass into their seed,
Only to be renewed from prime to prime.'"

—HOOD, *Plea of the Midsummer Fairies*.

Dante constantly describes persons by their armorial bearings in his *Divine Comedy*, which contains so much of this and of family history that it is a sort of Italian Peerage of the middle ages; while the sweeter Tasso frequently emblazons for us the shields of the Christian knights in *Jerusalem Delivered*; and, coming to the two greatest poets of our own day and language, the laureates of England and America, we find them well acquainted with the resources and charm of heraldry. Tennyson even exercises his imagination in producing an original achievement:

"And Merlin lock'd his hand in hers and said:
'I once was looking for a magic weed,
And found a fair young squire who sat alone,
Had carved himself a knightly shield of wood,
And then was painting on it fancied arms,
Azure, an eagle rising or, the sun
In dexter chief; the scroll 'I follow fame.'"

Nearer home our own Longfellow, with no republican scruples, gives us a delightful bit of New England heraldry in his *Tales of a Wayside Inn*:

"A justice of the peace was he,
Known in all Sudbury as 'The Squire.'
Proud was he of his name and race,
Of old Sir William and Sir Hugh,
And in the parlor, full in view,
His coat-of-arms, well framed and glazed,
Upon the walls in colors blazed;
He beareth gules upon his shield,
A chevron argent in the field,
With three wolfs' heads, and for the crest
A wyvern part-per-pale addressed
Upon a helmet barred; below
The scroll reads, 'By the name of Howe.'"

Every traveller in Europe will find his local knowledge and pleasure increased by some acquaintance with those symbols and

strange devices which mark the gates and walls of famous cities, the feudal towers and historical castles, the ruined abbeys and celebrated cathedrals that he may visit; nor shall he feel his patriotism or his manhood less at sight of the embroidered banners of the Garter knights at Windsor or of the splendid blazonry in the *Salle des Croisades* at Versailles. How picturesque, too, should he visit Spain, will he find those little old towns of the Biscayan provinces whose dilapidated houses are adorned with imposing armorial bearings—last remnant of the aristocratic vanity of the *hidalgos*—or how sad, in his rambles among the nooks and corners of Old England, to come upon a decayed house of stone, with a poverty-stricken aspect, but retaining a half-obliterated shield of arms over the portal in token of antique gentility! Armorial ensigns handed down from generation to generation are heirlooms of which the descendants of the first possessors may feel justly proud, and to whom not unfrequently the ancestral shield and surname alone remain long after the ancient homestead has fallen to decay and many a broad acre become the inheritance of strangers, sole reminders to poor gentry

“Of famous men, now utterly unknown,
Yet whose heroic deeds were, in their day,
The theme of loud acclaim.”

Perhaps no stronger example could be adduced of the tenacity of association of ideas than the continued use of armorial ensigns, notwithstanding that, as Burke has testified, the days of chivalry have departed. There is a pride that “apes humility”; and doubtless a certain section of the public believes, or pretends to believe, with more “cant” than candor, that everything in the shape of rank or distinction is both obsolete and worthless, forgetting that

“Order and Degrees
Jar not with Liberty, but well consist.”

By them heraldry has been stigmatized as the “science of fools with long memories”; but we suspect that it is a case of what Gibbon says of beauty, “which is seldom despised, except by those to whom it has been refused.” Even in republican America, where our people have no crests except those of rude toil, or endeavor, more or less successful, to rise above their original condition, there is such an increasing demand for armorial bearings that we are tempted to believe with the Duke of Somerset, who has recently given the public his impressions of our country, that we are an aristocratic people living under democratic institutions,

and wonder at the Quixotic idea which has possessed some of our patriots to band together and solemnly repudiate the use of factitious personal distinctions and anti-democratic fashions, and do their utmost to crush our incipient aristocracy, whether of wealth or station, which delights in such designations as Excellency, Honorable, and Esquire, and rejoices when it can marry its daughters to titled foreigners. But so long as our people continues to assimilate to English tone of thought and habits it will be impossible, even by legislative enactments, to bring the upper classes to that happy frame of mind of Sydney Smith, who said, when somebody asked him for his arms: "The Smiths never had any arms, and have invariably sealed their letters with their thumbs." The use of armorial bearings is too harmless to excite the fears of any one that it is fraught with danger to society or to the government, and the only notice the state might take of it would be, as was once proposed in Congress, *to put a tax upon it*. Many instances could be adduced of distinguished men, remarkable for the simplicity of their character and an entire exemption from vain ostentation, who have manifested considerable interest in heraldic and genealogical investigations. Such, among our own countrymen, were Franklin, Irving, Webster, and Prescott, by all of whom a reverence for ancestry was felt and acknowledged; while a greater than these, George Washington, in 1791 very courteously wrote to Sir Isaac Heard, in England, telling him what he knew of his progenitors in America, and that the family in Virginia had always used a coat-of-arms.

In all ages men have made use of figures of living animals, of trees, flowers, and inanimate objects, as symbolical signs to distinguish themselves in war or denote some particular quality of their own persons or of their chiefs or their nation. It is clear from Numbers ii. 2 that the Israelites had distinctive ensigns and standards, while the dove of the Assyrians, the eagle of the Romans, and the allegorical emblems depicted on the shields of the Greeks and Etruscans may all be termed heraldic devices; and in this heraldry of antiquity even the quality of hereditary transmission seems, in some cases, to be established. Thus, Virgil (*Æneid*, viii. 657) assigns to Aventinus an *insigne paternum* upon his shield; and a remarkable passage of Suetonius proves the existence of hereditary family badges with the Romans, for among the indignities practised by the Emperor Caligula it is related that he abolished the ancient insignia of some of the noblest families (*Calig.* 35). All visitors to the Vatican and other museums of Italy will remember the beautiful painted vases which constantly

represent the shields of ancient warriors, displaying such devices upon them as lions, horses, dogs, wild boars, votive tripods, dolphins, serpents, tortoises, and sometimes parts of the human figure. The resemblance between the use of armorial bearings as hereditary marks of honor and the *Jus Imaginum* of the Romans has been repeatedly noticed. Hence, also, that eminent judge and jurist, Sir Edward Coke, decides that those are noble who can produce the family arms of their ancestors: *Nobiles sunt qui arma gentilitia antecessorum suorum proferre possunt.*

Among the savages of North America each tribe or nation was subdivided into several clans, which had every one its distinctive name, as the Buffalo, the Fox, the Hawk; and this figure, called the *Totem*, was often tattooed on the Indian's body or rudely painted over the entrance of his lodge:

"And they painted on the grave-posts
On the graves, yet unforgotten,
Each his own ancestral Totem,
Each the symbol of his household:
Figures of the bear and reindeer,
Of the turtle, crane, and beaver
Each inverted as a token
That the owner was departed,
That the chief who bore the symbol
Lay beneath in dust and ashes."

—*Hiawatha*, xiv.

Of these symbols of our native tribes, called *Totemism*, an American antiquary, R. C. Taylor, says: "This is Indian heraldry, as useful, as commemorative, as inspiriting to the red warrior and his race as that when, in the days of the Crusades, the banner and the pennon, the device and the motto, the crest and the war-cry exercised their potent influence on European chivalry." The last lines from Longfellow will remind the traveller who may have seen the hatchments hung in front of houses in London, and the family arms surmounted by a death's head and cross-bones on bills stuck over the side-walls of churches in Rome, that there are heraldic indications telling as clearly as in words the sex, rank, and condition of the deceased.

Heraldry has been styled the "shorthand of history"; it is the pictorial chronicle of days gone by, the evidence of gentle blood, the record of family alliances, the title to hereditary rights. Its utility to the historian and the architect has been repeatedly acknowledged, and the use of arms is closely connected with the tracing of pedigrees, which, to judge by the increasing number

of genealogical societies and of annual publications on such matters in the United States, is almost as minute as if our ancestors had all been in the Conqueror's train. Human nature is everywhere the same, and in America no less than in Europe a man loves to know, or to believe, that he is "come of an old family," as the saying is; and, indeed, a good lineage is not to be despised. But it must be confessed that few Americans know anything about their remote progenitors. A recent American writer insists even that a grandfather is no longer a social institution; but a far more distinguished one has declared his opinion that a nation is nothing without families—by which, of course, he never meant an aristocracy of mere birth, the fact of being, as Lord Chancellor Thurlow said, "the accident of an accident." He is truly noble

"Who lives to build, not boast, a gen'rous race,
No tenth transmitter of a foolish face";

for good birth and "the boast of heraldry," unaccompanied by patriotic services, by cultivation of the mind, by refinement, taste, and manners, shall save no man from dishonor and contempt:

"The noble blood of Gothic name,
Heroes emblazoned high to fame,
In long array;
How, in the onward course of time,
The landmarks of that race sublime
Were swept away!
Some, the degraded slaves of lust,
Prostrate and trampled in the dust,
Shall rise no more;
Others, by guilt and crime, maintain
The scutcheon that, without a stain,
Their fathers bore."

—LONGFELLOW, *Coplas de Manrique*.

In Gothic architecture heraldry is always a beautiful accessory; and from its earliest existence as an art it is found to be associated with those imperishable structures which Faith produced in the middle ages. Gothic monuments, and their more classical but less vigorous successors of the period of the Renaissance, abound in every variety of armorial ensigns. St. Peter's at Rome, Westminster Abbey in London, the cathedrals of Rouen and of Seville, teem with heraldic ornaments; and the roof, the columns, the stained-glass windows, the choir-seats, altars, tombs, and even the sepulchral slabs in the pavement, have each their crest, device, or shield of arms. Nor was such a species of ornamentation confined to religious architecture. It formed the ex-

ternal decoration and interior embellishment of the merchant palaces of Italy and the baronial castles beyond the Alps. The canopies of state, the domestic furniture, the gold and silver plate, were all distinguished by the arms of their noble owners in

“The gorgeous halls, which were on every side
With rich array and costly arras dight.”

Evidence of a taste for heraldry meets the traveller in Italy at every step, and Rome and Florence particularly are crowded with specimens of the art in every stage of its development.

“Respect for birth,” says Hallam, “was hardly ever higher in Europe than in the fifteenth century, when heraldry, the language that speaks to the eye of pride and the science of those who despised every other, was cultivated with all its ingenious pedantry, and every improvement in useful art, every creation in inventive architecture, was made subservient to the grandeur of an elevated class in society. The burghers in those parts of Europe which had become rich by commerce emulated in their public distinctions, as they did ultimately in their private families, the ensigns of patrician nobility.”

This passage gives a just idea of the importance attached at that time to heraldry, in central and northern Italy more than elsewhere, which, by reason of the extension of trade, were then placed at the head of civilization and culture in Europe, to which elevation heraldry contributed its part by tending to soften and polish the social intercourse of the governing classes, among whom the exhibition of shields of arms with their numerous quarterings and differences—proofs of matrimonial alliances, of inheritance, of patronage, of office, or of succession—were as useful as the *tesseræ consanguinitatis* and *hospitalitatis* had been among the ancient Latins. The encouragement given to the manufacture of silken housings, embroidered purple and fine linen, rich tapestry and carpeting inwoven with armorial designs, also increased the comforts and elegance of life, and obliged those who were anxious to possess insignia of gentility to seek the distinction that wealth affords by other means than violence and rapine, while in Germany, France, and England, where tournaments were most in vogue, the attainment of heraldic honors became a source of emulation and high-minded endeavor. These honors could be lost by misconduct. Arms were forfeited or disgraced by falsehood, killing a prisoner who had called for quarter, oppression of the poor, treason, disloyalty, and unknighly conduct of whatever kind; and in an iron age when prowess in battle was considered the highest accomplishment, and the right of bearing arms the

proudest distinction, the dread of a blot on the escutcheon, or a reversal of the shield, restrained many a man in his tyrannical proceedings and curbed in some degree the insolence of power.

Gilbert White, in his *Natural History of Selborne*, recommends the study of heraldry to his brother, who proposed writing a county history, adding that until lately he was not aware how important that study is to an antiquarian; and a more recent author, Professor Innes, in his learned work on Scotland in the middle ages, after suggesting the great importance of some knowledge of heraldry to the student of historical antiquities, observes that

"For the purposes of family history—of topographical and territorial learning—of ecclesiology, of architecture, it is altogether indispensable. . . . Heraldic emblazonment is mixed up with almost all the fine arts of the middle ages. In architecture it soon took a prominent place among what may be called surface ornament—not affecting the shape and form, the type and style of building, but furnishing in infinite variety subjects of embellishment mixed with much of personal interest. If the shield of rich blazoning, or the cognizance of some old name, covered with dust and dirt, still creates an interest on the wall of a ruined church or as part of the tracery of a monumental slab, we may imagine what effect was produced by the brilliant colors of the old heralds' 'tinctures' adorning not only the walls, but repeated in the tiles of pavement and glowing in the gorgeous coloring of the windows; when each bearing and difference—the square banner of the knight and the squire's pennon—told a universally-understood history of the founders and benefactors of the church, and perhaps called up some memory of battle or siege, and of honor won in the field or tourney-yard."

After reading this we are very much surprised to hear the venerable gentleman who presides over the destinies of art in Great Britain tell us seriously that we must condemn all heraldic decoration, so far as beauty is concerned; although he admits of insculpted or painted arms that, for motives of family pride or local significance, they may be introduced in prominent parts of a building. When lecturing us on common sense and courtesy (*Seven Lamps of Architecture*) he must have been thinking of the vain Earl of Bute who had even the leaden water-pipes of his castle ornamented each with eight large coronets, or of the gouty old peer in "Mariage à la Mode" who put a coronet on his *crutch*!

In the illuminations of the middle ages heraldry has a place of honor, and in the present revival of that early art it ought to occupy a position of corresponding prominence. Heraldry was also highly esteemed in those times as a becoming decoration for

personal costume. Knights in war wore their arms emblazoned on the surcoat or outer garment thrown over the armor (to preserve it from rust and soiling)—whence arose the term *coat-of-arms*—or embroidered on their mantles when they assembled for the pageantries of peace; and ladies also are frequently represented in stained-glass windows, monumental brasses, and illuminated genealogies, bearing heraldic devices on their apparel and kirtles. While the adoption of such devices was originally left to individual choice, as heraldry began, between the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, to be reduced to a science more attention was paid to the propriety of the armorial ensigns borne and to what manner of persons bore them. Soon it was forbidden to assume arms at one's own pleasure; they must have been received from the sovereign, or conferred by military commanders for signal acts of valor, or given by over-lords to those who held estates under them. Heralds' Colleges, with their stringent rules and minute attention to the least details of the art, were established during the fifteenth century all over Europe. Before that ordinances bearing on the matter were issued from time to time by the court to regulate disputes between rival claimants and repress abuses. King Henry V., in the year 1417, put forth a proclamation to deter any one from using arms not derived from their ancestors or from a lawful grant; an exception, however, was made by the gallant prince in favor of those who had fought with him at Agincourt, as he promised in his speech before the battle:

“We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;
For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition.”

—Henry V., act. iv. sc. iii.

The Heralds of England, who before had been attached to the household of the sovereign or of some other exalted personage, were incorporated as a fraternity in the year 1483 by King Richard III. They now occupy a fine establishment in London, which is the recognized headquarters of English heraldry, and are presided over by the Earl Marshal, whose office is hereditary in the great Catholic family of the Howards of Norfolk. It has been said that the fees derived from America constitute one of the most important sources of the revenue of that aristocratic institution. The oldest document in the archives of the college is a roll of arms of about A.D. 1250. These rolls of arms are long, narrow strips of parchment, on which were written lists of the names and

titles of certain noblemen, with full description of their armorial insignia.

Much of the learning of ecclesiastics in the middle ages—of those particularly whose “studie was but litle on the Bible”—was devoted to the production of elaborate genealogies for the founders or benefactors of religious houses. A knowledge of heraldry enabled the clerk to illumine the pedigree of his lord, and the chaplain to direct the fresco-painter employed by some mighty baron,

“In whose capacious hall,
Hung with a hundred shields, the family-tree
Sprang from the midriff of a prostrate king.”

An Italian Jesuit, Silvestro Pietra Santa, who flourished in the first half of the seventeenth century, is gratefully remembered by all heralds for his ingenious method, since universally adopted, of representing the different colors of blazonry by lines and dots according to a few easy rules. The importance of such a simple discovery to the lapidary, the sculptor, and the engraver, who could thus show with extreme accuracy, and in a language which was the same in all countries, what were the particular tinctures of a coat-of-arms—a matter often of importance to the genealogist and of interest to the antiquarian—can hardly be overestimated. It is a melancholy circumstance that the first instance known of the use of this invention in England was on the engraving of the death-warrant of King Charles I., to which the seals of the regicides are represented attached.

The national heraldic corporation of Scotland is called the Lyon Office. Its chief is called Lord Lyon, King of Arms. Four *Lyons* have belonged to the celebrated family of the Lindsays of the Mount, whose representative, by a singular freak of fortune or misfortune—for the estate of the Mount became decayed and alienated from its ancient owners—is now settled in republican America.

Towards the middle of the fifteenth century the use of coat-armor was to a great extent relinquished by the Italian leaders and *condottieri*, perhaps because they so often were mere soldiers of fortune with no family arms. Instead of these they caused certain emblems to be painted on their shields and illustrated by short classical quotations, and are alluded to by Milton, “not sedulous”

“To describe races and games,
Or tilting furniture, emblazoned shields,
Impresses quaint, caparisons and steeds ;

Bases and tinsel trappings, gorgeous knights
At joust and tournament."

—*Paradise Lost*, b. ix.

Tournaments were combats of honor in which persons of noble birth engaged to gain reputation for strength and courage. This species of dangerous amusement began in Germany, and was one of the means of introducing and popularizing heraldry. Several days before the lists were opened the shields of the knights, with their helmets, wreaths, crests, and war-cries painted thereon, were hung upon the barriers surrounding the field of action, and guarded on either side by real wild beasts securely chained, or by savage-looking men-at-arms drawn from the remotest estates of the contestants. In course of time inoffensive pages and retainers were dressed to represent wild-men, sirens, beautiful women, angels even, or clothed in skin, or scales, or feathers to look like lions, tigers, leopards, wolves, hounds, dolphins, eagles, owls, and other flesh, fish, or fowl. These heraldic conceits seem to have introduced the later custom of representing the arms of noblemen with such "supporters" on either side of the escutcheon. When the candidates for the honors of the tournament approached the lists a trumpet was sounded or a horn blown to announce their arrival to the heralds, who then came forward to receive their names and rank and examine their armorial bearings. From this circumstance so many German families use horns for additional crests about their helmets over their arms, to show that some ancestor had been admitted to take part in a tournament, which is looked upon as a proof of old nobility. As early as the tenth century the penalty visited upon a pretender to nobility, or upon a knight whose arms had been disgraced, yet who presumed to offer himself at the lists, was to set him astraddle of the barrier or fence surrounding the field, whence arose the vulgar punishment of *riding a fellow on a rail*.

While the vast majority of coats-of-arms used by persons even with the clearest right to them are of no earthly interest outside of their own family circle, it must be acknowledged that there are some so closely connected with the annals of an entire people that they compose a class apart—an historic heraldry. Who, for instance, sees the achievement of the Duke of Norfolk without riveting his gaze on the "Bleeding Lion of Surrey" which figures therein as an honorable augmentation?—the royal shield of Scotland, having a demi-lion only, which is pierced through the mouth with an arrow charged upon the silver bend of the earlier arms—through a grant to Thomas Howard and his descendants

to commemorate the decisive victory won by him on September 9, 1513, when King James IV. was slain on

“ Flodden’s fatal field,
When shiver’d was fair Scotland’s spear,
And broken was her shield.”

Or who can look upon the Douglas arms in the quarterings of the Duke of Hamilton, and not be forcibly reminded by the “ Bloody Heart ” of the devotion of the “ Good Sir James,” who, while on his way to the Holy Land to deposit the heart of King Robert Bruce at the sepulchre of our Lord in Jerusalem, according to the dying monarch’s request, diverged into Spain to help King Alphonso against the infidels? Knowing the origin of such figures in the arms of these great historical families, we insist that the shields of a Howard or a Douglas should fire the imagination of every man who still retains some reverence for the past, and is conscious of heroic thoughts and a sense of solemn sacrifice.

It was allowed by the laws of heraldry to assume without further license the arms of an enemy slain or captured in battle; but the custom never found much favor in England, although there are some curious instances of it. Thus, in 1628, at the first reduction of Canada, Sir David Kirke having taken prisoner the French admiral, De la Roche, ever after used his arms along with his own paternal coat. Our British ancestors brought with them to America the tastes and distinctions of their time and country. In all the colonies we find evidences of social rank and of the use of armorial ensigns. A certain number of the first settlers undoubtedly brought with them their seals of arms which were in common use by them.

It is one of the curiosities of heraldry relating to America that Greenland is the only country that gives arms of dominion to any European monarch; and we notice as a shocking anomaly that Sir John Hawkins, who was the first Englishman to engage in the slave-trade (1562), received Queen Elizabeth’s approval of that odious traffic in the permission to use as his crest “ a demy-moor in his proper color, bound with a cord.” How noble beside such a debasing blazon does appear the escutcheon granted by a Catholic sovereign, Charles V., to Sebastian del Cano, who brought back to Spain the shattered remains of the first expedition around the world: *argent*, a terrestrial globe *azure*, with the motto: *Primus circumdediti me!*

There is no authoritative heraldry in America, because there

is no legalized family rank. Yet there is no objection to a gentleman's use of heraldic symbols, if he can be satisfied that he is entitled to them by descent from an ancestor who inherited the same from another generation. As a rule, people are too easily satisfied, and we agree with Davis, in his *Day-Star of American Freedom*, where he writes of the early settlers of Maryland: "Most of the persons whose arrival is sketched in this appendix held the right, I presume, to a coat-of-arms. But not knowing the fact, I have said nothing, well assured how many spurious escutcheons are now used in this country, and fully aware of the danger of running into very gross mistakes." It is a piece of impertinence for any one to use as *family* arms what the seal-engraver or coach-painter may attribute to him on mere similarity of name; for "Not every Stewart," says an old Scotch proverb, "is cousin to the king." The application is obvious. Let those who have newly risen to wealth and social position, no matter what their name, be content with a monogram.

Nevertheless, there is and must be in this country, which inherits the associations of the Old World, such a thing as *official* heraldry, of which a proof are the arms of the United States over our consulates and legations abroad, and the arms of the several States of the Union, so gaudily emblazoned in the latest edition of Webster's Unabridged! The devices on the shoulder-straps of army and navy officers—the most singular of which is the recently authorized "black velvet with a silver shepherd's crook"! for chaplains, which would be described as *sable*, a pastoral staff in fesse *argent*—partake of the nature of heraldry. If a thing is worth doing at all it is worth doing well; but the specimens that we see of American heraldry too often betray the designer's ignorance of the symbolism of the art, and even of its technical elements. A reference to the coats-of-arms of all the States, of which a superb collection was made in 1876 by the chief of the historical department of the Centennial, showed that no State insignia had then been fixed by statute, and that the designs used have depended very much on the fancy of individual dabblers in heraldry. With one or two exceptions they are mere daubs—coarse sign-pictures—inferior as works of the imagination, and not superior in point of execution to the paintings of the ancient Mexicans. Leaving out Maryland, whose arms are those of Lord Baltimore, the first Proprietor, the only arms of apparently original composition which manifest some congruity of thought and accuracy of design are those of Connecticut—*argent*, three grape-vines *vert* two and one, and for motto, *Qui transtulit susti-*

net. Here we have "allusive association," which is the very soul of heraldry, Connecticut having originally formed part—it is supposed—of the Vinland discovered by the Northmen in the tenth century, and "reference" to the settlements of the (later) colony by immigrants transplanted, so to say, from their native soil, but trusting in Divine Providence to support them and render them fruitful as the vine. The arms of Massachusetts, too, are passable; the crest and motto having been assumed in compliment to Algernon Sydney, who was a powerful protector in England of the early colony, a personal friend of many of the first settlers, and in harmony with their political principles. The motto is part of some lines written by him, with no little audacity, in the album of the University of Copenhagen in 1659:

". . . Manus hæc inimica tyrannis
Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem."

The red man, in the same arms, slowly retreating before the advance of civilization, and the hint at Bishop Berkeley's famous line,

"Westward the star of empire takes its way,"

are also very good.

ONE CHRISTMAS IN ALICE LUTTRELL'S LIFE.

EVERY one knows the "governess line" of story-telling. There is, first, the death of the heroine's father (usually sudden, sometimes tragical); secondly, the discovery that not only has he taken nothing with him, but that he has left nothing behind him; thirdly, the immediate disappearance from the scene of every decent Christian except one (generally the family physician); fourthly, the installation of the heroine, through his influence, as governess in some distant and hitherto unheard-of family; fifthly and lastly, the slow or swift but *sure* subjugation to her charms of the Great Mogul of the story, and the orthodox conclusion—a happy and prosperous marriage. Such is the outline, varied occasionally in minor points, and filled in, according to the color of the heroine's hair and the number of her inches, in the stately, kitchenish, pathetic, severely simple, or passionate and overwhelming style. We who read novels—and I fear our name is legion—

are too, too familiar with each and all of them. Charlotte Brontë might possibly have lacked the courage to finish her portraits had she foreseen the caricatures, silhouettes, chromos, and "cheap and nasty" wood-cuts to which they led. The idea was original, and at the same time easy to grasp—to the sorrow of the reading public.

Nevertheless, there are governesses and governesses. Alice Luttrell was one of another sort than the stereotyped. She was young and pretty and light-hearted. She had a father, and a mother, and a home, brothers and sisters, hosts of relatives, and, fortunately, but one of them ever needed a physician. She had *not*, however, in these hard times, quite as much money as would have made her perfectly comfortable, mentally as well as physically. She had not enough to do at home to keep her out of mischief, and lacked the means to pay for lessons, or purchase wools, or bestow in charity. There were children younger than herself, and an invalid brother many years older. The idea came to her one day that it might be as well for her to work in the hey-day of life as to play; and quite charmed with the thought, she held it up before her parents and her little world in her own bright, winsome, persuasive manner, until every one agreed with her and every one helped it on—notably the Lawrence-Lees, whose eldest daughter had been her "intimate" at school. They wrote eloquent letters to the county full of Lees, Lawrences, Lawrence-Lees, and Lee-Lawrences whom they had left, with regret, to plunge into the busier and more moneyed life of a great city, and these letters led up to the result upon which Alice had set her heart—namely, a situation. In the pleasant warmth and brightness of an October day she bravely set forth upon her search for fortune, a little tearful, a very little fearful, but hopeful, resolute, and, for a girl of twenty, philosophical. If things were pleasant she would be glad; if they were unpleasant she would bear it as long as she could, and then—there was home and nothing worse than she had known, at least.

But "things" were pleasant, very pleasant indeed. Mr. and Mrs. Courtney, of The Woods, were kindly, pleasant, gentle people, who had lost the daughter upon whom the hopes of their old age were set, and between whom and the two younger children there seemed, without her, a wide stretch of bare, dull life they shrank from travelling again. Miss Luttrell filled the gap and made a sunny ray of light, through whose medium they viewed the motes and fluttering, treasured worthlessness of the little lives so far behind them. She taught and worked, and rode

and drove, was petted and scolded mildly, treated with deference and real kindness, and proved herself worth more than she had really hoped. It was a never-ending lesson, if an unconscious one. There were many young people in the neighborhood, with whom she mingled on the best of terms, and whom she studied more carefully and understood the better from the very fact of their newness and local peculiarities. The being thrown on her own resources, too, was good for her, and in all respects she had known her own needs best and gained from following her own inspirations.

In all respects save one.* There was no Catholic church within ten miles of The Woods, and the whole country-side were Protestants. How did it happen that a Catholic girl, of Catholic family, had placed herself in such a position? Truth to tell, they had given the matter but little thought. Accustomed all their lives to the convenience of a city home, living that strangely familiar yet wonderfully-removed life of so many upper-class Catholics with their Protestant friends and relatives, it had seemed quite in the order of things that she should take just the situation which offered, without a question as to relative faiths. They had, indeed, asked if there was a church and a priest, and been answered: "Oh! yes, not far off"—ten miles counting as mere nothing to the ready horsemen of that section. But ten miles, practically, to a strange young girl in a strange household proved equivalent to ten times ten in the regular discharge of her duty. Six weeks had slipped rapidly away, Christmas was near at hand, and the time had never come when it suited for Miss Luttrell to go over to St. Michael's. The habit of talking of it, of planning it, had been formed at once, but—Alice was certainly a careless little thing, and laid a wonderful mosaic floor of good intentions, which had a downward slope, at least. It was only carelessness born of youth and inexperience, however, not deliberate and hardened. One morning she rose from her prayers with a suddenly strengthened determination.

"O Mr. Courtney!" she exclaimed, meeting him in the hall and speaking with the true Virginian inflection she had caught, "do you know, I have been an *awfully* wicked girl. I *really* must go over to church. When will it suit, please?"

The old gentleman looked down at her with a quizzical smile beneath which she blushed. Some instinct told her a truth beyond dispute. Protestants can understand but one thing less than the fact that a reasonable being is a Catholic at all, and that is the fact that he or she is a *bad* Catholic.

"Whenever you like, Miss Alice," he said placidly, and paused.

"Well—oh! I don't know when they have the church open. Mrs. Courtney says she thinks it is not every day, nor even every Sunday. And it is too far to ride on a chance before breakfast."

"Before breakfast!" exclaimed Mrs. Courtney, who had joined them. Then Alice had to explain and lay bare certain holy things to eyes which mocked politely. She grew hot and uncomfortable.

"I tell you what!" exclaimed the old gentleman suddenly, "you had better write a note to Dr. Lingard. He lives on The Mount, and knows all about it. He and his family are the best part of the church, in fact—a splendid man, too, and a lovely family. You know best what you wish to learn, my dear Miss Alice; so just write it, and I will send it over."

And out of the few lines Alice wrote in her prettiest style grew the best reading Time gave of her life.

There came, in a day or two, a note from Mrs. Lingard—a Virginia note of cordial and yet stately hospitality. Christmas was near at hand, with its attendant holy festivities. Dr. Lingard begged that Miss Luttrell would make her *home* with them for a few days at least, when they would be most happy to explain to her the simple workings of a country-church life—not, alas! blessed with the advantages of that to which she was accustomed. The Courtneys, who seemed quite relieved at the prospect of getting through the mysterious rites so easily, were equally accustomed to the free-handed invitation. So Alice accepted it with thanks for Christmas Eve, the following Saturday.

It proved to be a soft, gray day, snow lying everywhere in wet and heavy masses, the jagged, black rocks breaking up from it on the steep mountain-sides of the narrow valley, and the swift, black river rushing over its shallow slopes far below the train on which she was speeding towards the little town of Sharon Junction. Mr. Courtney had placed her in old Colonel Brittan's charge for the short ride, and she enjoyed it intensely. The colonel was full of old-time compliments and quaint courtesies that in him had a grace and beauty of their own, spite of his well-worn coat and world-worn old face. When they reached the Junction Alice looked along the bare, rough platform with some slight tremor at the thought of her utter strangeness, but there was no one there to meet her. The colonel instantly surmised the cause—Dr. Lingard's detention at the bedside of a patient—and offered her his arm to conduct her to the house.

"This way, Miss Luttrell, if you please. It is much the shortest walk, though a *little* steep. You have not trodden such pavements often, I am sure."

Indeed she had not. An abrupt turn from the platform, and a hundred yards of rough stone path, brought them to a flight of steep stone steps between the mountain-side and the town houses of the first street. Alice climbed them in fear and trembling, so slimy, pasty, and treacherous was the snow upon them, but they led her safely to the second terrace.

The whole town seemed to cling to the face of the mountain in some mysterious manner. Houses six and seven stories high on one street faced the next above it with a three-story front of much superior aspect; and to call on the people who lived just under one's daily tread a walk of some half a mile in two or three directions would be necessary. The street they had come out upon led between a high, smooth, rocky precipice, on which stood the church, and a row of plain but neat and substantial old stone houses.

"This is Dr. Lingard's house," said the colonel, turning in at an open door on a level with the street, and treading the polished oak floor with such a ringing step that Alice paused embarrassed. "Come in, come in, Miss Luttrell. Have you not had time to learn our fashion of ever-open doors and free entrance for our friends? Ah! madam, your most obedient. Allow me to present myself in the capacity of guide to Hebe in the person of Miss Luttrell. Miss Merrihew, Mrs. Lingard's sister."

The lady he addressed and introduced came out of a distant door and hurried to them, with an outstretched hand and a welcoming smile that was like a benediction. Alice thought her, on the spot, the most angelic-looking creature she had ever seen, and few people realized that Elizabeth Merrihew was not beautiful. The expression of her lovely because so loving eyes, the purity of her sweet, sad mouth, the soft shadow of her plainly-knotted auburn hair belonged more to a picture or a poem than to a middle-aged, unmarried woman in a mountain town of bustling America in the nineteenth century. Her very dress, beautiful in its adaptation to herself, was of another age and place. It was of a rich, deep purple in color, soft and heavy in material, perfectly plain and simple in make, a rolling collar and cuffs of black velvet alone ornamenting it. There was not even the traditional "narrow band of snowy linen" or "soft fall of priceless lace." Her slender throat and wrists were delicate enough to stand the trying test of the black, from which they were not

separated by any softening material. And yet one felt instinctively she dressed as it happened, and gave no precious time or heaven-due thought to herself.

"Miss Luttrell, I am truly glad to see you. My brother charged me to excuse him to you with my first breath, for he deeply regretted the necessity which called him away this afternoon. I must add his thanks to Colonel Brittan for taking his place, also." She turned as she spoke, still holding the girl's small hand, towards the colonel, who stood before her, hat in hand and reverence in his attitude. Alice saw and felt that his manner was different and more real than she had ever seen it; saw and felt, with a young girl's impressible fancy, that this woman was not quite as other women in the eyes of those who knew her. She watched her closely and with growing interest while he "made his compliments," as the old servants expressed it, and took his leave. She was glad to follow her quietly to the upper drawing-room, and have her all to herself for a few minutes. What was there in her that so charmed? Who was she? What had she done or suffered? There was a mark upon her every one must see, but who could read?

"My sister is in her room to-day with an attack of headache; not very serious, but we begged her to keep quiet in anticipation of to-morrow. The girls are at the church finishing the few attempts at Christmas adornings we have in our power. I waited, thinking you might wish to go over at once. You have been away from church so long, poor child!"

There was not a shadow of reproach in her tone, but a world of tender sympathy. One might speak to a child long parted from its mother, or a bride separated from her bridegroom, in just such sweet, mournful notes—if any voice but hers could compass them. Alice felt her face blush and her heart shrink with a sudden shame at her own want of the sense of longing for the beloved Presence they expressed. Saints had known it; but surely if this sweet, every-day woman had it too, she was very wicked to be without it. She rose without a word, and went out at the side of her new conscience. Elizabeth was silent, too, but it was a happy quietness that had as many voices as speech. They climbed another set of steep stone steps, and went in, through a tiny arched porch, to the small white, intensely quiet church. There were unfinished wreaths about the windows and pillars, laurel crosses over the Stations on the walls, and some light, graceful bunches in the various turns of the gallery. A few young people were swiftly and silently busy here and there

about the altars, and an occasional soft sound of voices came through the open door of the sacristy. The star-like gleam of the altar-lamp seemed to leap higher as Alice glanced towards it, and the whole Catholic instinct of her nature (thank God, no nature lacks it utterly !) rose at its bidding. She followed Elizabeth to the railing under it, and knelt down with a fuller heart than she had ever known before. Privileges too lightly esteemed grew suddenly most valuable to her, and even in that first half-hour she wondered how she could have parted with them so easily. Presently she slipped away into a quiet corner, and sat down with her rosary and her prayer-book, penitent but hopeful, and resolute of amendment. God had been very good to Alice Luttrell when he endowed her with that bright, straightforward nature which only needed to *see* in order to *do*.

She spent a long, blessed time there. It was so good to be "at home" once more, to see the altar and the simple, pure-looking ornaments and types on all sides of her. Everything seemed so holy and the girls were so reverent. Miss Merrihew came at last to dress the altar herself, moving to and fro about it with a step and manner hushed and timid with awe, yet loving and eager. The others had finished, and were kneeling near the confessional. Alice went slowly out to join them, and a fair-haired girl drew her gently into the place beside her. Then all was still, and the shadows deepened and deepened around them for a long hour.

It was Belle Lingard who had welcomed Alice to the sacraments. When they went out into the star-lit night she introduced herself with a gentle cordiality which at once removed all restraint. Another little creature joined them in the darkness, her sister Bess, and they stood quietly aside while the others went away with softly-spoken good-nights.

"We are waiting for Aunt Elizabeth," she said in explanation. "We must go home by the hill-path. The steps are too slippery on such a night."

And when Miss Merrihew came they all went silently down the winding path, which seemed very long to Alice, and quietly opened the hall-door as though the hushed reverence of the church followed them even there. Dr. and Mrs. Lingard came into the hall together to welcome their guest, but they, too, were like those who wait some solemnly happy hour. Alice had never known anything like it. The true Christmas spirit seemed to enfold the house with a tranquil blessing that was peace indeed.

And so it was throughout the night and day so inexpressibly

dear to so many hearts. Elizabeth's gentle greeting woke Alice in the early, early morning to join them at the first Mass, and the little church was filled, although many of the worshippers had crossed the mountains and forded the rivers. It was wonderfully beautiful and solemn before the altar—the more that Alice never lost the sense of the wide, dark, starred night without above the hills where shepherds waited even then. When they came out the sun was just rising far up the eastern valley, a rosy, sparkling, glinting channel towards it, upon whose level floor the river made a shining path. Westward the mountains stretched into the blue, clear shadows of the lingering night, and to the right the narrower valley of the Sharon lay cool, and white, and still as the abode of death. Alice laid a detaining hand on Elizabeth's arm without a word, and Elizabeth, understanding, folded it in hers.

"It never seemed so lovely to me before," said the young girl presently. "The world He loved! It looks like it, doesn't it? Oh! every Christmas is a happy day, but this is such a *real* Christmas everywhere."

"Even the pines and the laurel grow visibly to adorn," said Elizabeth. "Yes, every Christmas is a happy day indeed."

"Yet I have heard *quite good* people speak of it with sadness, and say everything was so changed to them through sorrow and care they dreaded its coming. I cannot understand *that*. I think Christmas will always be the same to me—always! Unless I grow very wicked, that is; and I do hope I will not!"

She said the last sentence so earnestly, yet so timidly, that Elizabeth looked at her with a tenderness born of understanding.

"Dear child, I hope not!" she said fervently. "And yet we must never forget how easily some do fall away. It needs the life of the sanctuary for most of us—a home at the very altar-steps."

"Like yours," said Alice.

"Yes, like mine. I have been assigned to the happiest lot I ever imagined. Duty and necessity both agree with my desires. My health and my purse both forbid another home than this beneath the eyes of the church."

It was almost literally so. For only the narrow street lay between the windows of her "upper chamber" and the gable wall on the brow of the rock. Late that night, after a busy, quiet, happy day, Alice sat with her over her fire, pouring out her full young heart into the mild, searching light of those pure eyes. The fire burned low, and across the way, through parted curtain and

Gothic arch, the lamp before the Blessed Sacrament glowed like a jewel from those mystical foundations or those matchless portals of the Heavenly City. Elizabeth's heart was kindled with the deathless flame it typified. She lived for the glory of God. She had given herself to him utterly, and had won the blessing of perfect peace. Upon every life that touched hers she left the impress of her intense devotion, her single-minded, Christ-centred intention. The household yielded and went with her unconsciously; those who scoffed at religion believed in hers; those who neglected it felt for themselves, when in her presence, the same yearning pity she would have felt had she known their inner life; those who were comfortably puffed up with a consciousness of progress in holy things grew thankfully humble in view of her unobtrusive, unconscious earnestness. For it was unconscious. God had given her "perfect peace," and that comes alone from entire forgetfulness of self in him. Alice Luttrell, brought, as God willed, to her feet in a decisive moment of life, moved her to loving eagerness, and Inspired Wisdom used the lips upon which his seal was laid for words that burned his meaning into the girlish heart. It was not much she said, but the way she said it! She spoke not of things we "ought" to believe and love, not of a life we "ought" to live, not of an experience saints have had—and we are willing they *should* have it instead of *us*—but of a real, living, every-day union and consecration, of a "fellowship with Christ" in a sense Alice longed to know. Blessed Elizabeth Merrihew! How many, many times she woke that tender thrill in others which is a divine envy! How wonderful the unwritten record, upon the yielding hearts she won, of her reality!

Alice went to sleep in her little "stranger's room" with a glow and warmth of feeling all about her that made her faith a new thing. She woke with the sense of "something good" to come, and a strong determination to hold to her new lesson. She went home to The Woods that morning, and took up her duties with an elevated standard by which to judge of their fulfilment. She *must* be real and true, she told herself. No more little shams of hard work to earn a lazy hour of self-indulgence. No more half-done tasks, with a comfortable consciousness that "nowadays" people did not expect as much of one as they used in the time of the saints. The time of the saints! How far off it used to seem! An indefinite "dark age," very uncomfortable and *impossible* for her? Ah! no. It was not removed from her by one day; it was beating out the moments with the pulsing of a heart she had felt against her own; it was wearing, drop by drop,

a record upon the face of eternity's vast triumphal arch with the blood that reddened the cheeks her own reverent lips had pressed. How could she hold back now? An earnest nature lay beneath the careless expression of herself she had as yet known for her best, and Alice Luttrell grew rapidly toward the light.

She went once and again to St. Michael's on The Mount, and then she was called home to her mother's death-bed. Afterwards she felt her place was at home. The wants she had labored to supply were dead within her, and from their graves a blessed troop of spirits rose, bearing her with them. The Courtneys missed her greatly and kept up a loving intercourse with her that proved her worth. Two years later she went down to them on a visit, and as she mounted the stone steps of St. Michael's with eager pleasure on her first Sunday the bell struck the first deep knell of a departed soul. The curtains of those upper windows were closely drawn; Elizabeth's place at the altar-steps was empty. Startled, and yet chiding her trembling fear, Alice bent her thoughts upon the duty of the moment, and heard Mass with tender thankfulness upon the spot where it was first revealed to her in all its wondrous power and sweetness, so far as human being may grasp it. When it was over she learned her loss. Elizabeth Merrihew had died the death of His beloved.

"But for that blessed Christmas visit I would have missed her out of my life," thought Alice, kneeling by her silent, beautiful form. "But I could not! God meant it always that we should meet, and she should teach me such wonderful things. Oh! what a thought. If only in the future some one is coming towards me I am to mean as much for as she did for me! To glorify God every day and all day, to show it in one's face, to tell it in one's tones!—*she* did this. One could never think of such a life as anything but beautiful, and wonderful, and grand. Dear Elizabeth! the saints welcome you."

Yes, she was right! To live such a life, to be a living flame amid the dust and ashes of to-day, how beautiful, how wonderful, how grand indeed! Thanks be to God! there are others than Elizabeth Merrihew upon the circling hills, in the busy valleys, beside the rushing streams, and even in our bustling marts, for whom Christ is a living presence, and Christmas an ever-new festival of the birth of deathless love.

THE TINTAMARRE.*

"*Not' Maître*,† this is the Tintamarre
 Of the village of Cormeray."
 So spoke a sunburnt *campagnard*
 By the Beauron's winding way.
 From hand to hand, from voice to voice,
 Five hundred years, men say,
 It has summoned the weary to rejoice
 At the death of the worker's day :

Ha—ro—o !

Gilles, Jacquot.

Dieu pardoint au bon, Comte Thibaut !

Ha—ro—o !

Marthe, Margot.

Dieu pardoint au bon Comte Thibaut,

Au tout bon Comte de Blois !

At the first sweet sound of the Vesper bell
 The harvester drops the hay ;
 And leaving the last tree where it fell,
 The wood-cutter turns away.
 Then he thinks how his fathers' fathers toiled
 From dawn to dusk of day ;
 And he crosses his tools in the Tintamarre,
 And he bares his brow to pray :

Ha—ro—o !

Marc, Michau.

Dieu pardoint au bon Comte Thibaut !

Ha—ro—o !

Jean, Jeannot.

Dieu pardoint au bon Comte Thibaut,

Au tout bon Comte de Blois !

* According to a tradition Count Thibaut (of Blois), taking pity on the lot of those who toiled in the fields, fixed the hours for beginning and ending the day's work. Every evening when the bell of the town had rung one could hear the workmen nearest to the town warning their fellow-toilers either by shouts or by the sound of their picks and spades, which they struck against one another. This was the Tintamarre, and during the confused hum could be heard the grateful shouts : " God pardon the good Count of Blois ! "—A. A. MONTEIL.

† Before the Revolution "*Not' Maître*" was the title given by the French peasant to his superior.

The hurrying ploughman stops half-way
 In the furrow turned for grain;
 Alone, he doubles the roundelay,
 And with whetstone strikes his wain.*
 The ditcher, clearing his dusty throat,
 Sends on the same refrain,
 Till the wand'ring goatherd, note for note,
 Gives the Haro back again:
 Ha—ro—o!
 Luc, Arnaud.
 Dieu pardoint au bon Comte Thibaut!
 Ha—ro—o!
 Jules, Guillot.
 Dieu pardoint au bon Comte Thibaut,
 Au tout bon Comte de Blois!

Still the miller reckons his empty sacks
 As he stays in the mill alone;
 Still the miserly farmers bend their backs,
 For the harvest is all their own.
 And—ha! ha! ha! "It would grieve a Turk,"
 The wiseacres sighing say,
 "That the precious daylight God gave for work
 Men and women should dance away."
 Ha—ro—o!
 Jacques, Renaud.
 Dieu pardoint an bon Comte Thibaut!
 Ha—ro—o!
 Jeanne, Babeau.
 Dieu pardoint au bon Comte Thibaut,
 Au tout bon Comte de Blois!

Now the fiddler's time of toil begins,
 Yet he too gives thanks to Heaven;
 For, old and blind, he hardly wins
 The scanty bread of seven.
 And clattering after his dancing feet
 Come the village children all,
 As they mimic the sounds of the Tintamarre
 And echo the elders' call:

*In old illuminated manuscripts may be seen peasants painted with a whetstone attached to their girdle.

Ha—ro—o !

Gilles, Jacquot.

Dieu pardoint au bon Comte Thibaut !

Ha—ro—o !

Marthe, Margot.

Dieu pardoint au bon Comte Thibaut,

Au tout bon Comte de Blois !

L'ENVOI.

Still, the grandsires say, does the good Comte's soul

Haunt forest and *champ* and *clos*,

Still he claims his lordship on every bole,

And from every furrow thus takes his toll :

“ Dieu pardoint au bon Comte Thibaut !

Dieu pardoint au Comte de Blois ! ”

LOUIS FRÉCHETTE.

THERE exists in the United States a general opinion that what is known as American literature consists solely of books in the English language; in fact, we are somewhat narrow and, to borrow a Cockney term, provincial in our complacent conviction that the United States contain the American people, and that all human beings on this continent who do not participate in the blessings secured for us by the Declaration of Independence are outside, if not barbarous. They are to be pitied, without doubt; but why should we add to the pangs that they must feel, but will not acknowledge, by depriving them of their birthright? The Yankee, the Hoosier, and even the members of that decaying race, the Cracker, would stand amazed at the insolence of any Mexican that described himself as an American; and it is hard for us to understand that Montreal and Quebec are really American cities as regards *locale*. As to the Canadian himself—the Canadian who prides himself on his nationality—he is regarded in the North as almost as good as the average white citizen who celebrates the Fourth of July; yet further down there is an unwarrantable prejudice against the “Kanuck,” and until he gives hostages to society he is regarded with an air of patronage which must be very galling to a man stiffened by that consciousness of

superiority which close contact with the lordly Britisher always gives.

In truth, the Princess Louise and Lord Lorne—although they may not have been officially informed of the fact—lost caste in truly American eyes by condescending to come to Canada, and it is suspected that even the prestige of royalty itself has suffered. The French-Canadians are unaccountably looked on as an inferior race. It is impossible to say why; a most diligent search for the root of this prejudice has brought to light a hypothesis that the minds of our young republicans were poisoned by the picture labelled “habitants” in Mitchell’s Geography, which, with the delectable Rollo books, gave lasting impressions to the generation that “rose” after the fifties. The presumption of Puritanism, which always assumed that the country was English and Protestant because the *Mayflower* touched an infinitesimal corner of it, may have something to do with our firm belief that the only American is the Anglo-American rejoicing under the folds of the star-spangled banner, and that there is no American literature other than that in the English tongue. There is not much, comparatively speaking; but there is enough to claim our attention and consideration. The Mexican Prieto is not a Longfellow; the Canadian Crémazie is not a Boker; but if Prieto and Crémazie wrote in English, and had been discovered in London, we should have adopted them long ago and laid the deserved number of bay-leaves at their feet, as we always do when the signal is made from over the sea. There are greater poets than Prieto in South America, and greater poets than Crémazie in Canada, and of these is Fréchette, though Lenoir, Le May, and Fiset are not without great merit.

The French-Canadians are by no means the rude and ignorant race which they have been represented to be. They are, as a class, more polished, more patriotic and cultured, than their English-speaking compatriots. Their political representatives and literary men have not been equalled in number and talent by those born on the soil of English speech. Canadian patriotism and literature have been blighted by the colossal shadow of the mother-country, but the French people in Canada—often forced to assume on their own soil the position of aliens—have preserved that individuality and *esprit de corps* which make minorities great and brilliant. They lose something in the quality of their character by fixing their eyes too steadily on Paris, and by magnifying local elections into battles of giants and political squabbles into world-shaking shocks; but, on the whole, they are admirable and

worthy of respect. They have produced greater men than their English-speaking brethren, who seem to prefer everything ready-made from England, and who will, it is hoped, develop more backbone after they enter the Union. The names of Aubin, Painchaud, Cauchon, Garneau, Fabre, L'Abbé Casgrain, and others, which any student of Canadian literature will recall, deserve good places in the chapters that the future historian may devote to American literature.

The English-speaking world has lately come to know more about Louis Fréchette than it ever knew before, although he is by no means a Marsyas, young and inexperienced, in the art of poetry. The Forty Immortals who dwell in Paris, and who occasionally permit a gleam from Olympus to fall on some favored man of the French nation, have cast their eyes towards New France and have made a new departure. They have set the seal of their approbation on the work of a foreigner, and, in spite of M. Camille Doucet's apology to the effect that Canada had been French and was still French at heart, the fact is undeniable that the Academy has crowned the work of an American who is a British subject; the Academy, which, in spite of the inroads of the Romantic school into its severe and chaste halls, seldom crowns anything that is not what Louis Veuillot calls in derision "ciselé." Fréchette's lyrics and short poems are "ciselé" after the best French models. If anything he is too dainty in his treatment of themes. In his workmanship he is more like Cellini than Michael Angelo, though he has been compared to Hugo, more probably because it is the regular thing to do than because there is any resemblance. In his Ode to the Mississippi and "La Voix d'un Exilé" he shows evidences of strength and power which denote that there is a firm and virile grasp at the handle of the delicate tool with which he does his carving. There is a pathetic sadness and tenderness about these verses in "La Voix" which are more natural to him than the indignant and angry strophes which ring out in other parts of it:

"Adieu, vallons ombreux, mes campagnes fleuries,
Mes montagnes d'azur et mes blondes prairies,
Mon fleuve harmonieux, mon beau ciel embaumé,
Dans les grandes cités, dans les bois, sur les grèves,
Ton image toujours flottera dans mes rêves,
O mon Canada bien aimé.

"Je n'écouterai plus, dans nos forêts profondes,
Dans nos prés verdoyants et sur nos grandes ondes,
Toutes ces voix sans nom qui font battre le cœur ;

Mais je n'entendrai pas non plus, dans ma retraite,
Les accents avinés de la troupe en goguette
Qui se marchande notre honneur.

" Et quand je dormirai sur la terre étrangère,
Jamais, je le sens bien, jamais une ombre chère,
Ne viendra, vers le soir, prier sur mon tombeau,
Mais je n'aurai pas vu, pour combler la mesure,
Du dernier de nos droits, cette race parjure,
S'arracher le dernier lambeau ! "

It is difficult for us to understand or sympathize with the fiery bitterness with which the French-Canadians throw themselves into political quarrels and hold up offences of politicians, which with us would be only semi-humorous peccadilloes, to be pelted with a volume of epithets. For instance, it strikes us as singular to hear an enthusiastic Canadian making a hero of Fréchette because he was defeated in a contest for the seat of Lévis—"the Brooklyn of Quebec." The struggles of a giant which he sustained against his adversary, the deputy Blanchet, "showed that he was as great an orator as he was a skilful diplomatist, fecund writer, and brilliant poet"; and with Crémazie—who, like Fréchette, dabbled in politics, but was at length compelled, through rather a hazy piece of trickery in which promissory notes and the bribery of voters figured, to flee from Canada—he is saluted as a persecuted martyr. His misfortune is laid at the door of his enemies, and the vengeance of the gods called down on everybody but him, as if he had been a Greek sage ostracized instead of a politician fleeing from his creditors. "Yes, if walls could speak, how the pretended great statesmen who since the departure of the unhappy poet shamelessly walk the pavements of the capital of our province, their looks proud and haughty, casting defiance, sarcasm, insult, and even calumny at those who differ from them in politics, would lower their heads and hide, if the touching drama we have alluded to could be told without injuring the interests or disturbing the peace of certain families! But patience; history will speak in its grand and terrible voice, and posterity will be convinced that those more guilty than Crémazie ought to take his place, in order, on the sorrowful way of exile which he has trodden, to save certain persons who deserved much more than he incarceration or exile!" The solid assurance which the French-Canadians evidently possess that history and posterity have a microscopical knowledge of their affairs is not only consoling, but it gives them a charming freedom of invective against their political opponents. Our patriots might imitate it, were they

not held back by the fear of making themselves ridiculous, which, however, is not characteristic of the Franco-Canadian. He is refreshingly in earnest—in fact, so much in earnest that it sometimes redeems the triviality of his claims and gives a dignity to the difference between “tweedledum and tweedledee.” Neither Crémazie nor Fréchette was successful in politics; and no poet has been from Dante downwards, notwithstanding M. Darveau’s* grandiloquent effort to prove that poets are the right men to manipulate those wires which are called, in the language of the campaign revivalist, “the destinies of the nation.” Fréchette, however, carries poetry into politics with much effect from a dramatic point of view, though it can hardly be thought that these eloquent stanzas had much effect in the Canadian symposia that answer to our “primaries.”

“Mandat, serment, devoir, honneur, vertu civique,
Rien n'est sacré pour eux ; dans leur rage cynique,
Ils baillonnent la loi pour mieux la violer—
Puis, à table, viveurs ! Ici, truffe et champagne !
Grisez-vous bien, ô vous que le boulet du bagne
Devrait faire seul chanceler !

“Ne laissez pas monter le rouge à votre joue :
La pudeur ne vaut rien ; dans la fange et la boue,
Risquez-vous hardiment, fronts hauts, sans sourciller
Accouplez-vous bien vite aux hontes de la rue—
Allons ! depuis quand donc cette clique repue
A-t-elle peur de se souiller ?

“Les traîtres ! s'ils gardaient pour eux seuls leurs souillures !
Mais ils ont souffleté nos gloires les plus pures ;
Ils ont éclaboussé tous nos fronts immortels ;
Aux croyances du peuple ils ont tendu des pièges,
Et dressé leurs tréteaux, histrions sacrilèges,
Jusque à l'ombre des autels.”

The author of “*La Voix d'un Exilé*” is a poet not without honor in his own country, as the reception he met recently after his return from Paris, where he went to receive the approval of the Academy, proved. *Mes Loisirs*, the first notable collection of poems published by a French-Canadian, appeared in 1865. It was received with an enthusiasm that proved that French-Canadians are honest in their praise of their poet. It is a charming volume, full of freshness and marks of talent, and more than deserving of the praise which our amiable old poet, Longfellow,

* *Nos Gens de Lettre.*

gave in acknowledging that he had read it. Later came another collection, better than the first, more mature, freer from crudities and marks of inexperience. *Pêle-Mêle* contains lyrics that will never die—lovely bits of verse, often too exquisite in their polish; cameos set carefully in frames of the most skilful and delicate work. Sometimes one wishes that his treatment were less “dainty,” but he has the great advantage of a reticence which shows reserved force; and though the influence of Hugo and Lamartine is evident, it does not weaken a muse which, singing in measured strains, does not forget the mighty roar of its natal St. Lawrence. Occasionally there is a note that reminds the reader of De Musset at his best, but there is always a freedom and freshness about his verse that prevent him from reflecting the worst of De Musset or the school which had somewhat affected Crémazie, and which Baudelaire founded.

“He is,” wrote an enthusiastic Canadian in 1873, “one of our men of the future. One of our youngest, and at the same time one of the most versatile, brilliant, and, above all, the best of our poets, Fréchette is to Victor Hugo what Turquetty is to Lamartine; and assuredly he has flown high since he made his first stroke of wing. There is no doubt that he will attain by new efforts the flight of his master. The poetry of Fréchette is of marble and gold, and the muse of the poet must make herculean efforts, which, however, are not apparent, so great is her grace, in working this immobile surface. His imagination is a chisel that attacks the soulless block, and with it he easily forms a column or a flower.”

In “Alleluia,” dedicated to the Abbé Caron, these magnificent lines occur, full of that sudden force for which dramatic seems too weak a term, and of the truest religious feeling:

“Chantez, êtres criées, sur vos lyres sublimes !
Car le jour du Seigneur est enfin arrivé :
*Le monde a consommé le plus grand de ses crimes,
Et le monde est sauvé !*”

“La Dernière Iroquoise” is a poem of sustained power, and in places it recalls the “Centaur” of Maurice de Guérin. “La Nuit” and “Le Matin” are two exquisite companion-pieces, lightly-cut cameos. Some lines in “Sursum Corda,” dedicated to his wife, will give one of those deft and loving touches which are due less to his art than to his talent, which delights in spontaneous and delicate turns and allusions:

“Le soleil était chaud, la brise caressante,
De feuilles et de fleurs les rameaux étaient lourds—
La linotte chantait sa trille éblouissante
Près du berceau de mousse où dormaient ses amours.”

The closing lines express the cheerful philosophy which often appears in Fréchette's poems :

" Au découragement ouvrons jamais nos portes :
Après les jours de froid viennent les jours de mai,
Et c'est souvent avec ses illusions mortes
Que le cœur se refait un nid plus parfumé."

Fréchette's poetic talent is undeniable; but his columns are rarer than his flowers, which are carved of Canadian snow rather than marble, and tinged with the light of the aurora-borealis, ruddy and bright. Fréchette has never found it necessary to assume a pagan attitude towards religion. He is, judging from his poems, a Catholic who is not ashamed of his religion. It is hardly possible, however, that this poet, bred in any of the admirable colleges of the country, of which Sainte-Anne and Nicolet are examples, could ever divorce himself from the influence of that church which fosters alike patriotism and poetry. As a specimen of Fréchette's manner and treatment the following lines are interesting, and full of the combined sweetness, pathos, and delicate art which give him a charming individuality :

FLEURS FANÉES.

" *Hélas ! que j'en ai vu mourir de jeunes filles,*"

—VICTOR HUGO.

" *Dans sa première larme elle noya son cœur.*"

—LAMARTINE.

" Je passais—dans les charmillas,
L'œil au guet,
Un duo de jeunes filles
Gazouillait.

" Blonde et rêveuse était l'une,
Je crus voir
De l'autre la tresse brune
Et l'œil noir,

" Deux anges, quelle voix douce
Ils avaient !
Les pervenches, dans la mousse
En rêvaient.

" On causait bals et toilettes,
Et trouble,
S'ouvrait l'œil des violettes
Dans le blé.

“ On jasait, c'était merveille ;
Et je vis
Les oiseaux prêter l'oreille
Tout ravis.

“ Moi, caché sous le feuillage,
Dans le thym,
J'écoutais leur babillage
Argentin.

“ Et du vent l'aile mutine—
Souffle pur—
Egrenait leur voix lutine
Dans l'azur.

“ J'y revins—c'était l'automne ;
Dans l'air froid,
Vibrait le son monotone
Du beffroi.

“ Des nuages aux flancs sombres
Et marbrés
Reflétaient leurs grises ombres
Sur les prés.

“ Des sanglots montaient des vagues,
Et parfois,
Se mêlaient aux plaintes vagues
Des grands bois.

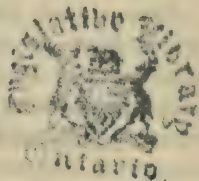
“ Plus de fleurs, plus de charmillas,
Verts réseaux ;
Plus de fraîches jeunes filles,
Plus d'oiseaux.

“ La grille était entr'ouverte—
Du jardin
L'avenue était déserte—
Plus d'Eden,

“ Où donc étaient les deux anges
Dont la voix
Ici charmait les mésanges
Autrefois ?

“ Hélas ! sur ces frêles roses,
Tout glacé,
Le vent des douleurs moroses
A passé.

“ Telle on voit la fleur fauchée
Se flétrir,
L'une, un matin, s'est penchée
Pour mourir.



" L'autre a, sous la froide étreinte
Du malheur,
Perdu l'illusion sainte
De son cœur.

" L'une dort au cimetière
Pour toujours,
L'autre a mis dans la prière
Ses amours."

One would have preferred that the brown-haired maiden should have devoted her heart to God, not after it had lost its illusions, but in its freshness and freedom from loss. In his later poems there are some things more beautiful than this; but in many of them, as in his much-admired "*Pensées d'Hiver*," the thought is commonplace and diluted, though the treatment is always artistic. "*Fleurs fanées*" is by no means the best poem he has written, but it is in his best manner, and it is a fair specimen of the lighter and more lyrical moods of his genius. But though *Mes Loisirs* is rare, *Pêle-Mêle* and *Les Fleurs boréales* can easily be obtained; after all, a poet's voice has an inflection that each human heart echoes, and each man had best find it for himself.

This poet, who was baptized Louis-Honoré, was born at Lévis. His father was a contractor, with plenty of push and enterprise, but with no poetry in his soul, or, if he had any, he did not let it interfere with business. Achilles, the second son, began life as a poet, but finally settled into the lumber business in Nebraska. The third Fréchette studied medicine. Mr. Darveau, in a sketch of Fréchette, gives an enthusiastic description of the spot where Fréchette was born. Lévis took its name from the man who gained the last victory for the French in Canada; history and nature united to mould the young poet's mind. The majestic St. Lawrence and the traditions of the past were always before him; every day he lived in a poem which the inarticulate murmurs of the river and the whisper of the elms breathed to him. *He* could hear them speak; but he could only partially give to the world

" Toutes ses voix sans nom qui font battre le cœur."

At eight years of age he began to write verse, and for a time he wavered between war and poetry; but finally, at a period when most boys are thinking of adopting piracy as a healthy and lucrative profession, he determined to be a great poet. Fréchette père objected to this, and told him that poets never became rich. Fréchette fils wondered why men should want to be rich, if they could always hear the elms and dream of Bayard and Duguesclin; so he went on making his childish rhymes. His

father sent him to the Seminary of Quebec, but he still made verses. Some of these verses were bad, but he did not know that, for poets of tender years are quite as ignorant on that point as poets of larger growth; and it is an ignorance against which time often works in vain.

The teachers at the seminary found some of the boy's verses to have great merit. Poets are so rare that even when one is caught young his captors doubt his species. These teachers doubted little Fréchette. To try him they bade him transport himself in spirit to the Council of Clermont and be a troubadour; and the boy of twelve obeyed. His poem surprised them, but they doubted yet. Believing that Pegasus may be made to trot in any time, they locked him in a room and commanded him to compose in an hour a poem on the arrival of Mgr. de Laval in Canada. The hour passed; the poor child bit his pen and pushed his fingers through his hair until it stood erect like quills upon the fretful porcupine. Another half-hour was granted him. At the end of that time he appeared with the poem; Pegasus *could* trot, after all.

In his childhood and youth Fréchette gave promise of being both a dreamer and a man of action. He would awaken from a reverie over the gold of the sunset to play a trick on anybody. As a young poet he was admired, as a boy he was detested by the quiet and orderly persons who fell in his way. He wanted to be free from the restraints of school-life, and at fifteen a longing for adventure seized him. Casting off the scholarly blue cloak, then, he one day left the seminary and started for Ogdensburg, with the intention of piercing the future by means of telegraphy. But the telegraph office was not congenial. Life was too brief and the art of telegraphing too long. He resigned, and took to the breaking of stones for a living. Soon after this experience we find him back at the seminary contributing some of *Mes Loisirs* to the college paper. Fréchette went from the Seminary of Quebec to the College of Sainte-Anne, and from thence to Nicolet. He was almost cosmopolitan in his education. At last he reached the Laval University, still singing, and probably picking up such crumbs of instruction as suited his taste. By 1858 his poems were maturer and stronger. Tales are still whispered of the pranks of the law-students in Quebec, and often Fréchette's name is mentioned as mixed up in some practical joke of unusual proportions. The Bohemian life of these young Canadians might have given a motive to a Canadian Murger, but it was less artificial and unhealthy than that of their brethren

of the Latin Quarter. It was buoyant, and free, and reckless, but there was no wormwood in it; it was less like absinthe than sparkling cider. Fréchette often entertained a jolly crew in his garret, and, with Adolphe Lusignan, afterwards known as the editor of the *Tribune* and *Pays*, made the lives of the political candidates who were too conservative for them a burden at election times.

In 1864 Fréchette was admitted to practise law in Quebec; divided as he was, among politics, poetry, and journalism, law received little of his attention. He founded *Le Journal de Lévis*. But whether he was in advance of his time in political matters or not, he filled no "long-felt want," and the paper expired after lingering several months. Disgusted with a country which was so retrograde, he exiled himself. He started in Chicago *L'Observateur*. It came out one morning, and then mysteriously disappeared. On an alien soil the poet poured forth his "Voix d'un Exilé." "Never," cries M. Darveau, "did Juvenal scar the faces of the corrupt Romans as did Fréchette lash the shoulders of our wretched politicians." He made a poem full of strong passages, but it is not on record that any of the corrupt politicians blushed. Another journal of his, *L'Amérique*, started in Chicago, had some success. With that placid confidence so becoming to a poet, he left the paper in charge of a Swiss for a time. This was during the Franco-Prussian war. When he returned he found that he had a paper but very few subscribers, the treacherous Swiss having altered the policy of *L'Amérique*, during his absence, in favor of Germany. Fréchette was ruined. Being a poet, he reflected that he had light, space, and liberty; so, taking his stick in hand, he started for New Orleans. It was at this time that he sang a chant to the Mississippi—the brother of his beloved St. Lawrence. It is not certain that he tramped at all on this journey, for, as he was correspondent of two journals, he had free passes; but his admirers prefer to believe the more picturesque story.

The prose writings of Fréchette are numerous. They have been compared to the letters of Junius and to the writings of Louis Veuillot. They are generally fiery arraignments of somebody that differs from him in politics, and some of his letters are vigorous in style, but utterly without interest to the reader who does not care to follow the intricacies, past, present, and future, of Canadian politics. Louis Fréchette is still a man of the future. He has spent much time in writing dramas and letters which have doubtless had their use. The world at large has reason to be most

interested in his poetry. His last poems place him higher on Parnassus by many steps than he stood when *Pêle-Mêle* appeared; and the French Academy has earned the gratitude of all lovers of poetry by bringing to light a poet who deserved recognition from that catholic family long ago.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

“A little child shall lead them.”

WHAT go ye out, O Christian men!
This early morn to see?
Dark is the sky, and chill the snow
Lieth on bush and tree.

“We seek a little royal Child
Born unto us to-day,
Who, from his mother's lap, o'er realms
Uncounted holdeth sway;
We go to bear him worthy gifts,
As men have done of old—
True worship's lamb of sacrifice,
True service' faithful gold.”

How shall ye find this new-born King?
In heaven no star doth shine:
Without such sign how shall ye know
Where rests this Child Divine?

“Though shines no star this winter morn,
Though far his Father's home,
We shall not fear through dark and chill
Unto our King to come.
Cold is the earth that harbors Him,
The roof that shelters low,
Upon the empty hearth drifts down
The softly-falling snow.”

But fear ye not, O Christian men!
To give your gifts amiss?
In raiment soft are princes clothed,
Their state not such as this.

“In heaven our King wears royal robes
Resplendent as the sun,
But here we know him in the garb
Of earth’s most abject one.
Where little hands are stretched to plead
For bread, and life, and love,
We see the star prophetic shine
The childish face above.
‘What do ye to the least of mine
Ye do it unto me’;
The Christ-Child lives for us to-day
In homes of poverty.
So, as we light on snow-strewn hearth
The Yule-log’s cheerful blaze,
We hear amid the singing flames
The Christmas angels’ praise.
‘Glory to God on high,’ they sing;
‘On earth be blessing still,
And peace to gentle souls that seek
God’s pleasure to fulfil.’”

O Christian men! wait but a space,
Till I my offering bring
To place within the pleading hands
Of Christ, our new-born King.
My heart’s true worship lift ye up
To our Emmanuel;
Take ye my poor hands’ scanty gold
That, in love’s crucible,
Its yellow glitter may win heat
To warm the barren hearth
Where Jesus, in his little ones,
Is born to-day on earth.

WOMAN IN ANCIENT EGYPT.*

IN the preface to his *Chrestomathie démotique* Revillout speaks in a very lofty tone of the increased knowledge of the private and business affairs of the Egyptians obtained by his study of the documents written in the popular† handwriting. Whoever is familiar with these results, the apparently insignificant bargains, contracts, etc., from which they were gleaned, and the way the clue was found and seized, will not deny that these scientific acquisitions are extremely important. Here we can only give the outlines of the most important results, which supplement what was formerly made known by the Egyptian-Greek papyri, whose contents we were taught to utilize by Adolf Schmidt's model work.

Most demotic documents contain bargains, contracts, records, and similar matters, thus enriching our knowledge of the domestic and legal condition of affairs during the last centuries before the birth of Christ. They show us in what manner indebtedness of every kind was regulated, and that not only pecuniary claims but liens upon real estate, grain, and other portable property were secured by legal documents. The law protected property, and nothing passed from one person's possession to that of another without the co-operation of the public magistrates and the written record of the agreement. We see transfers of property made under anything but simple conditions, and perceive that even complicated cases were managed according to fixed principles of law. A father or mother divides his or her whole fortune, or only the real estate, among the children during his or her lifetime, and yet retains up to death entire right of possession. Colchytes make over to each other, and arrange among themselves by contract, the privilege of interring the dead in certain quarters of Thebes. Contracts of sale and lease, referring to fields, vineyards, and fallow land, are drawn up with caution and with prolix exactness. The form of those prepared at Thebes is different from those written at Memphis, and in later times—doubtless under the influence of the Greeks, who were better skilled in matters of business—the style was simpler. Under the Persians and the first Ptolemies it was necessary that sixteen

*Translated from an article by Prof. Georg Ebers in the *Deutsche Rundschau* for May, 1880.

† The *demotic*.

witnesses should be present at the conclusion of every contract, each one of whom was required to produce and sign a copy of the document relating to it; afterwards a magistrate, appointed for this purpose, wrote the deed, and the witnesses merely added their names on the back of the instrument. A mortgage law regulated everything relating to such securities, but there were frequent law-suits, and the manuscripts affording us an insight into the laws, judicial forms, and legal processes of those times possess special interest.

Many of these legal matters have already been made known by the Greek papyri, and are rendered easily accessible by Lumbroso in his prize-work, *Sur l'Economie politique des Lagides*. But the demotic manuscripts prove even more clearly than the Greek ones that in the days of the Ptolemies the ancient Egyptian laws were in force, as well as the Macedonian. Sentence could be pronounced according to either law, in accordance with the nationality of the parties to the suit or of the criminal, but a royal command could alter not only the verdict of the Greek or Egyptian judge, but even the laws themselves. It is interesting to notice how, in controversies on legal points, the laws are applied. For instance, any one was permitted, by force of law, to obtain damages from the person who sold him property belonging to other people, yet the purchaser of such property could not, under any circumstances, be compelled to restore it to the former owner. This the soldier Hermias learned to his sorrow. He belonged to a family that for generations had been in the military service. One of its members, being once stationed at Thebes, purchased a house there. In consequence of a great insurrection, during which little Pharaohs were put in the place of Ptolemy Epiphanes, Hermias' ancestor was forced to fly from Thebes to southern Egypt. The house for many years remained unoccupied, until at last a man belonging to the class of colchytes, who consecrated the bodies of the dead, and in whose district the building was, bought it according to all the forms of law. When the soldier Hermias returned to Thebes and wished to take possession of his ancestor's home he found it occupied by strangers, who, tapping their bill of sale, locked the door upon him and sent him to the judge. They had obtained the house in proper form and contested the soldier's title to it. The advocate Dinon represented the colchyte in the suit, and proved that, as Hermias' family had given up their residence in Thebes many years before, Hermias himself could no longer make any claim to the building purchased according to due legal forms.

After the great insurrections and their final suppression by Ptolemy X., Soter II., surnamed Lathyrus (86 B.C.), Thebes could not regain her former prosperity. Her ancient grandeur, magnificence, and wealth were utterly crushed, extinguished, and ruined. Even the temples, behind whose walls the rebels had entrenched themselves, were not spared by the victors; but their vast strength and size mocked the fury of the destroyers, for their total overthrow would have been a gigantic work. The power and resources of Lathyrus were so little fitted to cope with such enterprises that in modern times the most superb of all the ruined temples of antiquity are found beneath the remains of the city of Ammon. Far worse than the temples and the "eternal dwellings" of the gods fared the houses of the citizens, built of perishable materials. They must have been levelled to the ground in masses; for Homer's Thebes of the hundred gates, "the Egyptian city whose houses were rich in treasures," seemed to the Greeks of a later day merely "speckled" with habitations. The families whose occupation consisted in the interment of the dead appear to have been treated with comparative indulgence during the repeated plundering of Thebes by the mercenary troops of the later Ptolemies. Even in still later times many possessed considerable wealth, and a large portion of the demotic contracts preserved relate to them and the legal settlement of their property and real estate.

Those most frequently mentioned are the colchytes, who belonged to the priestly order of the Pastophori, and were entrusted with the consecration of corpses, etc., the recitations, songs, libations, and sacrifices never lacking at the burial of a well-to-do Egyptian. In earlier times there were, in addition to these, as separate classes, the real embalmers (*tarischeutes*) and the openers of bodies, or *paraschistes*, who, after having done their duty, are said to have been driven away by the relatives of the body they had wounded, and seem to have been objects of universal contempt.

In later times the persons called in the Greek papyri *paraschistes* are distinguished by the same demotic word as those named in Hellenic manuscripts *tarischeutes*, so that the duties of both classes had undoubtedly come to be performed by the same persons. At Memphis, whose prosperity and splendor survived that of Thebes, those who buried the dead did not open the bodies, even in still more modern days. This defiling act they left to people of inferior rank, and they were able to pay them, for the contracts they made show that they possessed great wealth. Be-

sides the duties of the colchytes, the rich men who took charge of the funeral rites attended only to embalming the bodies; but this business was by no means done with the hands only: the rituals of embalming prove that during the process many charms and formulas for protection against evil spirits were recited. Any one who knows what magnificent ornaments and costly amulets were placed upon the mummies of aristocratic Egyptians will not doubt the vast sums which, according to Greek accounts, were paid those who practised the two most expensive methods of embalming, nor be surprised if enormous amounts of money are mentioned in the contracts written in the demotic language, made between colchytes.

To Revillout is due the credit for having fixed the value of the various modes of payment, so frequently occurring in the contracts. The Hebrew shekel corresponded with the Greek silver drachm; the Greeks and Egyptians used it in the same way. A piece of money simply called "the silver" was worth five shekels or drachms, and had no equivalent in the Greek coins. It seems to have originated in very ancient times, and Revillout appropriately translates its name "argenteus." The talent contained three hundred silver pieces (argenteus), or fifteen hundred shekels or drachms; and this circumstance is worthy of special note, because it confirms and explains in a perfectly satisfactory manner the statement made in the times of the Lagides, and hitherto thought erroneous or incorrectly interpreted—that the Attic talent of six thousand drachms was four times as large as the Alexandrian. The value of the demotic manuscripts is considerably increased by the knowledge of this valuation of coins, for it gives us the possibility of estimating the worth of money and land in the days of the Lagides, and forming an idea of the amount of the sums paid on different occasions as fines or damages. In many bargains the contracting parties bind themselves, in case of the violation of certain conditions whose fulfilment they have undertaken, to pay fixed sums to the person injured. Other fines fell to the crown, or, according to the demotic official language, were "to pay for the sacrifices of the king and queen."

The account of the position occupied by woman in Egypt, as given in the demotic manuscripts, is of far more general interest than what has already been related. The manuscripts prove that most of the reports of Herodotus and Diodorus concerning these matters rest on solid foundations. How often these strange assertions have been doubted! It is certainly hard to believe that

in a nation of antiquity which during the time of its prosperity distinguished itself by military achievements, and even compelled the great countries of western Asia to pay it tribute; in a kingdom guided by an energetic priesthood that advanced all branches of art and science by arduous labor, and ruled by a sovereign revered as the earthly embodiment of the highest divinity, men should in many points have subordinated themselves to women. Herodotus, who, like all Greeks, was accustomed to see the men go to market while the women remained at home, must have noticed with surprise that in Egypt women made the purchases while their husbands were at home engaged in weaving; Diodorus heard that in Egypt it was the duty of the daughters, not the sons, to support their aged parents; and both shrugged their shoulders at the dwellers on the Nile, who were said to consider it a duty to obey their wives, and at any rate, in both domestic and public life, allowed the weaker sex rights and privileges which to a Greek must have seemed unprecedented.

If it is true that a nation's civilization may be estimated by the more or less lofty position it accords its women, the Egyptians far surpassed all other ancient peoples. For years not only the classic writings, but the pictures and inscriptions on a thousand monuments, as well as the contents of several hieroglyphic and hieratic texts written on papyrus, have removed the slightest doubt relative to the lofty position to which women were admitted in the empire of the Pharaohs. Even in the tombs belonging to the relatives and highest officers of the ancient kings who built the Pyramids for sepulchres the wife is called "mistress of the house," and children are named not only for the father but the mother, so that every N boasts of being the son of an X and a Y. In many cases N even contents himself with the record of his mother's name and leaves his father's unmentioned. Statues of the dead were placed in the tombs of aristocratic Egyptians, because certain ceremonies were addressed to them, and by their means the Ka (the image, the individual peculiarities, the person) of the departed was retained—the form that distinguished them from other human beings while they lived, the same Ka in which the justified soul clothed itself when it desired to return to earth in its former shape. Such statues were erected to women as well as men; their bodies were embalmed with as much care as those of their husbands; nay, many female mummies are much more richly adorned than masculine ones of the same epoch. The husband and wife were brought to account for their deeds on earth before the judges of the nether world; funeral papyri were writ-

ten for women; and there are few rituals of the dead which do not show the mistress of the house sitting or standing beside her husband. Even in the time of the Pyramid-builders, princesses were allowed to reign, and, after ascending the throne, enjoyed the same divine honors the Pharaohs claimed for themselves. Some had services instituted which long survived them, and under the Pharaohs, as the edict of Canopus proves, young princesses were deified.

The Egyptians' rigid insistence upon the legitimate birth of their kings has been pointed out. Descendants of the sun-god Ra, and they alone, were permitted to rule Egypt; but the race of the god could be perpetuated through women as well as men, and therefore usurpers of plebeian blood sought at any cost to marry a daughter of their predecessor's family. In such cases they themselves represented power, their wives the acknowledged right; and both (power and right) being united in their sons, the priests again recognized a true Pharaoh.

At entertainments and solemn ceremonies the queen appeared in public with her husband, and the example set by the court was followed by private citizens, who naturally gave up domestic cares to the "mistresses of their houses," and not only yielded to them the duties and joys of educating the children, but also admitted them to a share in nearly all the social enjoyments open to themselves. The colored pictures on the walls of several tombs representing festive entertainments, at which men and women mingled as freely as among ourselves, are now unfamiliar to few persons of education. On the other hand, the knowledge has scarcely penetrated beyond the narrow circle of Egyptological scholars that long before the "imprisoned ones" or "recluses" of the Serapis, whom Greek papyri mention, there were virgins in Egypt, who also entered the cloister, in the service of Ammon.

As a superior (*ur-t*) of these girls is named, whole sisterhoods* must probably have existed, and Revillout rightly supposes that in pagan Egypt nuns existed before monks. He and Weingarten have proved that monastic life first took root in Egypt—only took root, for the living purpose underlying its foundation, even among the Buddhists and other religious communities, first widened and deepened in the sphere of the Christian faith. But the demotic papyri make very scanty allusions to these matters.

We shall return to our account of the position of woman in ancient Egypt, and, by the aid of the demotic papyri, shall be able to strengthen and enrich with important details what has

* These women were allowed to marry.

already been ascertained about this subject through the hieroglyphic and hieratic texts.

As would naturally occur in manuscripts written in the popular language, which dealt principally with the affairs of private citizens, their families, property, and claims, we shall first be instructed concerning the legal position of woman towards her husband, her family, and the public magistrates. This position was so very favorable—indeed, in many cases so unjustly favorable—as far as the husband was concerned that, if stated by Greek or Roman historians, we should be compelled to deem everything related in the following lines untrue or exaggerated; but the matter admits of no doubt, for the sources of our information are legal documents, and everything conceded to women in them was binding upon those who, in the presence of witnesses, had declared in writing their readiness to grant these favors. We also learn from other papyri that the weaker sex by no means shrank from defending its rights, and, being man's equal before the law, might confidently lay its cause before the judge.

The marriage contracts that have been preserved show that in Egyptian society, which from the earliest ages was strictly monogamian, great caution was observed on both sides in concluding a marriage; nay, this was carried so far that in many cases trial alliances were formed. The bride and bridegroom were wedded, but not at first for a legal marriage. The man retained the right to dissolve the bond, but, before taking his wife home, pledged himself by a legal written contract to pay a larger or smaller compensation in case of repudiation, and, if she should bear him a son, make the latter his heir. If his consort met his expectations the husband raised her to the rank of his lawful wife, and, when this had been done, was obliged to remain united to her until death. Such "trial marriages" undoubtedly occurred in the majority of cases in order to secure children, who were always far more highly valued among Eastern than Western nations. They jealously guarded the right of separation from a childless wife to put in her place another from whom the husband might cherish new hopes of obtaining an heir. In modern Egypt also the wife has a certain dowry settled upon her before marriage by her bridegroom, which, if the husband repudiates her, remains her property; but every marriage, even one strengthened by years of wedded life, is sundered as soon as the husband chooses to thrice repeat the words: "You are repudiated!" An inviolable marriage bond, such as existed among the ancient Egyptians, is not known to Mahometans, and nothing

on the Nile has undergone so thorough a transformation through the faith of Islam as the position of woman. Most of the demotic marriage contracts we possess come from Thebes, where the Egyptian character was far less influenced by Greek customs than in Lower Egypt. Here the wife received before marriage a dowry from the husband, and a certain yearly allowance was secured to her. To ensure conjugal peace the husband was obliged to pledge himself to bring no woman into his house except his bride, and to pay a large sum of money if, notwithstanding this agreement, he should do so.

The title to the possession of any property his father might bequeath was assigned before the marriage to the expected first-born son, while the wife's dowry was secured to her. By this management it often happened that the wife inherited her husband's whole fortune as her sole property, for the wife had the free disposal of all land, goods, or money that came to her by gifts or legal transfers. She could assert her right to any portion of her property against her own husband, as well as against any other person. She made loans to her husband, often on such hard terms that he was at last forced to give up to her his entire fortune. She was permitted to control the latter without any restriction, like anything else that had legally come into her possession. She could in this case buy or sell land and houses without asking her husband's permission, or even against his will. Nay, the power of the wife and mother extended so far that if there were sons, and the husband was diminishing the family property, the wife was permitted to enter a protest in her children's favor. As soon as the wife had given him male heirs the father was only looked upon as the steward and representative of the latter's property, and if he wanted to sell his house could only do so in the name of his sons. Even daughters were permitted to enter a protest, and actually did so, if the father allowed himself to be induced to alienate the family property—for instance, in favor of a second wife.

What has already been said is enough to prove that the Greeks were justified in wondering at the favored position of Egyptian women. Through Christianity, and especially through the honor paid to the Virgin Mary, the dignity of womanhood has received a recognition unknown to most of the nations of pagan antiquity; but even among ourselves, who make women our equals in most respects and pay them the voluntary tribute of reverence, they are legally less favorably situated than their long-deceased sisters on the Nile.

Our knowledge of the beautiful literature of Egypt has also been increased by the demotic papyri. A remarkable story, half-way between a legend and a romance, has already been made accessible to a large circle of readers by Brugsch-Bey and Revillout, and the fable of the lion and the mouse, discovered by Lauth, written in the popular idiom on a Leyden papyrus, and freshly translated by Brugsch,* causes much food for thought regarding the original home of the fables about animals. We are permitted to give our readers the fable of the lion and the mouse in its Egyptian form:†

"It happened that the lion found himself in a (cave?) and wanted to sleep. A little mouse drew near. She had a tiny body as small as an egg. He woke and seized her. The mouse said to him: 'O thou, who art superior to me, my master, O thou lion, if thou dost devour me thou wilt not be satisfied by me, and if thou dost let me go thou wilt feel no hunger for me. If thou wilt now set me at liberty I will one day release thee from that which is in store for thee. If thou wilt let me go it will be thy salvation, for I will deliver thee from thy distressful situation.' The lion laughed at the mouse, saying: 'What is it thou wilt do for me? Is there any one on earth who can destroy my body?' (But) she took an oath before his face, saying: 'I will deliver thee from thy distressful situation in the evil days that will come!' Then the lion pondered over what the mouse had said. He weighed the matter in his mind, and said: 'If I eat her I shall verily not be satisfied.' He let her go.

"Soon after it happened that a hunter snared the lion in a spot under a palm-tree, where he had dug a hole before the lion. He fell in and was caught, the lion in the hole. He was subjected by force to the hand of man, brought to the palm-tree, bound (to it) with dry leather thongs, fettered with straps of new leather, and so there he stood in the presence of the mountains. Then he was sad. As night closed in the mighty beast wished that the words about the assertion of strength which he, the lion, had uttered might prove true. Then stood the little mouse before the lion and said to him: 'Dost thou know me? I am the little mouse whom thou didst once set at liberty. I will reward thee for it to-day by this means: that I will release thee from thy distressful situation in consequence of the violence thou didst do thyself. He does a good deed who rewards.' The mouse put her mouth to the lion's bonds. She gnawed the dry leather thongs, she bit the fresh leather straps that bound him. The lion came forth from his bonds. The mouse hid herself in his mane, and he went to the mountains with her."

Brugsch is perfectly right when, directing attention to the similar purport of the Greek and Egyptian fable, he says that the *Æsopian* seems like an extract from the Egyptian one, and finally

* In *Zeitschrift für ägyptische Sprache und Alterthumskunde*, 1878, p. 47.

† The English version is literally translated from Brugsch-Bey's, which Herr Ebers says he compared with the original, and could suggest no change in the wording, especially at the time the present article was written, when the Leyden papyrus was not accessible.

asserts that the Egyptian is the original text. In fact, the latter is full of details which animate the narrative and are utterly lacking in *Æsop's* version. We remember the lion who wanted to go to sleep; the mouse as small as an egg; the lion's boastfulness; the mouse's vow; the lion's reflection that she would not be a satisfying morsel; the description of the capture of the lion by one of the pit-traps still used in modern times, especially in Algeria, to catch beasts of prey; and, finally, the pretty conclusion of the fable, according to which the mouse slips into the lion's mane and is carried by her rescued friend into the mountains. These are trifling but characteristic touches which the Greek narrative, striving for the utmost possible brevity, might easily omit, but which are so organically interwoven in the Egyptian recital that no unprejudiced person will believe them to be adornments of the brief *Æsopian* text. The supposition that both fables originated independently of each other seems impossible. Several details common to both point to the contrary opinion—for instance, the lion's laugh, the latter's capture at, or under (*ἐπὶ*) a tree, and the last words of the mouse; so the Greek ought probably to be regarded as a skilfully and boldly condensed repetition of the Egyptian fable.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

GOD THE TEACHER OF MANKIND. A plain and comprehensive explanation of Christian Doctrine, the Sacraments of the Holy Eucharist and Penance. By Michael Müller, C.S.S.R. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benziger Bros. 1880.

This volume is another of the series of instructive books that Father Müller has given to the public under the title of "God the Teacher of Mankind," and it is as good as the former, and in some respects even superior to it. It treats of more practical points of Christian doctrine, and in just as popular a way. It is designed as a plain and comprehensive explanation of the catechism; so he gives the question of the catechism in large type and answers it, and then gives the explanation. The book, on this account, is very well adapted for any one who has to do with the instruction of others in the faith. Father Müller's explanations are clear and intelligent, and, what is more, put in such a way that it is really a pleasure to read them. They are adapted to the simple as well as the learned. They are plain without being childish, and comprehensive without being abstruse.

Nor is Father Müller's book adapted simply for those persons whose duty is to instruct. It is so intelligently written that it can of itself supply their place. It is a book that ought to be in every Catholic family.

The volume is divided into two parts. The first part treats of the Holy Eucharist, the second of the Sacrament of Penance. Father Müller, under each of these heads, has taken up all the different interesting and practical questions, so that on the points treated he has given a manual of popular theology.

WILD ROSES OF CAPE ANN, AND OTHER POEMS. By Lucy Larcom. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1880.

Lucy Larcom has, with gentle confidence, dedicated this book to *her* public—"not critics, but friends." She does not trust in vain, for even the most youthful critic would scarcely have the heart to clip one of these Cape Ann wild roses with his eager sword; they are symbols of a muse that breathes their faint and spicy odor and wears their faint flush. Lucy Larcom's poems are full of religious feeling and a love of nature which take a form somewhat resembling that quietism which we find in Cowper and in so many of the minor poets. They are free from that sham sentiment and morbid yearning which characterizes most of the feminine poets of the New England school. This poet lives, breathes, and has her being in New England; she evidently loves every stick and stone, every *nuance* of nature's varying moods at Cape Ann; she has the regulation cult of Emerson, Whittier, and Holmes, but she has little self-consciousness and no affectations. Some of her most simple and earnest poems are the outcome of love and admiration for her friends. Her favorite theme seems to be that which she treated so successfully in "Hannah Binding Shoes"—a poem which belongs to the class of Hood's "Song of the Shirt," and which is almost as well known. In "Old Madeline" we have an echo of "Hannah":

" ' I could not bear another lover's kiss,
Because I feel
That somewhere, from the heights of heavenly bliss,
His spirit hither yearns, as mine to his,
For ever leal.' "

" Thus to her silent heart alone she said,
Hushing its moan,
That yet into her merriest singing strayed;
While all declared, ' A cheerfulest old maid
Was never known.' "

"Mistress Hale of Beverly" is a strong, clear ballad of witchcraft days, full of tenderness and pathos; it tells how the spell of the demoniacal accusers who had so long worked on the dark and miasmatic minds of the Puritans was broken by the purity and tried goodness of Mistress Hale. "Sylvia" is another pathetic and tender poem, which carries a lesson with it to fathers and husbands. Sylvia is a farmer's wife, loving and sensitive. The honeymoon had passed, and the farmer, deep in his every-day cares, had no time for loving words or acts. He called her "Wife" instead of the sweet old name, Sylvia, of their courtship. She worked industriously, and

she was proud of the praise she earned ; at last the busy feet and hands were stilled, and he who had forgotten that she had a heart, knew what she had been to him.

“He sought the sea-washed woods, where tall
Black pines at noon made night ;
The flowers stood still in lovely light ;
He seemed to hear his dead bride call
From every blossom white.

“The warm-breathed, fresh magnolia-bloom
In hands that never stirred
He laid with one beseeching word—
‘ Sylvia ! ’—that pierced death’s gathering gloom.
Her soul smiled back : she heard ! ”

Less morbid than Christina Rossetti, more spiritual than Nora Perry, without the affectations of Jean Ingelow, she needs only the touch of that Faith which she seems earnestly to pray for to deserve a place near Adelaide Procter.

LITERARY STUDIES FROM THE GREAT BRITISH AUTHORS. H. H. Morgan.
8vo, pp. 440. St. Louis : G. I. Jones & Co. 1880.

Mr. Morgan, the accomplished editor of *The Western* magazine, has here formed a compendium of English verse and prose from Chaucer to Tennyson, omitting American writers. The selection seems to have been judiciously made, though we could easily suggest two or three among later writers that are not here and might properly claim a place. Besides the glossary there is an index to the authors from whom the selections have been taken, with references for a more extensive reading. In the glossary, by the way, there is a singular error (p. 430) where, referring to Scott’s poem on the massacre of the monks of Bangor, that famous abbey is confounded with the still more famous abbey of the same name in Ireland.

AN AUTHENTIC HISTORY OF IRELAND AND ITS PEOPLE. By M. McAlister, of Columbus, Ohio. 8vo, pp. 361. Columbus : Columbus Printing Co. 1880.

This book is a condensed chronicle of the Irish resistance to English aggression since the days of Henry VIII. rather than a history of the Irish people. The author, however, is honest in his purpose. He describes himself as “a descendant in the ninth generation of Ranald Oge McAlister, who was born by the river Nith, between Dumfries and Sarquar, in Scotland, and, being a favorite at the court of James, received a patent for several thousand acres in the County Antrim, between the towns of Carrickfergus and Larne.” Sir Walter Scott did a great deal towards fixing a vicious orthography of Gaelic epithets and proper names, but this fault ought to be avoided by writers of Irish history or romance, though we notice that Mr. McAlister too repeatedly falls into it. The book will be useful for readers whose time and opportunities are limited.

SISTER DORA: A Biography. By Margaret Lonsdale. From the sixth English edition. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1880.

The natural side is conspicuous all through this life, and the attractions which it possesses we cheerfully acknowledge. At the same time its excesses and defects cannot be concealed. One misses the air which heightens and perfects the natural and gives a grandeur and dignity which spring from a close and familiar life with God alone. We read such a life with singular interest for two reasons: first, it shows how far a gifted nature helps one towards goodness and right doing; second, it shows how much can be done with the partial graces which they have who are deprived of all but one sacrament and the many aids and helps of the church.

If a flower displays so much beauty and fragrance in a poor soil, what would not be its splendor and aroma were it transplanted into a rich one? We are not disposed to diminish or deny what is real; on the contrary, we accept gladly and approve whatever we find that is true, good, and beautiful. What good stuff was here to make not only a heroine, but what is much more sublime, a Christian heroine! And the only reason why this higher perfection was not obtained was the absence of those means of grace which would lead to that end.

MORAL DISCOURSES. By the Rev. Patrick O'Keefe, C.C. Moyne, Archdiocese of Cashel. Second edition. Dublin: M. A. Gill & Son. 1880. For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.

These sermons, written in a strong, forcible style, embrace the ordinary Christian duties. The number of people in our large cities who seldom hear a sermon is very large. To this class Father O'Keefe's moral discourses, read in the brief moments of leisure, are of priceless worth. The work has justly merited the high testimonials bestowed on it by the bishops of England and Ireland.

THE LIFE OF ST. ALPHONSUS MARIA DE LIGUORI, founder of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, Bishop and Doctor of the Church. Dublin: M. A. Gill & Son. 1880. For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.

The value of this brief life of a doctor of the church consists in its accuracy, and those who wish to read only a sketch will find it interesting.

AN EGYPTIAN PRINCESS. By Georg Ebers. From the German by Eleanor Grove. Authorized Edition. Revised, corrected, and enlarged from the latest German Edition. New York: W. S. Gottsberger. 1880.

We welcome this old friend in a new and becoming dress. The edition now given to the public by Mr. Gottsberger is the first perfect edition of the first and perhaps the best of Dr. Ebers' Egyptian Romances which has appeared in this country. It has all the author's valuable notes conveniently placed at the foot of the pages. It has also the prefaces of the several editions following the first, with the author's latest corrections. It

is sixteen years since the first edition was published in Germany, and eight others have been issued since that time, five of them within the last three years, an evidence that this charming and most instructive historical romance is increasing in popularity as time goes on. We take for granted that our readers know all about it, already, and that many of them have read it. We recommend this new edition to all who have read the former imperfect one, especially on account of the historical and explanatory notes, and advise all those who have not read it, if they ever indulge in any light reading, to do so speedily. Those who wish to make a Christmas present to a friend who can appreciate good literature, if they select these pretty volumes will be sure to receive cordial thanks from that friend.

POEMS: PATRIOTIC, RELIGIOUS, MISCELLANEOUS. By Abram J. Ryan (Father Ryan). Baltimore: John B. Piet. 1880.

The admirers of Father Ryan's poetry, which, as the publisher says in his preface, "is especially dear to the people of the South," will be glad to see this handsome red-line edition of the author of "The Conquered Banner," well suited for a Christmas present. Mr. Piet deserves credit for the style in which he has gotten out this book.

THE ADVENTURES OF A DONKEY. From the French of Mme. la Comtesse de Ségur. By P. S., a Graduate of St. Joseph's, Emmittsburg, Md. Illustrated. Baltimore: John B. Piet. 1880.

The Comtesse de Ségur's stories for children have always been great favorites with the little people. The adventures of Cadichon, the wise donkey, are full of innocent and amusing frolics, and here and there contain the merest suggestion of a moral, enough to do good, yet not enough to frighten the young reader away by an unnecessary seriousness or severity. The book is full of healthy fun, and will charm even gray-headed children who may chance to open it. The translation is well done, and the quality of the illustrations is fair.

THE AGES TO COME; OR, THE FUTURE STATES. By E. Adkins, D.D. New York: The Author's Publishing Company. 1880.

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THE GENESIS OF FAITH.

II.

THE SUBSTANCE, AUGMENTATION AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE FAITH—ARTICLES AND DOGMAS OF FAITH—CATHOLIC DOCTRINE—CATHOLIC SCIENCE—THE TYPE OF CHRISTIAN SOCIETY IN THE CHURCH OF JERUSALEM.

WHAT faith is has been already explained, and the method by which the intellect is prepared to give the supernatural assent of faith to the truth revealed and also made to know what that truth is which has been revealed.

There are certain other things needing explanation concerning this very truth which has been revealed, as to what its substance is, whether it was all revealed at once or only by parts in a successive manner, whether in any way and by what way it is capable of continual development, and how far knowledge and belief of this truth is in itself necessary to salvation or made obligatory by a divine precept given to all men or to some men only.

It is evident that everything which God reveals in any way claims the perfect and undoubting assent of every man as soon as he knows certainly what that is which God has revealed. All private revelations and all those which may have failed of certain and authentic transmission to the present time may be passed over, and only the common, universal and public revelation actually existing in some certain depository and authentic medium, be

made the topic of consideration. The Christian Revelation is for us a mediate revelation. It comes to us by a tradition from those who received it immediately from God, as something handed down from our fathers and preserved by the care and custody of successive generations. It is contained in the written and unwritten memorials and testimonies of the word of God left to the church by the apostles, which include all the documents of revelation from Adam to Christ contained in the Old Testament, all the canonical books of the New Testament, and all else which has been handed down by oral tradition as divine doctrine or law from the mouth of Jesus Christ or the inspiration of the Holy Ghost.

The written word contained in the Bible embraces an immense amount of instruction concerning doctrines and truths which are within the scope of human knowledge and are matter of rational science, as well as concerning historical events. It is also full of prophetic descriptions of future events many of which are yet to be fulfilled. All these are in a more or less close and direct connection with the proper subject-matter of the divine revelation, viz. the mysteries of faith, the truths which are disclosed in view of the supernatural destination and end of man. It is our duty to believe that all which the authors of these divine books have written under the impulse and direction of inspiration is true, according to the intention of the Holy Spirit. As soon as one knows with certainty what the Holy Spirit intended to convey to man through the medium of the inspired word, he is bound to assent to its truth on the veracity of God. Yet, it is manifestly impossible to know with certainty what this absolute sense of the whole Bible and every part of it really is, and only a small number of men have been or ever will be capable of reading understandingly more than a small portion of its contents. It cannot be, therefore, that the whole amount of that which is in itself revealed truth should be of faith in respect to all men, and necessary as a means indispensable to salvation. What is necessary to be explicitly believed, and what men are bound to know and believe explicitly by a just precept, must be proposed in such a way as to give in an easy and obvious manner certitude of faith.

The essential substance of the faith must have been revealed from the first and remain the same to the very last. It is equally necessary to all men from the beginning to the end of the world, and that which is alone necessary must be in itself sufficient in its own nature, for what suffices for one man must in and of itself suffice for all as the indispensable means of salvation. The primary and ultimate object of faith is God, for the purpose of reve-

lation is to make God known. In the supernatural order, faith is the medium by which God is known as the sovereign good which can be possessed and enjoyed by man in the beatific vision. The substance of the revelation made by God to men consists therefore in this, that God as the sovereign good exists, and that he has provided a way for men to attain to the possession of this sovereign good. These two general articles of faith include implicitly or virtually the entire revelation with all its successive augmentations from Adam to Christ, and its subsequent explications in the Catholic Church. They were made known from the beginning to the human race universally and have always been believed by all men who have had divine faith. In these two general articles are included two particular articles, the Trinity of Persons in the one divine essence and the Incarnation of the Second Person, the Son or Word, for the salvation of men. These, also, were obscurely revealed from the beginning in such a way as to be more or less explicitly believed by the more enlightened, and implicitly by the common multitude of true believers. The substance of the faith is one and unalterable, all believers have been Christians from the beginning of the world, and the true church, or the collection of true believers, is the same society in all the phases of its existence, not generically changed but perfected in the specific constitution of the Christian Church.

The augmentation of the revelation from Adam to Christ consisted, in respect to the primary and substantial articles of faith, in new and successive manifestations of the mysteries and truths contained in these four articles, clearer disclosures of the divine perfections and of the attributes and work of the Messias, the Redeemer of mankind. Nothing has been or can be added to this substance of the faith. The additional revelations given through Moses and the prophets, Christ and the apostles, have for their object secondary and accidental articles and dogmas of faith, particular facts connected with the history of the providential way of salvation, and precepts of the divine law prescribing the means and ways by which men are to attain true Christian righteousness and salvation. The entire sum of the revelations given from the beginning, closing with the completed teaching of the apostles, preserved in the church, and proposed by her authority, is in itself the credible object of faith and presents its credentials by which it exacts undoubting credence in so far as it is made known in its true sense and significance with certainty. In this aspect, revealed truth is, like science, boundless and inexhaustible. The

Bible, like the visible universe, is a treasure-house of wealth from which all generations until the end of the world can draw pure gold and gems of theology. That Unwritten Word, the Gospel and Epistle written by the Holy Ghost in the mind and heart of the apostles and transmitted by a living tradition which is perpetually and unerringly expressed in the universal teaching of the church and the universal belief of the faithful, is a perennial source of unfathomable depth which fills all the reservoirs of rational and spiritual knowledge but is not adequately measured by any number of intellectual conceptions or dogmatic formulas. Divine faith, in a general sense, embraces all this in the act of firm and undoubting assent to all that God has revealed, because he is the Eternal Truth and can never be deceived himself or deceive his rational creatures. In a particular sense, the act of faith explicitly assents to so much of this truth as is explicitly and certainly known to be the truth which God has intended to manifest by his revelation. All this part of the whole which is of faith in itself, is of faith in respect to us. The ordinary way by which this explicit and certain knowledge is imparted is the authority of the Catholic Church. Whatever the church proposes to all the faithful as certainly revealed is of Catholic faith. All which she requires the faithful to know and to believe explicitly, is of universal obligation and necessary to be believed, either by reason of its intrinsic necessity as the indispensable condition of salvation, or by an extrinsic, moral necessity which is the reason and motive of the precept. All that which the church proposes as of faith besides the primary articles which all the faithful are bound to know and believe explicitly, they must believe implicitly, if they do not know what they are. That is, they must believe that whatever the church teaches as a dogma of faith is really a revealed truth, and be ready to assent to it, as soon as it is proposed to them. Those who are bound to acquire a greater knowledge of the faith than is required of all the faithful have a special obligation of inquiring into the Catholic doctrine; in certain cases, *e.g.* when they are priests or teachers, of knowing all that the church has defined, and when they have learned what the Catholic dogmas are, they are bound to an explicit belief of each and every one of them.

The articles of faith, in the strict sense of the word, are those dogmas which are principal, primarily pertaining to the faith, more necessary to be known, and having a special difficulty of belief. They are summed up in the Creeds, and, according to an approved and generally received division, are twelve in number.

Six of these pertain to the Godhead, and they are: 1. The Unity of the Godhead; 2. The Trinity of Persons in the Godhead; 3. The work of God in the creation; 4. The work of God in the church for the sanctification of men; 5. The work of God in the resurrection; 6. The consummation of the works of God in the everlasting life of the blessed in heaven. Six others pertain to the humanity of Christ. These are: 1. The divine conception and birth of Christ from the Virgin Mary; 2. His passion, death and burial; 3. His descent to the infernal region or hell; 4. His resurrection; 5. His ascension; 6. His second coming to judgment. Some theologians enumerate fourteen articles, dividing the dogma of the Trinity into three, each one of which respects one of the Persons, and combining the resurrection of the body and everlasting life into one. By these articles, all the principal parts of the faith are connected and compose a complete organic body of doctrine, as the members of the animal body are joined together and fitted into each other by the joints, and hence comes the term *article*, from the word which signifies joint in Greek and Latin.

The Creed, comprising these principal dogmas of faith, is a symbol expressing in a few brief comprehensive formulas the sum of doctrine which was taught to catechumens before they were baptized. This instruction necessarily included much more, both as an elucidation of the articles of the Creed, and also as an explanation of the moral and religious rule of conduct prescribed to the faithful, and of the sacraments which they were preparing to receive. The dogma of the Real Presence, although a distinct mystery, known solely by divine revelation, one of those truths which are the most necessary to be known and believed, and having a special difficulty, was not placed among the articles of the baptismal creed because it was only disclosed to the baptized when they were prepared for their first communion. This dogma and all other dogmas of Catholic faith not expressly contained in the twelve articles of faith, are nevertheless contained in some one or more of these, implicitly or virtually, or at least are connected with them by a close relation. The entire doctrine which is of faith respecting the seven sacraments, for instance, is only an expansion and completion of the fourth article, "The Holy, Catholic Church." The dogmas of Catholic faith are all those truths which are revealed by God and as such proposed by the church as objects of faith to the illuminated intellect of all the faithful universally, and which every one of these is bound to believe as a revealed truth on the veracity of God, as soon as he

knows that the church teaches it by her divine authority, although all are not bound to know explicitly all these dogmas.

It is now easy to understand in what sense the objective faith of the church universal existing in its generic character from the beginning, and in its specific character of Catholic and Apostolic Unity from the time of Christ, has been or is capable of augmentation.

The four articles of faith which compose its substance have not been and cannot be added to, by a revelation of new truth similar to themselves. The two particular articles included in these four were more distinctly revealed, at intervals, between the time of the primitive revelation made to Adam and the final revelation made through Jesus Christ. They were also by him through the apostles promulgated to all mankind and made objects of universal obligatory belief. Besides these fundamental and primary truths, a number of secondary and accidental truths were revealed for the first time and added to the deposit of faith. The entire text of the Bible may be compared to the tissue which supports the network of blood-vessels in the body, or to the texture on which figures are embroidered. It is all inspired. God is its principal author, and it is all an object of faith. Apostolic Tradition is its complement and authentic commentary. Having been completed when the last of the Apostles finished giving his testimony, the only way in which the objective faith is capable of increase from that time until the end of the world is an increase of the actual illumination proceeding from it upon the minds of those whom it enlightens, giving them a clearer and more extensive knowledge of the contents of the revelation confided in its perfect and finished state to the Catholic Church, for custody, interpretation and promulgation.

The Council of Trent has explicitly declared what the office of the church is in defining and decreeing dogmatically what are doctrines of faith to be received and believed by all as a condition of Catholic communion. It is namely: "To make an exposition to all the faithful of Christ of the true and sound doctrine . . . which the Sun of Righteousness, Christ Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith, taught, the Apostles have delivered, and the Catholic Church, prompted by the Holy Spirit, has perpetually retained" (sess. 6 et 13).

The church does not receive through Popes or Councils, or admit and promulgate as received through private persons, any new public revelations which are added to the tradition of revealed truth handed down from the apostles, and to be believed

with divine faith. The church, therefore, does not frame any new articles of faith or new dogmas, since her gift of infallibility is not a gift of inspiration, and her divine authority as a teacher does not enable her to propose any new doctrine as a revealed truth, which was not before in itself revealed and pertaining to the objective faith. Every new definition or declaration which she makes by which some proposition which was not before of Catholic faith is decreed and promulgated as pertaining to the faith, is only a juridical and infallible declaration that something is a revealed truth which was not beforehand certainly known by all to be contained in Scripture or Tradition. The subject-matter of all decrees in which dogmas of faith are formulated is that truth which has been formally revealed by God, and in its own proper concept is in itself, and immediately the object of the divine testimony, contained in the divine word. It is *explicitly* contained in the divine word, if it is clearly and distinctly expressed in its own proper terms. It is *implicitly* contained in it, if it is involved and implied in the explicit terms of the revelation and needs some declaratory proposition by which it is explicated and made apparent. In this manner, all propositions synonymous with those which are explicitly revealed are revealed implicitly. So, also, are all correlatives; *e.g.* in the proposition that Jesus is the Son of God, it is revealed that God is the Father of Jesus; and in this, that God is the creator of all things, that all things are creatures of God. Again, in the explicit revelation of any proposition, the falsity of the contradictory proposition is implicitly revealed. Further, in the revelation of a whole the implicit revelation of its essential parts is contained; *e.g.* that Christ had a human will endowed with freedom is contained in the revealed truth of his perfect manhood. Finally, in the revelation of a universal proposition the particular and singular propositions which are contained in it by a rigorous logical necessity are implicitly revealed. Thus, the truth that God has created all substances formally and necessarily implies that he has created all genera, species and individuals contained in this supreme genus of substance. In the truth that God has made the human soul immortal is contained the truth of the immortality of each individual person of the human race, taken singly.

The Catholic Church, in the exercise of her prerogative of infallibly defining dogmas of faith explains some which she has explicitly taught from the beginning in more clear and precise terms, generally in order to shut out heresies and errors which have arisen; she pronounces some things to be certainly revealed

which were not previously known with certainty to all instructed Catholics in their distinct and precise notion and might therefore be a matter of controversy ; and applies universal dogmas to the particulars implicitly contained in them, thus making what was an object of universal implicit faith the object of explicit belief to all the faithful.

The Catholic Faith includes all and only that sum of doctrines which the church distinctly proposes to all the faithful, by her ordinary and solemn teaching, declarations and definitions, to be believed as formally and immediately revealed by God. She holds the subjects of her jurisdiction answerable before her external tribunal in respect to heresy, only in so far as they dispute or deny some part of this dogmatic teaching of the Catholic Faith. But, in conscience, and before God, every one is bound to believe, by divine faith, whatever he certainly knows to be revealed in Scripture or Tradition, and to believe in general that all which is contained in these sources of divine truth, in its real and genuine sense, is the authentic testimony of God. Moreover, every one who applies himself to the study of theology is bound by the natural law, to use diligence, prudence and honesty in forming his opinions in respect to all that part of revelation which is more or less obscure. It is one part of this prudence to pay a due deference to the judgment of the wisest, most learned and most holy teachers and interpreters of the Holy Scriptures and Catholic doctrine, especially where there is a general consent and agreement among them.

Besides the actual contents of the divine revelation, there is virtually contained in it an indefinite number of conclusions and inferences which can be deduced from the premisses which it affords, by the aid of other premisses furnished by natural reason. These conclusions make up a great part of theological and moral science and spiritual doctrine. The truth which is attained by this process is not formally and immediately revealed truth, but is truth which becomes known by the application of the principles of revealed truth to matters of human and rational cognition. This order of ideas is connected more or less closely with the proper domain of faith and is subordinated to it in so far as it is related either to dogma or to morals. By reason of this subordination, the divine authority of the church is competent to define infallibly the truth of conclusions and inferences from dogmas of faith which are not in themselves pertaining to the faith, and to condemn infallibly errors which are not directly and formally heretical. And beyond this infallible authority there

is a legitimate disciplinary authority of directing and controlling the teaching of Catholic schools and authors, to which obedience is due, and which can be securely followed although it does not give absolute and final certitude.

It is evident from what has been said that what may be called in a comprehensive sense Catholic science is of vast extent and continually enlarging its boundaries. There is first the positive Catholic doctrine embracing all that teaching of the church to which the faithful are bound to give the firm assent of their minds, and which in respect to whatever is proposed as divinely revealed is the assent of divine faith. Then there is the entire divine tradition in its sources, especially in the Holy Scriptures, presenting an inexhaustible field for study. Besides the dogmatic and moral doctrine which is the primary scope and object of revelation, there is a vast amount of history, prophecy, imaginative representation of sacred and heavenly things, where the humble and pious mind is left to a great extent free to prosecute its search for the true, the good and the beautiful, disclosed and set forth by the Divine Word himself with the greatest abundance through the medium of inspired men whose personal intelligence and knowledge were in no wise suppressed but rather enhanced under the influence of the Divine Spirit. All which is thus received by way of instruction and on the divine authority of the teacher can be made, in so far as the faculty of reason is competent to understand it, matter of rational apprehension and of certain or probable conviction upon its evidence or its analogy and correspondence with natural knowledge. Outside of this proper sphere of scientific theology, the human mind illuminated by faith can prosecute the study of philosophy and of every branch of knowledge with much greater advantage than it could, were it deprived of the light of divine revelation. And by a co-ordination of all the parts of universal knowledge, it can rise to a sublime, universal, synthetical science embracing all the intelligible, and combining the multiform harmonies of the universe into an ideal unity.

In calling this universal science *Catholic*, we use this term only in a wide sense. It is not meant that all science depends on revelation or on definitions of the church. This is only true of Theology, properly so called. All that is knowable or provable from natural principles of cognition comes under the head of purely natural and rational knowledge and opinion. This kind of science is free in its own sphere, governed by its own laws and possessed of its own rights. It is only bound to abstain from contradicting

revelation and the legitimate deductions from revealed truths and facts. That is, its professors are so bound, for science itself cannot contradict the word of its own Author. All that part of science which respects the highest and most universal truths and considers all things in their deepest causes belongs to philosophy. Even those truths which are also contained in revelation, in so far as they are within the sphere and scope of natural reason are objects of philosophy. Theology, itself, in so far as it demands assent to its doctrines by reason of their evidence or of the proofs of discursive reasoning, is a kind of human science. Strictly speaking, Catholic science embraces only the sum of truths taught with authority by the Catholic Church. We speak of Catholic science in a more comprehensive sense, as including all those universal truths which are in harmony with Catholic faith and doctrine, which receive from the light of revelation their ultimate perfection and certainty, and by virtue of which all parts and details of knowledge are reduced to unity and co-ordinated in one synthetic whole.

Excellent and valuable as this knowledge is, it is not identical with Faith, it is far inferior to Faith, and its chief utility consists in the service which it is capable of rendering to Faith. It is Faith made perfect by Love which is the true life of the soul, the light and the life of the world, the aurora of the eternal light. All the science and literature of the world, sacred and profane, is as nothing compared with the Four Gospels of the four simple-hearted evangelists. The Eternal Wisdom did not leave mankind to the cold moonlight, the faint starlight of natural reason, philosophical speculation, weary, difficult research into the secrets of his created works. He came in person to illuminate the world. Clothed with human form, the Eternal Wisdom did not teach men by philosophy. He presented himself, and his truth as an object of faith, of hope and of love to the pure in heart and the penitent, to the unlettered and the poor. He drew the minds and hearts of his disciples to the contemplation and love of his Godhead, by the beauty of holiness, the charm of a love without example, in his manhood. All the power of Christianity by which it conquered the world came from the faith and love which Jesus Christ awoke by his personal presence, the manifestation in visible form of God, the supreme object of the intellect, the sovereign good of the will. This living image of the wisdom and goodness of God captivated the minds and hearts of those who were worthy to behold it. They were carried out of themselves and transformed by this living faith, and it was this which made them

heroes and martyrs, apostles and confessors, endowed with a superhuman, divine might which overcame the world and regenerated the human race. This is the minute but pungent mustard-seed, full of fructifying power, which grew into the great tree of Christianity. The source of all the life-giving power of Christianity in all the ages which have passed, still remaining without any waste of energy in the present, and destined to bring the redeeming work of Christ to its perfect fulfilment in the future, is to be found in that small society of believers who were gathered together in Jerusalem after the ascension of the Lord. There is to be seen the original, genuine, charming Ideal of Christianity and Christianized human society, with all its lineaments of fascinating beauty, perfect in the infantine face and form of the Catholic Church in its cradle. It is the beautiful white Dove of pale-gold plumage and silver wings, in its nest.

The group of disciples who had seen the Lord upon the cross, who had conversed with him after the resurrection, who had witnessed his ascension, who had received the gifts of his Holy Spirit; haunting the footsteps of the Master in and around Jerusalem, walking in Gethsemani and on the Mount of Olives, visiting the courts of the Temple, assembling in the Cœnaculum where he had instituted the Holy Eucharist; were the nucleus of a new creation, the germ of a new kingdom, the founders of a new Jerusalem, a city of righteousness and peace; the progenitors of a new race of men, the society of the children of faith. One of that living group was the Virgin Mary, the living fulfilment of the prophecies, the impersonated Creed, the witness of the mysteries of Faith, the last glory of the old and the first of the new Jerusalem. There were Peter and James and John, Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea, the centurion who was converted at the cross, Lazarus and Mary Magdalen. Hundreds at first, and after a short time some thousands, were joined with these in the communion of the Apostolic Church. All these had the Old and the New Testaments embodied and present before their eyes. Their bishop was a descendant of David, James the Less the cousin of Our Lord, in whom was partially fulfilled the promise to King David chiefly fulfilled in his greater Son, and who ruled as a spiritual prince that first church of Jerusalem, the beginning of the spiritual kingdom promised to David's royal line.

The entire theology and philosophy of Revelation and Faith is set before our eyes in a concrete and visible form in the history of this first ten years of the Christian religion. The rational and

historical credibility of the Faith, in what a book of Evidences was it not set forth before the eyes of all who could read it! If ever there were reasonable men in the world, who believed and acted in perfect accordance with the dictates of reason, they were those who believed in the Lord whom they had seen risen from the dead and ascending into heaven, and who sacrificed everything to bear witness to the facts and truths which God made man had manifested before their eyes. The necessity of upright hearts and of the light and grace of the Holy Spirit in order that the evidence which Christ gave of his divine mission might take an efficacious hold of the mind, and the will be moved to embrace the truth with a living, loving faith, is manifest in the unbelief and hatred of the Jewish rulers. They had the evidence before their eyes, they could not maintain a plausible argument against it. For a considerable time, they were forced to leave the disciples of Christ in liberty and they were in favor with the common people. Nevertheless, the Jewish people and their rulers, as a body, rejected Christ obstinately, and were as a consequence cast off. This signal example proves that God does not force his truth and grace upon the unwilling, and that men are free to reject them if they choose to do so, to blind their minds to evidence, and to shut their hearts against grace.

The distinction between revealed truth and purely rational science, between faith and natural knowledge, and the wholly supernatural character of the Christian Religion and Christian virtue, are shown in the method which Jesus Christ adopted for the preservation and propagation of the kingdom which he founded. Humble, simple and unlettered persons were selected as his instruments. The Gospel was not preached after the manner of a philosophy, the church was not founded in worldly power and splendor. Not that the Lord rejected those men and those things which are in a human sense great, admirable and powerful, from all share in the construction and propagation of his earthly kingdom. But, since he came to make a new and perfect revelation of supernatural truth, to found anew a supernatural order, to renovate the world in a divine manner, he chose to put aside for a time those temporal things which could only serve their secondary purpose and be made subservient to a higher power, after he had first established the foundation of his kingdom in a supernatural manner.

The fact that teaching by the way of revelation and faith is the only method which meets the necessities of men in their actual condition, and the superior excellence and efficiency of this

method, are shown in the prototypal and ideal form in which Christianity began its existence in the church of Jerusalem. Those simple-minded, simple-hearted disciples of Jesus possessed the wisdom after which sages had aspired and toiled, which prophets had possessed only in part. They had a wisdom far surpassing the philosophy of Plato. They lived in a community far exceeding his Ideal Republic. In the apostolic church still in the minute proportions of infancy, existed the type and the germ of that renovated humanity, which needed only full and universal development to transform the human race and realize in all men that possession of the supreme good which philosophers had regarded as the highest attainment of the *élite* of men. They were a brotherhood in faith and love, sharing alike, without regard to rank or nationality, or any other difference, in all spiritual and temporal goods. This idyllic period was short, but it has left an ineffaceable reminiscence of itself which can never lose its charm, preserved in the brief, graphic memorial of that Evangelist St. Luke who, according to the early traditions, was a painter, and who has certainly in his words, painted the most fascinating of pictures, the portrait of Ideal Christianity from life.

The Blessed Virgin was translated, James and Stephen were martyred, Peter and the great convert Paul, the apostles and evangelists and principal disciples, were scattered like burning coals from that first furnace where the fire of faith and love was kindled and gathered its intense heat; to inflame hearts elsewhere, to kindle all over that flame which was destined to embrace the world and baptize it "in the Holy Ghost and in fire." All that Christianity has accomplished is the result of that faith and love which bound those first disciples together in one brotherhood. All that it will yet accomplish must come from the same source. Their testimony has been perpetuated by the Catholic Church which began with this believing, loving brotherhood, and through this testimony the true Ideal of all divine and human perfection in wisdom, holiness, goodness and beauty impersonated in Jesus Christ has been kept before the eyes of men, to call forth the same faith and the same love which entranced and transformed the first "eye-witnesses and ministers of the Word of Life."

The genuine ideal type of the church is always to be realized, developed, renewed, by reverting to this first, original manifestation of apostolic Christianity. Every age needs to be baptized in the divine flame of faith and love which was symbolized by the tongues of fire that sat on the heads of the disciples on the first

Day of Pentecost. It is this faith inspirited and inflamed by love which gives power to the testimony of the truth of Christianity. There are evidences, arguments, motives of credibility in abundance, a mountain of books written to prove, defend, explain the Christian Religion. Nothing can be said against them, but they do not suffice to convince those who have lost faith and hope, to convert an unbelieving generation, to renovate minds and hearts which have become dark and cold. It is the living witness of faith and love, the unanimous voice of many tongues of fire uttering the same truth in words accompanied by deeds, which gives penetrating, vivid, convincing power to the reasons and motives for believing. The truth to which testimony is given is that God loves not the elect alone or the *élite*, but all men; that Christ died for all, that saving truth and grace are proposed to all without difference or exception, in such a way as to be adapted to men of every sort or condition, age or country, to the common multitude, to the lowest classes, to the simple and unlearned, even to the sinful and degraded. By the very terms of such a Gospel it can only be reduced to practice by constituting Christian society as a loving brotherhood into which all are invited, like that primitive church of the first ten years of Christianity at Jerusalem. The perfect community of all temporal as well as spiritual goods which existed there is a sort of ideal image in which the genius of Christianity was embodied. It represented unity in love produced by unity in faith, in a form of simple, wholly unworldly, purely religious life in community. This form could not, from the nature of the case, become the permanent, universal form of Christian society. But it represents what Christian society ought to be in its spirit and principles, under all forms however different from itself and from each other in their variable accidents. That is, a society united in faith and love, in which the temporal is subordinated to the eternal, and all necessary spiritual and temporal goods are brought within the reach of all classes of men without exception. When we reflect that a thousand million of human beings who are not yet enlightened by Christian faith, and a great multitude of those who are nominally reckoned as Christians are calling on Christianity to do its appointed work of redeeming them from intellectual, moral and physical miseries of the most appalling magnitude, it becomes a matter of serious inquiry for all who profess to be really Christians, how can a renovation of Christian society in the unity of faith and love be accomplished, and the limits of the brotherhood in faith and love which Christ established be extended

so as to embrace all mankind. This is a topic which would require a volume, and we have already arrived at the end of what we intended to say.

THE WRAITH OF THE ACHENSEE.

A TALE OF OLD MUNICH, IN TWO CHAPTERS.

(Founded on fact.)

CHAPTER I.

IN a small, cheerless apartment on the topmost floor of a house in Fingergasse—the narrowest street in Munich—there lived forty years ago two poor art students. Their names were Carl Schelling and Heinrich Bach. Ay, they were very poor, not far removed indeed from beggary, for between them they actually possessed only one suit of clothes. This may seem too strange to be believed; yet whoever has mingled much with German students, and seen the hardships which they cheerfully endure in order to acquire knowledge, will not deem it so very improbable. Nor did their one threadbare suit cause any of their comrades to look down upon them: Carl and Heinrich were welcome to every “kneipe,” and what grieved the two friends most was that at these jovial reunions they could never be together. One must needs remain at home, high up under the peaked roof, amid the rooks and swallows of dingy Fingergasse.

The master under whom they were studying was the celebrated sculptor Schwanthaler; and let us here observe that of all his many pupils he considered Heinrich and Carl the most gifted. Indeed, so highly did Schwanthaler appreciate their talents that he had hired for each of them a studio in the great gloomy building next to St. Michael’s Church, which is now used partly as a museum, partly as an academy of art, and which in days gone by had been a Benedictine cloister. Here they might labor at whatever tasks he set them, undisturbed by the presence of other students; and when Schwanthaler had first shown them this mark of his favor the young men were able to come every day to their work, and delighted him by the rapid progress they made. Now, however, at the time our story opens, the pittance which they had been wont to receive from their parents was no longer forthcoming—the old folks were dead—and ere long

Schwanthaler noticed that whenever one came to his studio the other was absent from his; and this surprised him a good deal. Still, he did not ask any questions, for Schwanthaler knew how morbidly sensitive Carl and Heinrich were. The two friends were about of an age—three-and-twenty—and their cheeks were marked by the same number of scars. For, as we have said, poverty did not keep them aloof from their fellow-students, and German students are prone to fight duels. But in temperament Carl and Heinrich differed not a little; and perhaps it is why they got along so well together. Heinrich was calm, pensive, and full of dry humor. He was likewise gifted with an exquisite sense of beauty—so much so that whenever he met a beautiful maiden her face would haunt him all the rest of the day. But then he seldom prayed or went to church—unless drawn thither by one of the gentler sex—and he used laughingly to assert that Carl prayed enough for both. This was hardly an exaggeration. Carl was extremely devout, heard Mass every second morning, and was troubled not a little by scruples. Never did he go to his studio without first entering a church, where he spent a few minutes in prayer. For his was a chaste soul; he knew the temptations to which an artist is exposed, and he never permitted himself to touch even the tip of a model's finger. Yet full as much as Heinrich did Carl admire beauty; he had even been known to stand a whole hour before Raphael's picture of St. Cecilia, which hangs in the old Pinakothek, and some students had sneeringly said he was in love with the beautiful saint. Carl was, moreover, very hot-tempered, yet equally ready to forgive as to cross swords; and Heinrich, who knew him better than anybody else in Munich, declared that Carl had a heart as big as himself.

"Did the professor visit your studio to-day?" inquired Carl one April evening, and setting aside, as he spoke, the ideal bust of a girl just ripening into womanhood which he had been working at since morning all alone in his dreary bed-chamber.

"Yes," answered Heinrich. "And Schwanthaler was in an uncommonly genial mood. He heaped praises on my Ariadne and rapped twice at the door of your studio, then shrugged his shoulders and smiled as he turned away." "Humph! I wonder what he thinks of you and me?" continued Carl. "For the past month he has never found us both at work on the same day."

"Well, whatever Schwanthaler may think, he does not complain," answered Heinrich. "Nay, he said this afternoon that we merited his warmest thanks for the help we have given him in

finishing his 'Battle of Arminius,' which, by the way, in less than three weeks is to be placed in the Walhalla."

"Well, I wonder what Schwanthaler means to do next?" said Carl. "Ha! now we are coming to something interesting," replied Heinrich. "Well, you must know that our master has just been commissioned by the king to execute a colossal statue of Bavaria: it is to be ninety or a hundred feet high. But at the same time the Grand Duke of Nassau is anxious to have him restore and embellish without delay the ancient castle of Rafenstein, which his highness has lately purchased, and which, as you know, stands on the mountain-side overhanging the Achensee."

"The most enchanting spot in the wide world," exclaimed Carl, watching, as he spoke, a wreath of smoke circling upward from his old clay pipe. "Ay, no lake—and I have wandered over all the Tyrol—ever inspired me with such thoughts as the Achensee," pursued Heinrich. "One might almost fancy that a piece of heaven's bluest sky had fallen down and got wedged in among the mountains." "Ha! then you have only seen the Achensee in fine weather," said Carl. "True," answered Heinrich. "Well, go there when the wind is howling," said Carl, who, besides being devout, was also very superstitious. "Go there when the rain and hail are pouring down and the thunder is roaring. Look at the Achensee then. Oh! you will behold a very different sight. The water is black as ink, and God! what unearthly sounds I did hear. The wails and shrieks rang in my ears and chased me like voices of fiends till I got back to Munich."

"Where you drowned them all in a schoppen of beer at the 'White Lamb.' Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Heinrich. "But now come, Carl, to business. As I have remarked, Schwanthaler has been commissioned to adorn the grounds about Rafenstein with nymphs and fauns. But he says he cannot do this and the statue of Bavaria at the same time. So what think you? He wants you and me to undertake the work at Rafenstein. 'There is a big black rock,' he said, 'immediately opposite the castle and about a hundred yards from the shore, which is supposed to be haunted—'"

"Yes, yes, I remember the peasants said it was," interrupted Carl. "The ghost of a poor girl, who was murdered and whose body was tossed into the lake, appears on that rock ever and anon."

"Well, on that rock," said Schwanthaler to me, 'I would like to see placed a figure representing a water-wraith. This will be an excellent subject for the exercise of your imagination. But

let each of you treat it in his own way and finish his own statue. Then when they are both completed I shall select the one which pleases me most.' "

"Good! good!" ejaculated Carl. "It is a weird, ghostly subject, and I can throw my whole soul into it." "We shall be friendly rivals, but terribly earnest ones," answered Heinrich. "Here, old fellow, give me your hand." And with this he and Carl clasped hands. "And long after we are sleeping in God's-acre," continued Carl, "either your water-wraith or mine will be standing on that rock, and the Grand Duke's descendants will point to it and say: 'Behold the work of a genius!'" Here Heinrich laughed, then walked towards the door. "Ay, to-night is your night to drink beer at the 'White Lamb,'" said Carl. "And now you are off. Well, drink a schoppen for me, and don't get into another duel until that last slash on your cheek is healed." Heinrich nodded, then quitted the room, leaving his friend gazing on the bust at which he had been toiling all day, and wishing that he had money enough to light up the dusky chamber with a hundred tapers, in order that he might continue on with his labor until midnight; for it was a lovely head and Carl was in love with his own creation. "But, alas!" he sighed, "darkness is coming on apace, the last swallow is twittering by the window, and soon I must go to bed and try to sleep." For what else could the poor fellow do? "But never mind," murmured Carl presently; "never mind. To-morrow it will be my turn to wear the clothes. Oh! how I wish it were to-morrow."

"I wonder whom I can get to sit as a model for my water-wraith?" thought Heinrich, as he wended his way towards the Isar-Thor—the ancient entrance into Munich from across the Isar, and hard by which stood the well-known tavern christened "The White Lamb." Heinrich knew a score of girls who sat as models, but they were all models by profession.

"I want somebody who will be my water-wraith for pure love of the thing," he said to himself—"somebody who will inspire me. I wonder where I can find such a girl?"

In about a quarter of an hour Heinrich found himself in the spacious beer-hall, where every second evening he came to chat and make merry. But this evening a "kneipe" was being given by the Teutonia Corps, of which he was a member, and the place was more thronged than usual. Indeed, it was difficult to distinguish those who were seated at the far end of the hall, for every student had a pipe, and every pipe was sending forth an unending stream of smoke, which, winding and twining about other

little smoke-clouds, formed a mistlike barrier which the eye could scarcely penetrate. "Welcome, Heinrich!" exclaimed half a dozen voices, as Heinrich squeezed himself into a seat at the long table, then glanced right and left to see how far off the big beer-bowl was. "Patience! it is coming; it will reach us by and by," observed the friend on his left, who was likewise very thirsty, and who, besides being uncommonly fond of beer, was a pretty good Sanskrit scholar. In a little while the old bowl—it was a century old at least, and out of it Döllinger, Liebig, Schwanthaler, Agassiz, and Kaulbach had oftentimes drunk in their youth—arrived at Heinrich's parched lips. After quaffing a good, deep draught of the delicious beverage he passed it to the Sanskrit scholar. And so on and on the venerable bowl went, round and round and round the noisy table, to the music of two hundred and fifty jovial voices.

"Well, I declare! who is this?" exclaimed Heinrich presently, opening his eyes ever so wide. "I never saw this young woman before; and she has a peasant dress on. When did she arrive?" But his words were drowned in the din of the "kneipe," and the waiter-girl who had so suddenly attracted Heinrich's attention went by with nimble step, placed on the table a platter of sausages and sauerkraut, then as rapidly withdrew to fetch something else. As she passed along the line of students a score of hands were stretched forth to catch her hand. But she managed to elude them all with an arch smile and a sparkle of her eye which drove several of the students—especially the Sanskrit scholar—almost wild. "By St. Ulrich! that is a girl in ten thousand," exclaimed Heinrich, as he watched the door through which she had disappeared.

In a few minutes the girl came back, whereupon our friend immediately raised his arm and made a sign to catch her glance. She saw the sign and presently was at his elbow. And now silly Heinrich, like the other students, made an attempt to steal her hand—her small, sunburnt hand. But the girl drew it quickly out of reach, then, bending down till her cheek was tantalizingly close to his, said: "I did not hear your order, lieber Herr. Is it sausages or schweinfleisch?" "Well, the uproar here this evening is perfectly deafening, my pretty one, and I am not surprised that you did not hear me," answered Heinrich. "But this is a grand 'kneipe,' you know, and 'kneipes' are always uproarious." He was about to go on and say something else, something rather sentimental, when a hungry voice shouted, "More sausages! more sausages!" which caused the girl to say to Hein-

rich: "Dear sir, I must be off. What is it you wish? Sausages, too?" "Yes, yes, sausages, sauerkraut, schweinfleisch, anything you like, only come back soon. I want to—" But she did not wait to hear the rest of Heinrich's sentence; she was half way to the kitchen when it was spoken.

At this moment the beer-bowl, after having once more made the circuit of the table, found itself at Heinrich's place again, and he took another drink; but this time it was only a sip.

"I have been drinking your health, my pretty one," he said when the girl brought him his sausages. "Indeed! Well, I rejoice to hear it," she replied, "for another student has just been muttering a curse on me."

"Who is he? Where does he sit? By St. Ulrich!" exclaimed Heinrich, rising to his feet. "Hush, hush!" said the girl. "I beg you be calm; do not pick a quarrel over a poor thing like me." "Well, who is he that cursed you? Point him out," continued Heinrich. "The unmanly dog who could hurt the feelings of the prettiest girl in Munich ought to be made to rue the day." "Oh! pray, sir, do not speak so loud," said the young woman in an imploring tone. Then when she had persuaded Heinrich to resume his seat, "Look," she added; "yonder he sits, leering at me, three from the head of the table." Heinrich looked and beheld, sure enough, a student, whom he did not recollect to have ever seen before, watching the girl with a villainous expression. "Ever since I arrived in town yesterday morning," she continued, "he has been following me. I do not know what I possess which attracts his attention so much. He has also whispered things in my ear which prove that he is not a good man. But I have given him proper answers, and I defy him!" Here the girl's eyes flashed, and she looked boldly at the bad student. "Well, now it is my turn to urge you to remain calm," said Heinrich. "But let me assure you that, although you are only a poor menial, I will protect you." At this moment another voice shouting, "Beer! beer!" called the young woman away. And this time she hastened to a gigantic beer-barrel standing outside the hall, where she filled a pitcher brimful of foaming beer; then rushed back into the room, barely in time to prevent the big wooden bowl from being drained of its last drop—a thing which was never allowed to happen at a "kneipe," and which would have caused the utmost consternation.

During the next half-hour Heinrich scarcely took his eyes off the beautiful stranger. The girl was dressed in the picturesque costume of the Zillerthal maidens, which set off to perfection

her tall, graceful figure. A fastidious critic might perhaps have said that her cheek-bones were a little too prominent and that her skin was slightly bronzed by the sun. But then what eyes she had!—so large and black and lustrous: like two precious stones they seemed. And what a luxuriance of raven hair! pinned together by a silver arrow, as if Cupid had shot at her without wounding, and left his missile entangled amid her tresses. Observe, too, the deep dimple in her chin; look at her ruby lips, which, whenever they parted in a smile, set her whole countenance aglow with sweet emotion. Surely we cannot wonder that she caused every student's heart to flutter, and that Heinrich murmured to himself: "No girls in the world so bewitching as the Tyrolese. And, by St. Ulrich! this one shall be the model for my water-wraith." Nor did Heinrich doubt for a moment that she would consent to be his model. His only fear was lest his good friend Carl, who could hardly fail to be attracted by her beauty too, might choose her for the same purpose. Presently, moved by an irresistible impulse, Heinrich rose from his seat and followed the young woman into a semi-darkened closet where the bread was kept—ever so many huge rye loaves, and each loaf several feet long; then, just as she was taking one off the shelf, he pressed his lips to her cheek. It was a deftly stolen kiss; but quick as lightning came the punishment for the theft. And such a stinging slap on his face did Heinrich receive that he winced with pain; for her hand had struck full on the last sword-cut, which was not yet three days old. While he was groaning, and without so much as glancing round to see whom she had boxed, the girl went back among the hilarious beer-drinkers, distributing right and left thick chunks of bread, and deafened by countless voices screaming to her: "Come here! come here!" for they all wanted to be helped at once.

But of a sudden the din came to an end; there was a moment of perfect silence; after which, rising to their feet, the enthusiastic revellers began to sing the newly-composed ode of the great, popular poet Arndt, "*Was ist das Deutschen Vaterland?*"

The girl, who had never heard this thrilling ode before, felt her heart beat quicker as she listened to it. Then presently, turning to where Heinrich had been seated, she said to herself: "He must be singing too, and how his eyes must be flashing!" But to her surprise her champion was not in his place. Where had the gallant fellow gone?

"O my! is it possible?" murmured Moida. "Is it possible? Can it have been he that I slapped?" Then away she flew to

the dusky bread-room. But no, Heinrich was not there. Then she hastened into the court-yard. And lo! by the light of the moon—the full moon—there she discovered the youth laving his cheek at the fountain.

“You naughty boy!” she said as she drew near him. “Was it you who kissed me a few minutes ago?” Then in a more tender voice: “But did I hurt you? Is that blood I see on your handkerchief? Tell me, is it blood?”

“It was a welcome slap,” answered Heinrich, again venturing to press his lips to her cheek—her now burning cheek. Then folding his arms and looking boldly at her, “Now strike me again, if you wish,” he said. But the girl, who perceived that her cruel hand had opened his wound and caused the blood to flow afresh, merely answered in low, faltering accents: “I am truly sorry that I hurt you. I hope you will forgive me.”

“Have no doubt about it,” continued Heinrich, smiling. “But now pray do not leave me so soon. Tarry a little and tell me something about yourself; for although I have never met you before this evening, I feel a great interest in you.”

“O mein lieber Herr! they are calling me,” said the girl. “Hark! don’t you hear them? I must be off.” “Well, I will wait here until you find a spare moment to return and answer me a few questions,” said Heinrich. “So now, my pretty one, go; but come back soon.”

“How this cut does bleed!” he murmured as soon as her back was turned, and again dabbing his moist handkerchief to the wound. “It was a stinging blow she gave me. Still, I’m not sorry, for I do believe it has opened the way to her heart.”

Heinrich remained at the fountain a good quarter of an hour ere the girl reappeared. Then she came, waving a clean handkerchief and saying: “Take this, sir, and let me have your handkerchief. I will wash it and have it ready for you the next time you come.” “Many thanks,” returned Heinrich. “But now, mein lieber Herr,” she added, and wetting a corner of her apron at the fountain, “now let me wash my own face; for when you made so bold as to kiss me a second time you left a red spot on my cheek—a little, wee spot of blood about the size of a rosebud. And when the bad student at the head of the table perceived it it seemed to enrage him, and as I passed by he said: ‘I saw what took place out by the fountain; I saw it all, my pretty deceiver. Now I know you do let people take liberties with you.’ O sir! he is terribly jealous; he frightens me.”

“Well, he shall never harm a hair of your head,” answered

Heinrich, "so do not fear him." Then taking the girl's hand in his, "But now please go on," he said, "and tell me something of your history. Where do you hail from? What is your name?" "My name is Moida Hofer," replied the girl, "and my home is in the Zillertal, Tyrol. Both my parents, as well as my brothers and sisters, died of small-pox during the past winter, so that I am left quite alone in the world. I am very poor. The only thing I possess which is of any value is this silver arrow in my hair. But poor as I am, I would not sell it, for it belonged to my dear mother. Everybody in my native village shook their heads when I spoke of coming here to earn a livelihood. 'Munich is a big, wicked city,' they all said, 'and you will be surrounded by vice and temptation. If you go there you may be lost. Stay with us; we will make a home for you.' But, alas! I wanted to see the great world which lay beyond the mountains, and so I came here. I am still, as you perceive, in my peasant dress, and truly I walk in the midst of temptations. But this morning I went to Mass, and every evening I say my Rosary, just as I did at home; and I mean to be what my dear father and mother would wish me to be if they were living—an honest, virtuous girl."

"Yes, yes. Be good, always good," answered Heinrich. "I am not myself as good as I ought to be; I seldom pray or go to Mass. But perhaps some Sunday morning you will take me with you to church." At this Moida smiled, then said: "Hark! they are calling me. Oh! how much these students do eat and drink. I must be off."

"Well, only half a minute more," said Heinrich, holding her back by the wrist. "And now, to be brief, let me inform you that I am a sculptor and that I am seeking for a model—one different from any of the models whom I am accustomed to have in my studio. None of these inspire me. But I feel that the marble which I might turn you into would be like a thing of life. Will you, therefore, come and sit as a model?"

Moida looked surprised at this question. "Oh! I am afraid that I cannot," she answered, after hesitating a moment. "I never did such a thing in my life." Then, after another brief pause, during which the calls for sausages and sauerkraut grew terribly louder, "But, lieber Herr," she added, "what must I do in your studio? Perhaps I do not understand."

At this moment the moon came out from behind a cloud and flooded with its silver light the stone figure of a nymph, in whose hand was a pitcher from which flowed an endless stream

of water. This was the celebrated fountain of the "White Lamb." It was considered very ancient. It had stood here in the days when Louis the Bavarian was Emperor of Germany, in 1314, and from this fountain came the only water in Munich that was fit to drink.

"Well, I merely wish to chisel you in spotless marble," answered Heinrich. "I am ambitious to create something more beautiful than this"—here he pointed to the much-admired statue beside them, all draped in moonbeams.

Then, as Moida made no response, and taking alarm at her silence, he added: "But I only crave leave to copy your lovely head: nothing more. But your lovely head I must have in order to inspire me."

This, however, was far from being the truth: Heinrich did not mean to be satisfied with Moida's head. It might do for the present; but he hoped that when she knew him better she would consent to put on a certain costume which Schwanthaler would lend him, and which, without in the least offending against modesty, would be perfectly seemly for a water-wraith. "And then," he said to himself, "what a beautiful statue I will make!"

"Oh! yes, yes, you may do whatever you please with my poor head," answered Moida. "But you must promise to tell nobody. For several other artists have begged me to sit as a model, and I have said no to them all." Heinrich gladly made Moida this promise. "And on your part," he said, "I hope you will continue to say no to every painter and sculptor who asks you to be a model. For I want you all to myself." "You may rest assured," said Moida, "that I shall be your model, and yours alone. But now I must leave you—I must hurry off, or my master will scold." And with this she left Heinrich alone by the old fountain, thinking about her; and, to tell the truth, Moida was a trifle absent-minded all the rest of the evening for thinking of him. Heinrich was so different from the other students; he spoke so kindly to her; he had even offered to be her champion. "And yet I am only a poor peasant girl. Who else would be so chivalrous?" she said to herself. Then Moida thought of his threadbare jacket, with a patch on each elbow, and she determined some day to make it look a little better. "At least I can put new binding to it," she said inwardly. Moida's absent-mindedness did not escape the sharp eye of the bad student, whose jealousy was now thoroughly aroused, and he muttered to himself: "The hypocrite has given her heart to Heinrich Bach. But he shall not long enjoy his conquest."

In the meanwhile Heinrich, having roused himself from his reverie, bent his steps homeward; and when he reached his little garret-room in Fingergasse he found Carl seated by the open window, gazing on the maiden's bust, which he had well-nigh finished, and which looked strangely beautiful in the moonlight. "I have been admiring this lovely head," said Carl, "ever since you went away. I once fancied that it moved. How the moon does excite my imagination!" Then turning to Heinrich, who stood in the moonbeams, "But, bless me! old fellow," he added, "what is the matter? Your cheek looks very red. Has the last wound got bleeding afresh? or have you been fighting another duel?" "Oh! it's nothing," answered Heinrich, waving his hand; "only an accident. I struck my face against something."

"Well, while I put a strip of plaster on the cut," pursued Carl in a sympathizing tone, "tell me if you saw anything new this evening in the shape of beauty—I mean any young woman who might serve as a model for our water-wraith. If you did, perhaps you would be willing to pull straws to see which of us should have her—eh?" "A model worthy of such a subject is not to be found in one evening," replied Heinrich. "But now, Carl, I must go to bed; and I do wish I could sleep till day after to-morrow." "Ha! ha! because to-morrow it will be my turn to wear the clothes," said Carl, laughing. "O Heinrich! when shall we be rich enough to have a suit of clothes apiece, and be able to go every day to our studios?"

"Poverty is a hateful thing," growled Heinrich.

"Ay, hateful," said Carl. "Nevertheless, poor as you and I are, we manage to keep tolerably jolly—eh?" "How I wish it were day after to-morrow!" sighed Heinrich, flinging himself on the couch.

"Well, I never knew you to be so impatient before," said Carl. "You will not even let me attend to your wound. What is the matter?"

"Good-night," answered Heinrich. "Good-night." And without another word his eyes closed and he slipped off into a pleasant dream about a pretty lass from the Zillerthal; and in the dream he heard Schwanthaler saying: "Heinrich, Heinrich, thou hast triumphed! The statue which thou hast made is a work of high genius."

The following day poor Heinrich was obliged to remain immured in his sky-parlor, patiently toiling at the model of a lady's hand—the delicate, slender hand of a young baroness who had

died during her honeymoon. But he did not labor with his wonted zeal: his thoughts were constantly flying off to the "White Lamb."

When evening came round it was his friend Carl's turn to enjoy himself there among his comrades; and no sooner did Moida perceive Carl entering the beer-hall than she said to herself: "What a handsome fellow that is! But poor, too, like the kind youth whose acquaintance I made yesterday." Then Moida added, as Carl drew nearer: "And I declare! his jacket is patched on both elbows, and the green binding is partly torn off, just as on my friend's jacket."

We need not say that Carl was immediately struck by Moida's face and figure; and when presently she approached and asked him what he wanted, Carl's heart fluttered and he looked at her a moment without answering. "I will take a schoppen of beer and some bread and cheese," he replied. Then as Moida tripped off Carl noticed a vicious-looking student leave his seat and follow after her.

"That fellow, whoever he is, has not a good face," murmured Carl. "I hope the poor girl will beware of him." In a few minutes Moida brought him what he had ordered, and as she set the beer on the table Carl observed that she looked pale and flurried. "Why, what ails you?" he said, little doubting but that the roué—whose name was Otto von Kessler—had been saying something coarse to her.

"A poor drudge like me must get used to having low, improper things whispered in her ear," answered Moida. "But if ever I get back to the dear spot where these flowers grew"—here she placed her finger on a bunch of edelweiss fastened to her waist—"I vow never to leave it again."

"Well, by St. Ulrich!" exclaimed Carl, with flaming eyes, "if you have been insulted, go fetch me yonder swords hanging on the wall." "For heaven's sake, sir," said Moida, "do not engage in a duel on my account; for if you do I shall lose my situation here before I have earned half enough to carry me back to my native valley." "So you come from the Tyrol, the dear land of edelweiss and virtuous maidens?" pursued Carl, with difficulty smothering the rage he felt against Otto von Kessler. "Yes, and my home is in the Zillerthal," answered Moida. "Have you ever been there?" "Indeed I have. Why, I may almost say that I have visited every nook and corner of the Tyrol." "Then you have probably been to my dear home," continued Moida. "How I wish that I had never left it!" "Well,

thus far no evil has befallen you," said Carl, "and, by heaven! no evil shall." Then making her a sign to come closer, and dropping his voice, "Tell me," he added, "did you ever sit as a model?" Before the girl could reply somebody called out, "Beer!" and off she went to the upper end of the hall, where a couple of students were knocking their empty glasses on the table. "Humph," murmured Carl, as he watched her, "my good friend Heinrich has a true eye for beauty; yet how came he to miss this fresh young mountain daisy? Of all the lasses in Munich not one would make such a fine model for his water-wraith. What a magnificent figure she has! She stands as straight as an arrow and her step is as nimble as a chamois." Presently Carl's eyes—and they were deep-set, fiery eyes, as unlike as possible to the blue, pensive eyes of Heinrich—flashed, and he sprang up from his seat; for Otto von Kessler had risen from his and was following Moida out of the room. "By St. Ulrich!" exclaimed Carl inwardly, "I'll take her part, no matter how low her station may be." "Begone!" cried Moida, just as Carl overtook Von Kessler, who had insolently placed his hand on her shoulder. "I will not go to your studio; I will have nothing to do with you. Begone!" "This young woman is under my protection, so take this for your pains," said Carl, tapping the roué's cheek with two fingers of his right hand. This gentle blow caused Von Kessler's face to flash crimson, and for a moment he could not speak. Presently, after drawing a deep breath, "Ho! ho!" he exclaimed, "here is Don Quixote come to life." "Oh! you may sneer, you may call me Don Quixote," said Carl, "but unless you apologize to this young woman—" Von Kessler did not wait for Carl to finish his sentence. Back he rushed into the beer-hall, where he took down the two swords which were hanging very near the door; and so quickly did he do it, and so full of smoke was the room, that nobody observed his movements.

It did not take them long to reach a good spot for the duel; and poor Moida, who utterly forgot her duties to the beer-drinkers, kept pulling Carl by the sleeve, vainly imploring him not to fight, and she was almost ready to sink to the earth when Carl and Von Kessler crossed swords. The fighting-ground was within a few feet of the cold, swift-flowing Isar. Down through the branches of a willow-tree the moonbeams shimmered, the city was half a mile away; it was just the place for a deadly fray, and just the hour too. "Stand back!" shouted Carl to Moida. "Stand back or you will get hurt." Nor did he speak a moment

too soon; the blade of his weapon flew within half an inch of her uplifted arm, then down it came upon Von Kessler's forehead, which instantly became dyed with blood. The wound, however, was not a serious one. Nevertheless the red stream trickled into Von Kessler's eyes and so blinded him that he was unable to continue the combat; whereupon he groaned not so much with pain as with rage, and Moida's name was coupled with Carl's in the direful oath of revenge which Von Kessler swore. But the girl did not hear it, for she had sunk in a swoon at the foot of the willow. "Here, take my hand and I will assist you to get home," said the ever-generous Carl. "No! I ask no help. I will find my way home alone," answered the other savagely, and pressing his handkerchief to his brow. And so saying, Von Kessler tottered away.

"Which one is wounded? Who are you? Oh! tell me, who are you?" murmured Moida, presently opening her eyes and not relishing the icy water which was being sprinkled over her face. "I am your friend, and I have not received even a scratch," said Carl, who was kneeling by her side. "Oh! God be thanked. But the other one—the bad student—is he killed?" continued Moida in a stronger voice. "Killed? No, indeed. Still, I have chastised him pretty well for having affronted you." "O brave, noble youth!" pursued the girl in accents of deep emotion. "The world will laugh at you for taking my part, but the good God will reward you." Then, as Carl assisted her to rise, "And I will tell every maiden in the Zillerthal about my champion," she added, affectionately bringing Carl's hand to her lips. "Well, I beg you, do not leave Munich immediately," said Carl, who in all his life before had never experienced such a thrill of delight as he felt at this moment. "Remain here a few weeks, and grant me one boon—a boon which may be the means of winning me fame and fortune." "Oh! trust me, kind sir, to do anything in the world to serve you," answered Moida. "Do give me a chance to prove my gratitude."

"Well, come, then, to my studio in the big building next to St. Michael's Church, day after to-morrow, and let me make an image of your lovely self in pure white marble." "Yes, yes, indeed I will—I—" But here Moida abruptly checked her tongue; then bowing her head, "No, no. Impossible! Impossible!" she murmured. "But you first said yes, and now I will hold you to your word," continued Carl. "Why, what is there to fear? I am a sculptor. No harm will come to you from being my model; and, believe me, the statue which I shall

make will be as chaste as it will be beautiful." Then, after a pause, he added: "But if I do not have you I must get somebody else. But no, no. Either yourself or nobody shall be the model for my water-wraith."

Still Moida shook her head and begged him to release her from her rash, half-uttered promise. "I really cannot. Anything but that—anything but that," she said. "Well, well," went on Carl, shrugging his shoulders, "I am not able to force you to sit as a model, nor would I if I could. But at least you might visit my studio. Come day after to-morrow and have a chat with me there."

To this Moida consented. Then together they walked back to the town, Carl hoping that when the girl became better acquainted with him she would consent to be the original of the weird and beautiful statue which already, in his mind's eye, he saw standing on the rock in the Achensee.

Of course not a word concerning Moida did Carl breathe to Heinrich when he got home. Nor did Heinrich breathe a word to him about the girl. Each friend thought to himself: "I have found a perfect gem of a model; one, too, who is as virtuous as she is beautiful."

On the morrow, at the appointed hour, Moida bent her steps to the venerable building where Heinrich's studio was. And as she drew near to it her heart beat quicker. "For who knows," she murmured, "who knows but I may meet my other friend, the valiant Carl, and he may ask me whither I am going."

Presently, turning aside from the busy street, Moida entered St. Michael's Church, where, kneeling before the high altar, she offered thanks to God for having sent her in her utter loneliness two such protectors as Heinrich and Carl.

The girl's prayer was short but fervent. Then, as she withdrew from the sacred edifice, she said to herself: "I will not let my soul be troubled any more by vague alarms. The Holy Virgin will intercede in my behalf. Nay, has she not done so already? It is, doubtless, thanks to her intercession that Heinrich and Carl have been sent to guard me against the evil-minded student."

A few minutes later Moida found herself within the walls of the Art Academy, and she began to ascend the dark, winding stone staircase, so often trodden in days of yore by prayerful monks. But she had not climbed half-way to the second landing-place when she heard footsteps behind her.

"Mein Gott! It may be Carl," exclaimed Moida inwardly.

"What shall I say if he asks me what I am doing here?" But no, it was not Carl Schelling who was so rapidly overtaking her. It was somebody with his head wrapped in a blood-stained bandage, and face as white as the face of a ghost. Moida, of course, expected that Otto von Kessler would address her—for it was he. But not a syllable did he utter; only a malignant gleam shot out of his eyes, and the terrified girl would much rather have had him speak than stare at her in this singular manner. And as Von Kessler stared Moida wished with all her heart that Carl might appear, or Heinrich; there was still a long distance to mount—up to the fifth story she had to go. How much higher would this awe-inspiring being dog her steps? Presently, by a strong effort of will, Moida averted her eyes from Von Kessler's, then continued her way; up, up she went. One, two, three, almost four stories she mounted, the other always close behind; when of a sudden, just at a shadowy spot where there was no window near, the footsteps ceased. Timidly she glanced over her shoulder. Von Kessler was not to be seen. "How strangely he vanished!" thought Moida, wiping the cold drops from her brow. "Every time I meet him he fills me more and more with alarm." Then, as she was wondering what had become of him, she heard footsteps again; they seemed to be going up and down and all around her. But she could distinguish nobody, nor did anybody touch her.

"Why, dear girl, are you ill this morning?" said Heinrich, when presently Moida arrived at his studio. "How cold your hand is! It is like ice." "No, sir, I am not ill. Already I feel quite myself again," replied the girl, as a stream of sunshine fell upon her.

"But if this is a very cheerful, sunny room," she added, becoming suddenly grave again, "the long, long stairs reaching up to it are most unpleasant. They are so ghostly." "Well, they are said to be haunted," replied Heinrich. "But I don't believe in ghosts. Do you?"

"Haunted!" exclaimed Moida, opening wide her big black eyes. Then turning to the door, which she had left ajar, she hurriedly closed it; and even after the latch had fallen she pressed hard against the door to make sure that it was well shut. "Yes, some people say they are haunted," went on Heinrich, "and I have an intimate friend who believes it is true. This is the only point whereon he and I differ. But we are not all born alike, and my friend is by nature very superstitious; so much so that above the door of his studio—for he is an artist like myself

—hangs a big wooden crucifix to keep evil spirits aloof.” “I wonder who your intimate friend may be?” thought Moida, carefully running her eye over Heinrich’s well-worn suit, which looked so very like the shabby suit worn by the gallant Carl. Then, seizing a moment when Heinrich’s face was averted, she drew out a pair of scissors and deftly clipped off a tiny bit of the green binding of his jacket.

“Now, dear girl,” said Heinrich presently, “if you will sit down on yonder chair I shall begin my work.” “I am ready,” answered Moida. “My head is at your service. But before you plunge your fingers into your lump of clay let me restore to you your handkerchief. You remember that I promised to wash it nice and clean.” “And you have done so. A thousand thanks!” said Heinrich. “I was half afraid you had forgotten it.”

“Well, I hope your poor face does not pain you to-day?” continued Moida. “Does it? Will the wound soon be healed?”

“It will—it will,” replied Heinrich. “The little slap you gave me has made it heal all the quicker.” Moida smiled, then sat down in the chair.

It was a pleasant hour she and Heinrich spent together—a very pleasant hour. The girl had never been in a studio before, and the young sculptor answered good-naturedly the many questions she put to him. Only once did he hint that he might make better progress if she were to be more still and talked less. But more than once Heinrich sighed and wished that she had not restricted him to simply making a model of her head. “But patience,” he said inwardly; “patience! I have her all to myself. She is to be nobody else’s model. By and by she may be persuaded to wear the chaste drapery which Schwanthaler will lend me. The most scrupulous maiden could not object to it; and then what a peerless statue I shall make of her!”

When the girl had been with him a little over an hour Heinrich washed the clay off his hands and said: “Moida, I have made a good beginning, and I thank you ever so much. Are you tired?” “Not in the least,” answered Moida. Then as she stood with her hand on the latch, about to depart, Heinrich asked if she would meet him at four o’clock for a stroll in the English Garden—the name of the beautiful park in Munich. To this Moida said yes. Then she added: “But now may I ask you to be kind enough to escort me down as far as the first landing-place?” “Right willingly,” said Heinrich, smiling. “Perhaps you fear to meet an apparition. Really, you and my intimate friend are quite alike in this respect.”

"Well, I do not think it was a ghost I saw. And yet—and yet—" Here Moida hesitated. Whereupon Heinrich exclaimed: "Pray tell me about it. What did you see? I knew you were frightened when you first entered my studio." "Otto von Kessler followed me up several flights," replied Moida—"followed me until I came to a spot where there was very little light. There he vanished. Yet I could hear footsteps passing and repassing me; nor was it so dark but that I should have seen him. Was it not exceedingly strange?"

"Humph!" ejaculated Heinrich. "Well, if that fellow plays another practical joke on you I'll put an end to his joking. By St. Ulrich! I will."

On their way down to the street they did not see or hear anybody, and in a few minutes they parted company, Heinrich saying: "Do not forget—four o'clock."

Punctual almost to a minute Moida and Heinrich met at the trysting-place in the park. It was the spot where Döllinger's Walk begins. For here it was that this world-renowned church historian often came to enjoy an afternoon stroll; and to this day this shady, retired pathway keeps the name of Döllinger's Walk.

A short distance to the left ran a little stream, murmuring on its way to the Isar, while on either side stood large trees, whose branches, meeting overhead, formed a leafy arch well-nigh impenetrable to the sunshine. Nowhere else in this lovely pleasure-ground were the thrushes and goldfinches so fond of building their nests, and even at high noon you might hear a nightingale warbling here.

But although Moida set out in excellent spirits—for with such a gay companion as Heinrich how could she help but be gay too?—nevertheless ere long a great shadow fell upon her.

"Why, liebes Kind, we must go further than this; we must not stop here," spoke the sculptor, seeing Moida come to an abrupt pause just where the thick hazel-bushes almost met in front of them. "Did you not see him?" said Moida in low, tremulous accents. "Did you not see him? Wherever I go he haunts my footsteps."

"See whom? Do you mean Otto von Kessler?" inquired Heinrich, contracting his brow. "Yes. He glided swiftly across the path a moment ago, and disappeared yonder where that lily is." "Indeed! Well, I was looking up at a squirrel; 'tis how I did not see him. But what if he is hovering about us? What harm can he do you? Why, it is childish to tremble so."

"Well, yes, I am a coward in some things," answered Moida; "and Otto von Kessler has succeeded in making me afraid of him. I must again have recourse to prayer." "You pray a good deal, I fancy," said Heinrich. "Well, you can pray and I can fight. Ay, I will teach Von Kessler a needful lesson—see if I don't."

"O Heinrich! I beseech you do not engage in a duel," exclaimed Moida. "It is a sin to fight a duel. But now let us retrace our steps. I feel that I could not enjoy our walk any further." "Are you in earnest?" said Heinrich, looking at her with surprise. "You will not trust to my protection? Well, well, then we shall go back."

And so saying, they returned to the entrance of the park. But ere they separated Moida made Heinrich solemnly promise that he would not challenge Von Kessler. Then as soon as she found herself alone she bent her steps to St. Peter's Church.

The student who had inspired Moida with so much dread did not show himself at the "White Lamb" this evening, at which she greatly rejoiced, and with all her heart wished that he might never come again. But Heinrich was in his accustomed place, making merry with his friends, all of whom admired Moida ever so much, albeit they thought she was a trifle too shy. "She smiles on us," spoke one, "but she never goes any further." "She has driven Otto von Kessler well-nigh mad," spoke another student, "for she is the only girl of her class who has stood proof against his honeyed words and his gold; for Von Kessler is rich as well as a count."

"Well, Moida comes from the Tyrol," put in Heinrich, "and her soul is as white as the edelweiss which blooms on her native hills."

At this remark a faint smile played on the lips of Heinrich's comrades, but they did not say anything.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A NEW BOOK ON FREEMASONRY.*

A FEW weeks ago citizens of New York saw a secret society, decked in its regalia and carrying its emblems, take possession of Central Park while it performed its pseudo-religious rites. High above the ceremony waved the red banner, the Masonic ensign, and which for all the continent of Europe is the signal of revolution and of war against Christianity. The excuse offered for this violation of one of the rules of the park was that the Freemasons were laying the corner-stone of the obelisk, which it was alleged was in some way of Masonic origin. The absurdity, however, of this claim was exposed by the grand master himself, who, in the discourse which he pronounced on this occasion, declared that there was nothing to indicate the Masonic origin that had been asserted by the more ardent of the "illuminated." The real motive of the performance, then, it may be fair to assume, was to make a display of Masonic strength. It was, after all, only one of many instances where Freemasonry at this sort of ceremony is brought to the public notice without any good reason whatever.

True, in the United States and in other English-speaking countries Freemasonry has so far been free from some of the mischievous influences that dominate the institution in most of the continental countries of Europe.

"In those countries" [the United States and Great Britain], says Father Deschamps, the author of *Les Sociétés Secrètes et la Société*, "thanks to the superior social condition and to the force of political tradition, Masonry has undergone a sort of transformation. It has been fused with the Protestant sects, and has even given a great deal of space in its ritual to the Bible. If religion has not been the gainer by this, the lodges have at least, in this way, lost a great deal of the character which they originally had. But the English and American lodges are different from all others."†

Perhaps the fact that the Illuminism which took such a hold of the German and French lodges in the last century met little welcome from the less imaginative English may have had something to do with this. That the English-speaking Freemasons

* *Les Sociétés Secrètes et la Société*, ou philosophie de l'histoire contemporaine. Par N. Deschamps. Deuxième édition. Avec une introduction sur l'action des sociétés secrètes au XIXe siècle, par M. Claudio Jannet. Avignon : Seguin frères. 1880.

† *Les Sociétés Secrètes et la Société*, tome i. p. 120.

differ very greatly from all others is, however, beyond dispute. And this ought at once to warn American Catholics that the anti-Masonic literature of Europe can be applicable here only with considerable modifications. The American lodges, it is well known, number among their members many Protestant ministers, chiefly Methodists and Episcopalians.* How long this difference between the American and European institutions will remain it is, of course, hard to say. But it is very important to bear in mind that the constant addition to the American lodges of emigrant Freemasons from Germany, France, Switzerland, and Italy is perhaps calculated to inoculate American Masonry with a great deal of the poison of the European order. The influence of the Hebrews is also to be taken into account. The Hebrews are a talented race, and many of them who are rationalists have secured a firm foothold in the European press and have effected a great deal against Christian institutions by their zealous advocacy of the so-called liberal movement. The Hebrews are very numerous in the American lodges.

While Freemasonry in this country is not a political party, it is nevertheless a power of some consequence among politicians. It is the common belief that a Freemason is no sooner nominated to an office than his connection with the order is made known to the brethren for their guidance in voting, not officially, perhaps, but yet by means that are just as effectual.†

A notable fact in the politics of what are known as the Catholic countries of Europe and South America is the hostility shown to the religious orders. The Jesuits, it is true, come in for the largest share of the odium, but none of the orders entirely escape it. Now, though the religious orders are not the church, nor, in the strict sense of the word, essential to the church, they have been recognized by the church as eminently useful. They represent so much of its active and exterior and so much of its spiritual and interior life that an attack on them is practically an attack on the church itself. It may be said, perhaps, that the Catholicity of

* To show how Protestant ministers, and well-meaning Protestant laymen also, may in time be deceived Father Deschamps quotes the founder of Illuminism, who writes: "You could not imagine what admiration my degree of *Priest* excites among our people, and, what is most singular, some great Protestant and Reformed theologians who are members of our Illuminism really believe that the part of the discourse relative to religion contains the true spirit, the real meaning of Christianity. O men! what could I not make you believe" (*Ecrits originaux*, II. Lettre 18 de Weishaupt à Zwach).

† During the recent canvass the formal announcement of the nomination of one of the candidates for the vice-presidency of the United States was couched in language that plainly indicated to the craft that he was a Freemason. The phraseology employed may have been chosen without regard to this, but if so the coincidence was at least curious.

these countries is to a degree nominal only ; that in France, for example, great numbers of those who are called Catholics and have been baptized, and have received their first communion and been confirmed, appear to be satisfied that they have done all which, from a religious point of view, it is necessary to do until they feel the approach of death, when they again have recourse to the church. Of course it is easy enough to understand that a people who have largely become indifferent to religion can offer it but slight support, if any, against its declared opponents. A learned English priest, whose pen has for many years been familiar and welcome to Catholic readers, lately wrote of the

“portentous facility with which what under the circumstances must be considered a very alarming proportion of the students of the Catholic schools and colleges, in all the various countries where European civilization has been extended, are seen to pass out of the Christian order of ideas which they are supposed to have imbibed from going through their respective curricula of higher class studies, into the order of ideas proper to the numerous votaries of what is called ‘free-thought.’ ”*

Indifferentism in religion this writer believes to be greatly owing to a wrong system pursued in teaching the classics. In this he follows much the same line of argument made famous some years ago by the Abbé Gaume. But it is not the educated only in those Catholic countries who are tainted with infidelity. The artisan class, the working people, who have never read Horace or Æschylus, and who have for a great many years been much given to thinking out things for themselves, have to a frightful extent ceased to know God, except, perhaps, as a vague being with whom they have little or nothing to do.

The secularization of education is now an important and demoralizing factor in European politics, but that of itself will not explain the indifferentism or infidelity under discussion ; for this idea of separating religion and science in the schools is new-fangled, while infidelity has been rotting Europe for three centuries.

Father Deschamps finds the cause in Freemasonry and the secret societies affiliated with Freemasonry or modelled on it. His method of establishing this consists in an attempt to trace the French Revolution to Freemasonry, and then from the Revolution deducing nearly all the political, social, and moral ills of the day.

What is striking in Father Deschamps' argument for the

* *The Growing Unbelief of the Educated Classes.* An investigation by the Rev. Henry Formby. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1880.

Masonic origin of the French Revolution is that he largely relies on what he calls the confessions of Freemasons, but which he might just as validly have called their boasts. "M. Louis Blanc," he tells us, "will show us the rôle played by Freemasonry in the movement of 1789."* "The movement of 1789," let it be remembered, is an elastic phrase, and its employment here might be taken as a condemnation of much that an American would be loath to condemn. In the mouth of a Legitimist the phrase might have a very wide meaning.† M. Blanc, being a Freemason and also an admirer of the Revolution, naturally seeks to arrogate to his own sect and its influences whatever to him may seem good or admirable. There is no doubt that the Masonic lodges and other secret organizations played a prominent part in the Revolution, and it is equally true they had been active for some time before while the whole French people were in a ferment. It is in times of disorder or of great political excitement that this sort of agencies are the busiest.

But if Freemasonry and "philosophy" both issued from England,‡ how happened it that the effect of these two things was so much more dire in France than in England? All the more is this inquiry pertinent because Father Deschamps speaks of the social condition of France not many years before the Revolution, even "after half a century of the impious propaganda, after Voltaire and Jean-Jacques Rousseau," as being so firm that it could still defy the secret societies.§ But one is still more tempted to make the inquiry on reading that during this time

"the Christian education created by the church reached into all classes of society, even to the most out-of-the-way parts," and that "from the sixteenth century the Jesuits had occupied the first rank in Christian education as well by the singular aptitude of their methods to the needs of new times as by the manner in which they inspired their pupils of the different provinces with an enlightened patriotism. The France of Henry IV. had established them, despite the jealousy of their rivals and the opposition of the enemies of orthodoxy, and their numerous houses of education were so many seminaries of faithfulness to the church and to the monarchy."||

Yet this monarchy it was that organized the Bourbon League, one of whose aims was the suppression of the Society of Jesus; and it was this France, thus well provided with Christian teach-

* *Les Sociétés Secrètes*, tome ii. p. 87.

† M. Jannet, who has revised and rearranged *Les Sociétés Secrètes* since Father Deschamps' recent death, and has written an introduction to it, is the editor of *L'Union* newspaper of Paris, a principal organ of the party which aims at restoring the Bourbons, in the person of the Count of Chambord, to the French throne.

‡ *Les Soc. Sec.*, t. ii. p. 3.

§ *Ibid.*, t. ii. p. 43.

|| *Ibid.*

ers and pervaded throughout by a Christian spirit, which, within a few years, in the time of the generation that had been so well schooled, wiped out the monarchy and all its adjuncts in blood, and cruelly and blasphemously turned upon religion and its ministers.

Father Deschamps thinks that "Freemasonry alone can explain" the suppression of the Jesuits. But when he tells us that Voltaire, and Rousseau, and D'Alembert, and Pombal, and Choiseul, and all the rest, even to Pompadour (!), were affiliated to Freemasonry, and therefore Freemasonry must be held chargeable with the origin of the war against the Jesuits, we cannot but ask, What about Calvin, and Fra Paolo, the author of the *Monita Secreta*, and the whole brood of Jansenism? Surely these, which were very potent factors in this war, had little to do with Freemasonry. And if all the persons whom Father Deschamps names—even Pompadour—were Freemasons, so too, and that not figuratively either, was Frederick the Great, the intimate friend and correspondent of Voltaire. Yet Frederick, the idol of the philosophers, Carlyle's hero, was also a Freemason and the reorganizer of Freemasonry, and he it was that offered the Jesuits an asylum which they accepted; he treated them with great respect and recommended them in the most flattering terms to other sovereigns as excellent teachers. But Father Deschamps speaks of the parliaments of France—which had ceased to exist some years before the Revolution—as Freemasons in a body.

"As for the parliaments, their certificate of philosophico-masonic affiliation is found in the correspondence of Voltaire and of D'Alembert, in the pilgrimages to Ferney made by the councillors and referendaries, and in the numerous letters to the principal members, we might have added, were it necessary."*

This charge against what, with all their faults, were respectable and learned assemblies, containing many worthy Christians, is rendered somewhat vague, it must be admitted, by the "philosophico" prefixed to the word masonic.

It is well to remark that the many years' close attention which Father Deschamps gave to the subject of Freemasonry, while undoubtedly fitting him to pronounce an opinion, also tended, in the natural order of things, to magnify in his eyes the operations of the craft he had been so long studying. He sees Freemasonry in everything that is anti-Catholic. A similar phenomenon is observable among non-Catholics, for many of whom the illustrious

* *Les Soc. Sec.*, t. ii. p. 58.

Society of Jesus is a constant bugbear and the source of unnumbered woes. We have all to guard against cant, if we would deal seriously with serious questions. It is impossible to insist too forcibly on the danger to religion and society that Freemasonry offers, but the right way to avert the danger is to look at it as it is, not to dress it up in so fantastic a guise that Freemasons themselves will be unable to recognize it. Of course politicians of all parties, unscrupulous as the class have always been, eager to further their own or their party's ends, would enroll themselves among the Freemasons, who were a numerous and influential association, yet it would not follow that all the vagaries, schemes, or theories of these politicians are to be laid at the door of Freemasonry. In fact many, very many of those who suffered during the Revolution, very many of the *émigré* nobles, were Freemasons.

The truth is that France, for some years previous to 1789, had no longer any legislative assembly. There was nothing that could be called an organized and disciplined political party. The art of government had nearly passed out of the knowledge of all but the intendants and their assistants in the administration. Most of the power had fallen into the hands of a bureaucracy; the king, the higher clergy, and the nobles lived on the people, but no longer governed them. The new power had succeeded in centralizing at Paris nearly all the functions of the government, even to the most petty details of village economy. The parish priest's house or the parish church could not be repaired, rain would come in upon the people at Mass, roads or bridges could not be constructed or mended, until after an exchange of formalities between the province and Paris which might, and often did, delay action for a year or more. An immense proportion of the land was nominally church estate and therefore exempt from taxation; but the revenues of much of this estate, instead of being devoted to religious purposes, were controlled by the younger sons of the nobility, who had taken orders because they had no other means of support or because they were supposed to be good for nothing else. They resembled the simoniac clergy of the Anglican establishment, and their often frivolous way of living helped to bring the name of *abbé* into disrepute. Most of the nobles had lost all public spirit, for they had no longer anything to do with the government of their serfs or tenants, or with the administration of their province, and they gathered at Paris to squander the earnings of the peasantry, whose hard toil barely sufficed to pay the rent. The nobles, like the clergy, were exempt from the

great burden of taxation, which fell upon the bourgeoisie and the peasantry. During the last hundred years of the old monarchy class distinctions had become more and more marked. Clergy, nobility, and bourgeoisie contended each for its privileges. In the meantime a great debt had accumulated and the taxes were increased accordingly. Many of the bourgeoisie, by taking office in the administration, had put themselves on a footing with the clergy and nobility to the extent of securing an exemption from the payment of taxes. The poor alone had no exemptions, no privileges, and bore all the burdens of the state. The artisan class in the cities were subjected to the bondage of the guilds, while upon the peasantry, the poorest of all, fell the weight of the taxes. Their only champions, the parish priests, were nearly as poor and oppressed as themselves.

The classes which by their intelligence and social influence might have done much towards practically and peacefully remodelling the institutions of their country, so as to meet the changed times, were each taken up with its own interests. But if there were no political parties, political writers were plentiful enough. The literary spirit, too, was everywhere. France, though perhaps the worst governed, was certainly the most intellectual, nation in the world. Nobles, priests, roturiers, and grandes dames, even the poor forgotten peasants themselves, were all left free to discuss a liberty they were not permitted to enjoy. There was scarcely a political theory that has since come to be called by certain writers revolutionary that was not brought forward or put into practice by the king or his ministers. One of these theories—viz., that landed estate is absolutely the property of the state, and is held by the possessors under a limited right only, merely as a trust for the benefit of the state, and therefore liable, whenever the purpose of the trust is no longer fulfilled, to be taken from the possessor and given to another—was enunciated in the early part of his reign by the best of the Bourbon kings, Louis XVI. himself. This theory of land tenure was of course the very basis of feudal landed rights. It seems to be deemed revolutionary or socialistic only when an endeavor is made to apply it for the benefit of the many and not of the few.

It is true, the higher clergy spoke out at times. Tocqueville, whose analysis of the old régime was thorough and perfectly impartial, says of the clergy at this period :

“The clergy are at times intolerant and occasionally stubbornly attached to several of their ancient privileges; but they are also the enemies of despotism, and are as favorable to civil liberty and as desirous of political

liberty as the bourgeoisie or the nobility. They declare that individual liberty ought to be guaranteed, not by promises, but by a procedure similar to that of *habeas corpus*. They ask for the destruction of the state-prisons; the abolition of the exceptional courts and of evocations,* the publication of the proceedings of the courts, the permanency of the judges; the opening of public employments to all citizens found worthy of them; a system of recruiting for the army less offensive and less humiliating for the people, and that should be without exemptions; the liquidation of the seignorial privileges, which had gone beyond the feudal system and were become contrary to liberty; the complete liberty of labor [then dominated by the guilds and other monopolies]; the increase of primary schools, of which there should be one in each parish free to all, lay benevolent establishments in the rural parts, such as boards of charity, work-houses for the indigent, and all sorts of encouragement for agriculture." †

So that, from the mild language of the clergy, it is evident that very sweeping reforms were needed. But no reforms came until *that movement of 1789* which Father Deschamps would have us believe was of Masonic origin. To quote Tocqueville again:

"I read the memorandums drawn up by the three several orders before assembling in 1789. I mean the nobility and the clergy as well as the Third Estate. Here I see a law demanded, there a custom, and I make a note of it. Thus I keep on to the end of this immense labor, and when I have brought together all these different demands I perceive with a sort of terror that what is asked is a simultaneous and systematic abolition of every law and every custom prevailing in the nation." ‡

The fact that the political doctrines of the Revolution began to find favor throughout Europe almost instantaneously is to Father Deschamps certain proof that they were the outcome of a conspiracy. But is this a correct deduction? If the Revolution was the work of a conspiracy, it was perhaps the only great general popular commotion that ever had such an origin. But, after all, the suddenness of the Revolution was only apparent. Its doctrines had been in the air, as it were, for a long while. The happy result of our own resistance to British misrule was the realization of theories that had before seemed almost Utopian. Every soldier who returned to France with Lafayette became a missionary of revolution.

Yet no one who reads the writings of that time, even those which Father Deschamps deems incendiary, can believe that the crimes that accompanied the Revolution were either foreseen or desired by those who began the movement, no matter what

* A procedure by which matters belonging to the ordinary courts were moved to special tribunals devoted to the interests of the king.

† *L'Ancien Régime et la Révolution*, livre ii. chap. xi.

‡ *Ibid.*, l. iii. c. i.

might have been the ribald language of D'Alembert, Holbach, or others of that set. Nevertheless there was much to betoken a storm which all who were not dancing or piping in the king's house might dread, if they did but use their eyes and ears. The Revolution came and everything appeared doomed to destruction. It is curious to remark that those provinces where the nobility and the higher clergy still dwelt with their people, although they were amongst the poorest and worst governed provinces of France, resisted the march of the Revolution with a heroism that has had few parallels in history. This very fact serves to show how difficult it is to explain the Revolution by any one theory. But what had become of the bourgeoisie, that rich and powerful middle class which usually hates disorder? They were indifferent to the fate of a government and a society which had mocked at them and their rights, and which had been generally and systematically ruinous to their interests.

"The contrast," says Tocqueville, "between the benignity of the theories and the violence of the acts, which was one of the characteristics of the French Revolution, need surprise no one who remarks that this Revolution was prepared by the most civilized classes of the nation and was carried out by the most uncultivated and the rudest."* The idea that a complete equality of condition in society should prevail, which the secret cabals, Masonic and other, were busily disseminating, served to create a ferocious discontent among the ignorant multitude suddenly released from all control. The *sans-culottes* struck down without mercy everybody and everything that was above them in wealth, station, or privileges.

Tocqueville's explanation of the hatred to religion that was so marked during the fury of the Revolution is to the point:

"It is easy to be convinced to-day that the war against religion was an incident only of the great Revolution, a salient yet fugitive feature of its physiognomy, a passing product of ideas, passions, of peculiar facts which had preceded and prepared the Revolution but did not belong to its real genius. . . . It was not because the clergy sought to regulate the things of the other world, but because they were proprietors, feudal lords taking tithes, administering the goods of this world; not because the church could not take its place in the new order of society which was to be formed, but because the church occupied the strongest and most privileged place in that order of society which it [the Revolution] was destined to reduce to powder."†

Freemasonry, then, in the politico-atheistical form which it has

* *L'Ancien Régime*, l. iii. c. 8.

† *Ibid.*, l. i. c. 2.

taken on the continent of Europe, was not, it may safely be said, the cause, primarily or secondarily, of the Revolution or the revolutionary spirit. It is rather merely one of the manifestations of a craving for some sort of religion and for some code of morality which still exists even among those who have fallen away from the church of God.

In France Freemasonry had received the official recognition of the government of Napoleon III., but "advanced" Freemasons chafed under the restraints which this recognition imposed upon the order. The Masonic Congress held at Metz in 1869 demanded that the fundamental article of Freemasonry in France, which affirmed the basis of the order to be the belief in the existence of God, the immortality of the soul, and the love of humanity should be replaced by the declaration that Masonry has for its only principle the unity of mankind. The promoter of this movement was M. Macé, of the University. M. Macé and his friends were at last entirely successful, for the general assembly of French Masons held at Paris a few years later,* by a great majority and after taking the sense of all the lodges subject to the Grand Orient or central authority of France, abolished the fundamental article in question, substituting it by the declaration that "Freemasonry has for its foundation absolute liberty of conscience and the unity of mankind. It excludes no one for his belief." It is worthy of note that M. Macé, who contributed so much to this open triumph of atheism in French Freemasonry, was also the founder of the *Ligue de l'Enseignement*, a confederation of those who are in favor of the secularization of education. M. Macé, it may be remarked by the way, is the author of one or two books for children published by the Harpers, of New York.

Having thus indicated some difficulties that are suggested by Father Deschamps' line of argument, it is right to point to an example of some of his strange propositions. The axiom accepted among all constitutional lawyers of the United States, that when the legislative and the executive powers are united in the same person or in the same assembly there is danger to liberty, is a dictum of Montesquieu. Unless Father Deschamps was merely juggling with words, this is referred to as a Masonic doctrine.† Catholic Irishmen, too, will naturally feel somewhat cautious in the use of a book which speaks of Disraeli as "the minister to whom the England of our day owes her recovery of the good fortune that had been compromised by men of the secret societies, such as Palmerston and Gladstone."‡ It is true, Disraeli too

* September 14, 1877.

† *Les Soc. Sec.*, t. i. p. 231.

‡ *Ibid.*, t. i. p. 36.

sees the secret societies in every uneasy movement of the harassed people of Europe. Nor will the impressionable Celts feel any delight in reading that Ireland is dominated by Freemasonry! * Nothing could be more absurd.

The essay on the Knights Templars is particularly interesting. Father Deschamps thinks the knights guilty of the crimes and irregularities charged to them, and he traces, with a few breaks, however, in the evidence, a connection between the suppressed order of the Temple and modern Freemasonry. Freemasonry itself he traces also to Gnosticism, Manicheism, and the Albigenses, but he finds the real corporate existence of the institute to have first appeared in a charter drawn up at a reunion held at Cologne in 1535.† Among the signatures to this charter, whose genuineness is acknowledged by respectable authorities, and which Father Deschamps gives in full, are those of several of the leaders of the so-called Reformation, including Melanchthon and Coligny.

Father Deschamps' book is a monument of industry, and it will be indispensable for all who desire to study the working of the secret societies in Europe. The annals of Freemasonry, of the Illuminati, of the Carbonari have been searched, the writings and speeches of many of those leaders of free thought who can in any way be identified with the secret societies have been had recourse to, and the result is a condensed encyclopædia of the subject. But it is a work which practically can have but little application to the question of Freemasonry in this country.

Freemasonry, as a secret society, is dangerous to our free institutions; as a craft it is obnoxious to the true spirit of humanity. It is degrading to a man's dignity to submit himself to a secret, irresponsible, human authority. No one can sincerely question that the Catholic Church, in prohibiting her children from becoming members of such secret organizations, has deserved well of the country, and in this one respect particularly has done much for the preservation of our political institutions.

* *Les Soc. Sec.*, t. i. p. 173.

† *Ibid.*, t. i. p. 318.

PROTESTANT PROSELYTISM IN IRELAND.

THE enemies of Ireland have always distinguished themselves in times of national distress by an endeavor to win by bribery and treachery those whom they are unable to reach under other circumstances. The winter of 1879-80 proved no exception to this rule. Scarcely had the public begun to realize the possibility of famine when the proselytizing agents throughout Great Britain entered upon their new campaign. It may not be amiss, when treating of this question, to make some reference to the years 1846 and 1847, when famine and pestilence desolated the entire country. During that period a number of persons, who imagined that all the misfortunes of Ireland were attributable to her religion, conceived the idea of a society which should combine the advantages of temporal and spiritual relief, and thus win the peasantry from the faith of their forefathers. A crusade was for this purpose preached in England, and, under the belief that a new Reformation might be effected, immense numbers of persons subscribed to the Society for Irish Church Missions.

A Protestant writer, after much circumlocution, admits that it was only so long as the Mission agents dwelt upon the broad outlines of the Christian faith and hope, the love of God, the sinfulness of man, the happiness of heaven, and the terrors of future punishment that their hearers went with them; but that as soon as the agents went a step further and attacked what they called the pet superstitions and customs which had been handed down from generation to generation, then, to parody the words of Burke, "a thousand shillelahs were ready to fly from the hands of these rough defenders of the faith of their fathers." The people bitterly resented the attacks made upon the priests, the doctrine of purgatory, intercession of the saints, devotion to Our Lady, etc. Nothing can be more touching than the tie which binds them to their priesthood, and they could not abide to hear them abused.

The future priest is frequently one of themselves, the son, perhaps, of a superior farmer, who is sent to Maynooth for his education, and always remains an object of reverence and devotion. During those sad years of famine and peril these priests shrank from the performance of no duty and no risk of infection, even when fever followed famine with equal step and the cabins of the poor were hotbeds of pestilence. Their religion and the religion of

the people of Connemara, though denounced by the proselytizing agents as superstitious nonsense, enabled them to perform feats of heroic valor, and not a man stepped out of the ranks to which he belonged, but all struggled on till they fell as they stood. Disease in its most loathsome form visited the west. In one little town which had for long been exempt a traveller walked slowly through its principal streets, tottering from fatigue and illness. He entered a lodging-house and asked for food and shelter. Both were given freely, but he did not improve. In a few hours the dreaded eruption appeared, and it soon became evident the poor man was rapidly sinking. Then arose the cry, "Send for the priest to anoint him." The fatal message was sent to the house where two priests dwelt together. One was an old man who for many years had acted as pastor to the parish; the other was young, robust, and strong, full of life and health, "the only son of his mother, and she a widow." The message came to these two men, requiring one of them to attend and touch a man dying of the most infectious of diseases. "Let me go," said the old priest, stretching out his hand kindly to the young man. "Let me go, and spare your young life." "No," answered the hero, springing up; "it shall never be said that I shirked a duty to avoid a danger." And he went to his Christ-like mission, caught the disease, and died—died as many a man might wish to die, having finished the work which was given to him to do. Painful days were those, the account of which even now makes the flesh creep and the blood curdle. Too much praise cannot be given to those who labored so indefatigably amongst their death-stricken people.

At such a time as this, when despair was written on the features of old and young and the destroying angel strode through the land, the Society for Irish Church Missions began its career. Many of the founders were doubtless persons of piety as far as their lights went, and in their blindness imagined they were doing the Lord's work; but the system made use of was thoroughly bad. Under the specious plea of feeding the hungry and clothing the naked, precepts and practices were inculcated on the recipients at variance with the teaching of their religion, and people who fell under their influence were gradually led to assume the garb of hypocrites and liars. Large sums of money were collected in England, and such extravagant statements were made regarding the whole movement, which was called "a second Reformation," that the society soon found itself with an annual income of upwards of £20,000.

The early part of the year 1879 was signalized by some disturbances, when a portion of the inhabitants, fairly goaded to madness by the persistent and unscrupulous attacks of their opponents, rose and committed acts of violence. But, speaking in a general way, the poor people have borne with wonderful patience the presence of unscrupulous proselytizers amongst them. The annual report of the society for 1878 states that the condition of the funds has begun to cause all friends of missionary work great anxiety, and that a special appeal is deemed necessary. It declares that, in spite of the reduction of the officers' salaries and the dismissal of some of the agents, unless more money can be obtained some important posts will have to be abandoned, and that, as it is, the existing work is cramped and fettered. Then comes what must be considered the most important statement in the whole report—namely :

“If greater and more earnestly self-denying efforts are not made, if new friends are not attracted, this mission will gradually sink and die for want of funds.”

The society has apparently reached a critical period of its existence, and the possibility of a collapse of the whole scheme is here foreshadowed. It is important to bear this in mind, for if such an event should take place it would prove to demonstration that the vast majority of the Protestant public disapproved of its proceedings and were of opinion that large sums of money were being annually spent without result. During the year 1878 in the whole of Ireland—which is divided into eighteen missions, of which Connemara includes six separate districts—we find that sixteen persons, and one family the number of which is not specified, are brought forward in the annual report of the society as “converts.” When we bear in mind that the income for that year was somewhat over £20,000 we must come to the conclusion that the results can scarcely be deemed satisfactory. The expenses connected with the administration of the society are enormous. £1,000 are spent on printing, £12,000 on the salaries of the missionaries and agents, exclusive of travelling expenses. The association secretaries and those in London receive £1,675, and the amount for small items is considerable. Dr. Maziere Brady, now a Catholic, but formerly a Protestant rector in the county of Meath and chaplain to the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, wrote some years ago a series of letters in which he exposed the fallacy of the working of the society and proved that a large body of

men made their living by it. The Rev. Dr. Littledale, a Protestant minister of ritualistic notoriety, the author of *Plain Reasons for not becoming a Roman Catholic*, has written of it in terms of great contempt, and his testimony, as that of an adversary, is valuable. But no one could desire a more telling exposure than that contained in a clever pamphlet published by Messrs. Hodges & Smith, of Dublin, in 1864, in the form of a correspondence between the Rev. George Webster, Chancellor of Cork, as prosecuting counsel, and Messrs. Dallas and Eade, officers of the society, as defending pleaders. There appears to be no doubt that the breaking up of the society and the closing of the missions would reduce the incomes of a large number of persons, whilst it would entirely annihilate those of others. It is therefore natural that all who partake of its loaves and fishes should find the strongest argument for its necessity and urge the importance of its work.

When challenged by its adversaries to produce its converts it declines on the ground that they would be subject to persecution—an answer which serves both as a cloak for the large stream of converts the society is anxious to claim, and also as a stimulus to the British public to induce them to continue to support a body of men who are in daily fear of their lives.

One of the most unfortunate circumstances connected with the whole question is the line taken by those in high quarters who, in their zeal for the spread of Protestantism, are probably unaware of the means employed by the society to further it. Instead of boldly going throughout the country to rich and poor alike, and preaching the gospel with apostolic zeal, its agents have selected the poorest and most destitute portions of the poorest province of Ireland for their undertaking. Lord Cairns, then Lord Chancellor of Great Britain, said at a public meeting that he regarded these missions not only as a valuable assistance to the work of the church in Ireland, but a valuable assistance to the state in the management of the government of Ireland. His name appears as vice-president of the society, and on more than one occasion he has taken the chair at its annual meetings. But the invariable opinion of all intelligent persons, whether Protestants or Catholics, who are not connected with the undertaking, is that almost all, if not every one, of the so-called converts have gone over when they were in great need of food and clothing, and that on their death-bed they send for the priest to reconcile them to the church. In connection with the riots at Connemara in the spring of 1879 some interesting depositions were taken down

by the senior curate of Clifden which proved indisputably that bribery had been largely made use of by the agents of the Missions. The depositions were published by a local paper entitled the *Galway Vindicator*, and form an interesting episode. One of the witnesses says that he was employed to scatter tracts along the roads and in the cottages which abused the Blessed Virgin and declared that all Catholics would go to hell, and another that he was promised ten shillings a month if he would go to the Protestant church. One and all testified to the existence of bribery and to the underhand dealings of the society's agents.

But, quite independently of this, the mere fact of many of the agents being English, and the whole concern being more or less an English undertaking, makes them objects of suspicion to the Irish, so that their pretension to teach is resented by the susceptible and warm-hearted Celt as an insult to his nationality as well as to his faith. The Rev. A. C. Dallas, the founder, or one of the principal founders, of the society, was an Englishman by birth, and had had no personal acquaintance whatever with Ireland until his mission commenced.

The action of the proselytizing clergy in connection with the distress that was so severe in Ireland for some months was exactly what was anticipated. Though unable to enlist the sympathy of the public as in 1847, they made many attempts to obtain a share of the large funds established for general relief, and seized the opportunity of a national calamity to sow division and strife. When first the scheme of relief was undertaken on the vast scale that afterwards proved so necessary, the two committees presided over by the Duchess of Marlborough and the Lord Mayor of Dublin decided that the clergy of all denominations should be requested to serve on the local committees, and that they should be entrusted with a share of money proportionate to the wants of their respective flocks. It was deemed prudent to make such an arrangement, not because the Protestants were sufficiently numerous to warrant it, but to prevent any suspicion in the minds of English Protestant subscribers that public money was administered exclusively by Catholics.

Ireland being a purely Catholic country, it was but natural to expect that Catholics would be the principal recipients, more especially as they represent the poorer classes of the people; but Protestants, when in want, would undoubtedly have also received their share. Relief was intended for those who needed it, quite irrespectively of creed or politics. The Duchess of Marlborough nominated Catholics and Protestants in as far as possible equal propor-

tions on her general committee, whilst her executive committee was composed half of one and half of the other. The Lord Mayor of Dublin, equally desirous of conducting matters in a way that could not be criticised, selected the leading citizens of Dublin, both Catholic and Protestant, in equal proportions to act with him on the Mansion-House Committee. The greatest care had, in fact, been manifested by all parties to act with fairness and impartiality, and all would have gone well but for the intrigues and objections raised by the clerical agents of the proselytizing societies. Their first endeavor was to place themselves on the same footing as the ordinary Protestant ministers throughout the country, and thus assert their right to sit on the local committees. This having been frustrated by the refusal of the priests to act with them, they raised the cry of intolerance and wrote to the papers complaining that the Protestants were neglected and that money contributed by Protestants was being squandered by the priests.

A long correspondence ensued, the Rev. Mr. Cory, of Clifden, and the Rev. Mr. Fleming, of Ballinakill, both of the Missions Society, making themselves very conspicuous by the letters they wrote respectively to the secretaries of the Duchess of Marlborough's and the Mansion-House fund. In the controversy the main fact at issue was forgotten that the objection raised against the proselytizing clergy of the Missions Society was not directed against them because they were Protestant clergymen, but because they were salaried officials of a society whose avowed aim was proselytism, and who were banded together for that special purpose in a part of Ireland where no indigenous Protestants existed. The priests had no intention of ignoring Protestants, for Presbyterian as well as Wesleyan ministers and laymen unconnected with the Missions had been nominated on the district committees. The difficulty, however, was found so great that the Duchess of Marlborough finally decided on sending no relief, as heretofore, to Connemara through the ordinary channels, but remitted sums, proportionate to their respective flocks, to the Archbishop of Tuam and the Protestant bishop.

The action of the proselytizers may be gathered from the programme sent forth from the offices of the society in London. It is headed "Distress in Ireland," and is as follows :

"The distress in Ireland is twofold, temporal and spiritual. Large sums are being collected by various agencies for the distribution of food, clothing, seed, etc., among the suffering poor. Amongst others '*the Connemara distress fund*' of the Irish Church Missions is being generously sup-

ported. But the committee would fail in their duty if they did not at present direct special attention to the great openings for mission work throughout Ireland. A movement has begun among the Roman Catholic priests, some of whom are now searching after truth. Never were there greater opportunities for open mission work among all classes. But the means necessary for taking advantage of these are wanting. The income of the society has decreased to two thousand during the past year, and unless special and permanent aid is now forthcoming the operations of the society must be materially diminished, or part of their *Reserve fund stock* sold out to meet present liabilities. Hence the committee earnestly appeal to all who value Scriptural truth to come forward at the present emergency with large contributions, and thus enable the society not only to carry on its operations undiminished, but, if possible, to take advantage of the unparalleled opportunities for mission work in Ireland that now present themselves. Contributions will be thankfully received."

We are sure that no one can read the above without a feeling of disgust at the canting style of the document, and without a feeling of indignation at the attempt to make capital out of a national calamity. In this proclamation there is no hesitation about issuing an appeal ostensibly for distress, but in reality for purposes of proselytism. The old arguments made use of at evangelical meetings to extract money from the credulous are here brought prominently forward, but the most objectionable sentence is the concluding passage, which invites the public to take advantage of the opportunity to make a raid on the faith of the people.

Lord Randolph Churchill, M.P. for Woodstock, in a letter to a friend which was published in the daily papers, asserted his conviction that the object of the society was to pervert the Catholic peasants by bribery, and, in his capacity as secretary to the Duchess of Marlborough's fund, he declared that Connemara had been so long disturbed by proselytizing agents of the Society for Church Missions that any effectual relief of distress in that district was rendered very difficult.

The whole question of proselytism deserves a close and searching investigation, and public opinion ought to be brought to bear on those who encourage and support it. The honest, and even the fanatical, love of truth which seeks to impose its own convictions upon others by fair conflict of reason and authority is in many cases worthy of respect; but no one can feel anything but scorn and loathing for the trade of those who, either for the purpose of earning a well-battered crust or of damaging a world-wide religion, choose God's poorest creatures, at their sorest hour of need, to make them outwardly conform to doctrines which

they detest, by means of temptations which they can only with difficulty resist, and to exhibit as the workings of the intellect what are in reality the pangs of hunger.

There is undoubtedly a ludicrous as well as a painful side of the matter. There are handsome school-houses without scholars, and Scripture-readers who dare not read above their breath, and teachers of Irish-Gaelic who teach their own children *faute de mieux*, and Gaelic Protestant Bibles plentifully bestowed in cabins where not a soul can read and write. Then with discreet management a few Protestant coast-guards in a district can be made to go a long way. Four of them in one station may form two separate congregations in churches far apart, and when two of them send their children to one mission-school, and the other two send theirs to another (as actually happens at Belleek), the edifying result of keeping a house for two separate schools may be seen, which, but for the providential offspring of the coast-guards, must have played to empty benches until another famine brought the treacherous little Romanists trooping back, eager and hungry for the truths of the Gospel interspersed with Indian meal. The intellectual training of the young under the hands of the proselytizers is peculiar but ingenious. Every day that a child puts in an appearance at school it receives, when lessons are over, half a pint of Indian meal tied up in a neat little bag. Any day that the attendance ceases, so do the supplies. Expectation is thus left pleasantly on tip-toe from day to day, and no single dole is sufficiently splendid to enable the little traitor to make off with his winnings. A certain moderate number of attendances at church entitle adults to pecuniary reward at Christmas, whilst such humble offerings as a cast coat or a handful of seed potatoes can be had on very moderate terms. The "converts"—or "jumpers," according to the local vernacular—one and all look mean. The Connemara mountaineer who eats the bread of a "jumper" is not to be envied. The following is a specimen of the class. A fine-looking girl, a member of the only family in a village near Clifden who had apostatized, thus addressed herself to some visitors:

"I am a Catholic. I say a Hail Mary every night to preserve me from dying in sin. My life is a burden; nobody but the Scripture-reader will speak to me, and my father would destroy me if I murmured, for our having joined the Missions is the only thing that keeps us from the poor-house. Come what may, however, I intend, as soon as I can make out the price of a ticket to America, to go away entirely and ask God's pardon."

The father of this poor girl was a ruined man until the Scripture-reader came to lodge with him upon handsome terms, but

was then in receipt of pay; her sister was in receipt of £1 a month as a teacher of the Irish language whenever the materials for a class should turn up, and the clothes which she and her mother wore were an essential portion of their new faith. Another specimen is that of a man on Turbot Island who described himself as a bog-ranger at £1 a year, but who was in receipt of £1 a month as an Irish teacher, though there was no one on the island for him to teach.

It may be said that people in this condition have one class of sentiments for Catholics and another for the proselytizers, and it is quite possible that such is the case; and this is precisely the great evil of the system, that it turns a man of simple, earnest piety into a hypocrite, a liar, and a wavering, double-dealing renegade with one eye on this life and the other on the grave. In any Catholic community of average comfort and intelligence such a society would be laughed out of the field, as its agents have been laughed out of every other corner in the island. But among a people so helpless, so racked with privations, so poor and so weighed down by degrading misery as those of Connemara the constant presence of temptation in its grossest form is a cruel addition to their trials; and if there is anything more intolerable in the present outlook of the Connemara poor, it is the knowledge that when he is the least able to make resistance, when the cold of winter has frozen his blood, and when the sheriff has perhaps levelled his "cabin," and when half-naked and shivering children are clinging to his knee whining for food, some shabby emissary of the "Missions" will be at his side to dangle before his hollow eyes his canting distortion of Christianity and his irresistible bag of Indian meal.

The same system of bribery and corruption is practised by the same school of Protestants in France, Italy, and Spain, and with the same success. Since the Italian occupation of the Eternal City Evangelical churches and schools have multiplied to such an enormous extent that a free-thinking paper published in Italy, with no sympathy for the "clericals," has declared that there are sufficient Protestant ministers to convert double the population, and more buildings than there are people to fill them. It is especially in times of national difficulty or distress that Protestants of this class exercise the greatest vigilance. A revolution or a famine they consider as a special dispensation of Providence to enable them to carry out their projects and labors in a way worthy of a better cause.

A somewhat lengthened correspondence recently took place

in the columns of a Belfast newspaper between the Rev. Canon Cory, of these Missions, and the Rev. Canon MacIlwaine, D.D., of Belfast, portions of which we give, as they corroborate all that we have said on the subject. Canon MacIlwaine—who, it may be as well to state, is a clergyman of repute and high standing in the Protestant Episcopal Church—was formerly an agent and official of the Society for Irish Church Missions, and is therefore well acquainted with its proceedings. His arguments must, in any case, be regarded as trustworthy, and will probably prove the most damaging that have ever been advanced against the proselytizers. The correspondence arose by a proposition, made by a third party, that a special testimonial fund should be got up for Canon Cory, upon which Dr. MacIlwaine wrote a letter giving his reasons for disapproval and declaring that he considered any such course injudicious and unsuitable. He proceeds:

“Having had intimate knowledge of that society [the Irish Church Missions Society] from its very start—too intimate, indeed, for my own peace of mind—I am prepared to say, and, if challenged to do so, to give my reasons, that it had been far better for the interests of true religion in this land and for the spread of the reformed faith amongst us if Canon Cory had remained in England, the land of his nativity, and that the Society for Irish Church Missions had never been formed. . . . I plead guilty to having changed more than one of my early opinions, none of these more strongly than that regarding ‘Irish Church Missions to Roman Catholics.’ . . . I can state that what has come under my own observation, as well as what I have learned from the experience of others, has fully satisfied my mind as to the propriety, indeed, the necessity, of my withdrawal from all connection with the society in question. That society is in the thirtieth year of its existence. Amongst the earliest places of its operations was Belfast, where a branch was formed with the usual apparatus of controversial classes, sermons, lectures, agents, schools and school-teachers, etc. I took an active part in these operations, which after some time—three or four years, as my memory serves—came to a sudden termination, the issue of the whole being disgraceful and disastrous in the highest degree. Canon Cory—then the Rev. C. H. Eade—was conversant with all these proceedings, and is competent either to refute or confirm the statements now made by me. The agents employed were, with but two exceptions, of the most unsatisfactory description. One, a schoolmaster and reader, was in the hands of the police on more than one occasion for appearing drunk in the streets and consigning the Roman Pontiff to a region not to be repeated. Another contracted debts after such a manner that he was obliged to take French leave of the town. Another, a chief in the controversial department, and highly gifted, in his own estimation, as an orator, became while still in the pay of the society a popular lecturer, having the walls of certain localities the most unsuitable placarded with such subjects as the Battle of the Boyne, etc. He was transferred, at my instance, to another field of labor. The principal school was closed under these circumstances. On a certain

day I visited it and found the teacher above referred to succeeded by another of a very different stamp, who submitted to my recommendation to teach the children other subjects than the errors of popery, which had previously been the staple of their instruction. After a few of my visits he drew my attention to the registry of his pupils, and informed me of a discovery which he had made by his visits among their parents after an examination of the children themselves. And his discovery came to this: that of the entire number of the children on the roll, some two hundred, all, with perhaps a dozen exceptions, registered as Roman Catholics, proved to be the children of Protestant parents, with some ten or twelve, or even fewer, Catholics—exactly the reverse of the statement on the registry published as correct by the society. . . . Similar accounts might be given of other spheres of the society's operations in other parts of the diocese. Some may still recollect these operations in the Glens of Antrim, the only results of which were discomfiture and disgrace. Most unsuitable missionaries were sent thither—one, now deceased, who had to leave after having kindled a bitter strife among the Protestant inhabitants and the Roman Catholics. I visited the locality years afterwards and found nothing left of the 'mission' save ridicule at the recollection of its doings. . . . As to the present state of the mission in Dublin, I know but little except what is given in the report of the society all *couleur de rose*."

Speaking of the Rev. A. C. Dallas, the founder of the Irish Church Missions Society, Dr. MacIlwaine says:

"An Englishman by birth; having had no personal acquaintance whatever with Ireland until his mission commenced; ordained late in life after a semi-military career as an officer in the commissariat service, and, by his own often-repeated statement, wholly unpossessed of vital religion until a short period before entering the ministry; utterly ignorant of the Roman Catholic controversy at that time, and but little versed in it practically until the commencement of his Irish mission, it may well be asked of him, Was he the man to whom the lead in such a work as the conversion of the Roman Catholics in Ireland should have been committed?"

Dr. MacIlwaine continues:

"The society is, in fact, nothing else than a lay organization employing and paying liberally clerical as well as lay agents, scarcely one of its responsible officers and committee having any direct connection with or practical knowledge of Ireland. . . . It is true of societies as of individuals, 'by their fruits ye shall know them.' Canon Cory enumerates those points in glowing terms, such as 'rebuilt churches, institutions and orphanages erected, and a fine body of converts, young and old.' Judging from my personal experience in Belfast and Dublin, and relying on the testimony of other witnesses as to other localities where this society was formerly at work—Cork, for instance—I miss this fine body of converts; and as to orphanages and Birds'-Nests, perhaps the less said the better."

But could any man of common sense or moderate experience for a moment imagine that the brands of religious strife flung into the midst of an excitable Celtic people, the teachers being of the

same race and closely allied in blood and disposition, in times of distress such as Ireland has just been passing through, could possibly be attended by any other result? It is worthy of note that the name of Canon Cory did not appear in any of the accounts of the disturbances in Connemara or in any of the magisterial proceedings, though he is undoubtedly a moving spirit in the Society for Irish Church Missions. His name figures in the annual report of the society as "missionary secretary," and he therefore must be regarded as one of the leading men in connection with the society, and in a great measure responsible for the late disturbances in the west of Ireland. But though his name did not occur in any of the accounts of these disturbances, it was frequently to be seen in the accounts of the transactions of the Duchess of Marlborough's relief committee, when he made a number of unsuccessful applications to be placed on the same footing as the priest of his parish.

The society, which had begun its career with the avowed purpose of converting the Catholic population of Ireland, had before very long succeeded in producing discord and strife not only between Catholics and Protestants, but between Protestants themselves.

It may be said to have managed to preserve the latent animosity of the Celt to the Saxon, even if it has made but few converts; and it may certainly boast of having largely contributed to keep up the violence of party spirit throughout the country, while it has destroyed in the English who support it the sense of justice. Anarchy, dissension, and confusion are the results of its progress, and large numbers of Protestants in Ireland and England believe that it is doing more harm than good, whilst the whole body of Catholics in England, Ireland, and Scotland repudiate it with disgust. But it is more worthy of censure on account of its action during last winter, when distress was so widely prevalent, than by reason of any of its numerous shortcomings, and the public may rest perfectly assured that if it has found itself unable to enlist fresh sympathy for its undertaking, it is from no want of apathy on the part of its officials, but rather from a growing conviction that its proceedings are not satisfactory. We note with pleasure that by the annual report of 1878 it appears to be in a state of decadence, that its funds are failing, and that it is, we may venture to hope, dying a natural death. The last report gives the sum total of its income £22,546 14s. *od.* This was formerly almost double. In the year 1855 it was upwards of £37,000, and in former years perhaps more. Its friends and admirers are now

(though still many) comparatively few. None of the Protestant bishops in Ireland, except the Bishop of Tuam, is amongst its leading officials, and there are few Irish noblemen.

It is eminently satisfactory to be able to make these statements, for the real interests of religion would if the society were prosperous be deeply affected. If the officials of the society were, for instance, successful and the tenets of Catholicity shaken, infidelity instead of Protestantism would probably arise out of its ruins. The action of the Irish Church Missions is likely in any case to be injurious to the cause of genuine religion, for it makes the most sacred mysteries the subject of flippant criticism. Its officials might with propriety consider whether there are not abuses amongst themselves and in the bosom of Protestantism which would afford scope for their zeal before they set themselves up as teachers against popery. Let them leave the people of Ireland and their religion, and, in place of wandering through the wilds of Connaught for the diffusion of acrimony and the dissemination of discord, endeavor to instruct their own flocks in the principles of morality and common sense; let them enforce the practical injunctions of religion rather than wrangle about its mysterious tenets; and let them inculcate amongst their own people habits of industry, sobriety, and subordination, rather than be the emissaries of disorder and hatred.

A LIFE'S DECISION.*

IN an autobiography bearing this title Mr. Allies has given us a history of the struggles of his own mind in passing from the obscurities of Anglicanism to the light of Catholic truth. Through similar trials many hearts have passed during the last fifty years; and the outside world has little idea of the nature of this serious conflict. God's grace is ever moving, and, though often resisted, is sometimes triumphant. The life of every man is the history of that grace in its operations upon the individual conscience. Mr. Allies has done well to put upon record an experience which, in its various phases, has so many lessons for us all. It is to be hoped that his example may be the means of leading to the true faith some who, having all the graces he had, are in imminent danger of losing their souls. Distinguished among the English con-

* *A Life's Decision.* By T. W. Allies, M.A. London. 1880.

verts of our day for natural gifts, culture, and above all rectitude of mind, he has well earned the love and gratitude of all Catholics. If we except the illustrious names of Cardinals Manning and Newman, beyond expression dear to every zealous heart, perhaps there is no one who has accomplished more for religion, or who has more powerfully addressed the needs of the Anglican controversy. We owe him much for the many and profound works which he has given to the church, and even more for the long example of an humble life of obedience. He has had his share of the cross, but the shadows of Calvary were far sweeter to him than the glaring light of a world that crucified his Master. He preferred the truth to anything the earth could offer him, and "chose to be an abject in the house of his God rather than to dwell in the tents of sinners." With so many others who have thus renounced worldly prospects for Christ, he has had his reward in the joys of an all-satisfying faith; and he will find one day much more than his heart could ask, when the lips of his Lord shall say to him, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

There is much to be said of this autobiography. It will well repay the reader for the time given to its perusal. If it only teach him that truth is to be sought with all diligence and embraced with every sacrifice, he will have learned the most important lesson of life. In fact, without this lesson our probation is wasted and eternity lost. Since the unhappy divisions which followed the Protestant Reformation God has been calling all souls back to the church wherein he abides. There is not a grace which does not lead directly to the church, since the Incarnate Lord "is the Saviour of his body." * If men would be faithful to the inspirations of the Holy Spirit, and follow them to their blessed end, strife and schism would cease and there would indeed be on earth "one body and one Spirit; one Lord, one faith, and one baptism." † The journal of Mr. Allies is conclusive as to the merits of the Anglican claims, and also furnishes many unanswerable arguments in favor of the Catholic faith to readers of every class. We shall endeavor to present a synopsis of his reasoning, in the hope that we may contribute to the usefulness of his work and the bright lessons of his example.

The members of the English and Episcopalian churches are singularly without excuse if they refuse to accept the Catholic Church. The argument *à priori* is above any reply. Either there is no church or there is only one. The only end of a church is to teach and save mankind; and therefore Almighty

* Eph. v. 23.

† Ibid. iv. 4, 5.

God could found but one, and can never sanction but one. Moreover, if, as a matter of fact, he did found a church, he is bound in consistency to preserve it in its integrity to the end. The words of the Son of God, "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it," are only the fulfilment of what reason demands, on the supposition that the divine hand were to form and establish a church as the organ of his power. The majority of Protestants reject the idea of a church altogether; but the Anglicans make pretensions which are not only illogical but impossible. With a thorough knowledge of all the inconsistencies and absurdities of their system, Mr. Allies brings forth evidence sufficient to satisfy any honest mind, while with the stern language of facts he dissipates all their ecclesiastical claims. In the first place, he demonstrates that the Church of England has not one characteristic of a true church; that she teaches nothing positive, while she negatively attacks with bitterness the Catholic faith and practice. Secondly, he shows clearly that those who make claims for their spiritual mother which she disallows, are the most disobedient of her children, really obeying nothing but their own self-will. In making a church to suit themselves, they really *unchurch* themselves and are the most inconsistent of all religionists.

1. In the whole history of the late movement towards the revival of Catholic doctrine there does not appear in the English Church one mark of the authority which belongs to the true body of Christ. Nothing appears but the instinctive hatred which Protestantism naturally feels towards any approach to the teachings of the Apostolic See. There is a pretence of a hierarchy, whose orders have been considered invalid by every communion having the apostolic succession. There are offices in the Prayer-Book which in some degree teach the truth; but they are a hollow exterior without any soul or meaning. The bishops have no authority to declare doctrine, except to deny one by one the articles of the Christian faith. This they have done in the reassertion of the Thirty-nine Articles, and in the denial of baptismal regeneration and the Real Presence in the Holy Eucharist. If ever on earth there were the mockery of ecclesiasticism and the pretence of a church, they are to be seen in the Anglican communion.

"The great cause of irritation in this business," says our author, "was the extreme unfairness of the course pursued towards one section of the communion compared with that pursued towards the other. Every possi-

ble liberty as to denying of the sacraments and the sacramental system, as to putting forth their own purely Protestant notions, as to scurrilous abuse and misrepresentation of Rome, was borne patiently, if not encouraged by the episcopal bench; while the first attempt to state the case fairly, to remove prejudice, and to bring into light instances of charity in the Roman Church, was viewed as a mortal offence." "The one moral drawn from these facts was that there was only one heresy known and recognized in the Anglican Church—namely, praise of the Church of Rome; and that, provided a man adhered cordially to the royal supremacy in matters ecclesiastical, and denounced the Pope as the Man of Sin, he might disbelieve of doctrines whatsoever he pleased."

There is not a single bishop among them not infected with this heresy or who has any idea of the dignity or duty of the episcopacy. The Bishop of Brechin writes: "I declare I dislike to *communicate* anywhere, except where I know I am safe from having my devotion destroyed and my peace of mind disturbed for the day by the gross carelessness of the celebrant, added to the friability of the species in our use. Can you tell me what is the best short treatise on bishops', priests', and deacons' duties? I wish we had something of the kind. I suppose Fleury is as good as any." Bishop Wilberforce was probably a model of an Anglican prelate, and he figures bravely in Mr. Allies' journal:

"At one time he is soft, sleek and silky; at another prompt and bristling as a guardsman eager to cut down a rebel who is running a muck." "A bishop by mere court favor, denying the Real Presence and assuming the tone of an apostle, I was wont to call him Vigilantius after a heretic of the fourth century who attacked the honor of Our Blessed Lady and fell under the lash of St. Jerome." "The tone he assumed with me was the more intolerable because I felt that my hold on doctrine was stronger than his. I had the whole ancient church behind me; he had Cranmer and Elizabeth Boleyn." "In my affair with him Dr. Pusey appeared to me squeezable to anything in order to prevent matters being brought to an issue. His conduct much lessened my opinion of him. I was not quite satisfied with any of my defenders, but in the bishop I could recognize neither the judicial mind nor the fatherly spirit. I believe it consummated my contempt for the Anglican episcopate." "He was a man of two weights and measures, and in his conduct to me I never could find any solid core of truth."

The ministers are like the bishops, and have no real conception of the office of the priesthood. They are not consecrated to stand between God and man and offer sacrifice for the living and the dead.

"In Protestant countries the pastoral office is a nonentity; the shepherd of his flock is virtually a preacher of sermons. He knows the plague is ravaging them, but they will not bear the touch of his hand. He must

see them perish, one by one, but they will not let him help them. When death has begun, then he is called in to witness a hopeless dissolution, or to speak peace where there is no peace."

Mr. Allies also presents in a concise form the grounds of dissatisfaction with the Anglican claims. The article of the Creed, "The Holy Catholic Church," is reduced to a nullity. The Greek, the Roman, and the Anglican branches are the *one church*, and these branches are in direct opposition to each other, condemning each other and not holding the same body of truth. This is not only a plain farce, but a logical contradiction. Either one of these so-called branches is the church or there is no church at all. But the Anglican branch does not claim to be the Catholic Church, while she condemns and disowns the other two branches. Her condemnation is not infallible, any more than any other of her utterances, and so she asserts nothing that any man may believe by a divine faith, since she never professes to speak in the name of God.

"She has no authority for anything she teaches, save her *private judgment* of Scripture, which is taken without any authentication as to its canonicity or inspiration. On her own showing the private judgment of a branch of the church is of no more weight than the opinion of an individual. To all Anglicans the Catholic Church is a *past historical thing*, and not a living power; and what that *historical church* held is a matter for a man's private judgment, which the longest life and the greatest abilities will hardly enable him to solve."

There is no conception of any responsibility as to the faith in the authorities of the English communion. The bishops never for one moment think themselves competent to dogmatize, unless to attack the Catholic faith in the spirit of Protestantism which possesses them. Truth is subjective and individual, and there is not the slightest pretence of unity. In England the church is an appendage of the crown, where the royal authority or the voice of Parliament regulates spiritual powers and attempts to confer spiritual jurisdiction. In the United States there is no royal supremacy, but the lack of it is the cause of more apparent discord and wider divergences of doctrine. A democratic convention composed of laymen is perhaps worse than a privy council. "The Prayer-Book contradicts the Articles of religion, and there is an intestine strife between Puritans and High-Churchmen, Calvinists and Armenians, Latitudinarians and Non-Jurors, Evangelicals and Orthodox." There is not one writer to be found who has a complete scheme of doctrine, and the variations of

teaching concern the most essential verities, such as baptism, orders, the Holy Eucharist, or even the church itself.

Mr. Allies also shows how the whole Anglican communion has committed itself to heresy not only in tolerating it in the individual, but also in giving to it the very highest sanction. Thus the Articles directly deny the Real Presence in the Holy Eucharist, and call the sacrifice of the Mass "a blasphemous fable and a dangerous deceit." Those who reject the Articles, which they have subscribed or promised to follow, pretend to give some explanation suited to their private opinions, and profess a belief not sanctioned by their church. Yet even they, with all their attempts at imitation of the Catholic service, must confess that the idea of the Eucharistic sacrifice and the adorable presence of Christ upon the altar is entirely foreign to their communion. From this utter denial, and even ignorance, of the true doctrine of the Eucharist flow the practical rejection and disuse of the priesthood. No one ever looks upon an Episcopalian minister as a priest. The minister who would assume such powers simply makes himself ridiculous. He may get together a few followers and display his priestly robes before them; but, beyond a very small circle, sensible people laugh at him, or think him destitute of good sense. "If he wants to be a priest," they say, "why does he not go where there are priests in truth, who are not simply playing a part?" Some of these advanced churchmen hear confessions, but penitents are few and the world looks upon them as foolish devotees. They have no sanction from their bishops, and have as little knowledge of the duty of a confessor as of the dialect of the Chinese. Not only is no Anglican minister taught how to receive confessions, but if he venture to do so, he must do it privately and on his own authority. No jurisdiction comes to him from his bishop or from any other source, and his church practically denies the power of the keys. With whatever piety and sincerity there may be in individuals, there is no knowledge of the interior life and no system of guidance. There is no theology by which to measure virtue or vice, or distinguish one sin from another. The presuming clergy who undertake to hear confessions are obliged to take the guidance of Catholic writers or fall into the most grievous errors even in the simplest matters. "There is no moral theology whatever, nor any direction for the government and discipline of the inward man. There is a total absence of corrective discipline over the flock, and religious offices are prostituted to those who are in avowed antagonism to their church." The Communion is given to all who desire it, no

matter whether they believe in the Christian Creed, the Trinity, or the Incarnation of the Son of God. Marriage is permitted to the unbaptized, to those who profess no faith at all or deny in open terms all the Episcopalians profess to hold sacred. And the most public sinner, even if he be unbaptized, is buried with the one rite, in hope of a glorious resurrection. If such be a church, then we may well say it is of no use to mankind. It serves a purpose of exterior worship, but it miserably deceives the soul and makes light of the Gospel of Christ, which is one and unalterable. It actually represents to men that there is no faith which is essential to salvation. Judging the Anglican communion by the law of the ancient church, it has not one mark of the true body of Christ. It has neither unity nor catholicity. Its members have not the semblance of agreement in faith, and its doctrines are really the denial of the unity and infallibility of God's church. Upon this denial it subsists, and without it has no reason of being; since if there be a divine organization upon earth, it cannot be the sect which asserts its own fallibility and refuses to affirm any creed. In every characteristic which distinguishes the English Church we behold the transgression of the essential law of catholicity. With the ancient and primitive faith it has no bond of union. It has rejected five of the seven sacraments, and has denied the sacramental character of the remaining two. Baptism is only a ceremony, and the Holy Eucharist an empty rite. What would St. Augustine or St. Chrysostom have said to such a church? The Donatists, with all their presumption, had many more marks of a church. As the author forcibly says:

"The living Church of England is a system of complete personal independence as to faith and practice. One may believe anything except the doctrines of the Catholic Church. And what is most striking is the character of *sham* which seems to belong to the whole system, as claiming, in the letter of its documents, powers which it does not exercise and will not warrant individual members in claiming or exercising, though they are most necessary to the maintenance of every-day spiritual life."

The *branch* theory is rather one put forward by her zealous sons than one advanced by the English Church. In the early days Rome was Antichrist, and consequently no part of Christ's kingdom. And this is the only consistent position. It kills the church altogether, but it justifies Henry VIII. and Cranmer. The Protestant bodies of the Continent were far more real, and their descendants are far more logical. As for branches of *one* vine which are cut off from each other, and therefore from the

central trunk, the very notion is a contradiction in terms. It is strange that any rational mind fails to see that if Christ's church has come to this, it has come to nothing. In one of the letters quoted by Mr. Allies it is stated that "our Lord has annexed the gift of infallibility to a general council by his promise, 'Behold, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world.'" And then it is asserted that there never was but one such council—namely, the one recorded in the Acts of the Apostles. "I presume the Church of England doubts, as I do, whether it be clearly made out that any council, save that presided over by St. James, ever was really a general council of the whole church, so as to be infallible." The writer of this lucid statement of infallibility did not remember that his church had declared that "general councils have erred and may err in things pertaining to God," so that it was a poor waste of time to talk about them in any way. The truth is that among Protestants the church is nothing more than the individual. It has no life, no power to impress its character upon any one. The individual members may have some character; the church has none. So we behold everywhere how sincere men rise above the system on which they are placed, and often show the signs of supernatural power which in no way belongs to the organization to which they are attached. And there is such an unreality in the whole atmosphere which surrounds them, that there is no firm grasp of doctrine, no divine faith in the highest sense of the term. Ritualists, for example, fancy that they believe some articles of the Creed, but they hardly understand their meaning. They cannot begin to conceive the nature of "one, holy, catholic, and apostolic church." No one can do so who is beyond the pale of that church. They speak of a belief in the adorable presence of Christ in the Eucharist, but with all their words, they know not what they say. They do not mean to deceive—certainly all of them do not—but the power of faith is not in their possession. As the author testifies:

"There is something in heresy peculiarly blinding and confusing. It seems to paralyze the power of apprehending principles, of discussing the relation, coherence, and interdependence of doctrines. After ten years of painful struggle I had not apprehended the doctrine of the Blessed Eucharist, on which from the very beginning I had had the deepest and most solemn feelings."

This has been the experience of every convert. Once in the communion of the church, he has seen the scales fall from his eyes and has realized how vain were his professions of doctrines which he had not the power to grasp. "No sooner had I crossed

the border," says Mr. Allies, "no sooner planted my foot on St. Peter's rock, than I felt myself lifted from shifting sands, on which there was no footing, to an impregnable fortress, around which the conflicts of human opinion rage in vain."

Besides the impotency of the Protestant mind to apprehend the articles of faith, there is also a defect in the reasoning powers. It is not an uncommon occurrence to find a man professing to hold all Catholic truth, even the supremacy of St. Peter, and still hesitating to act. Every day we find men holding doctrines whose logical consequence is the submission to the Catholic Church; and still they live and die out of her communion. No man can consistently believe one of the great verities of faith without looking obediently to "the pillar and ground of the truth" upon which it rests. Eminent doctors have denied the truth of the Thirty-nine Articles of the English Church, and in the same breath have defended them. No one has dealt much with Protestants approaching the church without being struck with this painful defect. Sometimes the world and the flesh keep them back, and they are not ready for the sacrifice. But often they seem unable to reason at all. With the major and minor premise, they fail to draw the conclusion, and are like those of whom our Lord speaks, "who having eyes see not, and having ears hear not." We desire to make all due allowances for trials that are severe, and certainly would not judge harshly any one. But, with all the professions of a creed, it is hard for a Protestant to comprehend that he must believe the revelation of Christ, whatever it is, or be damned. He cannot bring himself to the conviction that his soul is in danger.

Since the movement in the Anglican Church which has brought so many illustrious minds into the peace of the Catholic faith, there has been a display of inconsistency unparalleled in history; for the earlier heretics did not deny so completely the authority of the church. Not only has the grace of God moved them in an unwonted manner, but their own church to which they clung has done all in its power to shake them off. They would not be shaken off, neither by threats, nor by the denial of their cherished tenets, nor by the rigors of prosecution at courts of law. The more the church denied the essential doctrines of their belief, the more they seemed to cling to her. They actually threw her words back in her mouth, and assured the world that she taught *their* views of truth. With great pretended reverence for their bishops, they have refused to obey their commands and have spoken of them in the most insignificant terms.

Successors of the apostles fare very badly at the hands of their most obsequious children. When the Gorham judgment was pronounced all the High-Churchmen were in a serious excitement. The church was committing itself to heresy and going to pieces. Something was necessary to permit any one with Catholic views to remain in good faith within her communion.

“There was a talk of a new court of appeal, which some bishops were disposed to beg of the state. It all fell through. In fact, the whole result of the opposition made by the great party who saw their belief in the Anglican Church’s orthodoxy utterly wrecked, and their supposition that she had any authority still more utterly destroyed by the issue of a personal judgment upon doctrine by the queen, was the issue of the following propositions: 1. ‘To admit the lawfulness of holding an exposition of an article of the Creed contradictory of the essential meaning of that article is in truth to abandon that article.’ 2. ‘Inasmuch as the faith is one and rests upon one principle of authority, the conscious, deliberate, and wilful abandonment of the essential meaning of an article of the Creed destroys the divine foundation upon which alone the entire faith is propounded by the church.’ 3. ‘Any portion of the church which does so abandon the essential meaning of an article of the Creed forfeits not only the Catholic doctrine in that article, but also the office and authority to teach as a member of the universal church.’”

These propositions were signed as a protest by *thirteen* persons, some of whom have still remained in the English communion, and some have died without embracing the faith.

“Thirty years have now passed, and the Church of England has most obediently submitted both to the Gorham decision and to the right of the queen to be supreme judge in matters of Christian doctrine. The Anglican Convocation has met yearly, but has never ventured to dispute either the decision or the right of the civil power to issue it. Moreover, of the thirteen who signed the protest only six attested their sincerity by submitting to the Catholic Church.”

It would appear that no possible action on the part of the bishops or authorities could convince some minds. Even if heresy of the most flagrant nature were propounded, the answer would be ready that, after all, it did not commit those who were unwilling to embrace it. Every act or decision of the ecclesiastical authorities has been condemnatory of the faith, and suicidal to the claims of the English High-Churchmen. The Ritualists have been condemned and prosecuted; and instead of seeing that they are disposed of by the only authority which they admit, they love to be called martyrs. If this be martyrdom, it is a new thing for a man to be martyred by his own church for professing doctrines which she condemns. In England the bishops, with rare excep-

tions, have been the strongest enemies of the *Anglo-Catholics*, but, with singular inconsistency, they transfer the blame from these successors of the apostles to the temporal power. In the United States there is no such scapegoat, and the Protestant prelates have given our ritualistic friends their full share of sorrow. They have omitted the Athanasian Creed. They have reaffirmed the Articles with all their obnoxious Calvinistic and Lutheran opinions. They have rejected the only form of absolution which could be valid in the mouth of a priest having jurisdiction. They have denied any real presence of our Lord in the Holy Eucharist. This was emphatically done in the General Convention of 1868, where the bishops condemn "any doctrine which implies that after consecration the proper nature of bread and wine does not remain, or which *localizes* in them the bodily presence of our Lord." They have, by special decree, denied the doctrine of baptismal regeneration, declaring October 11, 1871, "that the word *regenerate* in the baptismal office does not signify any moral change wrought in the sacrament." At the same convention they assert that "private confession has been an engine of oppression and a source of corruption." Very little more remains for the bishops to do, unless they proceed to attack the doctrine of the Holy Trinity and the Incarnation of God the Son. Still, the eyes of the blind are not opened. The ritualistic devotees will have their own way without regard to the successors of the apostles. We might easily go further, and state the sad fact, that the denial of the priesthood and the Eucharistic sacrifice leads to the actual disbelief of the mystery of the Incarnation. In the Episcopal Church, while in terms the great verity is confessed, it is not realized and can in nowise be compared to the living and vitalizing faith of the Catholic. There are many also who have the most erroneous views in regard to the two natures in Christ, confessing a kind of Nestorianism, if even they are so accurate as was that heresy. How could it be otherwise when they have no proper reverence for the Mother of God, whom they sometimes treat with little respect? The solemn rejection of the Athanasian Creed is no small matter for the faith and life of a communion.

2. Mr. Allies also puts in plain light the singular fact, so often shown, that the *Anglo-Catholics* make claims for their spiritual mother which she not only does not make for herself, but which she disallows. In this respect they are not only the most disrespectful and disobedient of her children, but they are the most thorough disciples of private judgment. Other Protestants in-

interpret Scripture to please themselves. They not only so interpret Scripture and the Christian Fathers, but also the religious Articles of their own church. The language of his Eminence Cardinal Newman in a letter to Mr. Allies, September 6, 1848, well expresses this truth:

“You have, excuse me, no pretence to say you follow the Church of England. Do you follow her living authorities, or her Reformers, or Laud or her liturgy, or her Articles? I cannot understand a man like you going by private judgment, though I can understand his thinking he goes by authority when he does not. I can understand a man identifying Laud with the Church of England, or Cranmer with the Church of England; but it amazes me to find him interpreting her by himself, and making himself the prophet and doctor of his church. This, I suppose, is what you and a few others are now doing; calling *that* the Church of England which never was before so called since that church was. I cannot make out how you can be said to go by authority; and if not, are not you, and all who do like you, only taking up a form of liberalism? It puzzles me that people will not call things by their right names. Why not boldly discard what is no longer practically professed? Say that the Catholic Church *is not*, that it has broken up—this I understand. I do not understand saying that there is a church, and one church, and yet acting as if there were none or many.”

These words of the eminent writer express clearly the absurd and contradictory position of all who would ascribe any catholicity to the English Church. That church is not allowed to speak for herself; and when she speaks her words are either ignored or misinterpreted. She has never made any pretensions to catholicity, and the whole Anglican theory is baseless and an afterthought of her too zealous children. Yet the obstinacy with which they adhere to their own opinions, and refuse to be guided by their ecclesiastical authorities, can hardly be explained on any rational theory. There is not one distinctive doctrine of the Ritualists which has not been condemned by the church they profess to obey. On whose authority, then, do they hold their doctrines, such as baptismal regeneration, the Real Presence in the Eucharist, the Sacrament of Penance, or the Sacrifice of the Mass? Surely not on the authority of the English Church, which in the plainest language has rejected them. Surely not on the authority of the Catholic Church or of the Eastern schismatical communions. Then on no authority whatever but that of their own private judgment. They go to antiquity and find the Christian Fathers teaching all these doctrines. This does not help them, since it only proves that primitive Christianity condemns their own church. And, besides, these Fathers teach also the *unity* of the church as a fundamental doctrine, and the supremacy of the

See of Peter. If antiquity is to be followed in one thing, it is to be followed in all things. The synopsis of their reasoning is this: The Anglican Church is a branch of the universal church by reason of the succession of bishops; but a branch of the church teaches all Catholic truth; therefore the ancient faith is taught by the Church of England. We might better turn the syllogism and reason thus: The true church teaches the true and catholic faith; the English Church does not teach this truth by her Articles and doctrinal decisions; therefore she is *not* the true church. But let us look a moment at the first argument on which all the Anglo-Catholics rest, and examine its fallacies. The major premise is an unwarrantable assumption. It assumes first that which has to be proved. The Anglican Church is not a branch of the true church unless it is in full communion with the whole church. And, according to common sense, if it be the true church, then the Roman communion built on the See of Peter is not the church, but the fold of Antichrist. We see no middle term. *Branches* which anathematize each other cannot both be the church. But the assumption rests upon two false assertions, one of which is contradicted by all Christian antiquity, and the other is denied by every voice having the right to speak, and by the fundamental Catholic law. The first is that the church exists where a valid succession of bishops can be found; and the second is that the orders of the English ministry are valid. If the first were true, then the unity of the church would be an impossibility, since every validly-ordained bishop carries the church with him into heresy and schism of all kinds, and every heretical sect of the earlier days, when the sacrament of order was universally accepted, becomes the true church. Not only is this an infraction of the essential law of the body of Christ, but it is a manifest absurdity. The first need of the church, as of every other organization, is a certain provision for its unity.

As to the second assumption, there is nothing plainer than the nullity of the English orders, from the fact that the Catholic Church has from the beginning rejected them, and that there is not one heretical sect having unquestioned orders which acknowledges them. There is no other tribunal to decide this point, and it is therefore decided against the Anglicans. If the ecclesiastical bodies having unquestioned orders are not the tribunal of appeal, then there is no arbiter in the question. If their decision be not taken, whose shall be taken? The matter of English orders has been many times examined, and it has been conclusively proved that there is no evidence that the consecrator in

Parker's ordination was a bishop ; and if he were, the form used at that ceremony was insufficient and renders the whole transaction null. But it is also certain that, while the church founded by Elizabeth Boleyn has denied the sacrament of orders, it had no intention of calling in question the validity of the ministry of the Reformed Protestant churches or asserting the divine right of episcopacy. Thus Cranmer, the great father of the Anglican communion, held that princes could make priests as well as bishops, by election, and that no consecration was needed for such as were appointed by the king or the people. The *judicious* Hooker teaches that "there may be sometimes ordination without a bishop." "Blessed be God," says Bishop Hall, "there is no difference in any *essential* matter between the Church of England and her sisters of the Reformation." "I should be unwilling to affirm," says Archbishop Wake, "that where the ministry is not episcopal there is no true church." In no place has the Church of England asserted that the episcopacy is essential to a church or that she herself possessed Catholic orders. The Articles do not declare any such doctrine, and what they do express is even contrary to any such declaration. Article X., on the church, gives a definition which makes no reference whatever to the apostolical succession or ministry ; and Article XXIII., on the ministry, simply says that "we ought to judge those to be lawful ministers who are chosen and called to this work by men who have public authority given unto them in the congregation to call and send ministers into the Lord's vineyard." Surely here are no expressions of belief in episcopacy, and the language used suits the most free of the Congregational churches as well as the English communion. Had the bishops who framed these Articles believed in the apostolical succession, or that it was essential to a church, there is little doubt that they would have expressed themselves in plain terms. The short preface to the ordinal is a brief but very *imperfect* expression of the divine institution of the episcopacy, and does not decide the question of the validity of non-episcopal orders. It has been clearly shown in this journal that the strongest doctrine held by the High-Churchmen amounts to little more than this: "Episcopacy is a divine institution and necessary *where it can be had* ; where it cannot be had presbyters may validly ordain."* The doctrine of the Anglo-Catholics is one which they, in the spirit of private liberty, have stolen ; it is not taught by their own church. It will be something new to find even one Protestant bishop who

* See THE CATHOLIC WORLD, vol. iii. pp. 721-730.

has the Catholic idea of the episcopal office. The ordinal does not express it, any more than it contains the true notion of the priesthood which our imitating friends assume.

We do not imagine, however, that we shall convince all or many of our High-Church friends. If one should rise from the dead, perhaps they will not believe. Their plan is to assert without any proof, with every possible conclusion against them, the validity of their orders, and then to go on and believe whatever they think suitable, and to put it forth as the creed of their church. There is no one whom they will obey; but they present the spectacle of a very singular kind of church. A Ritualist minister in a recent discourse attacks everybody within reach, calls the bishops "fathers in law, and not fathers in God," says that "the defence of the church has fallen upon priests and laymen," and admits that "a man could remain a priest of the Church of England even if he did not believe such fundamental doctrines as the Incarnation and the Resurrection." "The Church of England," says he, "was in a *comatose* state; the Houses of Convocation were practically *nil*" (they are surely *nil* now), "and *nobody* cared anything about doctrine." What does such language prove to men of sound mind? We can comprehend the position of Protestants who deny the institution of a church and its sphere in the salvation of men. But the condition of those who loudly profess faith in a divine church, and then believe neither the doctrine of their own church nor the creed of any other, who are at war with every living communion and only hold to an *imaginary* church existing a thousand years ago, is one incomprehensible to any sane intellect.

Thus by the terms of their own reasoning these Anglo-Catholics unchurch themselves. A man is not a member of a church whose doctrine he rejects, since obedience to doctrinal decisions is the first condition of membership. They obey no church and loudly condemn the English communion, therefore are they manifestly *unchurched*. The fact of their lay-baptism being probably valid only renders them more inexcusable, as those who have failed to correspond with a grace which would have led them to the one fold of the Good Shepherd. If now they will pertinaciously call themselves *Catholics*, and take pains to speak of us as *Romanists*, thus professing that they are the only Catholics in the world, they will only add to the absurdity of their position and render themselves more ridiculous before the world.

We have thus drawn out the conclusions of Mr. Allies' autobiography in the brief statement of a few points which are very

decisive to those who know anything of the Anglican claims. If any were to accuse him or us of any want of charity towards those in error, and especially those whom by God's grace we left behind us many years ago, it would be an injustice. We do not profess to judge *individuals*, though we are bound to see and make known the inconsistency of their position. Truth is dearer than all human ties, and is to be followed and defended at every sacrifice. There are times when to neglect plain-speaking is to conspire to the ruin of souls. That submission to the one, holy, catholic, and apostolic church which we believed necessary for our own salvation we also believe necessary for the salvation of all. It is not a matter of mere argument; it is one of life or death. If, after a long and somewhat varied experience, we were to state the reason why so many remain in heresy or schism, and embrace not the faith of Christ, we should be obliged to confess the sad knowledge we have obtained of the weakness and wilfulness of the human heart. Surely it is not that the truth fails to attract or that its grounds are not conclusive. It is simply that the world, or self in its various manifestations of pride, or the devil with his insidious arts, is to the weak human will stronger than God. Sometimes grace is plainly felt and openly confessed. Often the argument for the church is admitted to be unanswerable. But there are sacrifices to be made and heavy crosses to be taken up; position is to be renounced and ties of a whole life to be broken. Heroic virtue is required and the grace from on high is ready; but the flesh is weak. First they pause, then they begin to question, then to put off the hour of obedience, until little by little the precious grace goes and leaves them desolate. Then they are sad, then indifferent, and often end in being bitter antagonists of Catholic truth, which the great mercy of God taught them once to love. We fear for them that "the harvest is passed, the summer ended," and that their souls will not be saved. How can they expect the Holy Spirit always to strive with them, or, once grievously resisted, to come back with his former patience? We have known many who have come to the very portals of the city of God, and have turned back to be the outspoken enemies of the Catholic Church. They have kept their position, have even advanced to higher dignities, and their worldly ties are all unbroken. But have they gained anything when they have lost peace of mind, the sight of a certain faith, and the intimate knowledge of their Redeemer? They are angry now if one speak of the church which in their best moments so strongly attracted them. They flash into bitter sallies

of temper when, one by one, the true in heart follow conscience and seek the firm rock on which the great Pastor built his church. They are ingenious in devising excuses or in using arguments which are really unsatisfactory to their reason. They labor in vain. No one will ever give them the peace and joy they once knew when from afar the true light shone upon them. Little by little all of their religion goes. The striving after union with God, the life of self-abnegation, the counsels of perfection, all pass away as the remembrances of a dream which once made them happy.

May God have mercy upon them in his infinite love! Oh! that they might know the beauty, the power, and the fulness of the Catholic faith. Here is everything the heart could desire or the intellect could seek. Here is the dear and overwhelming manifestation of our crucified and glorified Lord.

"O Church of the living God, pillar and ground of the truth, fair as the moon, bright as the sun, terrible as an army in battle array! O mother of saints and doctors, martyrs and virgins! clothe thyself in the robe and aspect, as thou hast the strength, of Him whose body thou art, the Love for our sake incarnate; shine forth upon thy lost children, and draw them to the double fountain of thy bosom, the well-spring of truth and grace."

Who but God can know or worthily prize the gift of faith? It is the eye which beholds the world of realities, which sees the uncreated light of the heavenly King.

"O faith, thou workest miracles
Upon the hearts of men,
Choosing thy home in those same hearts
We know not how nor when.
There was a place, there was a time,
Whether by night or day,
The Spirit came and left that gift,
And went upon his way.
The crowd of cares, the weightiest cross,
Seem trifles less than light,
Earth looks so little and so low,
When faith shines full and bright."

THE ECCLESIASTICAL PRESS IN GERMANY BEFORE THE "REFORMATION."*

THE art of printing in its early days was largely in the hands of the clergy, and for the first half-century of its existence in Germany was chiefly used for religious purposes. The publication before 1520 of books of devotion and of parts of Scripture is a branch of bibliography which has been less noticed than the post-"Reformation" work of printing, when the art had made important progress and had come into more general use. Italy was ahead of Germany in the number of presses which she possessed in the earlier stages of printing, and imported printers as well as presses from Germany. Rome had forty-one presses in operation up to the year 1500, Bologna forty-three, Milan sixty, Parma thirty-four, Florence thirty-seven, while Venice had a hundred and ninety-nine. The higher clergy were generally the patrons of printers, and furnished the capital and the superintendence needed, while numbers of the lower clergy were themselves proof-readers, printers, or publishers. Proof-reading in those days amounted to editing, and, both for the sake of orthodoxy and of learning, priests and others in holy orders were chiefly chosen for this post. In Germany and the Low Countries the Brothers of the Common Life were so identified with printing that they were called Brothers of the Quill, and carried a quill as a badge on their caps. They had long been prominent as the schoolmasters of the poorer classes, and the eager disciples of any new system that promised a quicker diffusion of knowledge among the people. The learned orders of monks and friars were not distanced by the brothers in Germany, and, indeed, the presses managed by communities which served as publishing companies were numerous. Montenegro itself possessed one at Cettinje, where Brother Makarios printed the Scriptures, Commentaries, the early Fathers, etc.; and Italy, Switzerland, Holland, France, and Germany had a large percentage of such establishments. Monasteries sometimes supplied the *locale* for secular printers to work in, which is thought to have been the case with one of the Venetian female communities set down as printing-places. The collection of printed books began almost

* *Die Druckkunst im Dienste der Kirche, zunächst in Deutschland, bis zum Jahre 1520.*
Dr. Franz Falk, Köln. 1879.

simultaneously with the art of printing, St. Michael's at Bamberg possessing a catalogue, dated 1481, of several valuable early publications, including illustrations and series of woodcuts with short explanatory text. One such copy, from the blocks used at St. Clara's at Söflingen, representing scenes in the life of our Lord and of some saints, is preserved in the museum at Nuremberg. Cardinal Turrecremata caused one of the earliest illustrated books, printed out of Germany and the Low Countries, to be published in Rome in 1467 by one of the original Mayence printers, Ulrich Hahn. The wood-cuts illustrated a series of meditations by the cardinal. Among the devotional manuals published before 1500 it is interesting to notice one treating of the Immaculate Conception; this was printed at Magdeburg, 1489, by Brandis, of Leipzig, whose press the archbishop of Magdeburg had just transferred to his own city. The spirit of the times suggested to the clergy the device of encouraging the buying and using of books by the distribution of indulgences, and we find the familiar formula set forth in the preface of some early specimens, granting so many years' remission to those who should buy a copy, or read the Ordinary of the Mass devoutly from it, or in any other way help on the work of printing and distributing copies. Connected with this was the custom, which speedily followed the invention of printing, of bequeathing parchment and other materials for book-making, as other gifts were bequeathed, for the good of the soul of the giver, and sometimes on condition of the recipient procuring Masses and prayers for his soul. The custom of lending books of devotion to responsible persons was also in vogue, as we learn from the bequest of a Psalter to a convent in Lübeck in 1484, which forbids the lending of it to the neighboring citizens. Other bequests provided for the periodical public reading of the works bequeathed, either in church to the people or in the refectory to the community. For a long time it was usual for the ecclesiastical decorators and illuminators to lend their services to the perfecting of printed books, going over the capitals and headings with red lines, illustrating the text with hand arabesques and miniatures, and binding the books. These *rubricatores* and *ligatores* are often mentioned in the title-pages of the early copies of printed books.

Besides the greater work of printing Bibles and Psalters, missals and antiphonals, the early press of Germany was busy with popular books of devotion deserving of more minute notice than they have yet received. There were several classes of these books: those fantastically named *Postillen* (which Dr. Franz Falk

believes to be a corruption of the initial words "post illa verba") or *Plenarien*, consisting of the Gospels and Epistles for the Sundays of the year, with brief commentaries which remind one of the formal homilies in early Anglican prayer-books; the Lives of the Saints, the Confession manuals, and the Pilgrimage books.

A *postille* published at Magdeburg in 1484, in Low German, begins by an introduction inviting those who do not understand Latin to follow the Ordinary of the Mass in the following translation, and to gather from it useful and holy knowledge. The Gospels and Epistles are accompanied by short glosses or explanations, similar to those which in some countries form the usual ground-work of the Sunday sermon, and some devotions for Mass are added, while many of these books gave the literal translation of the whole service, and consequently bore the name of *Plenarien*. A Protestant bibliographer, Götze, in his history of the press of Magdeburg, speaks thus of these popular manuals: "When one reflects that a Latin missal was in use even in the smallest churches, while these gospel-books could only be used by the laity for private devotions, the number of the latter strikes one as something remarkable, and attests the eagerness of the German people to have the Holy Scriptures brought home to them in their mother-tongue. They were not content merely to assist bodily at divine worship, but they longed for the spiritual food of the word of God. For these books, which from their large size could not have been cheap, were undoubtedly purchased only by those who seriously wished to study and understand the Scriptures. That such a wish was rife in Low Germany is evinced by the number of editions of such books in Magdeburg, Lübeck, and Brunswick until 1509."

The second class of manuals consisted of legends and lives of the saints, *Passionals* or martyrologies, lives of the hermits of the Thebaid and of local patron saints. The grotesque fancies of the middle ages appear sometimes in these legends, in which fact and fiction are oddly blended, their literary merit lying chiefly in the measure or test which they supply of the state of the European mind at the transition period included in the sixteenth century. The German appetite for legends was always great, and a distinct feature of the national character; Fouqué and Uhland, besides many others, have utilized it poetically, outside the bounds of religious legend, but it was chiefly in the lives of saints that it found a vent during the middle ages.

The martyrs' histories and legends bore the name of *Passionals*. Many of these and lives of saints of later date were illus-

trated by famous artists, Dürer, Schaufelein, Wohlgemuth, and others, and the earlier editions of these printed books exhibit woodcuts from movable blocks used before the invention of printing proper, some dating from 1440-50, as in the collection of the Strasburg legends. As popular as the Passionals were the equally marvellous lives of the Fathers of the Desert. Mrs. Jamieson has made us familiar with the mediæval notions of hermit life and temptations in Egypt; fancy and perspective are equally curious in their details and proportions. The single legends of favorite saints form a large part of this class of books, the choice of favorites betokening certain facts historically worth noting. St. Barbara, St. Catherine, St. Ursula, and St. Margaret, as martyrs, were among the most popular saints; the second of these was the patroness of students in general, and her elaborate legend was connected with devotion to the Holy Land, where pilgrims and crusaders never failed to visit her supposed tomb on the mountain which mediæval tradition identified with the Biblical Sinai. The charm of the legend of St. Brandan, the Irish sailor-monk, is attested by the number of editions (twelve) through which it passed within fifty years, and points both to the thirst for sea discovery and adventure which culminated in the voyages of the discoverers of various nationalities about the sixteenth century, and to the poetic halo which hung around Irish saints, so many of them apostles of Christianity to Germany. One of the most elaborate titles of the legend runs thus: "St. Brandan's book and life, what marvels he experienced at sea during nine whole years, how often he came into dire troubles and necessities, which it is very entertaining to read."

But the most interesting and hitherto least studied class of mediæval devotional manuals were the Confession and Pilgrimage books, some of the latter of which have a geographical value beyond their religious one. Modern Catholicity has not been inventive or original in its titles, for we find before 1500 printed prayer-books called *The Way of Heaven*, *The Light of the Soul*, *The Mirror for Sinners*, *The Consolation of the Soul*, some of them adaptations and translations from Latin books of private devotion in use among the clergy and the educated laity. Quaint and direct verses head an edition of a tract on the *Acknowledgment of Sin*, published at Ingoldstadt, somewhat to this effect: "Wilt thou glance at thy life's sum, be thou young or be thou old, read this little book with care, and find in it virtue's worth, and the weight of sin also, with which thy soul is bent. Of this sin speedily be free, if thou wouldst with God e'er be." The

Augsburg Mirror for Sinners boasts that it is not put together out of "our own head and brain," but is compiled from authentic ecclesiastical authors who have written on the Sacrament of Penance—for instance, St. Thomas, Gerson, and Antoninus of Florence. A woodcut at the beginning represents a confessional with a priest and penitent in the ordinary attitudes, while other books of the kind sometimes added angels watching over or devils tempting the kneeling penitent. A "fair and fruitful confession" was the title of some of these tracts, and everything, from the form of accusation, "I accuse myself to God with respect to my five senses as follows," to the table of sins according to the Ten Commandments, or the five senses, or the seven deadly sins, is minutely detailed for the instruction of the penitent. An example is given of a mild form of sin. "First of all, I accuse myself to God with respect to my eyes: when I saw that any one honored me, I rejoiced in my heart, and did not give honor to God; and this happened three, four, or five times." A very sensible remark comes in at the end of the exhortation to read and use the book: "If thou wouldst have further instruction, hearken diligently to the sermon, for if this little book were longer it would be less read." A Latin *Penitentiary* for the use of the clergy and the learned, published without date or printer's name, began with an elaborate versified exhortation, of which the following translation gives an idea: "Whoso cannot reach a priest, let him to his neighbor go, if he would from sin have rest, as if his body spotted were. Hast thou no priest near, let thy comrade thy sins hear; as the sick man without leech will let a neighbor his wounds reach."

Rhymed versions of prayers and advice served to refresh the people's memory, and allegories were employed to encourage frequent confession. The gist of one of the latter was the choice of six physicians, three for the body—a good cook, a good host, and a good barber (the latter to bathe the body, to tickle the veins, to shear the head and stroke the limbs)—and three for the soul: that is, first, the preacher in the pulpit, who spreads before us the holy Christian rule of life, and with his tongue enforces Christian duties; then the "other soul-leech is the confessor, who the weight of sin can solve, and take away the anxious dread, sore guests for the soul. The third soul-leech is Jesus Christ, the Son of the Most High, together with the Holy Ghost. Man, be glad so much to know; three costly gifts make one fine metal, so believe ye Christians all." Besides the books there was also a very popular confession map or table, printed on one side of the paper.

and intended to hang on the wall or door like the Zurich Catechism table. It was printed in 1481, with a large woodcut representing the customary priest and penitent, with our Lord accompanied by St. Paul, St. Matthew, St. Mary Magdalen, Zacheus, the good thief, and other typical sinners. Beneath these was an exhortation "not to be ashamed to confess thy sin—many sins are forgiven thee because thou hast loved much." An illustrated enumeration of sins is also added. The map was a circle twenty-nine centimetres broad and seven millimetres high, with a circumference of forty centimetres, the metre being a little over a yard measure. Long before these mechanical devices manuscript descriptions of confession-formulas occur, and allusions to these formulas are found in the oldest manuals extant of mediæval literature in Germany, regular confession-books being mentioned in monastic library catalogues as far back as the ninth century.

The most popular pilgrimage book in Germany was Breidenbach's account of his travels in the Holy Land. This expedition of several of the Mayence Cathedral clergy gives a very interesting insight into the common life of the late fifteenth century. The dean, Bernard of Breidenbach, was accompanied by a well-known artist, Reuwich, whose illustrations adorn the book, and by Count John of Solms. They started on the 25th of April, 1483, and went in fifteen days to Venice, where they were joined by five other devout pilgrims of various ranks and nationalities. The painstaking dean gives a history of Palestine from Abraham to the coming of our Lord, in a long preface to the work; but what is more characteristic is the copy of the contract made by the company with the master of the galley which they chartered at Venice. Joppa was the port of their destination. The ship-owner, Augustin, bound himself, in consideration of a round sum of money paid in two lump sums, to engage a sufficient crew and escort; to provide weapons for eighty men to protect the pilgrims from pirates at sea and Saracens on land; to give two full meals a day with plenty of fresh meat, vegetables, eggs, etc., and good wine, especially Malmsey; to take his passengers safely into Joppa harbor, and, further, accompany them to the Holy Places, protecting them from heathen molestation and not hurrying them as to time; and to bring them safely back to Venice, providing the same quality of food on the return voyage. The harbors where they were to touch on their way were agreed upon beforehand, and also the time they were to spend in the Holy Land. One-half of the money, three hundred and twenty new-coined

ducats (forty to each of the eight passengers) was to be paid in advance at Venice, and the rest at Joppa. At Venice the author gives an account of the relics preserved at St. Mark's and of the cathedral treasury. A plan of the city is likewise attached, and a dissertation follows on the political and commercial status of Venice, with some legendary additions concerning the origin of the republic. After a stay of twenty-five days in Venice the party sailed on the first of June, 1483, and touched at Parenzo, an Istrian port, on the third day out; heavy seas and a stormy passage delayed their arrival at Corfu till the 12th, and at Rhodes the 18th, of June. Rhodes occupies a chapter of the chronicle, and its relics the greater part of the chapter. The pilgrims stayed on the Knights' island for four days, and reached Cyprus the 27th. When they first sighted the shores of the Holy Land they sang the "Te Deum" and "Salve Regina" in chorus. The captain took all necessary measures to procure passes from the Saracen rulers, and escorted his passengers with an armed retinue through Rama to Jerusalem, which they reached the 11th of July. They entered the Holy City on foot at six o'clock in the evening, and visited Mount Sion and its monastery the next day. In the evening they went, with a special permit, to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, where their number was counted by the Saracen authorities, their toll—five ducats each—collected, and the doors closed upon them for the night. They spent their time in common prayer, proceeding regularly from station to station which tradition pointed out as connected with the road to Calvary, the rock cavern of the Sepulchre itself being their last place of prayer until dawn. The author then goes on to describe other holy places with much Biblical and historical acumen, and Dr. Falk says: "As he had, in all neighborhoods and cities which he passed on his way, stopped to comment on their military or commercial importance, on their relative distances from one another and from Venice, on the size and number of the Greek islands, so he also portrays with minute topographical knowledge and historical discretion the places of Palestine as they were in classical times and as they appeared to his eyes." The party visited all the more remarkable points of and around Jerusalem—the Valley of Josaphat, the Mount of Olives, the site of the Temple, the brook Cedron—and proceeded to Bethlehem on the 14th of July, after which they spent another night in prayer at the Holy Sepulchre. On the 16th they rode out to Bethany, and on the 18th to the Jordan and the Dead Sea. Hereupon follows one of the most valuable chapters of the book, on the ancient and mediæval

geography of Palestine and Syria. Sinai (that is, the mountain which at that time was thought to answer to the Biblical description of the Mount of the Law), which was further distinguished as the burial-place of St. Catherine, and which sheltered at its foot the convent of Greek monks whence came the famous Codex Sinaiticus, has a chapter to itself in this most interesting of old pilgrimage books. Breidenbach's travels were published simultaneously in Latin and German two years after the author's return, and came out in many editions during the half-century that preceded Luther's movement. Eight translations into French, Italian, Spanish, and Dutch appeared between 1488 and 1522, while the Italian translation was republished no less than twenty-three times up to 1675.

Two other remarkable books on the Holy Land are mentioned by Dr. Falk: the chronicle of Hans Tucher, Petty Councillor of Nuremberg, who journeyed to Palestine with Otto Spiegel and the Knight Sebald in 1479, sailing from Venice; and the pilgrimage of Ludolf, parish priest of Sudheim, near Lichtenau, in the diocese of Paderborn, who lived in the East for five years, from 1336 to 1341. The former was published without woodcuts (those of Reuwich had considerably increased the worth and interest of Breidenbach's book) and bore the following initial announcement: "On Thursday, the sixth day of May, 1479, I, Hans Tucher, citizen, and for the time being member of the petty council, of the city of Nuremberg, aged fifty-one years and five weeks, set out in the name of Almighty God, to his honor and my soul's salvation, and in nowise moved by desire for fame, or emulation, or any other frivolous motive, to visit the Holy Places." The second book, earlier by more than a century, was published—in manuscript—simultaneously in Latin and German, and printed among the earliest specimens of the newly-discovered art; it was dedicated by the author to his bishop, Baldwin of Steinfurt, Bishop of Paderborn. Ludolf acknowledges that he owes some of his information to others and has not witnessed all he avers. He speaks of the two routes to Palestine, one by sea, either on large ships direct or in small galleys coastwise, and one by land through Hungary, Bulgaria, and Thrace to Constantinople, from which port he advises travellers and pilgrims to take ship for Cyprus and thence to Alexandria, coasting up the shores of the Holy Land to Joppa, and thus visiting nearly all the cities and spots dear to the Christian heart and famous in Hebrew and Christian history. He was an observant man and did not fail to be struck by details. The flight of birds and their habitats occu-

pied him on board ship ; the single stork which he saw made him curious about the winter quarters of the familiar bird about which so much poetic domestic tradition had gathered in Germany. Scientific questions about the nature and causes of the Dead Sea perplexed him, and the sources of the Nile were as much in his mind as the visible river. In a little island of the Ægean Sea he met with hot springs, and near Cairo he visited with great interest the ovens for artificial chicken-hatching. He reports legends as simply as facts, but that does not detract from the worth of his book, as the stories illustrate the mental state of most pilgrims of that day, and also add to our store of beautiful popular poetry ; for instance, the tale of the thirty pieces of silver which Abraham brought from his first home, and which are supposed to have passed from him to some Ishmaelite merchants, to the brethren of Joseph, to the Queen of Sheba, to the Three Wise Men, and lastly to the Temple treasury, whence they were paid to Judas, and later to the owner of the potter's field. The geographer, Karl Ritter, considers this book deserving of the close study of geographers as a remarkable source of information concerning mediæval geography. Almost all the known editions are printed without names, dates, or accurate numbering of pages ; the Augsburg one of 1477 is the only exception.

Brother Nicholas Wankel, an Observantine (Franciscan) friar, made the pilgrimage in 1517. Only one edition of the work has been discovered, "Job Gutknecht, printer, in the imperial city of Nuremberg." The author spent six years in the Holy Land, and adds to his description a rule of the "Order of Knights who visit the Holy Sepulchre." On the back of the title-page is an elaborate illustration, a large rosary encircling a crucifix surrounded by a choir of saints, while the souls in purgatory are depicted beneath. An indulgence of seven years is attached to the use and reading of this pious book. Sebastian Brand, the satirist, and author of the famous allegory, "The Ship of Fools," also published his travels in Palestine, dedicated to his brother, the parish priest of Lenzburg, near Schaffhausen. He describes the ancient and modern history of Jerusalem, tells what he saw, dwells on infidel tyranny, and ends his book by imploring Christians to renew the crusades and wrest the Holy Places from the power of the Turk. The German version of his book was printed by Kaspar Frey, of Baden. Another division of pilgrimage books is that containing descriptions of Rome, the Tomb of the Apostles, and the Great Relics of the Passion. Jubilee years stimulated the production of such books as well as they increased the number of pilgrims.

Heathen Rome was not forgotten, and marvellous mythical tales of her origin were mixed with later miracles. One of these books, called *The Wonders of the City of Rome*, was printed in 1491 in Nuremberg, and adorned with five woodcuts in the style of the school of that city. Nine years later came the jubilee of 1500, and a tract was printed detailing Roman history and the sum of indulgences to be gained by visiting the seven great churches and attending the exposition of the Passion relics, while a very realistic woodcut set forth the exposition by a priest in a high gallery of the reputed image of our Lord's face on the veil of St. Veronica, with a crowd of kneeling pilgrims below. It was already the custom for each country to maintain churches and free asylums for its own pilgrims; the large German establishment of St. Maria de Anima housed each German pilgrim of either sex for three nights, and provided special services and German sermons for its guests. The book goes on to enumerate the Lenten Stations, beginning at St. John Lateran, which gives occasion for a catalogue of relics, indulgences, and church treasures, and here and there are scattered ten woodcuts. Loretto also was a favorite shrine, one of the best known throughout the world. An undated quarto tract sets forth how "this house was the one in which the Holy Virgin was born and brought up by her mother, St. Anne, and in it also appeared to her the Archangel Gabriel."

But Germany itself possessed numberless shrines, and some in the south claimed equality with Rome in the great number and miraculous nature of their Passion relics. It does not seem that any one country in the middle ages proper was better provided than another with pilgrimage places; the belief that led to their multiplication was about equal, and pre-eminence was only an accidental circumstance later on, when the "Reformation" had split Europe into two sections. We hear less of English and Irish shrines than of foreign ones, but before the "Reformation" "holy places" abounded as much as they do at present in Italy or Belgium, and customs quite as romantic obtained at them as those which one sees and marvels at now in Southern Europe. Southern Germany even now possesses an amazing number of minor shrines, each a venerated centre in its own neighborhood. Relics were brought from Italy and England by the first apostles of Germany, and subsequently the remains of these apostles themselves became objects of veneration.

Miraculous images were multiplied, whether crucifixes or statues and pictures of the Blessed Virgin, some on panel, some on glass (such as the very rude one of our Lady's head on a pane

of bottle-glass at Absain in the Tyrol, said to have been painted by angels one night); holy wells distinguished some places; others claimed authentic possession of miraculous Hosts and particles of the blood of the Saviour, the hair of his Mother, the veil she wore, filings of the nails used at the crucifixion, limbs of St. John the Baptist, etc., etc., each of which was enshrined in a church full of treasures and votive offerings. The oldest books on record concerning these German shrines relate to the pilgrimage church of Altötting, in Bavaria, and Andechs, the "holy mountain" of Upper Bavaria; about nine editions came out between 1470 and 1505, Nuremberg and Augsburg being the places where most of them were printed. The latter city itself had one of the wealthiest shrines in Germany. The riches of Augsburg were as famous as those of Venice and Bruges, its magnificence was noted, its commerce immense, and its ecclesiastical importance was great in proportion to its wealth. St. Ulrich, one of its bishops, and a noted warrior in the anti-Turkish wars in Hungary, founded the cathedral, and the remains of St. Afra, a female penitent of high position who was martyred by the Huns, formed the first nucleus of the great treasury which accumulated in Augsburg, and was depicted in a large woodcut in two pieces, or more properly a map. The monstres, tabernacles, reliquaries, busts of precious metals, cups, tablets, church plate, missals, crosses, and caskets, etc., are represented in three superposed rows, sixty separate pieces, chiefly jewelled articles of gold and silver, of late Gothic workmanship. Six narrow columns of text explain and describe the items on the picture, which dates from 1480, and was no doubt printed at the well-known monastery press connected with the cathedral. Solomon of Constance printed his commentaries there in 1472, a stately book adorned with hand illustrations. A descriptive pilgrimage book was printed in 1483 with woodcuts, and as late as 1630 another large book was made, with a catalogue consisting of fifty-nine copper-plate engravings, representing the contents of the treasury. Bamberg—of whom its citizens said, "Were Nuremberg mine, I would add it to Bamberg"—published a similar book catalogue in 1493 (two editions the same year), with one hundred and seventeen woodcuts, and another in 1509, with twenty-four quarto pages of text and one hundred and thirty woodcuts, representing the treasures, among which were some relics undoubtedly apocryphal, yet firmly believed in by the loyal citizens, such as the "banner of St. George, which came direct from heaven." Palestine always contributes the most prized relics, and here tradition

avers that "a piece of the stone from which Christ ascended to heaven" and "a morsel of rock of the Holy Sepulchre" were kept at Bamberg. Manifold indulgences were attached to the visit of pilgrims to the cathedral and their contributions to its embellishment. The well-known Swiss shrine and image of our Lady at Einsiedeln, St. Meinrad's home, were commemorated by a chronicle printed in Ulm in 1494. Einsiedeln is one of the very few places where ecclesiastical printing is still continued, and a regular trade is done there in connection with devotional pictures, books, images, etc. Halle and Mayence owed a shrine and its attendant treasury to the generosity of a collateral ancestor of the Emperor of Germany, a bishop of the House of Hohenzollern-Brandenburg, who founded an institution on a large scale in Halle in 1513, but soon transferred it to his own archiepiscopal city of Mayence. Not only was the transfer made on paper, but the actual buildings—church, convent, chapels—and treasures were carried away ten years after their first erection and set up again in Mayence, while the gate through which the relics were carried in was walled up, as a token that the precious burden should never again leave the city. The feast of the relics, or anniversary of this translation, is still yearly kept on the last Sunday in August, when the relics are exposed. They were reckoned among the costliest in Germany, and necessitated a large amount of plate and books, which are all detailed in a parchment manuscript with three hundred and forty-four hand illustrations, itself a treasure of considerable worth. This was copied in excellent chromo-lithographs in 1848. For popular use, however, a printed book appeared in Halle in 1520, with a portrait of Cardinal-Archbishop Albert, the founder, engraved by Albert Dürer, and accompanied by an explanatory introduction in Latin. The frontispiece on the second page represents the dedication of the church by the Archbishops Albert and Ernest (a predecessor who collected the first relics and plate), the two figures in pontificals, each holding up a model of the church to its patrons, St. Maurice and St. Mary Magdalen, depicted above. Two hundred and thirty-one remarkably good woodcuts illustrate the hundred and twenty small quarto pages of text. At the end is a page both sides of which are entirely covered with the arms of the two founders. The following directions close the book: "At the exposition of the relics stand still and do not crowd each other, and should any alarm occur, or cry of fire—which God in his mercy forbid!—you are not to turn or move until you have leave to do so, for our good lord the archbishop, his honorable councillors, and

others in office have ordered everything here with careful and necessary forethought. But if any one be found making a noise or unseemly commotion, and disregarding this warning, it is seriously commanded that he be heavily punished without chance of reprieve." St. George's at Viecht, in the Tyrol, near Innsbrück, had its pilgrimage book printed at Augsburg in 1480. Its church and convent dated from the tenth century, and were rich in wood-carving, manuscripts, and wall-paintings.

Cologne, of which an ancient saying tells us that "he who has not seen Cologne has not seen Germany," printed its first pilgrimage book in 1492, as a guide to the numerous churches of the "holy city," "the German Rome," and the indulgences attached to visiting them. The first part of the book divides the church year into sixty-nine days, six in each month or thereabouts, in the way of a calendar, denoting which churches to visit on those days and what devotions to perform before given shrines, besides the almsgiving, and abstinence, and sacramental conditions necessary for gaining the indulgences. This calendar is distributed in very practical and business-like, not to say mechanical, fashion, and is a fair example of the mediæval craze for mysticism in numbers, arbitrary divisions of time, and allegorical observances. Among the relics in the cathedral we come upon "St. Peter's staff." Besides the special descriptions of the shrines of the Three Wise Men—or "kings," as mediæval tradition called them—and of other saints in the cathedral, five editions at least of the legend of St. Ursula and the eleven thousand virgins were printed in the first decade of the sixteenth century, all of them by Cologne presses. The neighboring famous church of Aix-la-Chapelle could not have been without similar books, though Dr. Falk points to the curious fact that none have been discovered as yet; but Nuremberg also possessed some relics of Charlemagne, the Frankish Arthur, and we can guess, from the catalogues sedulously reprinted in the artistic city, what the pretensions of Aix-la-Chapelle must have been. The national, half-Christianized myths which gather round these two figures, Arthur and Charlemagne, the typical heroes of two races, are very similar. Nuremberg boasted the possession of "the sword which an angel brought the emperor, that he might fight with divine strength, and conquer in battle to the comfort and defence of Christendom,"* besides other imperial regalia of less problema-

* Trithemius, in the chronicle of Hirschau (1360), says that at Ingelheim Charlemagne received a sword from an angel, and with the same fought his way through Spain and protected or cleared the road to St. James of Compostella for Christian pilgrims.

tical origin. Some of the crown jewels were entrusted to the care of this city, and were kept at the Hospital Church of the Holy Ghost, while what were called the "Imperial Relics" were kept in a silver-plated shrine enclosed in a carved wood chest, which hung by a chain from the vaulted ceiling of the choir in the same church. They consisted, according to tradition, of a piece of the manger of Bethlehem, an arm of St. Anne, mother of the Blessed Virgin, a tooth of St. John the Baptist, a piece of the robe of St. John the Evangelist, and fragments of three chains respectively ascribed to the apostles St. Peter, St. Paul, and St. John. The pilgrimage book of 1493 describes the yearly exposition of the relics from a decorated balcony within the church. Five bishops in full pontificals, each attended by several councilors bearing lighted torches, were to stand with the relics raised in their hands, while at their left a "*vocalissimus*" (a priest or clerk with a musical and resounding voice) was to point to each with a staff, and in a loud voice to read distinctly a description of the relic out of a book. Beneath them stood a guard of armed men, and beyond those the faithful. After these were exhibited the regalia and imperial garments ascribed to Charlemagne and used at each imperial coronation, also a holy sword purporting to be that of St. Maurice, a doughty foe of the Saracens; but the most solemn exposition was that of the third collection, the "Great Relics"—*i.e.*, a piece of the cloth of the Last Supper, and one of the towel with which our Lord girt himself to wash his disciples' feet; five thorns from the Crown of Thorns; a large piece of the True Cross, enclosed in a great cross that held also the bulls, briefs, and papal authentications of these treasures; and the head of the spear with which the Saviour's side was pierced (this was said to have been occasionally used by the early emperors as a sceptre on the day of their coronation), with one of the nails used at the crucifixion. As each relic was displayed the crier described it and added an exhortation suitable to the events with which it was associated. Up to the Reformation the day of the exposition of the relics was used as a legal and popular date in Nuremberg and its neighborhood; the last time that the ceremony was performed was at Easter, 1524, a hundred years after the institution of this local festival. The first book, or rather the remains of an illustrated manuscript map, descriptive of the relics, dates from 1424, while two books, six-paged quartos, with woodcuts printed by two separate publishers in the city, bear date 1487 and 1493.

Such expositions of relics were not uncommon. Magdeburg

instituted a similar festival (the book fails to give printer's name or date) in honor of St. Maurice, whose banner it claimed to possess, together with nine shrines containing notable relics of our Lord, his Mother, and his apostles. These were shown, with the same ceremonies as before mentioned, on the day of St. Maurice, the 22d of September, and the Sunday within the octave of Corpus Christi, the great bells of all the churches ringing and a special sermon explanatory of the relics being preached.

The column-image of the Virgin in the church of Regensburg is connected with one of the anti-Jewish local crusades which repeat themselves in the history of the middle ages. It was called "the beautiful Mary," and was celebrated for the cures wrought in its presence. The church was full of votive offerings of divers values, and besides the five pilgrimage books describing the cures and the large folio-map printed in 1519 and 1520, there appeared three hymns, in honor of the anti-Jewish raid, which expelled the merchants of the city, of the erection of the church, and of the wonders therein witnessed. As late as 1610 a large woodcut with explanatory text appeared, extolling the fame of the image and its miracles, though the pilgrimage had ceased in 1544, when the statue was removed and Lutheran service held in the church.

Treves vied with Cologne and Nuremberg in the number and solemnity of its holy treasures. In 1512 the relic of the Holy Tunic, or the seamless robe of our Lord, was rediscovered after the supposed interval of twelve centuries since the days of the Empress Helena. The concourse of kings and sovereigns was immense. All the German presses hastened to print histories and illustrations of the relic. Strassburg published three in two years, one of them a poetical version; Rostock published an illustrated map in 1512; and in 1514 a more detailed account appeared in Metz, by the preacher of the Treves cathedral, minutely dwelling on the color, texture, and shape of the "Holy Coat." Metz also published another edition the same year by the same author. The Byzantine church of St. Mergen claimed to possess the robe of the Blessed Virgin (though as late as the first French Revolution a cathedral church in France claimed the same distinction), and three pilgrimage books were printed the same year, 1512, describing it. A modern book on it appeared in 1752. The church and its altars were remarkable instances of Greek architecture, and bore inscriptions in Greek and archaic sculptures well worth study. The history of the holy robe varied a little in the different hand-books, though two of them agreed in assigning

the honor of having brought it to Treves to a hero or knight named Arundel, while one of them spoke of its coming from "Pilate and Herod" as a gift to "an ancient Jew."

The yearly exposition of relics at St. Stephen's, Vienna, Austria, was only discontinued in 1700; two pilgrimage books describing the relics appeared in 1502 and 1514. Wittenberg furnishes one such book in 1509, with a hundred and nineteen woodcuts, illustrating the plate and relics of the church which Duke Rudolph of Saxony built in 1353, in honor of a thorn from the Crown of Thorns, presented to him by Philip, King of France. There were over five thousand articles of value in the treasury of the church, catalogued (and some collected) by Duke Frederick of Saxony. Würzburg had for its patron St. Kilian, an Irish apostle and martyr, who was murdered by early Frankish barbarians in a horse-stall, which the devotion of later ages transformed into a church. His relics and other things belonging to this foundation were detailed and described in a little book dated Nuremberg, 1483, of which a second edition appeared from the same press two years later. Among the hundred and twenty-eight histories of saints which Dr. Falk's pamphlet mentions, those of the Blessed Virgin are omitted, as they form, from their number, a class as large again, and many books of devotion are also purposely left out, as he has confined himself to the enumeration of a certain definite class of publications. The saints of the Old Testament are not strongly represented, though histories of Job, Joseph and his Brethren, Daniel, Esther, Judith, and the Machabees occur occasionally. St. Thomas's evangelization of India occupies one book—that is, his "noteworthy miracle of administering the Holy Sacrament to his converts every year" (whether during his life or after his death is not mentioned). A new light is thrown on the traditional life of St. Anne by the following title of a life published in 1519 at Cologne: "The history of the holy matron, St. Anne, the mother of the Virgin Mary; how she was born of her holy parents, Stolanus and Emerentia; also of her holy life and bitter penance, with many fair examples and miracles." Some of the lives are called hymns, and were no doubt rhymed versions. St. Catherine, the patroness of students, is nearly as popular a subject of legend as St. Brandan, and no life omits the story, which Ary Scheffer has so well translated into painting, of her entombment by angels on Mount Sinai. One of these books gives the travels of the Wise Men from the East "to Constantinople, and thence to Milan, from where they journeyed to the holy city of Cologne." Of the confession

books, four were in Latin and German, and thirty-nine in German only. Nuremberg, Augsburg, and Strassburg are mentioned most often as publishing books of devotion, which were at first the staple of printers. A few classics, school-books, grammars, and, more rarely yet, musical and mathematical treatises issued from the busy presses of Germany and the Low Countries, but books for religious purposes, whether public or private, were the standby of the printing brotherhood for at least a century. After the "Reformation" religious controversy made the press a useful weapon, while in countries but slightly agitated by the new movement the clergy retained their almost monopoly of printing for a much longer time, and were able to devote themselves to the calm study of the ancients, and the prosecution of such scientific researches as did not run too glaringly counter to received axioms of theology. The part that the learned among the clergy in Italy have taken in obscure branches of knowledge, and the good service which their patient archæological instinct has done through the local press of their country, are scarcely yet appreciated by the more daring thinkers of Teutonic lands.

THE FIGHT WITH THE DRAGON.

TRANSLATION FROM SCHILLER.*

WHY run the people in a crowd,
What mean these shouts ascending loud,
Is Rhodes to fiery flames a prey
That streams of men block every way?
A horseman on a charger strong
I see above the pressing throng,
And men are following behind
Dragging a beast of monstrous kind,
A dragon of enormous size,
Like to a crocodile's his maw;
Upon the knight all fix their eyes,
Then gaze upon the beast with awe.

* In the young knight's narrative of his adventures, a number of lines have been omitted and others condensed.

They shouted with a thousand cries
Come see the monster where he lies;
This hero's hand hath slain the beast
On sheep and shepherd wont to feast.
Of all who dared the worm attack
No living man came ever back.
Give glory to the youth so brave
Who dared the danger us to save!
And now to St. John's Cloister all
Escort the victor in procession,
Where summoned by a hasty call
The Knights Hospitallers hold a session.

Before the noble Master came
The youth with air of modest shame,
And up the stairway pressed the crowd
In eager throng and shouting loud.
Then spake the youth: I have fulfilled
My knightly duty, I have killed
The dragon fierce with my own hand
Whose ravages laid waste the land.
Free to the traveller lies the way,
The meadow to the shepherd swain;
Up to the shrine, without dismay
The pilgrim climbs the steep again.

The Chief looked sternly on the youth,
And said: brave deed is thine in truth.
That which gives honor to a knight,
High valor, thou hast proved aright;
Yet say! what duty hath first claim
On knight who fights in Jesu's Name
His breast the cross's sign-adorning?
And all turned pale to hear the warning.
The youth with mien composed replies,
His head inclined and cheeks all red,
Obedience, first of duties, ties
The cross's soldier to his Head.

This principle, my son, replies
The Master, thine own act denies;
The combat by our law forbidden
Was boldly waged by thee, unbidden.

My Lord ! first hear, then judge, replies
The youth in calm and earnest wise.
The precept's real sense and scope
Truly I have observed, I hope ;
It was not with a thoughtless heart
That I went forth on this adventure,
With cunning and with prudent art
I thought the combat I might venture.

Five of our noblest brothers fell
As victims of this beast of hell ;
To keep fresh victims from his maw
The combat was forbid by law ;
Yet for this battle hot desire
Was burning in me like a fire,
And in the dreams of every night
I struggled in the dreadful fight,
And when each dawning morning came
With new reports of ravage done,
These fed within my heart the flame,
Till I resolved the risk to run.

And then within myself I thought :
Diversity of times is naught
In high and honorable things
Which every ancient poet sings.
Men cast in an heroic mould
Gods were esteemed in times of old.
Pagans of valor proved and tried
The world from monsters purified,
With lions feared not to engage
And Minotaurs, half-men half-cattle ;
To save the people from their rage,
Shedding their blood in many a battle.

Are Saracens the only horde
Worthy to feel a Christian's sword ?
Should he alone with heathendom
Contend, or to the rescue come
Of all the world, from every harm,
To free mankind with stalwart arm ?
Yet cunning should his valor lead,
Prudence direct each daring deed.

Often alone I slily stole
About the monster's lair to hover ;
At last a plan within my soul
To conquer him I did discover.

I came to you and asked for leave,
Which I did easily receive,
To visit my own native land ;
And when I landed on its strand
I caused a dragon to be made
With the most cunning workmen's aid,
Like to the living beast in size,
In every loathsome, horrid feature,
In scaly hide and blazing eyes,
A perfect image of the creature.

A pair of most fierce dogs I chose,
Accustomed with the bear to close,
Enormous in their height and length,
Of rapid course and massive strength,
And trained them skilfully and well
To combat with the dragon fell.
Mounted upon my blooded steed
I spurred him on though scared and trembling
And thus rehearsed the daring deed
In play, the real fight resembling.

Three months I passed, with care preparing
My horse and dogs the fight for sharing ;
And then I shipped for Rhodes in haste,
Only to hear new tales of waste
And slaughter by the dragon wrought
On shepherds by his cunning caught.
Without delay I made me ready
To enter on the great contention ;
Engaged some soldiers brave and steady,
And then began the Rock's ascension.

Thou knowest well the rocky height
Whence all the island lies in sight,
Where stands the chapel, genius bold
Of our Grand Master built of old.

Within the shrine the Blessed Mother
Holds on her arm our Infant Brother
Jesus the Lord, the gifts receiving
Of Eastern kings; a stairway steep
The pilgrim climbs with heart believing
Who in the shrine will station keep.

In darksome cave beneath the stair
The hellish monster had his lair;
Out on the people he would spring
Who came that way a pilgriming.
Contrite I prayed before the Lord,
Donned armor bright and girt my sword,
My men with orders stationed round
Ready to second my intention;
Then on my courser fleet I bound
And seek the foe for fierce contention.

To God I recommend my soul,
Then ride toward the monster's hole.
I grasp and wave my mighty spear,
Excite my dogs, who without fear
Rush on to scan the open plain.
Soon of the dragon sight they gain
Sunning himself on the warm grass,
Curled up into a hideous ball.
My horse rears up and will not pass,
The monster whines like the jackall,
And with his noisome, venomed breath
Taints the foul air with scent of death.
The dogs turn tail with speed of lightning,
But on my steed the curb-rein tightening
I spur him forward, and the rage
Of my brave dogs rouse up to wage
The combat fierce; I throw my spear,
In vain it on his armor rattles,
My horse bounds backward in his fear,
And this had been my last of battles,
Had I not sudden from him sprung.
With mighty force my sword I swung,
Yet vain each blow and vain each thrust,
To cleave or pierce the scaly crust.

The dragon swung his tail around
And flung me panting on the ground ;
I felt the poison of his breath
And saw the fiery tongue extending
Between the teeth which threatened death,
Its slimy curve around me bending.
Just as his teeth my limbs would crush,
My faithful allies made a rush ;
The dogs upon his belly pounce,
Their biting makes him backward bounce,
Up to the hilt my sword I thrust
In the soft parts below his crust,
Forth pours in streams his life-blood black,
The monster falls with great commotion ;
I fall beneath him on my back
And lie bereft of sense and motion.

Soon as my senses are unbound,
I see my soldiers standing round ;
The hideous monster is no more,
But welters in a pool of gore.
This is the way, my honored chief,
In which the dragon came to grief.

Then burst the feelings long repressed
Within each hearer's heaving breast,
As the young victor ceased from speaking,
Forth into cheers and shouts, which breaking
Against the vaulted roof resound
With mingled, multifarious sound.
And loud, all other voices drowning,
His brother knights demand his crowning.
The grateful crowd with answering shout,
Entreat from the great Chief concession
Of leave to bear the hero out
In triumph with a grand procession.

Compelling silence by command,
The stern Grand Master said : your hand
This people from the dragon freed,
Yet by the self-same valiant deed

Brought to the Order evil worse
Than that fell worm, rebellion's curse.
This is the offspring of a mind
Regardless of the law of order,
Breaking all holy rules that bind,—
Cause in the world of all disorder.

Even the Mameluke danger scorns ;
Obedience Christian knight adorns,
For in that land where God the Son
In servant's form salvation won,
Our fathers this great Order founded,
And all its laws are wholly grounded
On duty hardest to fulfil,
Perfect oblation of self-will.
Thee has vain-glory led astray,
Wherefore go from before my face ;
Him who has cast Christ's yoke away
The Cross of Knighthood must not grace.

Great was the anger of the crowd,
The house was filled with tumult loud,
The brothers all for grace implore.
The youth looked silent at the floor,
Loosened his knightly mantle's band,
Kissed humbly the stern Master's hand,
Then turned to go ; but as he went
The Master's gaze on him was bent ;
Return, he says, with loving tone,
True son of mine, to my embrace ;
The hardest victory now is won,
This Cross once more thy breast shall grace.

DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A BELIEVING AND AN UN- BELIEVING NATION.

I PREFER a thousand times a believing to an unbelieving nation.
A believing nation has more enthusiasm for intellectual efforts
and more heroism in defending its own greatness.

THIERS.

A WOMAN OF CULTURE.

CHAPTER X.

BY LITTLE AND LITTLE.

No more honorable heart than Nano McDonell's beat in a woman's breast. Her whole education had been formed on what were called the principles of honor. She had been taught to detest a lie, and, without distinction of charity, a liar; to dread so low a vice as stealing; to use on all occasions, no matter how provoked, the mildest and most cultured language; and to do a great many other things quite within the power of natural virtue. In the transcendental revelation attacks from without upon natural goodness, as well as strength from without to resist these attacks, were, by consequence of atheism, wholly denied. No attention was paid to them, and when temptation and sin came from these outside sources the members of the school were never in a condition to defend themselves. Nano McDonell had become guilty of ingratitude to her father, of tacit injustice to others, of eavesdropping, and of associating and actually conspiring with a man whom recent events had shown to be an adventurer and a villain. In the great fear of losing half her wealth and station she had been guilty of these crimes against culture, and felt herself hopelessly stained and irretrievably lost. Her doctrines were of the cast-iron mould which do not admit the possibility of a redemption. Once fallen, fallen for ever. She could not, moreover, rid herself of the impression that she was quite willing to go further, if necessary. Her *morale* was severely shaken. And oh! how utterly she despised herself for this invincible weakness.

It was the morning after Mrs. Strachan's fête, and she was sitting alone in her own apartment, thinking and sorrowing, as was her custom at this distressing time. Her face was thinner and paler, her eyes sunken a little and more than ever mournful in expression, and her whole manner one of hopeless and bitter disgust. Her hands could only pluck nervously at her dress or play with her trinkets. Reading, writing, work, and study she had long abandoned. The momentary vexations by which she was surrounded from the sickness of her father; the voluntarily-endured persecu-

tions of Killany, which she had not the resolution to put an end to ; and the glitter of that mental Damocles' sword over her head, had so unstrung her as to leave her indifferent and listless to all but one harassing thought, the threatened loss of her property.

Her father had on one unfortunate evening failed like herself in his honest and just resolves, and for a time the danger was set aside. For a time only, she felt certain. McDonell had lost his health for ever, and his business intellect was gone. He was intent merely on getting well enough to move around through the world once more as one of its breathing, living members, and to delay for a few years the dreadful day of reckoning. At any moment death might seize on him again. That moment would be the knell of her grandeur and present state, unless she provided against it. He knew that death's next coming would be sudden, perhaps, and he was sure to have foreseen emergencies long beforehand. She was to be comparatively poor. Like a discrowned queen she was to come down from her throne, and to have the world point at her and say : This was once our mistress, who is now a nobody. She was wealthy long ago, whose estates are now so sadly diminished. Then she was proud enough who is more than humble now. There was her stumbling-block—pride ! Since her babyhood that had been nourished with as much care as if it had been a virtue. It was become a deadly parasite, twisted round her soul in horrible folds, sucking her moral life away.

How was she to battle with the danger that menaced her ? Killany had said that the heirs were not living ; that the only ones who could claim the property were dead. If he could prove that might she not prevail on her father to make no *exposé* of his old crime, and no restitution ? Alas ! he was a Catholic. The smothered faith was stronger than ever. As a Catholic he would make restitution. The heirs by blood might be dead, and yet there remained heirs still. There was no escape, unless—and she put up her hands to her forehead with a moan of dreadful anguish.

“Oh ! that I should even dream of that,” she whispered with pallid lips. “Whither am I drifting ? What crimes will yet stain my soul ? Unhappy me ! Wretched woman, that meditates lifting her hand against her father ! O God, thy bitterest curse is not too bitter for that sin !” “God !” she repeated, with a scornful smile. “There is no God. The cant thoughts and phrases of these people have poisoned me a little. There is no God. But oh ! if there is a ruler of this universe, as some have dreamed, why should I have so much suffering, so much temptation to do evil

and so little strength to resist it? I would not ask to be exempt from pain, only to have such strength as would enable me to throw off this incubus of sin, shame, and temptation that is weighing me down, down, down to—to—nothingness."

She cast herself face downward on the sofa in an agony, and her hair, loosening, fell Magdalen-like over her shoulders. Very much a penitent she looked, lying there in the twilight of an afternoon, so sorrow-stricken and full of pain, so wretched in heart and body. But pleasanter thoughts intruded themselves afterwards. A smiling, manly face rose often before her vision, and its brightness lit up for a moment the sombre clouds that seemed always to hover about her. She was not ashamed to acknowledge to her heart that in the frank blue eyes and noble disposition of Olivia's brother there was a something which roused in her a feeling which she had never before known, so sweet, so mysterious were its throbbings. She knew all his good qualities. Olivia had gone over them with as much precision and regularity as she used in saying her beads. He seemed so straightforward and manlike, so much the embodiment of knightly courage and worth and purity, that she could not but wish to see him try for the hand and fortune of one whom the finical and worn-out bachelors of a more distinguished society had found it so hard to overcome. So thinking and dreaming, she slept.

An hour later Olivia, astonished, dismayed, and sympathetic, found her there in that attitude of dejection and sorrow. With a quick perception of circumstances the little lady left the room again, and, hastening to the parlor, found there Nano's maid, whom she sent to prepare her mistress for receiving a visitor. In the meantime she sat wondering over the late phenomenon. Nano was ordinarily so stern with herself as never to permit such displays of emotion at any time. Feminine curiosity was roused to discover the cause of the present display; and as now Miss Olivia looked at things through one prism, she was prepared to conjecture and infer the wildest possibilities. Nano was awake and composed once more when Olivia presented herself. The young lady put her hands affectionately on Miss McDonell's cheeks, and, lifting up the pale face, kissed her lips with much earnestness.

"You need consoling," she said, with restrained gayety. "I am sure you miss me every day and every hour; for it was I only that knew how to assist you in a mood."

"Was I ever guilty of such a thing as a mood?" said Nano reproachfully.

"You would be less or more than human if you hadn't," returned Olivia. "A mood is one of the accidents of a person, and you must own to some kind of a one at every instant of your life. Some are more intense than others, and those intenser ones I call moods by excellence. You have been in one for a week and over, my love, and you have not recovered from it yet."

"True indeed." And she sighed and looked pensively at the opposite mirror, which reflected a very melancholy person.

"But now that your father is recovering," continued Olivia, "there is no reason for moping, unless—"

"Well, why do you hesitate?"

"I take liberties sometimes," said the little lady archly, "and I was about to take one just then. I won't go on without a special command."

"I command," said Nano; "and, moreover, I give you full permission to take all the liberties that offer themselves."

"I was going to remark, unless you are in love."

"Oh." And the slightest tinge of red appeared on her snowy throat. She wished to cast down her eyes, but looked at the wall instead.

"You have suffered from the disease so recently," said she to Olivia, "that you must be well acquainted with the symptoms. I shall have to beware of you with your newly-acquired skill. But even *your* eye cannot detect anything wrong with my heart to-day."

Olivia was blushing in turn quite prettily, but unshamed like a child.

"You have a habit of throwing Sir Stanley at me," said she naïvely, "when close pressed yourself. That's a symptom, and the disease, though just showing itself, will be confirmed in a few days. I fancy that you will run to a doctor at the first."

Nano said "Oh!" again, and a cloud overspread her face for a moment. They were looking into each other's eyes, Olivia sunny, mischievous, and smiling, Nano sad, frowning almost, and preoccupied. The pretty young thing with a heart bright, beautiful, and pure as the morning was her friend—*her* friend, whose soul was like a rising cloud, black with possibilities, ready to discharge fatal lightnings. It was a sacrilege for her to touch the girl's hand. Would Olivia, she wondered, if exposed to her temptations, withstand them better?

"Why have you never spoken to me of your religion, Olivia?" she said, so suddenly and abruptly as to throw mountains of cold water upon Olivia's cheerful humor.

"Your question is my answer," said Olivia promptly and earnestly. "I preferred to let you see the workings of our religion in my own fickle character, and have you begin the discussion yourself. But this isn't what we were talking about."

"You were cunning," said Nano harshly, and paying no attention to the last remark. "You were cunning, Olivia, like all your class. And so you were laying a trap for me?"

Olivia made no answer, but across her sensitive face went the hot blood of indignation and her lips quivered with pain. Nano was not looking at her, but presently she said:

"Why do you not answer?"

Olivia still said nothing, and Nano, turning, discovered the emotion which her unkind remarks had stirred in the girl's heart.

"Calm yourself," she said, "and pardon me. I forgot myself then as I never did before. I have been very wretched this long time, and I was envious of the good spirits that in every fortune have sustained you. When you came to me, dear, as you remember, you had been a governess in many trying situations, and had before that left a quiet convent-home. You had suffered much, yet, orphaned, poor, friendless, your character escaped the stamp of melancholy. One would think you were the heiress, and not I. Under what lucky star were you born? Where do you find all this wonderful elasticity of mind?"

"Not in myself, Nano," answered she pointedly. "I was born under the star of Christ, the star which first shone on the deserts of Arabia, over the stable at Bethlehem, and has lighted up the world these long centuries. When Christians are in trouble they bear it patiently for the sake of Him who sent it, and because they are more like him the more they are oppressed with misery. What you have seen in me, Nano, is only the shadow of that which is in the lives of our saints, our priests and monks and nuns. I could give you hundreds of instances where weak women bore every suffering that man and life seemed able to give, yet remained trustful and cheerful to the end; of women who were rich, titled, and beautiful, and who lost riches, titles, and beauty at one stroke; of mothers and queens whose enemies deprived them of children and thrones with the same blow, and sent them into exile afterwards. Yet they were patient and lived many years of happiness. You know them yourself, for it is part of culture to be acquainted with such things. The source of their elasticity of mind was outside of themselves. They believed in God and his justice, in Christ and his mercy, in heaven and its reward. Man could do nothing to deprive them of heaven and

God. There was their strength, Nano. They lost all to gain all. I am their feeblest representative. The byways and alleys of the city will show you shining examples every day."

"Of women who have lost their wealth," repeated Nano dreamily, as if trying to realize the same misfortune for herself. "I have often thought, if that misfortune came to me, what I should do. I would be tempted to do almost anything rather than become poor."

"Who would not? But it is one thing to be tempted and another to sin. When the decision of a case is left to self you will find it a most partial judge. There is a code among the cultured, I suppose; but it is nobody's business how it is kept except one's own."

"And, Olivia, if you were rich, but discovered that your riches were another's and not yours, would you not be tempted to retain them at any cost?"

"I am certain of it," answered she, with such emphasis that Nano laughed; "but, by the strength of God, I would let the riches go, and carry at least peace of conscience into poverty."

"It is well to talk when you have never been tried."

"Ah! you are sighing as if the same misfortune were about to happen to yourself."

Nano laughed again a musical, mirthful laugh, and looked frankly into her friend's face; but she was secretly alarmed at the guesswork of Olivia. However, her acting was enough to allay any untoward suspicion.

"Nano, remember my old warning," continued Olivia. "You will never know real peace of heart, real happiness, until you have come to the truth. It breaks my heart to think how widely we are separated on earth, and how much more widely we may be separated outside of it."

"We will lie side by side, Olivia, until our bodies are dust, and when it has mingled we shall be close enough."

"For us there is a day of resurrection," said Olivia solemnly, "and then comes the real separation."

"An impossible doctrine, but very beautiful."

"Ah! me, beautiful," sighed Olivia. "Everything is beautiful, or sublime, or nonsensical with the cultured atheist. You are like people in perpetual, immovable spectacles of green glass. All things are of the same hue, and the earth has about as much real beauty for you as for a cow, who measures her happiness by the color of the grass."

"That is sarcasm; and since you have opened fire, you may

as well depart at once. I hear Dr. Killany's voice in the hall. He is come to see my father, and I know you detest him."

Olivia rose hurriedly, saying:

"I fear him more. He has an evil eye for me always. I cannot help thinking he would do me harm, if it were possible."

"He would not dare so much," said Nano, with a dangerous light in her eyes.

"Never mind. I fear he is your bad angel, Nano, and that he rages because of the influence I have with you."

The elegant lady could not repress a slight shiver.

"Perhaps. But I have measured him," she answered.

"Then I feel reassured. He loves you, Nano, or your wealth. You have understood that, too."

"Oh! a long time, my pet. I see that you are angling for something stronger from me than I have yet said. Well, know, then, that I detest him as much as you do—perhaps a few degrees more—but I find him useful, and shall employ him for some time to come. But as for marrying him—bah!"

"Thank Heaven!" cried Olivia, with sincerity so deep and evident that Nano laughed as she kissed her good-by.

The good fairy went away, carrying with her all that was good in the McDonell household, all the sunshine and honesty it could ever know. She met Killany on the stairs. He exchanged with her a few words of civility, then went on to the rooms above.

The greetings between him and Nano were of the briefest and most formal nature. He was still as polished, urbane, and perfect in attire and expression as on the evening of our first acquaintance with him. The anxieties of the last few days, when a fortune seemed trembling in the balance, had left no such traces as those which unfortunate Nano displayed, and there had sprung up in his mind a happy conviction that the haughty lady was becoming more favorable to projects in which her interests were so deeply concerned.

"Your father is much improved, Miss McDonell," he said. "He will be able to appear in the world within a few weeks."

"I am very glad, of course," she answered, with as much of the old indifference as she could assume.

"But you must know," he continued, "that he will never again be the man he was before this illness."

"It is not to be expected," she replied. "I am grateful that his life has been spared even on those terms."

"Hum! so I supposed," he said, looking at her from under

his eyebrows with peculiar meaning. "And yet another thing, my dear Nano, which will be a trifle harder for so kind a daughter as you to bear, though it may turn out convenient: your father's mind is seriously impaired. Paralysis is not always confined to the muscles."

"Very true," she answered coldly; but he could not see from the position she maintained that her throat was contracting with sobs and her teeth were clenched in anger or pain.

"Weak-minded men," he went on slyly, "often do strange, absurd, and unheard-of things. Their fancies are wild. I would not be surprised—nor would you, much as you love your father—if he should do what so many have done under the same circumstances. If, for instance, he should take it into his head that a certain amount of his property belonged to others, and should find certain schemers willing to believe in and humor his fancies by pretending to make restitution to the owners, when in fact their own pockets received all, it might be necessary—"

"Stop!"

She had turned on him suddenly, and stretched out her arm with a gesture of abhorrence and command. Her face was palid to the last degree, her eyes flashing, her lips quivering with pain.

"Do not dare to say more. I am wicked and foolish, but I am not mad, Killany, unless it be in listening to so foul a devil as you."

"O Nano! Nano!" he said meekly and reproachfully, "your language is violent. I meant nothing. I stated only a disagreeable fact, which has taken place and will continue to develop itself without your intervention at all. The law cannot allow lunatics to have their own sweet will in so important a matter as the disposing of property."

"My father is not mad," she answered sullenly.

"Quite true; but he is likely to become so, and it will then be necessary to confine him. If he should persist in believing it was justice to give away three-fifths of his fortune to a scheming priest, I would get out a commission of lunacy. If it were to go to the original and lawful heirs, well and good. One might not object; but the heirs are dead."

There was silence for a few minutes.

"Can you prove that?" she asked.

"Unquestionably," he replied. "I took the trouble to prove it long ago, anticipating this moment, and I have documents and witnesses ready for your inspection."

Lying was an art with the polished doctor, and he possessed the requisite conscience and skill to make the lie good with the aid of as many others as were necessary.

"Come with them on Monday. Now go, if you please."

The abrupt dismissal was not displeasing to Killany. He had gained his point with a weak yet obstinate woman, and he asked no more. Time was required to prepare his minor but important intrigues. He went away smiling blandly to himself, and stroking the back of his own gloved hand in self-approbation.

The abased woman he left behind threw herself on the floor in the same attitude in which she had once been found that afternoon. With her hair dishevelled and her hands clasped tightly above her head, proud, humbled, impenitent, Nano McDonell grovelled, and moaned, and sobbed like one bereft of reason. She made scarcely a sound that would reach through the walls of her own apartments, but the storm of grief and passion was none the less fierce from being narrowed in its limits. Alas! her suffering was not so much because of her sin as because of her pride. She, who had been looked up to almost as a saint of the new dispensation, had become guilty of that which even the brutes from instinct avoided. She had humbled herself to consort and plot with such a man as Killany against her father, and she railed, not at her sin, but at her own weakness and her wretched destiny. She was humbled, but neither penitent nor resolved to do right. She dared make no resolutions, not even that most natural one, that, come what would, she would never be guilty of the sin of a child's ingratitude. When her grief had spent itself she sat down to think calmly on one shameful question: If her father persisted in his intention of restoring his ill-gotten property—and be it remembered that, although he had delayed the time, he had not dismissed the obligation—would she take advantage of the slight enfeebling of his mind to hinder so undesirable an event?

"A month ago," she thought, "I would have struck down him who ventured to suggest such a crime to me—yes, struck him down with these weak hands, or raised them against myself, rather than permit that I should so stain my honored name. And now I propose it to myself, and think on the chances of success without anger or shame. I can look quietly at myself and not tear away the beauty of that wretched, deceitful, ungrateful face, or crush out the light from those wicked eyes. O my God! if you exist, as many of the wise and good of this world have said, why do you leave me in ignorance and helplessness? Why

do you send me such trials, who know not how to bear them or to ask for strength against them?"

And for hours she sat there raving thus, swayed by every new impulse, yet always approaching the fatal abyss, retreating in terror or remorse, returning in fear or shamed determination, until at last, when the dinner-bell rang, and she was summoned to appear before her father in his room, starting up hastily like one called to a death-scene or a scaffold, she cried wildly: "It must be done! it shall be done!" and rushed from the apartment.

The dalliance with temptation had reached its natural result. By little and little the strands of the rope were formed and the links of the chain forged together. Now, neither rope nor chain can be broken by human hands.

CHAPTER XI.

"TRIFLES LIGHT AS AIR."

It was the hour for late breakfast in the Fullerton household, and Olivia, fresh and sweet as a morning-glory, stood looking into her jewel of a dining-room with a very mixed expression of countenance. The coffee was smoking on the tray, the biscuits were getting cold, the steak was rapidly sinking into a flabby and juiceless thing, and all because an obstinate gentleman in a distant room would not answer the bell until he finished a certain chemical process which he had been studying since daylight. Olivia grew vexed at the delay and the mischief it was occasioning her breakfast. Yet she could not resist a smile of pleasure when her eyes rested on the pretty array of table-ware, all her own. She talked, too, with great volubility, addressing the knob of the folding-door, and shaking her cap at it in so coquettish a way that the same action done at any susceptible young gentleman would have fatally injured his peace of mind. Talking aloud was a necessity with Olivia as a sprightly member of a class famed for its sustained and electrifying elocutionary powers. Being, however, a prudent little woman, this was never carried to excess and never led her into blunders.

"Punctuality," said she, moralizing—and any one would have stood as mildly and willingly as the knob to have the pleasure of hearing so sweet a voice and of looking into eyes so bright—"punctuality is a virtue supposed to belong to men altogether," said she; "and since women allow to them a good share of this

quality, I must yield to the doctrine of universal consent. But the particular exceptions to this rule are too numerous and too irritating to satisfy a reasonable person. I can't make my brother punctual. How, then, manage a husband? Here is a work of art falling into ruin for the sake of one man. And I can have no revenge? Let me see. None. I might break somebody's heart, but that would be too close to breaking my own; and I can't be sullen with Harry, no matter how hard I try. I can tease him, though, if I have a good subject."

The good subject was a long time forthcoming. She racked her brain for a very choice circumstance which should be her instrument in flaying her brother. In vain her meditation.

"One would think he was an angel for perfection, and I the opposite, so many are the scorplings I get, so few are his, for shortcomings. Every sentence, pointed with my name, becomes immediately an epigram; and these epigrams, being the cross-fire of a baronet and physician, sting like needles. Oh! but don't I send arrows, rankling arrows, back, hundreds of them, like flakes in a snow-storm; and oh! by the way, it's snowing now, and the ice will not be worth much at the carnival. And the coffee, my precious liquid, steaming yet, but half dead from disappointment. So am I. Can I eat at all with half the charm of my breakfast taken away?"

"Half its vice too," said Harry from the door. "You should never eat anything viciously hot, and those biscuits are ruinous to the digestion."

"You dear fellow, I would have some faith in those doctrines if you practised them yourself. But to hear a physician of your standing crying for hot coffee, hot biscuits, and hot steak—"

"For somebody else," he said, stooping to kiss her.

"But eating all yourself, with disregard of your own theories," she answered, catching him by his nose and turning his head away. "When one hears and sees such things faith is lost. I haven't any, and I shall eat as I please until I die."

"Then the 'die' will not be postponed on account of weather, Olivia. But I fancy Sir Stanley will have a word to say in these matters. Has he yet come to the point?"

Olivia gave a triumphant scream. Her hand for the second time had struck the hard pasteboard substance over his heart.

"I had forgotten it," cried she, clapping her hands in delight. "But I forget it no longer. Whose photograph have you there, love-lorn doctor, right up against the hottest part of your anatomy?"

The gentleman threw out a card carelessly, then took his seat at the table and made a politely vigorous attack on the steak and its accessories. Olivia looked disappointed on catching sight of her own image on the face of the card. She looked at the back. "Notman and Fraser," she read meditatively. "Harry, I never had any photographs taken there."

"You have a short memory, miss. I was with you myself."

"That is even more improbable. There is some mystery connected with this card."

It was examined very carefully by the young lady. She passed her finger across the face; the thin paper was slightly wrinkled by the motion. With a flash of intelligence lighting up her face she seized a knife and quickly nipped off the deceitful covering. The grave, sweet, high-bred face of Nano McDonell looked out from the frame. Such a succession of chirruping screams as leaped from her throat!

Harry, grave old Harry, worn out with years of labor, sad with old suffering, dignified by adversity, blushed the rosiest red that ever tinted the complexion of a girl. And the tormentor, delighted and astonished, laughed in the most shockingly rude way—laughed till the tears ran down her cheeks, ran round the room twittering, and screaming, and behaving altogether most absurdly. When she had done, "Thief!" cried she, laughing still at every other word, "this is my photograph, which you never gave me back since the night you first saw it. And you carried it over your heart, fond, foolish old simpleton! But isn't it interesting?—a case of love at first sight."

"It takes a woman to jump to conclusions," said Harry. "I admired her beautiful face and dreamed of it—"

"Oh, to be sure—and dreamed of it."

"But knowing nothing of her character except some disagreeable points you mentioned, I have been very careful not to yield to the tender passion."

"Oh! certainly; and, like a hypocrite, you covered up her face, her grand, soul-lighted face, with my little foolish countenance, and was going to make a display of brotherly affection, if I hadn't discovered the ruse. Oh! no, you are not in love, Harry."

"Besides, she is so taken up with Killany—"

"You were watching her, then?"

"Pray don't interrupt. It is probably a settled case between them."

"But it isn't. She hates him."

"That would not be the first instance of a union in which

affections were as contrary as black and white. She is a strong-minded woman, and wouldn't stop at that if it suited her interests."

Olivia took another fit of laughing then, which annoyed the hungry cynic considerably.

"Can't you let me eat my breakfast in peace?"

"Harry," answered she, with a serious face, "I'm glad of it."

"Glad of what?"

"That you are in love with my Nano. You are the—"

"Oh! is that nine o'clock striking? I must be at the office in a few minutes."

But she seized him by the collar, and hung on viciously.

"Not till I have spoken all will you go, Harry."

"Then out with it briefly."

"You are the only man who can save her, my brother. You, a Catholic and a hero for goodness and virtue, with your honest love and your big, big will, can save that dear lady from the shipwreck which awaits her in the future. O Harry! think what a woman she is—one out of a world of women, talented, handsome, wealthy, great of heart, and wicked, as she cannot help being. Now make yourself knight-errant and rescue her from the giants that threaten her with destruction. Don't let your pride nor your poverty interfere. Attack boldly. She cannot help loving you—who can, I should like to know, you precious bit of vigorous, pious, loving masculinity? O my!"

And, quite exhausted, this affectionate sister and earnest friend hid the last exclamation under her brother's coat, where she had thrust her golden head to hide some tears and a rebellious, not-to-be-stifled, merciful sob.

"Well, well, well," said the physician, laughing, yet deeply moved, "we shall think of it, and no doubt the answer will be to the wishes of this kind little heart. But let me give a bit of advice to you, my sister; only I can't get up so much instantaneous emotion as you for these occasions. Don't be too hard on Sir Stanley."

"I'm not too hard," said she, growing warlike.

"What would you call it, then? No answer. Well, let it pass. But he does look wretched enough sometimes, in spite of his commanding, indifferent ways."

"The clever deceiver!" she thought. "I did punish him, then. Poor fellow! I'm very cruel sometimes."

Aloud she said: "It's after nine, Harry."

"So it is, and the patients will be waiting. Good-by."

She stood in the parlor for some minutes after he had left, with a happy smile parting her lips, and thinking: "Could there be a happier morning to any one in the wide world, I would like to know? What I have prayed for a dozen times each day and night in the past year, and thought to be as far from being granted as ever, is sprung upon me with an appalling suddenness, and so ridiculously. And I could not see that all this time—that is, in the last two or three weeks—he was suffering the sweet pangs. Well, well, my breakfast is cold, but my imagination outreaches thermometers, and I'll fancy myself at the torrid zone or the equator—that's a slight reminiscence of geography," said she to the knob; "but don't accuse me of ignorance. I know that one is in the other, but for spite I won't say which."

There was not a dish on the table that did not receive an apostrophe of some kind during the meal, and the disappearing food was complimented kindly on its escape from staleness and the street. The morning passed away in the round of a house-keeper's duties, and at one o'clock she was ready for visitors or calls. Her circle was quite as large as a lady without a dowry or a name could desire; nor was it entirely owing to the attentions of Sir Stanley, since it had been acquired through Nano McDonell long before his coming. Yet his name had great influence in retaining and widening its members, and in keeping all in respectful homage at the feet of the coming Lady Dashington. Many a card was therefore left at the modest residence, and many a stately carriage stopped for a few minutes at the door. Among them was the turn-out of Mrs. Strachan. The general looked decidedly military in a fur cap and cloak of the latest style, and was for having Olivia as a companion in her afternoon's drive. But she was obliged to decline all such invitations, and, like her visitors, they were multitudinous. At the fag-end of the afternoon, when the stream of callers was certain to be pretty well thinned, came the inevitable Sir Stanley.

"And it's ho for a jaunt!" cried he from the street, gaily doffing his hat to her at the window. But she shook her head so decidedly that he came in to try persuasion.

"It's no use, Sir Stanley, and I do beg of you not to tempt me. I have refused so many invitations this afternoon that it is very cruel to continue the persecution longer. I am expecting Nano. If she comes in state we shall ride out together; if she comes afoot, why then—"

"Then you can both come out with me," said Sir Stanley,

"and I shall be the envied of men on King Street. I shall wait for Miss McDonell."

Olivia was thoughtful. This arrangement was not displeasing, and it struck her that it might be made useful in her little matchmaking intrigue.

"It is half-past three," she said, after a long silence. "Harry will be free at four, and it would not be out of place to have him join us, particularly if Nano is here."

"A very fair idea, Miss Olivia, and I am highly honored in this commission of playing the chief assistant of a matchmaker. I'll go straight to the office and force him out. Before he is aware he will be trapped."

"How very useful you can make yourself at times! There is much of your mother in you, Sir Stanley. You show so much interest for this game."

"But more of my father," answered he slyly; "and he was remarkable for his devotion to one woman."

"I can believe that. But are you forgetting your commission?"

"I am gone," he said, departing on the instant.

At the door he met Nano.

"I have not made a mistake, then," said she, with a smile of relief; "this is Olivia's, and the mistress is at home. I have walked through a maze of streets in my efforts to find the place, and was afraid that I would be compelled to return as I came. She is quite out of the world, Sir Stanley."

"The world has extended its limits, Miss McDonell. Since her majesty ran away from society, society runs after her majesty. Mrs. Strachan has been here, and you and I meet on the threshold. Is there anything more to be desired?"

"Nothing, I suppose. Good-day, Sir Stanley."

"Good-day, Miss McDonell."

And they went their different ways.

Olivia received her friend with a display of matronly dignity that was overpowering, as Nano told her.

"But I am mistress here, Nano, and if I did not show in my person all the responsibility and honor the office contains I would be unworthy the position. You, with your army of servants, find no difficulty in standing, the mildest of figure-heads, over your father's establishment. But when the butcher is to be bullied, and the baker frightened, and the grocer cut down in his charges; when you are in constant terror as to the result of a roast or a pudding, or a whole meal perhaps, then you feel the dignity of

housekeeping, and you can no more help showing the feeling than you can resist the temptation of tossing your head when your hat has a taking feather."

"Oh! I understand. But did I come here to be lectured or to be entertained?"

"For both. In the wide world this is the only place where you will hear no flattery."

"Who begins to flatter himself is sure to end by flattering others."

"Epigrams are out of place in this atmosphere," said Olivia. "We are absolutely without culture, and, if we don't wish to keep out its representatives, be sure we do keep out it. Now come and see every part of this airy, fairy house of mine."

They traversed the house from garret to cellar, and the resulting conversation was full of exclamation-points and cynicisms. Nano turned up her nose at the cellar vegetables.

"I have never been in so odorous a neighborhood."

"Didn't I tell you there would be no flattery here? The cabbages, poor stupids, have blunt sincerity at least, and won't hold in their perfumes even for Miss McDonell."

Miss McDonell laughed a short, dry laugh, full of ill-nature and no mirth.

"I heartily wish," said she, "all sincerity in a cellar, if it must be as obtrusive as cabbages."

"As far as you are concerned it is at the bottom of the sea, Nano. Your gold is a deep sea for honest craft. Come, there is a delightful room overlooking the back yard that I wish you to see. Harry uses it as a laboratory and study, and it is a most interesting place."

"Full of scientific horrors and anomalies, twisted glasses that make you ache looking at their constraint, and medical volumes that he never looks at."

"Come and see," was all Olivia answered.

They entered an apartment on the second floor which was quite a curiosity for arrangement and ornamentation, and resembled in some respects the private room of Killany at the office. A book lay open on a reading-stand, its left-hand page covered with pencil-marks.

"Latin," said Nano, "and the *Summa* of Thomas Aquinas."

"Precisely. Here is a very modern young gentleman who takes delight in the old Fathers you laugh at."

"And knows nothing, I'll warrant, of Mill, or Rossetti, or Emerson."

"Nothing good, perhaps. He has broken lances with some of them in the literary lists, and you can fancy who took second place in the combat."

"It does not require a great stretch of the imagination, if you were judge."

"Your irony is out of place, dear. How many of the transcendental balloons have I not punctured with a little pin in my time, according to your own admission!"

"You made more noise in the doing than they in the bursting."

"Which was natural, being a woman, and having to deal with the weakest of nineteenth-century air-follies."

They returned to the parlor and sat down for a chat. Nano was not in the kindest of moods. Her manner was chilly and hard, and impressed Olivia disagreeably. The young lady muttered secret anathemas on Killany, to whose influence she attributed much of the irregularity of her friend's disposition. He kept alive the pantheistic spirit which Olivia had long endeavored to crush. She had only weakened it, and he was engendering a more fatal form of scepticism in its stead. She rightly felt, and could not give her reasons for the feeling, that Nano's manner was the outcome of despair. The causes and their recency she did not even suspect. It might not have surprised her much, though it would have severely shocked her, to become aware of all the wickedness that was planning.

They had not been long in the parlor, and Nano was beginning to soften into the old cheerful manner, when the jingle of sleigh-bells was heard at the door, and presently Sir Stanley entered with a bow and a few gracious words.

"I did not think to find you here still, Miss McDonell; but since I am to take off the mistress of the establishment, I shall plead to carry away the guest also. My sleigh is at the door."

"Of course you will come," said Olivia, "if it were only to be driven home. And I see that you have Harry with you, Sir Stanley. How pleasant!"

Nano looked startled at this, and was doubtful and inwardly troubled. However, she accepted willingly enough, and rose as readily as though undisturbed by any secret feeling. It was ridiculous to show any emotion over so ordinary and trifling an event. Yet she felt it would be better to be anywhere else in the world, better and safer for him and her and Olivia, than sitting with Harry Fullerton. They made a most attractive party. The fair-haired brother and sister formed a good contrast with their

darker companions. But mufflers are not adapted to the display of beauty, and they drove along without attracting further attention than was desirable. They ran across the general at one point, and she favored them with a nod of vigorous meaning.

"How fortunate that we were not near enough to hear her speak!" said Olivia. "We should have the crowd staring at us otherwise. She can say disagreeable things in a very loud voice."

"You must have been offending her lately," Harry remarked. "I do not know as the rest of us have anything to fear from the lady."

"Not I, for one," assented Sir Stanley.

"Not I, for another," said Nano.

"Hypocrites!" said Olivia shortly, nodding to some one in the street.

"Who was the favored one?" asked Sir Stanley.

"That charming Doctor Killany. He smiles like an angel, and doffs his hat to us ladies with a grace that is inimitable."

Nano smiled, and muttered "Hypocrite!" just loud enough to reach Olivia's attentive ears. But Sir Stanley for a moment looked disconcerted until warned by a glance from Harry.

"You are all quite stupid," said Olivia, after an awkward pause. "I have no intention of straining my neck every half-minute to talk to you. I shall devote myself to Sir Stanley."

The baronet was driving, and Olivia sat beside him on the front seat.

"I am pleased at your devotion," said he.

"I haven't shown it yet, sir. Now I shall criticise the extraordinary people that we meet, and you may criticise my criticisms. Here comes a very poor imitation of an English swell, newly got up, and trembling with apprehension lest the newsboys may notice his eyeglass and want of impudence."

"The whole street," said Sir Stanley mischievously, "is but a poor imitation of English swelldom and snobbishness. One would think that no other nationality inhabited this country. English customs prevail everywhere; and as the genius of the people is so different, the mixture is funny. I like to see a Scotch cap over a Tartan plaid, the kilt and trews, or to hear the ridiculous accent of the aristocracy from one that has been brought up to it. But look at this honest, big-headed, Scotch-looking gentleman on the corner. His suit is stylish and belongs to the London world. His hat or cap, or what-not, is a parody on the head-covering of a Highlander, and leaves his head as bare as a pole. I will wager he has put on a thick layer of affectation over

his Scotch brogue, and says on occasions, 'Be Jove, but the chawming creachaw has fashed me wi' a vengeance.'"

"I cannot forget that you are Irish," answered Olivia carelessly, "and an American sympathizer. That is enough. It is my answer, too."

"A pretty conclusive one, I admit, in this country. But I am not arguing on political grounds, but on those of good taste. I am told the Scotch have the ascendancy here. I see many examples of it. The Irish are not a cipher, though, as usual, their careless generosity has made them the football of more astute and less scrupulous brethren. The English portion of the community is not large, but everything is done under the ægis of England, and wears an English hue. English names to everything, English fashions, English forms of speech, English sympathies, as might be expected—all English. You envy your neighbors across the way. Their characteristics are more distinct and more their own."

"I grant that most cheerfully," said Olivia, growing hot and enthusiastic on the instant. "Heaven forbid that we should be distinguished as they are in that respect! Give us the good old qualities of the English land, the sturdiness, the slowness, the determination, the sterling honesty of our forefathers, and you may have all such marketable commodities as Yankee shrewdness and cleverness and dishonesty."

"Olivia, Olivia, you are forgetting yourself."

Nano's voice came from behind in low and gentle reproof.

"I am defending my country against the basest insinuations; and if the world hears me, so much the better."

"I made no insinuations," said the baronet. "The question was one of mere taste. You are Canadians by birth, cosmopolitan in descent, and English in everything else. Now laugh with me at this ridiculous mixture of nationalities."

"Don't answer the gentleman," said Nano. "You poor stupid, can't you see that he is quizzing you under your very eyes? I wish to go home, Sir Stanley."

They were on the avenue then, and in a few minutes were at the lady's door. Harry assisted her to alight. All were exchanging adieux when Killany came out on the veranda.

"He might as well take up his residence here at once," whispered Olivia to the baronet. "See how he looks at *me*. Oh! yes, I am the mischief-maker, and deserve all your hatred, doctor."

Killany was smiling upon them and staring stonily at Olivia.

"I shall make bold," he said, "to ride with you a part of

my way, at least. I am very tired, and forgot to order my cutter."

"By all means. Jump in," answered Sir Stanley.

The doctors sat together on the rear seat and talked professionally as they rode along.

"And, by the way," said Killany, "I have a bit of news for you. Old McDonell is becoming idiotic or insane. Keep it a secret until the case develops itself."

Harry had not time to reply, for they were then at the office, but the information so distressed him that he was silent until the drive was ended.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE NEW RHETORIC.

WHEN Addison was a secretary of state he was so fastidious in the diction of his reports as frequently to delay public business. He polished the sentences of a business communication with the care which he bestowed upon a *Spectator*. The Duke of Marlborough would gain two or three new victories while the precise secretary was composing the draft of a state paper announcing one. This old-fashioned rhetoric has long since departed, at least from public documents, which are little read outside the government printing-office. Still, some of Addison's rhetorical scrupulousness would be prized by our judges when they attempt to decide the exact meaning of legislative enactments that seem put together by schoolboys in the first grammar form. There is not the slightest difficulty of driving a coach and four through most acts of assembly. Wearisome and pedantic as the old rhetoric appears to us, familiar with the brilliant and epigrammatic turn of the new style, it nevertheless contains elements of clearness and energy which merit careful examination. Young writers are apt to limit excellence to their own immediate day. So imperative is the modern demand for hard facts and practical science that we are becoming careless of that beauty of rhetorical form which was once recognized as the supreme grace of writing. An essay, in Addison's day, was the subject of study and criticism, and divided the talk of the town with a new picture or a new

opera. The *Institutes* of Quintilian were more widely known than the law of the correlation of forces, and the literary masterpieces of antiquity had not yielded the throne of taste to the dry generalizations of science. A "piece," be it poem or essay, was studied like a painting. Critics examined the felicitous metaphor, the rounded period, and the apposite motto with as keen a zest as we do the experiments in the electric light and the application of the pneumatic tube. Society, in Swift's time, was convulsed about the relative merits of ancient and modern writers, and the man who wrote a good book could command almost any position in the state, while in society he was a veritable autocrat. Fair ladies learned a pretty poem by heart. Now, if we go into any raptures over an exquisitely-worded poem or piece of writing we hear the croak of Mr. Herbert Spencer and the sociologists warning us against the literary, national, or theological "bias" and the deadly errors that are ambushed in metaphors and exclamation-points.

The new rhetoric disdains the name art as savoring of deceptiveness, and it may be defined as a method of stating facts, in writing, as briefly and plainly as possible. It discards ornament, banishes epithets, and counsels the severest form. It has no tolerance for those parts of speech known as interjections, and it views all figures and tropes with disdain. Unhappily, so large a portion of our speech is figurative that it cannot at once give the *coup de grace* to all metaphorical language. People have been trained so long in the viciousness of the old rhetorical methods that they cannot be brought at once to see the beauty of purely scientific formulæ. The new rhetoric has driven out the dear old balanced sentence, in which rhetoric in times past could say so little with such resounding effect. It will not permit the poet to invoke the Muses, and it has made Olympus rather ridiculous by showing that Jove did not know the geographical site of that immortal mount. It wants you to say your say with shocking directness, just as you would in a telegram for which you had to pay roundly. Indeed, the new rhetorical harmony is more reminiscent of the click of the telegraph-office than of the melody of the vale of Tempe. This scientific youngster is bullying the old rhetoric out of its strongholds. Mythology scarce dares show its head. A poet is nowadays actually ashamed to make much ado about Cupid's dart, which once he felt no hesitation in sending twanging in every direction. Sentence of condemnation has been passed upon the great majority of the two hundred and fifty figures of speech concerning which the old rhetori-

cians so eloquently descant; and it is with difficulty that we can save synecdoche, which is represented as the most dangerous of the lot. "Gray hairs" can no longer stand for "old man." Precision is the chief and sole merit of writing. Away with the trumpery of "figures"! It is scarcely less tolerable to science than the trumpery of the stage, which she has long since abandoned with contemptuous malison.

The new rhetoric stands at the author's elbow and makes very irritating suggestions. It says: "Can't you put that idea shorter? What is the use of that adjective? It adds nothing to the force of your language. Why are you so punctilious about euphony? People want facts. Drop that musty old classic quotation; it's not true, anyhow. Don't write a history like Podger's, who begins with a quotation from Ovid, as if to prove to the world that he is an ass. I hope you have more sense than Jones, who expects people to get interested in the politics of Geneva under Calvin, and opens with that old claptrap falsely ascribed to Galileo, *E pur si muove*. You know nothing about the middle ages, and can't tell an indulgence from a syllabus. Be warned by Smithers' fate, and leave 'Romanism' alone. Cut out all figures of speech, and omit that comparison between Leo X. and Leo XIII. after the manner of Plutarch. Ten to one there's no resemblance, in spite of your balanced sentences." This exasperating criticism of the new rhetoric generally makes the author drop his pen and rush for revenge to an essayist of the eighteenth century, who writes unpunctuated sentences a yard long, filled with sesquipedalian words, peppered with Greek and Latin, and replete with mythology and curious statements in natural history which modern science has exploded.

The style to be coveted and practised is that of calm, temperate, logical science. This, it is contended, has a beauty which eclipses all the ornaments of poetry and oratory. It is true that the face of this Minerva is rather forbidding at first glance, and the ingenuous youth who makes the choice of Athene must give up all poetic dreams and disdain the childish graces of the rhetorician. Truth, pure and simple, to be expressed in the most unaffected language, is to be the power that will make his writings read. Calm logic, dissecting the meaning of words, must be his guide. The slightest glow of enthusiasm in writing should be a warning for him to lay down his pen, just as the fizz of the safety-valve warns the engineer. The attitude of his mind should be judicial. The first and last lesson of this rhetoric is to state opinions with great diffidence, and to pronounce the last word of

science on religion as the unknowable. So much space is taken up in letters with vague dissertations about God and heaven, so much frantic rhetoric is found in sermons and prayer-books, so much mischief has been done by the misuse of theological words and terms, that the new rhetoric will benefit mankind more by its reserved and reticent attitude than by imitating the Babel around it. Its mission at present is to warn young writers against those errors which a false and emotional rhetoric has communicated to almost all kinds of writing not purely mathematical.

So we see that the new rhetoric is decidedly priggish. The noblest specimen of this scientific style is to be found in the *Summa* of St. Thomas. If there ever was a diction completely and absolutely judicial, it is the diction of the *Summa*. Not a superfluous word, not a suffusion of fancy to pervert judgment, not an extraneous or inapposite illustration can be found in that wonderful book. Its very conciseness is the crowning wonder. Its metaphors seem to be the very dry light of the intellect. It weighs words and phrases with a precision that has fixed their meaning for ever. The new rhetoric need not despair of a model, if it were possible for all of us to write like St. Thomas. As it is, it is absurd to suppose that the severe rhetorical form which fits easily and beautifully to the syllogism in the hands of the Angelic Doctor could be applied to the thousand-and-one subjects of literature. And even if it could be letters would fail of their end for, while men love an argument, they tire of its treatment in the severe and exacting methods of scholasticism. Most men cannot follow a distinction without dragging the whole thesis along with them at every step in an argument. Until we all are trained logicians we shall need those patient writers who present us the old syllogism in a dozen different and clearer lights.

The best lesson of the new rhetoric is that which insists upon duly weighing words. It cannot be denied that the older rhetoricians, bent upon making orators, did not attach much importance to what they no doubt deemed a very trifling study. Yet the world appears to be ruled by words more than by ideas. To take one example, the Catholic Church. The words most frequently upon her lips, as Mass, the Immaculate Conception, grace, indulgence, and a score of others, really convey a *false* idea to the minds of most Protestants. Off they go at a tangent as soon as they hear them. Writers have made big books and preachers delivered eloquent sermons about a wholly imaginary "Roman" doctrine. The world may not be benefited by the exact inter-

pretation of the Rosetta stone or the inscriptions upon an obelisk, but the idea is good to determine the exact weight of each word before using it, especially if it is connected with any important religious or civil matter. If the youth who are training in the new rhetoric will be taught to analyze such propositions as "The Pope is infallible," we can readily forgive their ignorance of the laws of metaphor. What the Catholic Church has been clamoring for, amid the dust and noise of much controversy, is an understanding of the terms of her doctrines. The study of terms *should* be made in rhetoric, which runs a chance of study, and not be left to logic, which is unfortunately found tedious by many who do not realize its great importance in even the slightest scheme of education.

The reason why the old forms of rhetoric are now held in disrespect is because the rhetorical *raison d'être* was to make pupils orators. Oratory was the end and aim of rhetoric, and, as the apparatus of the orator is very large and complex, there resulted a multiplicity of rules and a wider range of study than that deemed necessary for the writer. The ancients set very little store by the mere author. The speaker was the man. All government was largely oral in administration. There were few books, and learning lived rather on the tongues of men than in their written words. The eighth, ninth, tenth, eleventh, and twelfth centuries produced giants of learning in the schools, but how faint their traces now are! There were a score of famous doctors. Where is the *Doctor Subtilis*, the *Doctor Resolutissimus*, and others who worthily bore a striking agnomen? These men were trained rhetoricians after the old model—that is, their object being to teach and persuade orally, they studied many uses of language which have no place in writing. The dry thesis as we have it is like the few notes of an eloquent preacher. Rhetoric was deemed wholly subsidiary to oratory. Cicero, to go further back, prized his actual oratorical effort more highly than the oration itself or than his written dissertations. The law was administered with little regard to the technical study of precedents, and the advocate depended upon the immediate effect of his oration upon the judge. At present it would be madness for a lawyer to trust to the inspiration of the moment before a jury, who, in important cases, have the printed evidence of witnesses and the written charge of the court submitted to their leisurely scrutiny. The great productions of antiquity and of mediæval times are eloquent and ornate with the eloquence of the rostrum. The historians abound in impassioned speeches. The philoso-

phers, not excepting Aristotle, indulge in high flights of fancy. St. Augustine's treatises are mainly in the form of a series of orations employing every device of the public speaker; and Bossuet's *Variations* is the funeral oration of Protestantism.

These models of composition remained until the advent of printing and, above all, of periodical literature necessitated a change. It took men a long time to discover that the style which would carry away an audience would seem turgid, and even foolish, in the quiet of a library. Protestants, for example, are heartily ashamed of the works of Martin Luther, who was a fierce demagogue and had just the coarse, vituperative style for a rough audience. But his diatribes, as printed, fill one with disgust. Charles James Fox, the brilliant Parliamentary leader, wrote a history of England which is nothing but a collection of speeches. Milton's prose works are all pitched in a violent, declamatory key, this being, as we have said, the result of the rhetorical training of his day. The new rhetoric sharply differentiates the two spheres of public speaking and private writing, and it emphasizes the object of the latter as being simply instruction, not persuasion, which is the aim of oratory. At the same time it has carried into the pulpit and the rostrum a deadening influence which threatens to extinguish oratory, at least in its more vehement and emotional expression.

The study of the ancient languages must no longer be pursued in an æsthetic way, or for any literary pleasure they may give, but for purposes of critical exactness in the use of our own tongue. Language is recognized as the most perplexing, and at the same time the richest, source of our culture, and whatever tends to elucidate it throws light upon human life and history. The making of Greek and Latin verses is discouraged, except as a mental discipline, and stress is laid upon the study of roots. No one should use tropes and similes unless with a precise understanding of their meaning. Mere beauty of language is to be viewed with suspicion, as presumably only a vain jingle to tickle the ears. The only beauty of language is that which aptly expresses a truth or clearly states a fact. The general rules for the construction of sentences must be revised. It is better to write only simple sentences than to co-ordinate a number of complex propositions, in which error may easily lurk. As all error results from obscurity either of expression or of knowledge, the *primum rhetoricum* is, clearness even at the risk of repetition or apparent puerility.

All this, it will be perceived, is really nothing new, but its in-

sistance as the cardinal law of rhetoric is significant of the condition of contemporary letters. The English magazines, while they contain much clear writing, are open to the discussion of certain questions which are not plainly understood by the people. There is a jargon about culture which the Englishman in vain endeavors to comprehend. There is an æstheticism which is denominated "intense," and which arbitrarily reverses most of the canons of taste that the world has agreed in accepting. The dilettante class in England form a little clique, with a strange vocabulary in which the word *intense* is the chief, and they appear to set the law in what is called society. British art and poetry may be woefully lacking in many respects, but it is only conceited ignorance or malice that would speak of English literature, as a whole, as the work of barbarians. There is, in fact, no nobler literature, considering the language itself, the peculiar genius of the people, or the lack of incentives and examples of excellence, which England has always been obtuse in perceiving. There is, no doubt, an unconscionable amount of Puritan theology in the literature, but we would rather have this than the lampoons of Voltaire with which French modern letters are replete. If England gives too deep a hearing to the critics of the new rhetorical school she will degenerate into a mere imitator of other nations. The English "religion" may be ungraceful and unlovely, but religion, least of all the Catholic religion, as it is falsely supposed, does not consist in the most perfect adaptation of external worship to the beautiful ideal. There is much more in the Catholic faith than can be seen through the veil of roseate incense or in the languor of a *pietà*. The church detests this identification of her worship with mere art, and few dilettanti go further in their examination of her spirit. Still, if the new rhetoric, with its affinities in the new art criticism and culture, will teach its advocates to *prove* all things and hold fast that which is good, the church is likely to be a gainer in the fairer treatment of literature.

CATHOLICS AND PROTESTANTS AGREEING ON THE SCHOOL QUESTION.

UNDER the heading of "Topics of the Time" in the last January number of *Scribner's Monthly* there is inserted a short article with the title "The Mayoralty and the Common Schools," containing a bitter attack with a political tirade against Catholics. Assaults of this kind are frequent in the so-called Protestant religious press, in the weekly and monthly publications of the Harpers, and in the *New York Herald*; but Catholics have become used to this abuse, and have learned to take it from whence it came and pass it by in silence. When they take up, however, *Scribner's Monthly*, which has deservedly enjoyed a large share of their patronage on account of both its literary and artistic merits, they look for other things, and least expect to meet in its pages with insults to their religion. That Catholics should feel all the more keenly a hostile spirit coming from this quarter is not a matter for surprise, since it is out of keeping with the literary character and no less in discord with the tone of genuine liberality generally displayed in this popular magazine.

As THE CATHOLIC WORLD is not a political journal, or one pretending to be independent only to be the more partisan, we leave aside all that is of this character, and confine ourselves to what does concern us, and concern us deeply, and which the author of the article under consideration has made the pretext for his attack, and that is the question of "the common schools."

Our refutation will be limited to one of its points, and that is the misrepresentation of the position of Catholics towards our common schools. This is a fundamental issue, one upon which the writer in *Scribner* founds all his attacks, and if what he says on this point is shown to be incorrect all his accusations and insinuations against Catholics fall to the ground. His premise is contained in the opening of his article in these words :

"It is very well understood," he says, "that the Catholic priesthood and all the leading influences of the Catholic Church are unfriendly to the public schools. It is also understood," he continues, "that they would gladly do away with them altogether."

In reply we declare peremptorily that what this writer asserts is "understood," "very well understood," is not understood at all by intelligent men in this community. We shall not content our-

selves, as he does, by a mere assertion, but before we close we will prove the truth of what we say.

Query: What purpose can the writer in *Scribner* have to create an issue where none exists? Nobody has laid hands on the public schools; why, then, this uncalled-for clamor about them? No one has even so much as threatened to touch them; why, then, this sensitiveness and over-zeal concerning our common schools? What motive can this writer have in his effort to place Catholics in a false position before the public? Is it in order to avail himself of an existing prejudice and strike peaceable citizens a foul blow? We hope not; but it looks like it. Be this as it may, one thing is beyond controversy, and that is, there is no class of citizens more willing than Catholics, whether priests or laymen, that those who think the education received in the public schools contributes to the happiness of their children and the welfare of society should be freely let to follow out their convictions. No Catholic would put a stone, no, not even a pebble, in the way to hinder others from doing as they deem best in the fulfilment of their parental responsibilities. This is what is understood, and very well understood, concerning Catholics by those who are conversant on this subject, and so understood because it is the truth; and the reasons for this position we shall now give.

The reasons why are briefly these: Catholics hold, and firmly hold, that the knowledge of Christian truth and the practice of the divine precepts of Christianity are essential to man's true happiness, both here and hereafter, and no less essential to the welfare of society and the good of the state. Religious instruction, and religious instruction in the school, is, in the eyes of Catholics, of paramount importance, and they hold that this religious knowledge cannot be imparted too early in life or last too long this side of the grave. These are the sincere convictions of Catholics, which they do not hesitate to avow, and avow openly, on all proper occasions. But having no wish to force or impose their convictions upon others, they can say in perfect honesty and frankness to those who differ with them on this point: Send, if you choose, your children to the public schools; let them grow up, if you prefer it, under the instructions and influences there received; and may they grow up to be a credit to you and an honor to the land which gave them birth! Catholics know how to respect the parental rights of others, and insist that their own are worthy of equal respect.

So sacred do they hold parental rights that, in order to secure

these, they found schools at their own expense for the proper education of their children, while they pay their share of a general tax for the support of schools where others can educate their children without scruples. It is true that this double cost for education bears hard upon Catholics, and they feel the imposition. It must also be acknowledged that this tax is un-American and disgraceful. But Catholics believe that when its injustice is once understood fair-minded Americans will see it in the light they do, and feel about it as they do. Catholics choose to suffer patiently this wrong rather than be robbed of their parental rights over the proper education of their children. It is a question how that spirit should be denominated which we blush to say pervades our country, forcing the voices of Catholics alone to be raised in favor of religious liberty, and applauding persecutors and spoliators everywhere, provided only the victims be Catholics. Is it bigotry? Is it fanaticism? Or is it Protestantism? In most cases it is, we fear, all these three combined together. But it may as well be understood by all classes of American citizens that, whatever may be their estimate of parental rights and their duties towards their children, Catholics will pay any price for their Christian faith, and are determined to transmit it to their children unimpaired, even at the cost of laying down their lives. So much is certain.

The present free schools, we must suppose, do not offend Protestants; whereas Catholics put in a plea of conscience against a purely secular education for their children, or a false or mutilated religious one such as they impart; and this plea of conscience ought to win sympathy, find approval, and gain the support of all Protestants or infidels who are honest and sincere in their profession of liberty of conscience. Catholics urge this plea of conscience from the depths of their souls and in uttermost sincerity; and if evidence is asked to confirm their sincerity, they call to witness the sacrifices they have made and are now making, while struggling with poverty, to found schools where their children can obtain secular knowledge united with a good religious education.

If the present organization of free schools meet the wishes of Protestants, Catholics are content. Let the free schools stand as they are for their benefit, and flourish! Protestants have the same rights in this land of freedom as Catholics. When will it be clearly understood that Catholics are honestly in favor of schools not only for a class but for all the children of the land? But in order to render our public-school system universal in its

application it must be so amended as to respect the rightful freedom of conscience of all.

But is this practicable? To ask whether a system of public schools in accordance with the idea of liberty of conscience is practicable should make an American blush and hang his head in shame! Practicable?—when it is well known that it has long obtained the sanction of all the great nations of Europe! A distinguished man—Lord Brougham, if our memory is not at fault—said: “The schoolmaster is abroad.” True enough; but this question inclines us to think when he said this he could not have had the United States in his thoughts. Prussia, until the recent persecuting Falk laws came into existence, had enjoyed for generations such an impartial system. France, until a short time ago when the French Radicals got the upper hand—into whose heads an idea of true liberty cannot be made to enter unless by a surgical operation, if then—treated all schools with even-handed justice, whether Catholic, Protestant, or Hebrew. And what is to the point and unanswerable is the actual example of both Austria and England, where no one ever heard a Protestant complain in the former, or a Catholic in the latter, that perfect justice and complete freedom of conscience were not allowed to the fullest extent in the education of their children. Catholic Austria and Protestant England would both feel disgraced if they did not understand better what are the rights of parents, how to respect the freedom of conscience in religious matters, and what is due to their loyal subjects, than to impose upon them a general tax for the support of public schools to which a considerable portion of their people could not send their children without a violation of their conscientious religious convictions.

What Catholic Americans hold is simply this: that all wisdom was not embodied or did not die out with the framers of our present system of public schools, and that to shape them in accordance with the ideas of impartial justice and religious liberty is to harmonize them with our free institutions; and this is what we would designate their improvement. This is what Catholics maintain, and maintain as eminently practicable. When will the clouds which obscure the minds of our fellow-countrymen be dispelled, and they, seeing the truth, bend to reason, justice, and liberty?

Here, then, is the true position of Catholics towards our public schools, and these are some of the reasons why they uphold it as the true standpoint, both as Catholics and as Americans, whatever politicians may say to the contrary in the heat of

a political strife on the eve of an election, or scribblers may write in *Scribner's Monthly*, notwithstanding.

Dismissing for once and all this false accuser of Catholics in *Scribner* we take the occasion to say further that the fact is becoming day by day plainer that the state in providing our common schools, with the expectation of inducing Catholics to send their children to them as now organized and conducted, was led into the commission of a great mistake. For there is one fact which our fellow-citizens of every religious persuasion may rest surely upon, and that is, until the problem of framing our free schools in consonance with the American idea of religious liberty is solved, to indulge the hope that they will be acceptable to Catholics is knowingly to entertain a gross delusion—a delusion which those who have not already abandoned it may as well dismiss at once from their minds. Catholics, under no pretext whatever, will submit to be robbed of their parental rights. This may be a bitter pill to swallow, but there is no use of making wry faces. The pill is of their own concoction, and the fanatics who have misled the state are bound to take it. For Catholics in this land of freedom, be it known, if it be not yet known to everybody, have the same rights as Protestants. If the free schools have failed in this particular, who is to blame? Catholics, forsooth? Certainly not! There is not force enough between heaven and earth, or beneath the earth, to compel Catholic parents to send their children to schools against their convictions of conscience. Though the invitation to attend them was made with most benevolent smiles, the cautious fly had no temptation to be inveigled into the parlor and enjoy the *tête-à-tête* prepared for it by the subtle spider.

The American people have no reason to apprehend the failure of the true American idea of common schools. What the American people have reason to fear and to dread is that the bigotry which has succeeded in laying its iron grasp on the management of the free schools, with the intent of turning them into proselyting engines, will, sooner than lose its hold, stir up a religious strife in a peaceable community and see the costly edifice of our public common-school education sink into utter wreck and ruin.

In the meantime the discovery is gradually being made that what had been prepared by designing men to decatholicize the children of Catholics has loosened the hold of the Protestant religion upon the minds of a large class in the community, especially the youth, and is actually peopling the country with a generation of doubters, sceptics, and infidels, if not atheists. It is

not strange, therefore, that the cry is heard almost everywhere of "the downward trend" of religion, and "the decrease of fruitfulness" of this or that religious sect. Nor is it a matter for wonder that the question is already mooted in certain consultations: "How can ministers arouse the churches?" And the unpleasant confession is publicly made that "the very best and most anxious and devoted efforts often seem to fail upon the people." The same fruits have been produced by a purely secular education in Holland and elsewhere, and had these folk diligently read their Bibles, and sincerely believed what they read, this punishment would not have overtaken them, for Holy Writ warns us: "He that diggeth a pit shall fall into it."

Catholics have long foreseen these deplorable effects of the secular education of our public schools as now conducted, and have, to the fullest extent of their means and the best of their ability, provided against them. Wherever it is possible they have established parochial schools for their children; and where not, means are taken to guard their faith with jealous care until a parochial school can be built and supported. Catholics are educating, in schools erected and maintained exclusively at their own expense, upward of half a million of their offspring, and they are fixedly determined not to cease in their efforts until every Catholic child in the land shall have the inestimable privilege of obtaining along with secular knowledge a positive Christian education. Moreover, they cannot easily be made to believe that any considerable portion of their Protestant fellow-countrymen would knowingly consent to their own children being poisoned with infidelity or irreligion in order to rob the hearts of Catholic children of the consolations of their Christian faith.

But the facts are too plain for denial that our common schools have played into the hands of the infidels, free-religionists, and agnostics. You will find no more enthusiastic admirers and defenders of our existing common schools than the press of these very men. They know the fruits of these schools, and laugh in their sleeves; and well they may. But are Protestant parents ignorant of their responsibilities? Do they know that Christian parents are bound to bring up their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord? that to neglect this obligation, or wilfully to expose to danger the faith or morals of their children, is to fail in an essential duty, and that he who fails in this, in the words of the apostle, "hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel"?* Or are they only gulled? And is it out of place to

* 1 Timothy v. 8.

ask here, How long will Protestantism hold its own when its children are under a system of education which strikes at the very foundations of Christianity, at morals, at the family, and at the state?

We make note of the fact that there is a growing feeling among a large number of them that a more religious education is absolutely needed; and the feeling is finding its expression in the conventions and public organs of the Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Methodists, and other Protestant denominations. Indeed, it is high time they took alarm, if they would save from entire destruction the fragments of Christian truth which they have until recently managed to retain in some sort.

In the Protestant Episcopal General Convention recently held in this city the following resolution was agreed to:

"Resolved, That the bishops and clergy be most earnestly requested to bring this subject to the attention of the members of this church, that they remind the people of their duty to support and build up our own schools and colleges, and to make education under the auspices of the Protestant Episcopal Church superior in all respects to that which is afforded in other institutions."

A resolution in substance the same as the above was passed by the Presbyterians in their General Assembly, "cordially recommending their congregations to establish primary and other schools, on the plan of teaching the truths and duties of our holy religion in connection with the usual branches of secular learning."

A remarkable article appeared a short time ago in the columns of the *Advance*, a Congregational newspaper published in Chicago. It fully sustains the views and the line of conduct of Catholics in regard to the question of education, and with such ability and fairness that we give the communication, by Dr. Lyman, entire:

"PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS. By Henry M. Lyman, M.D.—Passing one day through a squalid quarter of the city, my attention was attracted by the rising walls of a lofty building which overlooked everything in the neighborhood. In size and form it seemed designed for some industrial purpose; but certain churchly emblems on its front indicated other reasons for its existence. I soon discovered a worthy Irishman, who, in reply to my question, informed me that this was the new building for the parochial school connected with St. So-and-So's church, and that, when completed, it would accommodate fifteen hundred scholars.

"Here, said I to myself, is another example of that almost superhuman wisdom which guides the operations of the Roman Catholic Church. Everywhere, even among the poorest inhabitants of our great cities, these

people are paying their taxes for the support of public schools, and are paying without a word of complaint. In addition to this heavy tribute, they are also quietly finding the money for the erection not only of splendid churches, but also of costly school-houses. This quiet season of preparation, however, will not always last. The time is not far distant when a large proportion, if not the majority, of Roman Catholic children will be furnished with the means of education in their parochial schools. Then will arise a demand either for emancipation from the requirement of taxation for the support of public schools, or for a division and allotment of their share of the fund thus produced.

"The result of such a demand is easy to foresee. It will be successful in spite of opposition, for it will be founded on the eternal principles of justice. To compel a man who is spending his money for the education of his children in the manner which he believes to be for their highest good—to compel such a man to submit to burdensome taxation for the maintenance of a system of education which he believes to be erroneous and dangerous is the height of injustice. The first dawning perception of this truth is evident in the recent elimination of the Bible from the public schools. This is an attempt to secure justice by removing one cause of complaint against the public-school system. But while it removes one objection it creates another which is far more serious. The complete secularization of the education thus provided deprives it of the greater portion of its value. It is useless to assert that intellectual training will make men more moral, or that it will add to the security of the state. History teaches the contrary. The secular education imparted at our public schools produces men and women fitted only for those forms of worldly activity which require little or no moral discernment. The ambitious, unscrupulous adventurer is the legitimate product of such an education; and of such characters the world has never known a dearth. The great want of the age is moral training; but that can never be obtained at a purely secular school. For this reason the Roman Catholic Church is right in its theory of churchly education for the young. If the clergy are to influence the community otherwise than by their lives and their official ministrations, if they are to retain their hold upon the masses, they must fashion the minds of the rising generation. Children who are trained to go to church, to respect the rites and the ministers of religion, to believe in a future state and in the existence of a God who rules the universe, can never wholly escape from the influence of such ideas. But the children of irreligious families—and they form the majority—who attend a school that has been deprived of all religious color and of nearly all moral flavor, receive no such impression; and they naturally grow up indifferent to everything but the pleasures and the profits of this world. It need excite no surprise that paganism so greatly abounds, when we are doing our very best to create pagans even out of the children of the church.

"Our public-school system is a splendid monument of self-sacrifice and of zeal for the improvement of mankind, and it should never be wholly abandoned. But it has far outgrown its legitimate sphere, and by misappropriating certain of the most important functions of the church it has well-nigh paralyzed the influence of the church in certain directions. The time has come when our Protestant churches must resume the responsibilities

which they have resigned, unless they are willing to remain passive spectators of the prosperous growth of indifferentism and scientific infidelity. By the side of every church should stand the parochial school-house. Then the unjust system of school taxation which now disgraces our civilization would soon become a thing of the past. The morals of the pulpit would then find their way through the school-room into the community, instead of being, as now, forbidden to emerge among Jews and Gentiles beyond the door of the church. Instead of the uniform drill which now compels all children everywhere to walk in the same ill-chosen rut, we should have in different localities different methods of instruction, with a corresponding richness of variety in the result. Instead of having the education of our children placed under the supervision of an irresponsible power emanating from the dregs of the populace, we should feel in our churches a revival of interest in the subject of education which would enlist the attention of the best men and women in the community. We should have better school-houses, for the taste and skill and wealth of our people would then have an opportunity for modifying the architecture of school-buildings. By limiting the demand for public schools, and by diminishing the money raised by taxation for their support, the temptations to official corruption would be proportionately diminished. The centres of population in our cities would tend to assume greater stability, for the church and the school-house together, surrounded by stately trees and well-kept grounds, would form a centre of gravitation far more permanent than anything that Protestant Christianity has yet produced. The Roman Catholic priest has always succeeded in securing ample room and permanent accommodations for his church and his school and his convent in every one of our cities, while his wealthier Protestant brother is content with the space between two curbstones, at some narrow street-corner, from which the first wave of advancing commerce too often washes him into obscurity. It is high time to ask which of these twain is the wiser."

A clergyman of the same denomination sustains in the *Advance* Dr. Lyman's thesis as follows:

"PUBLIC SCHOOLS OR PAROCHIAL? By Rev. A. S. Kedzie.—This is a coming question, the discussion of which was well begun by Dr. Lyman in a recent *Advance*, and continued by Pres. Pickard—a revolutionary question, withal, and one that must be taken in hand by the best thinkers of our times. It is plain to what answer the Roman Catholics are coming. When years hence they are found educating their children in their parochial schools, at their own cost, and an immense cost, demand will be made for a division of the school fund, or at least an exemption of the Roman Catholics from the school-tax. And such exemption will come, even if by as slow a process and as hard a fight as did Catholic emancipation in Great Britain over fifty years ago. Fair-minded and even-handed justice will prevail in the long run.

"Will Protestants demand parochial schools? Dr. Lyman says, Yes. So do I: *unless* the radical defect in our public schools is remedied. What is that defect? Not that most of our public school-buildings, in their location or construction, threaten with disease the coming generations of women—though that be a lamentable fact; not that the public schools fail to

teach religion—a teaching which in this age of the world's history belongs to the family and the church, the Roman Catholics to the contrary notwithstanding;* but the defect is an extreme secularization of studies—so extreme that children are put to no study of the essential moralities of life, in man's relation to his fellow.

“Our public schools cost a very large part of the taxes paid. What do they promise in return? To train boys and girls into the men and women the state and society need. But many of those thus trained come to failure—not failure in business, but a failure in themselves as men and women. In such case wherein comes the failure? Not in their ignorance of arithmetic or of ordinary studies pursued in the schools. But failure comes because, in the formation of their characters and in the growth of their minds, there has not, by study, been ingrained into their minds and characters the essential principles of morality—not as a part of religion (though finding their highest sanction in religion), but as being not less essential to the business of life than is a knowledge of the multiplication-table and of applied arithmetic.

“Sent out from the public school into the active duties of life, ignorant of the application of the fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth commandments of the Decalogue to the duties of life—not as a part of religion, but as essential laws of conduct in intercourse with their fellows—they will be as likely to come to failure as men and women as they would to make a failure in business if they were sent out unskilled by any study of arithmetic, and ignorant of its application in the transactions of business. Daily there is written down a long list of men and women who have made themselves failures. In such case the failure comes because the principles enunciated in the last six commandments of the Decalogue were not applied to the conduct of life. Failure in this life can be conceived as coming in no other way.

“Here a peril is found standing across the path of every man's and woman's success. It is not the exclusive duty of the public schools to arm men and women for meeting this peril; but if in this our schools do not help, they confess their radical defect.

“Nearly every morality of the Decalogue comes into play in the intercourse of children under twelve years of age, and especially when at school. It is a grievous wrong to have them ignorant of the help which an intimate knowledge of these principles would afford. When and how to resist the tyranny of an ugly boy or the influence of a corrupt girl should not be left to the uninstructed and unaided impulse of the occasion. Oral instruction by an incompetent or even competent teacher, and the influence of the teacher's example, good as these may be, will not meet the case. There should be a text-book for boys and girls under twelve years of age, in which, illustrated by stories and brought out by questions, the principles involved in the daily intercourse of their lives are set down for study and recitation. And these are the essential principles of all conduct between men. In the family as well as in the school would such a book be of use.

* NOTE.—Either the *Advance* has made a misprint or our Congregational clergyman is rather mixed up, or has made a slip of his pen; for if parents would do their duty properly, neither the church nor the state need trouble themselves about schools for the education of children. This is the Catholic idea of parental rights and obligations.

"Then, as in the grammar department, where three-fourths of the children finish their education, there is a written arithmetic studied in the primary department, yet covering broader ground, so in this grammar department there should be a larger text-book on the practical moralities of life, taking the scholars over a wider range in these studies, the first principles of which they had previously mastered. And for the few who reach the high-school there should be a still larger text-book, some standard work on moral science.

"The defect of our public schools, the more glaring because they are so much and are supported at such immense cost, is that they utterly fail to have a course of study in those moralities between man and man which are essential in a healthy civilization. So is it even when good order is maintained in the school and some oral instruction in moralities is given. This defect leaves open the way to ruin, with what terrible results the daily record of our times shows.

"If the time cannot be lengthened so as to include these studies, then the course of study must be reconstructed, including the essential and omitting the less practical. Else, between the parochial schools of the Roman Catholics and the parochial schools of Protestants, as designed by some, our public-school system may come to partial disuse and thus be in danger ultimately of overthrow."

Fresh light on this subject appears to have broken suddenly upon the minds of some of the Methodist brethren. The *Methodist*, a popular organ of this denomination, published in this city, says, in an editorial under the title "Concerning Denominational Schools":

"Our object in this article is to say squarely that, in our judgment, the denominational schools of the land, as compared with the purely secular or state schools, are, on moral grounds, incomparably the safest. If only intellectual culture were to be considered in connection with the education of our youth, then our state or secular institutions would doubtless answer a sufficiently good purpose. Such, however, it needs hardly be said, is not the case. Trained character, not less than trained intellects, is needed on their part. Not more important is it that our youth should be educated to habits of accurate and vigorous thought than that they become established in habits of virtue—rooted and grounded in the knowledge and love of truth. Now, we hold that the superiority of denominational over secular schools is especially seen in this, that their influence on character, as a rule, is immeasurably the most salutary.

"Again, a firm and genial Christian tone pervading a school, by warming the heart, stimulating conscience, and strengthening and bracing up all the better elements of one's nature, is eminently calculated to predispose the pupil to faith as well as to virtue. Our state institutions, as a general thing, are hotbeds of infidelity not less than of vice. That unbelief should be fostered and fermented therein is not unnatural. The restraints of religion are removed. The pride of intellect is stimulated. Science, falsely so called, usurps the place of the Bible. Doubt is engendered, and finally unbelief, full-blown, with all its arid negations, comes to be the fixed and settled habit of the soul."

It appears that a friendly critic took the editor to task for his former article, and here is his reply :

"A valued friend writes, in criticism of some recent remarks of ours : 'Shall we withdraw all support from state institutions of learning and hand them over to infidelity?' This is a different question from the one we have discussed ; and we believe a sufficient reply is that there is no danger of such withdrawal, and yet very little hope that individual Christian men can permanently secure a Christian character to state institutions. Our point is very different. We have said, and thoroughly believe, that our church should invest ten millions at least in the next ten years in denominational schools. Why ? Because we believe that this system is the American one and the only safe one. If the men who must give this money, if it is given, are told that the denominational system is a temporary one, for the present safety of our church, we do not believe that they will give it. If we were to advocate, as we have been earnestly urged to do, an increase of national support to higher education, we should feel that we were cutting the throats of our colleges by frightening benefactors away from them. We put the denominational system on the highest ground, because we believe it to be the true ground ; and we believe that our church must speak decisively, in this sense, before our colleges are helped to the means of a vigorous life."

In a subsequent number, in answering another critic on the question of "Higher Education," the editor makes some very wholesome remarks which it would be well for our statesmen at Washington to reflect seriously upon in these times. He says :

"An important principle in the case is that it has an unwholesome effect on a man to give him a liberal education for nothing. He ought to pay something as a safeguard to his manhood. This is one reason why education by the state ought to stop when it has met the common and universal demand. There may be an argument for educating the few at the expense of the many ; but it is certainly inexpedient to do so in a country where private beneficence has founded denominational and other schools in the expectation that education would remain 'free' for everybody to engage in. There is a real moral objection to higher education by the state—religion and morals would suffer if the national treasury were drawn upon to compete the denominational school out of existence. But it will be said that no such monopoly is intended. Of course not ; but when once a faucet draws a stream from the sub-treasury, the music of the golden stream entices other men to insert other faucets. There are precedents enough already for the thing we deprecate in the interest of morals and religion."

If we abstain from bringing forward more proof on this point, and from other sources, it is lest we should weary our readers ; but sufficient evidence, we think, has been produced to show that the true position of Catholics towards our public schools is now, by an intelligent and influential class of Christians of all denominations, rightly understood, publicly acknowledged, and perfectly

justified. It is evident, also, that Christian parents, Protestant as well as Catholic, are not and cannot be content to send their children to schools, unless they are directly religious and positively Christian. It is our matured opinion that the American people throughout the length and breadth of this land, if left to themselves, would prefer almost unanimously religious schools for their children, provided that these could be made to meet all the just demands of the state, and satisfy at the same time the conscientious convictions of parents. It is becoming daily more and more evident that a purely secular education will never take root in a country whose people are like Americans, who, while holding divergent beliefs, yet are sincerely attached to Christianity. Is it, therefore, premature to say that, after much dispute and long discussions, there is in the main an agreement between Catholics and Protestants on the Public School Question?

We are inclined to think not, and this is no small gain; but more is required. The question of the hour is: Shall we continue to allow our public schools to follow their disastrous course, which tends to undermine the Christian faith of the children who frequent them, and is biassed in favor of irreligion? Or shall common sense and fair play reign, improving our school system by making it what it professes to be, truly "public," honestly "free," and perfectly "common"? The answer to this question is not so difficult with fair-minded men.

Let all schools, whether secular or denominational, stand, as they should do in this free country, equally before the state. Let the state pay with even-handed justice for that instruction to children, and that only, which will make them—itsself being the judge—intelligent voters and good citizens. Surely it is no business of the state how or by whom this instruction be given, so that it be well done and thoroughly to its satisfaction. A plan of education of this character would be truly free, deservedly popular with all classes of citizens of our republic, and strictly in harmony with the democratic principles of our free institutions.

If these principles of equal rights and fair play, on which our republic is founded, were applied to public education, education would not be crippled and confined as it is under the existing one-sided system. Every school would receive, whether Christian, Jew, or Gentile, that quota from the state, and no more, which would be both legitimate and just under our form of political government. This would be satisfactory to every reasonable demand. No American ought to wish for more; and the American state cannot grant more without going beyond its proper sphere.

The public schools under such a plan would continue to exist for those who prefer them, and receive their fair share of payment from the state. Denominational schools would be founded by those who prefer them, and receive also their quota from the state. Must we repeat, *usque ad nauseam*, that this payment of the state to denominational schools would not be in any sense for their religious instructions?—for with this the state, constituted as ours, has no concern. The state would pay solely and exclusively for that instruction which it rightly requires, and for nothing else, and according to results. The cry of union of church and state, or the state supporting religion or sectarianism, against such a plan, is hypocritical or infidel. Such charges could be made with justice and truth against the present public-school system. It is well understood by every sensible American that, in a community made up of different religious beliefs, all religious instruction must be left for its support upon the voluntary principle. Surely a religion which is not self-supporting cannot be worth having. What honest man would wish to proselyte or pervert the minds of his neighbor's children under the cloak of common schools?

A plan of this kind for schools works well elsewhere and in communities like our own, composed of a variety of religious denominations, and to the perfect satisfaction of all, whether Catholic, Protestant, Jew, or Nothingarian. Why would it not work well here? We affirm that it would, because it would fully satisfy the consciences of parents of every form of religious belief, and at the same time it is in perfect accordance with the spirit of individual liberty which is characteristic of American civilization. Shall parents under the monarchical governments of Europe be in entire liberty to send their children to schools in accordance with their religious convictions, and in the United States, the freest political government under heaven, be subject to an oppressive tax if they would exercise this freedom? Our system of public schools, as now organized, is an anomaly to all the principles upon which the whole framework of our political fabric depends.

It is sometimes said that our common schools tend to the "unification" of the divergent elements of our people. This is a mistake, because, as these are now organized, they create dissensions and do not content the whole people. "Unification"—what's that? That word sounds strange to American ears! Does it signify a species of dead-level communism? How often must it be repeated that the genius of our republic favors the cultivation of individual greatness, and not the creation of a powerful nation at the expense of the manhood of its citizens? Let, then, the

great principles of American liberty enter into our common-school system unhindered. These would extend its organization so as to include the thousands upon thousands of children running at large in our great cities, and spread its fair and impartial wings over all the children of our great republic. American principles would lift education out of the arena of politics, lessen its expense, and render it, like the common air we breathe, free to all.

Protestants have been taught by a perhaps irreparable loss the necessity of a positive Christian education—a lesson which they might have learned without any danger, for it is contained in their version of the Bible in the following text: “Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it.” Catholics have been saved this loss, but by sacrifices that it would be difficult fully to estimate. The only gainer in this conflict has been the common enemy.

We put the serious question directly to the conscience of every earnest Christian, it matters not what may be his peculiar creed: Shall not the increasing tide which is flooding our country with irreligion and immorality be stopped? The time is at hand for all sincere Protestants to awake from their sleep, if they would have their children retain a positive belief in Christianity. Many are aroused and have spoken, and spoken publicly and to the point. Some of these we have quoted. But more than words are called for at such a crisis. Actions speak louder than words, and speedy action, and action with vigor, is now called for. For things nowadays go at a galloping gait. And can any intelligent Christian harbor any longer the slightest doubt that the battle-field between Christianity and infidelity lies mainly in the answer to the public-school question?

Catholics and Protestants both agree that, in view of their parental responsibilities, they cannot send their children to other than positive Christian schools. But it is admitted by all that a state such as ours cannot teach or pay for teaching religion. Therefore the defects of our public-school organization must be remedied by amending it according to parental rights and consistently with American ideas of religious liberty. This is the issue. Will Protestants join in this issue against the common enemy of Christianity, save the Christian faith of their children, and secure the future of our Republic?

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PROTESTANTISM AND THE BIBLE. Lectures delivered in St. Ann's Church on the Sunday evenings in Advent, 1880, by the Rev. Thomas S. Preston, V.G., LL.D. New York: Robert Coddington. 1880.

The list of Father Preston's published works, devotional and controversial, show him to be an indefatigable worker, and he has now given us another controversial work of no less value than its predecessors. These lectures are a sequel to his former discourses upon the nature and results of the Protestant Reformation. The author considers and disposes of the Protestant fables that the Scriptures were unknown to the Catholic people until the time of Luther's famous discovery of the Bible, and that the church had purposely suppressed the Scriptures and prevented their use, in order the more effectually to introduce the papal system. He shows the absurdity of this popular belief of Protestants by bringing forward the fact that after the invention of printing the Bible was published, with the sanction of the church, not only in Latin but in the vernacular and that Catholic versions into the principal tongues of Europe were in vogue long before the time of Luther. The next step is to show that while Protestants base their whole system upon the Bible, they cannot prove the Bible itself. Rejecting the authority of the church, they can prove neither the inspiration nor the canonicity of Holy Scripture. But even if they could, their way of salvation by the Bible alone is an absurdity, because it makes the knowledge of the truth dependent upon the invention of printing, thus leaving out in the cold all those who lived in the fourteen centuries preceding that invention. We cannot suppose that God would have proposed a plan of salvation thus unavailable to a large portion of the human race. Private interpretation, moreover, leads to endless contradictions, and thus defeats the very end of Scripture. The history of the Bible among Protestants shows nothing but differences—differences as to the canon of Scripture, differences as to correct translation, differences as to the meaning of the sacred text. Besides, Protestants have never been and can never be agreed as to what inspiration really is. Thus they are sure of nothing, and the logical result is rationalism and infidelity.

The failure of the Protestant system of propagandism by means of Bible distribution is shown from the testimony of their own agents, and this is perhaps the most interesting and valuable part of these lectures. The case is strongly put, and the conclusion is unavoidable.

In contrast to all this is the position of the Bible in the Catholic Church. From the infallible authority of the Church only we know that the Scriptures are inspired, and we are instructed what books we are to receive as canonical. The Catholic, therefore, comes to the study of the Bible with a certainty that it is the word of God, not believing that here is the *only* fount of divine truth, nor that the Scriptures contain *all* the revelation of God, but relying upon the judgment of the church, "the pillar and ground of truth," to teach him what he is to accept as divinely revealed.

This is but an imperfect abstract of the argument of these lectures. Their form is popular, their style clear and forcible, and they are well adapted to awaken to a sense of their real position those who still cling to that phantom which they call "Bible Christianity."

IRISH DISTRESS AND ITS REMEDIES. *The Land Question. A Visit to Donegal and Connaught in the Spring of 1880.* By James H. Tuke, author of *A Visit to Connaught in the Autumn of 1847*. London: W. Ridgway; Dublin: Hodges, Figgis & Co. 1880.

The agitation in Ireland during the last twelvemonth has at last attracted English attention, and as a consequence many of those members of "the aristocracy" and "the gentry" who have a literary turn, and many of the Bohemians of the English press, are coming forward with remedies. But besides these interested or ignorant writers we find occasionally an Englishman who understands the condition of affairs in Ireland and is willing to speak at least a part of the truth. Mr. Tuke is an Englishman and belongs to the Society of Friends, a denomination which has shown a great deal of kindly feeling towards Ireland. He was one of a committee appointed in 1847 to distribute help in behalf of the Friends among the starving in Ireland, and he made a similar tour during the distress last year. His pamphlet, while containing little that can be new to those familiar with Ireland, is no doubt something of a revelation to his countrymen. He desires, he says, "to bring to bear on the subject the knowledge gained in his earlier or later visits to Ireland, combined with the familiarity with questions affecting the land which a long residence in an agricultural county and his experience as a country banker may have given him."

"It is in South Mayo," says Mr. Tuke, "that the great seat of disturbance exists, and where, as I have noticed, the largest body of police is quartered, and where there are many men who dare not stir out of their houses without an escort." Speaking in general of what the English call the "agrarian outrages," he says that "not more than one in five of the offenders are discovered or punished. This applies *solely to offences connected with the land*; for as regards other crimes, they are *less frequent than in England, and as readily punished*." Mr. Tuke, indeed, thinks it hard for his countrymen to realize the true state of affairs. "Take Norfolk, for instance," he says, "which has nearly the same area as Mayo; . . . let us imagine that in every small town or village of that agricultural county companies of armed men were stationed in barracks, varying in number from five to fifty, whose duty it was, by day and by night, on foot and on horseback, to patrol the country; eight hundred to one thousand men are thus employed in Mayo, while two hundred and thirty-six rural police constables suffice for nearly double the population in Norfolk." A remarkable contrast, truly, between flourishing Norfolk and poor Mayo. But Mr. Tuke informs us that in this very South Mayo "the chief landlords are nearly all non-residents—five or more—whose total rental, taken out of the country, cannot be less than eighty thousand a year." That is to say, a tax of four hundred thousand dollars a year is levied on these struggling farmers and fishermen to increase the revenues of foreigners. No wonder South Mayo is a "great seat of disturbance."

Mr. Tuke, like a great many others, speaks of the poorer farmers of

Ireland as "peasants." But there is really no such thing in that country as a peasantry in the true meaning of that term, even though O'Connell, with his wonted gush and for a purpose, may have declared that Ireland had "the finest peasantry in the world." There are true peasants in Germany, in France, in Russia, but they are the descendants of serfs, and they could by tradition lay claim to no right in the soil except what their lords might choose or be forced to give them. Previous to the French Revolution, and to the later emancipations in Germany and Russia, they were regarded as mere appurtenances of the estate. The so-called peasants of Ireland are for the most part the descendants of free clansmen who never owned a lord, whose chiefs were supposed to be of their kin, and who had a communal right in the territory of the clan—a right which, in spite of foreign legislation, these 'peasants' still more or less boldly assert and endeavor to maintain. It is true Mr. Tuke partly expresses this :

"The Irish peasant believes that he possesses an inalienable right to the soil ; that the landlord is not the sole owner, but that he has with the landlord a joint ownership, a 'joint proprietorship,' not simply in the little plot of land on which he has built his hut, but justly also, with other tenants, communal rights of stray, or grazing, over the mountain or bogland of the townland. I am here speaking of those who may be regarded as the old and natural tenants of the soil, who have lived there for generations, and by whose industry whatever there is of cultivation in the land, whatever there is of building on the estate, has been effected. *We have no analogous condition of the land in England.*"

The greatest poverty is that which prevails along the western coast counties from Donegal to Kerry, where the population, according to Mr. Tuke, is too much crowded to flourish even if tenant proprietorship were established. But here Mr. Tuke seems to overlook the fact that many of these poor people so wretchedly huddled together have within forty years been evicted from the rich, arable lands where there is room and to spare, and that these lands, which of right belonged to those evicted tenants, have been turned into "demesne lands" for English gentlemen or into grazing farms, of which both the stock and the profit go to England or Scotland. There can be no sort of excuse, then, for a government emigration scheme, though Mr. Tuke is inclined to favor such a measure under qualifications. In all justice English legislation must provide for the pauperism which English legislation has created. During 1847-48 the Marquis of Lansdowne, an English nobleman, one of the largest landowners of Kerry, sent shiploads of his famishing tenants to this country, and they were landed in this city without a penny to their name. Our government has a right to keep a strict watch on this emigration scheme.

Mr. Tuke's pamphlet is valuable more for the accuracy with which it describes some of the crying ills of the west of Ireland than for the remedies which it proposes. No settlement of the Irish land question can be satisfactory or permanent which does not recognize that the land of Ireland belongs to the Irish people. As England by fraud vested the title to a large part of the land in foreign rent-gatherers, England must rectify the injustice she has done and in some way reinstate the tillers of the soil, who are its rightful owners.

ANGLICAN RITUALISM. Abbé Martin. London : Burns & Oates. 1881.

Ritualism is an extraordinary phenomenon which ordinary people whether Catholics or Protestants cannot account for. It is really no more unac-

countable than any other aberration of the human mind. Human nature is liable to erratic movements, and the mere fact of possessing more or less of revealed truth does not remove this tendency. The only perfect safeguard even for those who are convinced that all which Jesus Christ has revealed is the absolute truth is an unerring external rule and criterion, an infallible teaching authority to which an unreserved obedience is freely given. This which is true in respect to faith is also true in respect to morals. The revealed law does not suffice, without an authority to interpret and apply the law. Obedience to the one rightful teaching and ruling authority which represents Jesus Christ the Sovereign Lord is the *differentia* which distinguishes a Catholic from every other species of professing Christians. No matter how many truths taught by the church a man may hold for some other reason than the teaching of the church, no matter how many things commanded by the church a man may do for some other reason than the commandment of the church, he is not formally and explicitly a Catholic on account of this belief and practice. He may not actually err in belief or conduct apart from this one error of not recognizing the rightful authority of the church, yet he is destitute of a perfect safeguard against error and is liable to error. In the last analysis, his own individual reason and conscience are his rule, and both of these are fallible. The individual reason acting on the Christian revelation can construct for itself an indefinite number of systems of doctrine and religious practice, approaching to or receding from, by indefinite degrees, the genuine and perfect objective truth. Those who reject the unerring criterion and rule of authority are logically all rationalists. From the Greek schismatic to the Unitarian, all are alike, and all tend towards some form of rationalism. In fact Schelling is one of the principal authors of that Neo-Catholicism which calls itself "Old," having transformed his former Transcendental Pantheism into this shape, and it was through him that the faith of Döllinger was first corrupted. Gioberti was another of the same sort. From the days of the apostles to the present moment, these counterfeit presentments of the genuine Ideal of Christianity have been incessantly manufactured by the minds and imaginations of men who were not directed by the infallible Catholic rule of faith. All are on an equal footing in respect to the Catholic Church so far as total separation from her indivisible unity is concerned. The collection of men who adhere to the communion of the schismatical bishops of the East, the collection of men calling themselves Anglican Catholics, are no more a part of the visible body of the church than Presbyterians or Unitarians. Those of them who have divine faith, sanctifying grace and inward union with the soul of the church have them by an extraordinary way, as a Unitarian, a Jew, or a Pagan may have them, and are inculpable for their error only when they have the excuse of invincible ignorance and good faith.

It is singular to find a Frenchman so familiar as the Abbé Martin shows himself to be with all the ins and outs and curious turnings and windings of English Ritualism. He is remarkably quiet and courteous in his manner of dealing with Anglicans of all sorts, especially the Ritualists, and extremely complimentary to the English people except in regard to one point, viz., their logic. Indeed, he seems rather to go to an extreme in the credit which he gives to the Ritualistic party in the Church of England. It is

well, of course, to abstain from expressing any harsh judgment of individual persons, but on the other hand it becomes us to be cautious about assuming that almost everybody is in good faith and free from the guilt of schism, heresy, or at least culpable negligence and indifference in seeking for the truth and corresponding to grace. There are so many grievous sins committed by Catholics through wilful violations of the law of the church, and even sometimes open rebellion against the authority of their bishops and pastors, notwithstanding their faith and the abundant means of grace which they possess, that we can hardly assume universal innocence among those who are in the unfortunate position of sheep wandering at large without a fold or a shepherd.

IRISH SAINTS IN GREAT BRITAIN. By the Right Rev. Patrick F. Moran, D.D., Bishop of Ossory. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1880. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

No other writer of the day has, to our thinking, written so intelligently on Irish ecclesiastical subjects as Dr. Patrick Francis Moran, the present Bishop of Ossory. His knowledge of the early Christian history of Ireland is most extensive, his judgment is calm, and his presentation of facts is easy and graceful. His volume of *Essays on the Early Irish Church* and his *History of the Archbishops of Dublin* are two of the best works that have yet appeared in illustration of Irish ecclesiastical history. And now he has given us a volume on the *Irish Saints in Great Britain* which will add not a little to his reputation.

Fault is sometimes found with a certain class of Irish writers who treat of the golden age of their country's history, in that they claim too much for the land of their affection; they are accused of laying hands on the saints and scholars of other nationalities and claiming them as their own. They take for granted, it is said, that for three or four centuries all Christendom revolved around Ireland as the common centre of sanctity and learning, and wherever a great saint or scholar appears during that epoch he must of necessity, they think, be associated with their country. There can be no doubt, certainly, that Erin absorbed a very large proportion of the sanctity and learning of the Christian world during the sixth, seventh, and eighth centuries, but there were very many holy and learned men in all these centuries who were not Irishmen, and it would be very unjust and absurd for the Irish to claim the glory of them. Dr. Moran is far too jealous of the dignity of his cause to put forth any groundless claims, and whenever he includes a name in the lists of the Irish saints that is also to be found on the calendar of another nationality, he is careful to give his reasons for it, and they are generally sufficient. Thus, St. Cuthbert, the patron of Durham, has been regarded as one of the most distinctively English saints on the calendar, and when we found Dr. Moran claiming him for one of his "Irish saints in Great Britain" we confess we felt some little alarm for his lordship's historical accuracy; but after we had read the evidence in the case all alarm, and even all doubt, were removed. There is another very common historical misconception which Dr. Moran takes occasion to correct in this work. St. Columba is very generally accused of being, at least in his earlier years, a man of a rather vindictive disposition; he is said to have provoked a civil war to revenge an injury

done him. And it was to make atonement for all this that he became an exile from his loved "Erin, where the songs of the birds are so sweet." Even Montalembert, who was full of enthusiasm for the grand old saint of Iona, did not attempt to acquit him of any of these charges; and no small share of the admiration which his countrymen still bestow upon him is attracted by his supposed warlike character. But alas! for the venerable legends of the past. It now turns out that St. Columba was no warrior at all, that he was gentle, peaceful, and forgiving from the beginning, and that a single drop of blood was never shed in his quarrel—in fact, that he had no quarrel at all. It was the love of souls that made him an exile from that land whither his "gray eye ever turned in yearning."

We trust this new volume of Dr. Moran's will receive the attention it so well deserves. It is full of information on a most interesting subject, and it should be very generally read in Catholic circles.

LIFE OF FATHER ALEXIS CLERC, S.J., SAILOR AND MARTYR. By Rev. Father Charles Daniel, S.J. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co. 1880.

We have read through this life of Father Clerc and have found it most interesting and edifying. It depicts the career of a man of our own day who had to contend with the most adverse influences, but who, being faithful to the inspirations of divine grace, overcame them all and obtained at last the martyr's crown.

Father Clerc reached the age of thirteen under the influence of a devoted and pious mother, but the religious impressions derived from her were soon smothered by the infidelity and hatred of religion prevailing in the state schools, to which he was sent by his father. After graduating at the Polytechnic he chose a career in the navy. For a little while he led a rather reckless life, like the rest of the midshipmen with whom he was thrown, but the sight of the heroism and self-sacrificing life of some French missionaries to the Gambier Islands in the South Seas aroused him to more noble thoughts, and then, after a long and difficult struggle of some years between these and the evil influence of former habits and irreligious companions, he finally emancipated himself from the slavery of vice and devoted himself henceforth to the service of God with his whole heart. He found his happiness in the exact performance of his duty as an officer, in studying the works of St. Thomas, and in the exercise of much prayer and communion with God. His piety was not sour or morose; on the contrary, he appears to have been uniformly cheerful, and with a playful, innocent humor which made him a universal favorite with his associates in the navy. In this way he was the means of many conversions, and several of his companions, like himself, renounced their worldly prospects to devote themselves to a religious life.

The grace of God kept leading Father Clerc higher and higher, until, after ripe and mature deliberation, he came to the irrevocable determination to quit the navy and join the Society of Jesus. Then he practised for some years the virtues of humility and obedience in a way to edify all his companions, though hidden from the eyes of the world. God, as a reward for his faithfulness, selected him for martyrdom. He was shot, in company with the Archbishop of Paris and other eminent ecclesiastics, by the Com-

munists in their rage when the city of Paris was taken from them. One cannot peruse this life without being strongly moved to follow Father Clerc's example. Father Daniel has faithfully collected the incidents of his life, many of his letters and the testimonies of the friends who knew and loved him, and has thus given us a most interesting biography which will well repay any one who will read it.

WETZER UND WELTE'S KIRCHENLEXICON. First number of a new and improved edition. St. Louis, Mo.: B. Herder. 1880.

The first edition of this Encyclopædia of Catholic Theology and its affiliated branches of sacred science was published between the years 1847 and 1856. The supervision of the publication of this second edition was entrusted to Dr. Hergenroether and the work begun by him. His elevation to the dignity of cardinal having brought with it the obligation of undertaking new duties, the care of editing this great work was devolved upon Dr. Franz Kaulen, assisted by two hundred and fifty-three contributors, among whom are to be found such distinguished authors as Gams, Heinrich, Hettinger, Hurter, Janssen, Jungmann, Moufang, Rohling, Scheeben, Stöckl, etc. The entire work will be issued in ten volumes, each containing from ten to twelve numbers of one hundred and ninety pages each, royal octavo, the subscription price being thirty-five cents a number. A continuous and rapid issue of the numbers of the new edition is promised by the publishers. The reputation of the work is established, and the increased value which the new edition will receive from the vast amount of learned labor expended on it is self-evident.

THE AGE OF UNREASON. Being a reply to Thomas Paine, Robert Ingersoll, Felix Adler, Rev. O. B. Frothingham, and other American Rationalists. By Rev. Henry A. Brann, D.D. New York: Martin B. Brown. 1881. Price twenty-five cents. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

This is not a book but a *brochure* of about one hundred duodecimo pages. Its smallness is a merit, for it was intended to be not a heavy gun but a pocket revolver, to be used in a "battle with small arms." It is a very clever and lively pamphlet, terse and well reasoned, written in a style of good English, plain, pointed, pungent, sprinkled with allusions to the author's extensive reading in literature, with some hard and telling sarcastic hits on his opponents, and occasional passages of true beauty and eloquence. This *brochure* is one which we should be glad to see reach a circulation of one hundred thousand copies. A great number of similar tracts would be useful. More ambitious works reach but a small class of readers. We want a popular religious literature for the million. Poison for the soul done up in large and small packages circulates everywhere. The antidote should be distributed after the same fashion, in equal quantities, and with equal zeal.

THE CHURCH AND THE MORAL WORLD. By the Rev. Aug. J. Thébaud, S.J. Library Edition. New York: Benziger Bros. 1880.

This is a library edition of the work noticed in the December CATHOLIC WORLD.

A PEARL IN DARK WATERS. A Tale of the Times of Blessed Margaret Mary. By the author of *Tyborne*, *Dame Dolores*, etc. Baltimore: John B. Piet. 1880.

THE STONELEIGHS OF STONELEIGH. By the author of *Tyborne*, *Dame Dolores*, etc. Baltimore: John B. Piet. 1880.

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OBELISKS, AND THE NEW YORK OBELISK.

THE word obelisk is borrowed from the Greek, in which it means a *roasting-spit*, and these Egyptian spires were so called because they looked like spikes. Its Egyptian name was *tekhen*, a word of as yet unknown meaning.

Obelisks, Professor Donaldson, the London architect, points out, were not used singly, in wide, open spaces, but were stationed two by two in front of the mighty portals of the temple-palaces, on each side of the entrance, like heralds to proclaim the glory of the king. For their purpose was, as Birch has remarked, that of the triumphal column of the Romans. The pair of obelisks, however, was different from the triumphal column in not commemorating any one exploit of the sovereign, but his name with his many resplendent titles—"the Sun, the Child of the Sun, the Lord of Diadems, etc., etc." In these inscriptions the king always shows himself on the most glorious side of his royal nature as the very child of the Sun-God—of Ra at Heliopolis, of Amen-Ra at Thebes. Thus the pair of obelisks was a pair of heralds proclaiming to all who entered the temple-palace, long before they passed within the gate, the twin glories of the intimately united pair, the great Sun-God and his great son the Pharaoh. And the monumental inscriptions proclaimed nothing more than the great names of father and child on the two spires rising toward the sun.

Probably no kings have held so lofty a position of glory and worship as the Pharaohs. When Egypt passed under the influence

of the Christian Church, the deeply religious and devout spirit which was a national characteristic continued under the new forms of Christianity, and the suggestion has been offered that the *pylon* of the Egyptian temple, flanked by its two lofty and pointed obelisks, passed with Christianity gradually into the double-spired doorway of the Christian church. This would be no unworthy origin of the church-spire. The Catholic Church has ever been known for the motherly tenderness with which she has taken poor human nature to her heart. And though the Egyptians gave to their gods the forms of birds and beasts, let us not deny them a religious nature. They believed in one Almighty Being supreme in the universe, and nameless, and there were no images of the Almighty Father. This idea of God was as pure as that to which the spires of our churches point through the silent sky.

Sublimity, vastness, majesty were the nature of Egyptian art, and the obelisks, too, had to be made on the same scale of grandeur. They reached their great height in a single block of stone; and the Egyptians were not content to bring long distances, and at the cost of vast labor to hoist into a vertical position, these great blocks of stone seventy and one hundred feet long, but they pushed their manufacture to the extreme of difficulty by choosing a very hard stone. Most obelisks are of granite from the quarries of Syene, which contain the warm reddish-colored stone familiar to travellers in Egypt. While the larger part of the masonry is constructed, as Donaldson remarks, from the sandstones and limestones of the neighborhood, the more important portions of architecture and the statues are reserved for the superior reddish granite of Syene, at the southern end of Egypt.

Obelisks were placed on a substructure, for which that of the New York obelisk, as laid bare of the soil that gathered round it on the shore of Alexandria, will be taken as an example. There was an underground foundation of three courses of masonry with sloping sides, but in general approaching a cube. On this foundation were three steps; on the uppermost step the pedestal; on the pedestal the obelisk. The pedestal in general approaches the shape of a cube very little wider than the shaft; thus in the New York obelisk it projects beyond each face of the shaft only about six inches. The shape of the obelisk is a square shaft capped by a pyramid commonly called by the diminutive *pyramidion*. The shaft tapers, sloping on each side, as is often the case with upright surfaces in Egyptian architecture. The slenderness of the shaft—that is, the relation between width and height—follows no fixed ratio, but as a rule the height is about nine or ten times the

diameter at the base. In quarrying these enormous stones the Egyptian engineer could only hope to aim at certain forms without quite reaching them. Thus, the obelisks of a pair are not quite alike in their dimensions, nor is the cross-section of a shaft a perfect square; and so throughout the various parts of the sub-structure. Sometimes the inequalities become striking. Thus, an accident seems to have happened in the quarry to that one of the famous pair of Luxor (Thebes) which is now at Paris, for it is noticeably shorter than its fellow by about six feet. This inequality has been corrected in a curious way: partly by heightening the pedestal, partly by advancing it before the taller shaft—a correction which holds good only for the spectator at some distance.

The sides of the shaft are not always plane, but slightly convex, which is the case with the pair of Luxor and with the obelisk of St. John Lateran in Rome. The slight convexity is regular, so that the conclusion forces itself upon us that this convexity was intended. Probably its object was to correct an appearance of concavity and make the sides appear plane, inasmuch as the deeper shadow at the angle next to the lighted side would make a plane face seem slightly concave.

The inscriptions on some obelisks, and accounts of older travelers, show that the shaft was frequently capped with metal. Copper has been found, and inscriptions speak also of gold and iron. In one case, at least (the pair erected at Karnak [Thebes] by Queen Hatasu), the inscription says that the shaft was encased in copper. The object, besides that of ornamentation, may have been, as Donaldson has suggested, to correct inequalities caused by the quarrying. Thus an unluckily-blunted pyramidion could be brought to its rightful height. As the same architect remarks, the admirable polish of the surfaces of the cavities of the deeply-cut inscriptions contrasts strangely with the roughened faces of the shaft and pyramidion. The copper casing made an excellent decoration, at any rate, and brilliant indeed must have been Queen Hatasu's lofty shafts, clad in copper and capped with gold, rising in the blazing sun and clear air of Egypt to the glory of the Sun-God, and Pharaoh his child.

The inscriptions usually covered all four sides, giving the name and titles of the king who offered and the god to whom the obelisk was offered. Sometimes a later king had his name added to the obelisk in a new inscription, which is the case with the New York obelisk. This occurs, it is believed, when the first king was not able to complete the edifice during his lifetime, but

had to leave this to his successor. The faces of the pyramidion capping the shaft were carved with scenes of worship, the king offering wine and milk to the sun. But little is known of the mechanical processes of quarrying, transporting, and erecting these huge monoliths; the designs on Egyptian monuments are silent on this point. Much ingenuity was shown in splitting the block from the mass of living rock. A line of holes was drilled, and instead of inserting metal wedges the engineer drove in plugs of dry wood, which, on being wetted, swelled with great uniformity, and safely split the rock along the desired straight line. The mode of transportation receives some light from Pliny. The Nile's convenient waterway was, as we should expect, turned to use. Not only so, but by a canal dug for that purpose it was brought to the quarry, to the very spot where the huge block lay. Two flat-bottomed boats, lashed abreast and loaded with ballast to the weight of the obelisk, were towed beneath the stone, which had probably been lowered, it should seem from Pliny's account, nearly to the level it was to assume on the boats. As the ballast was emptied they rose to the obelisk. Touching the erection of the monolith on its site, Chabas, from a study of the inscriptions, says that one edge of the base was first placed on the pedestal, and the shaft revolved on this edge as a fulcrum vertically into an upright position. What machinery was used in thus hoisting it is unknown. To lift so great a weight out of its narrow bed in the quarry, to lower it into the boat, to hoist it on the shore, to transport and set it up on its site—all this gains our admiration for the Egyptian engineer, which is greatly quickened when we learn from an inscription that the loftiest obelisk in Egypt, over one hundred feet high—that of Queen Hatsu at Thebes—took the extremely short space of seven months in the making, from the first blow in the quarry to its erection at the pylon of the palace. That, Lieutenant-Commander Goringe declares, is more than any engineer living could do. But in those days human toil and life were cheap.

Only one large obelisk is known earlier than the New Empire,* that at Heliopolis, erected by King Usertesen I., of the twelfth dynasty. In the New Empire the pride of victory and strength gained in the successful struggle with the Asiatic invaders called Hyksos, or shepherds, made the kings soldiers and conquerors; and as splendid monuments spring up in a military nation at the return of victorious kings, so in the eighteenth,

* The New Empire began with the eighteenth dynasty, somewhere about 1600 B.C.

nineteenth, and twentieth dynasties Thebes and other parts of Egypt were made stately with great palaces and temples, while obelisks of the warm-colored granite of Syene, with polished sides covered with inscriptions, became the indispensable pair of heralds at the pylons of new palace-temples, proclaiming the glorious names of the child of the sun. When Egypt began to decline from her position as the great power in the East, the obelisks also declined in height, but continued as monuments for bearing the royal names almost to the latest days of national life. The youngest obelisk known is the Barberini, on Monte Pincio at Rome, set up by Hadrian (first half of second century A.D.), and bearing his name and the names of his empress, Sabina, and his beloved Antinous.

In this enumeration the small obelisks are disregarded. There are now five large obelisks standing in Egypt. Beginning with Thebes, at Upper Egypt, there are three, one left from each of three pairs. At the village of Luxor are the ruins of a vast temple-palace, at the entrance of which stood a pair of obelisks reared by the great Rameses II., of the nineteenth dynasty (about 1350 B.C.) One was taken to Paris in 1833 by the engineer Le Bas, having been presented to the French government in 1831 by Mehemet Ali. The remaining one is eighty-two feet high. About a mile to the north of this temple-palace was a still vaster collection of buildings, joined with the other by a long avenue of sphinxes. Two pylons of the many quadrangles are still decorated by a pair of obelisks. In each pair one remains; the other lies fallen and broken on the ground, and the peasants have turned to account these broken bones of the giant herald by manufacturing millstones out of them. The pair before the outer pylon is the smaller, and was erected by Thothmes I., of the eighteenth dynasty. The standing obelisk is about ninety-two feet high. The pair that did duty before the inner pylon was erected by Hatasu, the daughter of Thothmes I. The shaft that remains standing disputes with the obelisk of St. John Lateran in Rome the honor of being the highest in the world. According to Mariette, its height is one hundred and eight feet ten inches. These are the great obelisks of Upper Egypt. Sailing down the Nile, we find one at Crocodilopolis, in Lower Egypt, forty-three feet high, of uncertain date. We then come to Heliopolis, with its famous obelisk standing alone and bereft of its fellow. It is about sixty-seven feet in height and was erected by Usertesen I., of the twelfth dynasty (about 2500 B.C.) When Lepsius visited it in 1843 a flourishing garden of flowers blossomed about its base,

and bees, drawn by the flowers, had taken up their abode in the deeply-cut inscriptions of all four sides. It reminds us of Samson's riddle. As that of Hatasu at Thebes is the highest, so that of Usertesen I. at Heliopolis is the oldest, obelisk we know of. About a thousand years later a pair of obelisks was reared by Thothmes III. at Heliopolis in the sixteenth century B.C. A millennium and a half later, about the time of Christ, they were removed to Alexandria on the sea-shore; and about nineteen centuries after that the pair was parted, one to London, the other to New York, the two capitals of the English-speaking world.

In modern times the three great obelisks taken to Paris, London, and New York in this century have made their journeys from Egypt such costly undertakings that we can appreciate the power if not enterprise of Roman emperors in bringing to Rome and other parts of Italy about fifty, many of them of great size. There are now sixteen in Italy, all transported from Egypt in the days of the ancient Roman Empire, twelve of which are in Rome. The four outside of Rome are very small.

The twelve obelisks now in Rome were erected between Augustus and Constantine. The cutting, and transportation, and erection of such huge monoliths had always been regarded by Egyptians and foreigners as triumphs of engineering science, so that the Roman emperors were glad to show that they were masters of the world by forcing from Egypt these cherished monuments of former greatness. It was a fine notion of the Roman emperors to place them on lofty foundations and make them serve as the turning-posts in the Circus Maximus and other racing-grounds of Rome. If they were to be taken out of their own country it was no unworthy site for them to tower above, nor scene to overshadow, the rush of the chariots and the passionate host that filled the benches. Of the twelve obelisks now to be seen in Rome eight are of the eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth dynasties (before and after 1500 B.C.), two of the twenty-sixth dynasty (about 600 B.C.), and two were cut in Egypt and inscribed with Egyptian characters at the command of the Roman emperors Domitian and Hadrian. Both, especially Hadrian, were greatly interested by the religion of Egypt. In the decline of civilization that entered with the advent of northern barbarians the obelisks of Rome were thrown down. Some were broken, others are probably still buried, and only one remained standing from antiquity into modern times—the obelisk now in front of St. Peter's. The Egyptian obelisks at Rome shared in the regeneration of art that began four hundred years ago in Italy; the popes

unearthed them, mended their broken shafts, reared them anew, and moved them to the squares of the new Rome. Prominent in this work were Sixtus V., Innocent X., Alexander VII., Clement XI., and Pius VI., especially Pope Sixtus V., by whom four, among them the two highest in Rome, were set up in their present position. Of the twelve Roman obelisks four are higher than sixty feet, four are between forty and fifty feet, two are between twenty and thirty feet in height. The highest is that in front of the church of St. John Lateran, and is the second highest known, surpassed only by that of Queen Hatasu at Karnak (Thebes). Measurements, however, differ, and the Roman monolith is often called the highest. It was erected in Thebes by Thothmes III., of the eighteenth dynasty (about 1600 B.C.) Constantine, in removing it to Constantinople, left it at Alexandria, whence his son Constantius took it to Rome and set it up in the Circus Maximus. Here it was, after many centuries, found by Pope Sixtus V. prostrate, buried fifteen feet underground, and broken in three pieces. He caused the architect Fontana in 1588 to rear it on its present site. It is about one hundred and six feet high. The same architect erected for the same pope the next highest obelisk in Rome, that in front of St. Peter's. This was taken by Caligula from Heliopolis, but, as it bears no inscription, its age is unknown. It was originally set up in the Vatican Circus, and, as already said, it still stood upright when Sixtus V. had it moved.

The popes have been often sneered at for placing their arms, cross, and other emblems on the apex of the obelisks, when they deserve only praise for an enterprise and generosity which New-Yorkers can measure, who have seen the vast labor and expense of transporting and erecting an obelisk move slowly on before their eyes from July to January, from Staten Island through West Ninety-sixth Street to Eighty-second Street and Fifth Avenue in the Park. Certainly a pope would in this century leave the apex in its Egyptian condition, but that is because our age has added the spirit of historical exactness to the artistic spirit. The same spirit of historical truth should lead us to sympathize with other ages as well as with obelisks.

Constantinople possesses two large obelisks, one over fifty, the other more than seventy, feet high, both brought there in antiquity. In France there is one, that in Paris on the Place de la Concorde, about seventy-six feet high. It was given to the French king in 1831 by Mehemet Ali. He had offered the pair at Alexandria, in 1821, to England and France. An officer sent

out by the English government had reported that the expense would be too great, owing to the shallowness of the harbor. The younger Champollion, when travelling in Egypt, made up his mind that the pair at Luxor (Thebes) were the best for France to have, and it was owing to him that the French government asked Mehemet Ali for them. They were given, but only one was taken, the smaller of the two. The engineer was Le Bas. The obelisk at Arles, though dating from antiquity, is not Egyptian.

In England, besides four small obelisks, there is the large one on the Thames Embankment in London, presented by the ex-Khediye Ismail Pasha in 1877. The gift was an old one, for, as already said, it had been made in 1821. At intervals three unsuccessful attempts were made to raise the money in England to defray the expense of its costly passage. Finally, in 1876, Sir J. E. Alexander made an appeal. It was answered, not by Parliament, nor by peer, nor by capitalist, but by a surgeon, Professor Erasmus Wilson, with £10,000, for which sum the transportation was undertaken by Mr. John Dixon, a civil engineer. The obelisk, the fellow of our New York monolith, had long lain prostrate on the shore across a small ravine, where it was used as a bridge by man and beast. Mr. Dixon encased it, as it lay on the sand, in the vessel in which it was to sail by surrounding it with iron plates. The cylinder thus formed was by various additions turned into a ship and taken in tow in the latter part of 1877 by a steamer. In the Bay of Biscay the two parted company in a storm, and this delay and a lawsuit for salvage cost Mr. Dixon £5,000 more than the £10,000 for which he had bargained. It arrived in London, 1878, January 21, and was set up on the Thames Embankment September 13, 1878. Its height is about sixty-eight feet. The cross-section is not quite square nor the tapering uniform. Like its fellow in New York, the sea-air of Alexandria had injured some of its sides and inscriptions. The weight is nearly two hundred tons.

The experience of the London obelisk with its weatherproof glaze will be interesting to us who now possess an obelisk of our own. According to the *Scientific American*, June 21, 1879, the obelisk, already much weatherworn in Egypt, had suffered on its passage to London still further damage to its surface, and future injury was expected from the sulphurous acid poured into the air by the sea-coal fires. After cleansing, all the faces were coated with a silicious wash; and now the warm hue shines out, the quartz and feldspar glitter, and the deep-cut hieroglyphs have returned to their ancient sharpness.

These measurements, except that of the New York obelisk, are taken from J. H. Parker's *The Twelve Egyptian Obelisks in Rome*, Oxford and London, 1879, p. 40:

	Ft.	In.	Ft.	In.			Ft.	In.	Ft.	In.
Luxor,	82				St. John Lateran,	Four	107		or	105 6
Karnak (Thothmes I.),	93	6	or	90 6	St. Peter's,	highest.	82	9		
Karnak (Hatasu),	108	10			Porta del Popolo,	in	78	6		
Crocodilopolis,	43				Monte Citorio,	Rome	71	5		
Heliopolis,	68	2	or	66 6	Paris,		76	4		
					London,		68	5½		
					New York,		68	11		

Our New York obelisk, as already stated, was one of a pair with the London obelisk, and was erected at Heliopolis (which is not far below the apex of the Delta), before the temple of Tum, the Sun, by Thothmes III. (eighteenth dynasty, about 1600 or 1500 B.C.) The pair was removed to Alexandria in the reign of Augustus, 22 B.C. From the time they became known to European travellers of modern times one had remained standing on the beach of Alexandria, the other was fallen, and they were known by the traditional name of "Cleopatra's Needles." An inscription, however, discovered in 1877, shows that they were erected in Alexandria eight years after the death of that Egyptian siren. Their Alexandrian engineer had supported the rounded corners of our obelisk on metal rods, which for ornament's sake were made to pass through the bodies of bronze crabs sixteen inches long, twelve wide, eight thick. The two remaining crabs were discovered, on excavating the base of the obelisk, by Mr. Dixon, the engineer of the London obelisk, in 1877. The two crabs had one claw left between them, and on the inner and outer sides of this claw were Latin and Greek inscriptions, which fixed the date of their erection at Alexandria and the name of the engineer. What a pity that we have not the name of the first and Egyptian engineer to write it in a line with the Roman and the American, with Pontius and Gorrington!

The shaft of our obelisk bears two inscriptions, one by Thothmes III., the other by Rameses II., of the nineteenth dynasty. Perhaps Thothmes left the building in front of which the obelisks stood unfinished, and Rameses may have completed his work. The central line of each face belongs to Thothmes, the two lateral lines to Rameses. The following translation was made by Dr. S. Birch, of the British Museum, in 1880:

Central line (Thothmes).—"The Horus, the powerful bull, crowned in Western Thebes, the lord of diadems, whose kingdom is as extensive as the Sun's in heaven. Tum, the lord of Heliopolis, the son of his race, he has caused him to be born Tahu-

times [Thothmes III.] They [the gods] made him a great abode in their own beauty, knowing what should be, that he should make his dominion extend as the Sun for ages, the king of Upper and Lower Egypt, Men-kheper-ra [Thothmes III.], beloved of Tum, the great god, and his circle of the gods, giver of all life, stability, and power like the Sun for ever."

Right line (Rameses).—"The Horus, the powerful bull, beloved of Ra, king of Upper and Lower Egypt, Usermara, approved of the Sun, the Sun produced by the gods, holding the two countries, son of the Sun, Ramessu [II.], beloved of Amen, the beautiful youth much beloved, like the disk of the Sun gleaming from the horizon, lord of the two countries Usermara, approved of the Sun, Ramessu [II.] beloved of Amen, glory of Tum, giver of life."

Left line (Rameses).—"The Horus, the powerful bull, son of Kheper [a form of Ra], the king of Upper and Lower Egypt, Usermara, approved of the Sun, the golden hawk, rich in years, greatest of the powerful, son of the Sun, Ramessu [II.], beloved of Amen, he has proceeded from the body [of the Sun] to take the diadems, to be the sole lord, the lord of the two countries, Usermara, approved of the Sun, glory of Tum like the Sun."

In this inscription, as in the others, the last words of each line read, "Giver of eternal life like the Sun." There are two horizontal lines at the base, titles of Rameses II. This side has, in smaller characters, "King of Upper and Lower Egypt, Kherpkheper-ra, approved of the Sun, son of the Sun, Uasarkan [I.]," or else of Seti II. At least so I restore it.

Central line (Thothmes).—"The Horus, rejoicing in the crown of Upper and Lower Egypt, Men-kheper-ra the golden hawk, delighting in power, striker of the rulers of foreign lands, taking them, as his father Ra [the Sun] has ordered him power over all lands, his scimitar victorious by the power of his hands, enlarging the frontiers of Egypt, son of the Sun, Thothmes [III.], giver of life, like the Sun, lord immortal."

Left line (Rameses).—"The Horus, the mighty bull, beloved of Truth, king of Upper and Lower Egypt, lord of festivals of thirty years, like his father Ptah Tatanen, son of the Sun, Ramessu [II.], beloved of Amen, the Sun produced him to make festivals in Annu [the Heliopolis], to supply the temples, he produced him lord of the two countries Usermara, son of the Sun, Ramessu [II.], beloved of Amen, all health and life, like the Sun."

Right line (Rameses).—"The mighty bull, son of Tatanen, the king of Upper and Lower Egypt, Usermara, approved of the Sun, the lord of diadems, ruler of Egypt, chastiser of foreign lands,

son of the Sun, Ramessu [II.], beloved of Amen, the monarch victorious by his hands in every land, taking the whole of every land, the lord of two countries, the son of the Sun, Ramessu [II.], beloved of Amen, life, health, and strength like the Sun."

There is on this side: "Kherp-kheper-ra, approved of the Sun, son of the Sun, Uasarkan [I.]"

Central line (Thothmes).—"The Horus, the mighty bull, crowned in the Thebaid, has adorned the house of the Sun [Ra], embellishing with the beauties of the disk of the Sun Heliopolis, done for the first time in . . ."

Left line (Rameses).—"The Horus, the mighty bull, beloved of Ra, king of Upper and Lower Egypt, Usermara, approved of the Sun, Sun-produced by the gods holding the world, Ramessu [II.], beloved of Amen, beloved . . . never was done the like . . . Heliopolis, he has set up his memorial before Atum, lord of two countries, Usermara, approved of the Sun, son [of the Sun, Ramessu II., beloved of Amen], giver of life."

Right line (Rameses).—"The Horus, the mighty bull, son of Ra [the Sun], king of Upper and Lower Egypt, the golden hawk rich in years, greatest of the powerful, son of the Sun, Ramessu [II.], beloved of Amen . . . lord of the two countries, Usermara, son of the Sun, Ramessu [II.], beloved of Amen, like the Sun."

At the base two lines as before. There is the same prenominal of Uasarkan I. at the base here. The fourth side is also much mutilated.

Central line (Thothmes).—"The Horus, the mighty bull, beloved of the Sun, king of Upper and Lower Egypt, Men-kheper-ra."

Right line (Rameses).—"The Horus, the mighty bull, beloved of Truth, Usermara, lord of festivals of thirty years, like his father Ptah, lord of Truth [or Tatanen], son of the Sun, Ramessu [II.], beloved of Amen, god of gods, star of the two worlds at . . . Sun . . . house . . . in what is done lord of the two worlds, Usermara, approved of the Sun, son of the Sun, Ramessu [II.], beloved of Amen."

Left line (Rameses).—Almost wholly illegible. "[. . . Userma]ra approved of the Sun, . . . all . . . son of the Sun, Ramessu . . . beloved of Amen, . . . lord of the two countries [Usermara approved of the Sun, son of the Sun, Ramessu II., beloved of Amen], like the Sun."

Round the base two lines with titles of Rameses II., as before. So far Dr. Birch. The Pharaoh was the son of Ra the

Sun, and of the gods Amen and Ptah, other manifestations of the Sun-God. He calls himself, therefore, Horus, who was God the Son, in one of the Egyptian trinities.

When Lieutenant-Commander Gorringe laid bare the foundation of the obelisk he found that the pedestal stood on a substructure of three low, square stages making three steps. These steps rose from a tessellated marble pavement of white and blue tiles. Underneath the steps was an underground foundation of rough, irregular stones not laid in mortar, in shape a cubical block with a side of about sixteen feet. The structure above ground was about eighty feet high. The heights of its members, roughly given, are: obelisk sixty-nine feet, pedestal seven feet, each of the steps one and one-half feet. The pedestal projected beyond the base of the obelisk about half a foot, and each step was about one and one-half feet wide. The lower step was about eighteen feet square. The exact dimensions of the shaft, converted into feet by Dr. Weisse from the metres of Zola,* are: height, sixty-eight feet eleven inches. One pair of opposite faces is eight feet three inches at bottom, five feet three inches and five feet four inches at top; the other pair is seven feet eight inches at bottom, five feet, and four feet ten inches at top. The pedestal was strangely irregular; only one face was rectangular, and no two faces were equal; it was six feet ten inches high, and the horizontal edges varied from eight feet seven inches to nine feet two inches. While the shaft and pedestal were of Syene granite, the three steps were a limestone, hard and whitish yellow. The lower step was a square layer of eighteen stones. The two upper steps were not two separate layers like the lower, but formed a single two-stepped layer composed of six blocks surrounding a square space in the middle, which space, extending through the two upper steps, was plugged by three stones. Thus the two steps were a single layer of nine stones. One of the three blocks in the middle square compartment was not limestone but Syene granite, and it filled the east angle of the compartment (the angles of the obelisk and its foundations faced the four winds). In the lower step two of the eighteen stones were Syene granite and a third was an unusually white limestone. One granite block had hewn out on its upper face a mason's (or carpenter's) square. The granite block in the compartment of the two upper steps, and the two in the lower step, with the white stone, are considered by Lieutenant-Commander Gorringe to be Masonic emblems, as also certain stones with curious markings in the under-

* Weisse, *The Obelisk and Freemasonry*.

ground foundation. On a stone near the mason's square in the lower step was an iron trowel imbedded in cement. The trowel, the square, and certain mathematical figures on stones in the underground foundation were evidently deposited as the marks of the builder's calling. Whether Freemasonry of the present day descends in a direct line from antiquity, and whether the builders of the obelisk's foundation were members of the supposed brotherhood, is another question.

In 1877 Mr. W. H. Hurlbert, the editor of the *New York World*, who had made the acquaintance of the Khedive of Egypt, was informed that Ismail Pasha would be glad to give to the city of New York the fellow of the London obelisk. It was through the eloquence of Mr. Hurlbert that a generous and high-minded New-Yorker, who withholds his name, gave £15,000, the sum named as adequate by Mr. Dixon, who was then engaged as the contracting engineer. Meanwhile the Secretary of State, Mr. Evarts, had been petitioned to convey to the Khedive a request for the gift of Cleopatra's Needle. The request was negotiated by the American consul-general, Mr. Farman. Political troubles in Egypt and other causes delayed the ratification, but finally, in May, 1879, the original offer was converted into a gift by the new Khedive, Mohammed Tewfik. Mr. Dixon now declined to take the risk for £15,000, for the accident in the Bay of Biscay had cost him dear. Here the man of the occasion presented himself. Mr. H. H. Gorringe, an American citizen and naval officer of West Indian birth, returned from a cruise in the Mediterranean, where he had studied the question and made up his mind as to the methods of removal. The result was that Mr. Evarts informed Mr. Hurlbert that Lieutenant-Commander Gorringe was the man for the work.

The obelisk was first encased in oak planking to protect the surface. The process of laying it on the ground consisted of two parts—first to revolve it vertically on its centre of gravity into a horizontal position, then to lower it, always maintaining the horizontal position. To revolve the mighty shaft two huge trunnions were clamped on two sides at the centre of gravity, and the trunnions supported on two great iron scaffolds. Finally the shaft was guyed at top from four points to keep it steady throughout the operation. Before beginning the revolution the obelisk was slightly raised vertically to enable its base to clear the pedestal, and this was done by "right and left thread turn-buckles" connected with rods inserted into the bottom of the trunnions. This machinery was made in New Jersey after Lieu-

tenant-Commander Gorrings's own designs, and was landed at Alexandria about November 1, 1879. On December 6 the obelisk was raised so as to clear the pedestal; then, pedestal and steps removed, it was revolved on its trunnions till it hung horizontally high in air. In order to lower it to the ground a pile of beams laid crosswise was built up under each end as the new machinery to take the place of that which had done the revolving. The obelisk was slowly lowered by taking from the top of each pile in turn. The next step was to roll it on to the pontoon which was to take it to the steamer, and then into the steamer's hold. Resting in a cradle, it was rolled over cannon-balls in the grooves of a track. The track was laid down for sixty feet in front of the obelisk. The motion was effected by an engine winding a rope round a drum, the engine attached to the front of the cradle, and thus pulling itself and its burden up to a point at which the other end of the rope was fastened. The obelisk was rolled from the pontoon through a hole in the side of the steamer, made by detaching some of its iron plates. This steamer, the *Dessoug*, was bought expressly to take the obelisk across the Atlantic. The obelisk set out from its native shores on June 12, 1880, and arrived in New York on July 20. The *Dessoug* was put into dry-dock on Staten Island, at Clifton, and on September 6 the obelisk was rolled out exactly as it had been rolled in. After much waiting for good tides the pontoon, on September 16, was towed to Ninety-sixth Street and North River, New York. Its route to its resting-place in Central Park was through Ninety-sixth Street, down the Boulevard, through Eighty-sixth Street and its transverse road across the Park, down Fifth Avenue, then, turning west at Eighty-second Street, to the site on a knoll near the southeast corner of the lower reservoir, near the Metropolitan Museum of Art. After leaving the shore at Ninety-sixth Street the cannon-balls were replaced by frames containing rollers. From the gate at Eighty-second Street and Fifth Avenue a huge bridge of trestlework was built across the hillocks and hollows of the Park to bring the obelisk by a uniform grade to the level its centre of gravity was to occupy in revolving back upon its pedestal. For this the same machinery used in Alexandria to revolve it off of its pedestal had been shipped back to New York. On October 9, 1880, while the obelisk was still near the Hudson River, on Ninety-sixth Street, the corner-stone of the foundation was laid, amid imposing ceremonies, by the Grand Master of Masons in the State of New York. Each department of the federal government contributed to the documents and other me-

mentoes deposited in the stone; thus, the Navy Department sent medals commemorating victories of the American navy, the State Department a set of colonial charters and federal and State constitutions. On January 22, 1881, "Cleopatra's Needle," some centuries older than Moses and the Hebrew nation, the herald of the glories of Thothmes, the lord of diadems, the son of the Sun, whose power reached from the rivers of India to the isles of Greece, from the Caucasus to the equator in Africa—this mighty monolith was replaced on its ancient pedestal on the Greywacke knoll in the Central Park of New York.

A NEW IRISH POET.

IT may be considered a self-evident paradox, in view of the special reputation of Thomas Moore as the Irish bard, his skill in the construction of smooth and intricate verse, and the absolute possession which many of his songs have taken of Irish airs, so that their original names are quite lost and they are only known by the titles of the verse, that Irish music is not adequately interpreted in the *Irish Melodies*, not merely in sentiment but in rhythm and sound. Yet those who are acquainted with ancient Irish music in its original form, and not as trimmed and emasculated for the drawing-room taste of the time by Sir John Stevenson, who arranged the airs for Moore's songs, recognize that there is a wildness and a depth of pathos all the more effective for its irregularity, like the artless incongruities of early ballad poetry, which is not interpreted in the set phrases and recurrent rhythms of even the most successful and closely adapted of Moore's songs. In this no reference is made to the lack of local color, native sentiment, and dialect, which is so conspicuous in the songs of Burns, nor any attempt to deny to Moore the just praise for his art of versification or the felicity with which he interpreted the sentiments he felt. As the poet of the drawing-room he has had no superior, although the atmosphere and taste of that drawing-room have changed since his time, so that both his wit and his pathos have now something of the air of rococo. Neither is it any attempt to disparage the reality of his feeling of nationality, the patriotic spirit and manliness of tone in reference to the proscribed patriots of his time, or the sincerity of his defence of the

ancient glories of Ireland and his vindication of her misfortunes. That he went no farther than he did in reproducing the spirit of the native poetry of Ireland in form and color, as Burns had done for that of Scotland, was partly the fault of the literary taste of the time, which was yet far from perceiving the value of absolute realism; partly that of his station, which, although he was a Catholic in religion and a patriot in sentiment, was still more of the English colony than of the native race; and partly also because there was a prejudice against Irishism which did not exist against Scotticism, in spite of the success of Miss Edgeworth's genre pictures. Political and race animosity had not subsided sufficiently to allow the Doric of Ireland to become attractive, like that of Scotland, and the atmosphere of brogue and blunder associated with the English caricature of Irish literature had its effect in forcing a loftier and less natural treatment. But the literary aspect of Moore's songs is not the one to which we refer in their relation to Irish music. Their artificial finish in versification, the regularity and confinement of movement in mere rhythm, do not fully interpret the wildness, the evanescent spirit, and the weird pathos of some of the finest and most characteristic Irish airs. In the fairy music the fairies have become the coryphees of the ballet, the banshees' wail has lost half its piercing wildness, and the intoxicating rhapsody of mirth is subdued to refined and slightly artificial merriment.

The failure of Samuel Lover is much more marked. He was avowedly a follower of Moore, with less genius and skill. In his serious songs he imitated the far-fetched fancies and epigrammatic sentiment of Moore with less felicity and a more obvious artificiality. His sentiment was that of the shabby-genteel rather than the aristocratic drawing-room, and as that of Moore descended to Thomas Haynes Bayly. The only style in which he showed any originality, and which entitles him to be considered at all as an Irish songster and interpreter of Irish music, is in his attempts to reproduce the dialect and native humor of the peasantry in comic songs. They once were in great vogue because there were no better, and it is to be said in favor of Lover that he was almost the first to really give something like the peasant poetry of Ireland in its humorous form, and that his songs drove out the silly, witless, and coarse verses of English pot-house poets like George Colman the younger, palmed off as representatives of native Irish humor. But in spite of their greater approach to naturalness, their taking melody, and their occasional touches of genuine humor, "Rory O'More" and "The Low-backed Car" are

but in degree better than "The Sprig of Shillelah" and "Looney M'Twollir," which they succeeded. As a writer in the *North British Review* observes, "Mr. Lover's songs are only imitation emeralds cut in green glass."

Moore and Lover are the most conspicuous Irish song-writers and interpreters of Irish music in English verse, but there are others who in single instances have shown a rarer skill, or at least a more genuine native spirit. Charles Wolfe, who is only known as the author of "The Burial of Sir John Moore," but who wrote several other lyrics, was the composer of a song to that most beautiful and pathetic air of "Gramachree," "If I had thought Thou couldst have died," which breathes the very spirit of the music and, as the anecdote related of its composition would evince, the genuineness of its inspiration. He was crooning the air to himself until he was moved to tears, and composed the song in the stress of imaginative pathos. Richard Milliken, in the "Groves of Blarney," first touched the key of the grotesque in Irish humor, and, not less in the happy extravagance of the words than in the absolute felicity of the rhythm, created a song immortal in its perfection of truthfulness and in its hold on the world's ear. Perhaps a word should be said for the more artificial and less easy "Bells of Shandon," by Francis Mahony—"Father Prout"—which has taken a permanent place among Irish lyrics; but it is not essentially Irish, except in locality, and in particular is not the interpretation of any Irish air. Before Lover the brilliant and erratic Dr. William Maginn, the original of Captain Shandon in *Pendennis*, had written a series of Irish melodies in burlesque of those of Moore, one or two of which represented the convivial side of Irish humor with a great deal of spirit; but in his songs, as in the songs scattered through Charles Lever's earlier novels, there is a lack of finish and an air of haste and improvisation which mar their effect. Mention should be made of the famous "Bumpers, Squire Jones," by Arthur Dawson, Baron of the Exchequer, which is a very felicitous interpretation of the melody of a capricious Irish planxty; and "Molly Astore," by the Right Hon. George Ogle, which, in spite of its old-fashioned and conventional sentiment, has a lyric swing that gives it the true singing quality. Gerald Griffin made several attempts at the interpretation of Irish airs in words, notably in the yet unaccomplished feat of setting the very difficult and very tempting "Eileen Aroon," known in the Scotch version as "Robin Adair"; but in spite of the elaboration there is but one that can be considered a success in ease and naturalness—the little lyric entitled

"Gilla Machree." It is impossible to pass over the very vivid and powerful "Soggarth Aroon," the poor peasant's address to his priest, by John Banim, which was one of the first, as the strongest, interpretations of the native sentiment of the people in their own dialect. But it was not specially the interpretation of any Irish air, and therefore a little out of the present line of consideration. And the same may be said of the very beautiful, melodious, and touching love-song, "Ailleen." The success of these pieces leaves a great regret that Banim did not devote himself more to lyric verse, and indicates that he might have been one of the most powerful and indigenous of Irish poets.

The efflorescence of poetry that accompanied the outburst of national sentiment in the body of enthusiastic and talented young men known as the Young Ireland party, and which included such genuine poets as Thomas Davis, James Clarence Mangan, Denis Florence McCarthy, and others, was very remarkable. It filled the *Nation* newspaper with a great quantity of fervid and impassioned verse devoted to the past glories of Ireland and to aspirations for its future, in which, in spite of a great deal of extravagant rhetoric and youthful crudeness, there was a genuine fire and inspiration, and which was marked by, among others, such stirring ballads as "The Sack of Baltimore" and "Fontenoy," by Davis; such a noble ode as "Soul and Country," by Mangan; and such an impassioned lyric as "Who fears to speak of Ninety-Eight?" by the present Professor John P. Ingram. The poetry of this period was intensely national in one sense, and went very much farther than that of Moore in its interpretation of Celtic and national feeling; but, in spite of the frequent use of phrases and epithets from the Irish language, it was not, in dialect or expression, the voice of the native Irish people. It was the interpretation of the highly-wrought visions of the young men, of what they imagined Ireland had been and should be, and, although so national in spirit, was in form adapted for the criterion of English criticism. Many of the lyrics were adapted to Irish airs, but there were few which owed their inspiration to them or adequately interpreted their spirit. The melody of Mangan's verse when it was finished, and not, as too often the case, distressingly rude and forced, was of remarkable quality, but it was essentially rhetorical rather than musical, and artificial in its accomplishment of difficult feats of rhythm after the fashion of Poe. Davis was rather a ballad-writer than a lyric poet, and his measures were more successful in that form, although exception might be made in favor of the charming songs, "Mauri Bhan Astore" and "The

Lost Path." The melody of McCarthy, although often successful in dealing with leonine and assonant metres, as particularly in that exquisite lyric, "Waiting for the May," was also essentially rhetorical rather than musical in the technical sense. There is but one lyric of this school which is thoroughly an interpretation of an Irish air, and breathes the spirit, as it represents the form, of its musical inspiration. It is entitled "Kate of Araglen," and was adapted to the beautiful, sweet, and eminently characteristic Irish air of "An Cailin Rhue"—the red-haired girl. Its author was Denny Lane, a native of Cork, who, I believe, is now living.

One of the most genuine of Irish poets is William Allingham; and although not politically national in his spirit, after the fashion of the Young Ireland poets, he is more thoroughly an interpreter of national and peasant sentiment. He was the first to utilize the germs of poetry in the peasant ballads, which, although greatly inferior to the aboriginal Celtic poetry, from the fact that the English language does not fully adapt itself to the genius of expression in the Irish peasant, in its themes and phraseology has a natural pathos and humor and a turn of expression that reveal the poetic gift of the Irish people. These Mr. Allingham has studied, not to reproduce in archaic imitation or to embroider a foreign stuff with native ornament by patching peasant phrases on conventional language, but to recreate in form and spirit with the power and pathos of original inspiration from themes of peasant life. Two of Mr. Allingham's lyrics, "The Irish Girl's Lamentation" and "Lovely Mary Donnelly," are among the most perfect of the interpretations of peasant life in the whole range of Irish poetry, and the latter is as spiritedly melodious as it is natural and vivid.

That Sir Samuel Ferguson is a lyric poet of remarkable and original power was made manifest by "The Forging of the Anchor," whose happy boldness of epithet and felicity of measure have given it possession of the world's ear. His other poems are much less known than they deserve to be, for they display the same original vigor of epithet and measure and the same native glow of spirit. The greater part of his work has been devoted not so much to the translation as the reproduction in spirit and form of the ancient Irish poetry, epic and lyric, freed from the redundancies and Oriental extravagance which sometimes make its turn of thought almost as foreign as the language. In this he has displayed a skill and versatility in measure, grave or gay, admirably appropriate to his themes, and some of his reproduc-

tions of Irish lyrics are remarkably felicitous simply as specimens of melody. But his studies have been more in the ancient than in the modern national life of Ireland, and, although thoroughly imbued with the spirit of ancient Irish music, he has not set himself to interpret it as a song-writer in the technical sense.

It would be impossible to omit in a review of Irish song-writing the single charming poem of Lady Dufferin, "The Irish Emigrant," which is genuine, sweet, and touching, in spite of the rather dangerous universality of its popularity and adoption by drawing-room sentiment. But in this case the popular taste was sound, and the sentiment is as genuine as it is simple. Its melody is equally taking, although not essentially Irish in its characteristic features. Other poems might, perhaps, be mentioned as successfully representing phases of Irish sentiment and as adapted to Irish music, but I believe that I have indicated the more salient and characteristic features of Irish lyric poetry in relation to Irish music.

For a few years past there have been appearing in the pages of English periodicals, chiefly the *Spectator*, short lyric poems on Irish subjects, which have attracted attention not only for the felicity and novelty of their rhythmical measures, but for their sweetness and grace of sentiment. Those familiar with Irish music also at once recognized the source of their inspiration, and how thoroughly, in many instances, they represented not only the form and measure but the spirit and meaning of the airs. It was as if the ancient Irish airs had once more received an articulate speech in the English language to take the place of that which we imagine they must have had when they interpreted the feelings of their Celtic composers, who were almost invariably poets as well as musicians. These songs have been collected in two volumes and published as *The Songs of Killarney and Irish Songs and Ballads*, by Alfred Perceval Graves. In the preface to the latter volume Mr. Graves announces that the songs derived their prime impulse and complete character from the music of old Irish airs, and in their representations of native sentiment from affectionate study of Irish peasant life in the mountains of Kerry. In both respects they are admirable. The soul of the airs is in the songs and the tender affection, fervid gayety, and simple pathos of Irish peasant character in its most engaging form, in a perfection that is not an imitative study of dialect so much as an assimilation of thought and speech to the actual feeling and expression of the people. There are degrees of success to Mr. Graves' interpretation of Irish airs, or rather, it

may be, to the strength and inspiration of the airs themselves, some of them being slight and the difficulty of the lyric measure almost incompatible with vigor of expression. But even in such instances, when the fetters of rhythm would seem entirely too cramping for free movement, he has often succeeded in giving strength with melody and an apparent freedom of flow, as if it was spontaneous instead of the exercise of difficult art. The words appear to obey the inspiration of the music rather than to have been cut and trimmed to its measure, and in meaning they are the reproduction of the inspiration and spirit of the air, in no instance with a change in the character or the interpolation of foreign sentiment, as was so frequently made by Moore. Mr. Graves' songs are as thoroughly Irish as those of Burns are Scotch.

One of the most original and at the same time characteristic Irish airs is "The Foggy Dew," which in its title is emblematic of the characteristics of Irish scenery and of the inspiration of nature in giving color to national genius. It is neither sad nor gay, but the indefinable blending of the two, so common in Irish music, in which, however, it may be said that the undercurrent is melancholy and the final impression that of softened pathos. It is like an Irish landscape, softly green and lit with a mellow light, but bathed in a faint mist and dark in its shadows, with the impress of melancholy even in its softly radiant glow. In "The Foggy Dew" the alternations in feeling, without change in measure, are like those from the chasing shadow and sunlight from the changing sky over the green fields. How faithfully this is interpreted in Mr. Graves' verse can hardly be fully appreciated without a knowledge of the music, but the air can almost be reproduced from the words:

THE FOGGY DEW.

Oh! a wan cloud was drawn
O'er the dim, weeping dawn
As to Shannon's side I returned at last;
And the heart in my breast
For the girl I loved best
Was beating—ah! beating how loud and fast;
While the doubts and the fears
Of the long, waiting years
Seemed mingling their voices with the moaning flood,
Till full in my path,
Like a wild water-wraith,
My true love's shadow lamenting stood.

But the sudden sun kissed
 The cold, cruel mist
 Into dancing showers of diamond dew ;
 The dark, flowing stream
 Laughed back to his beam,
 And the lark soared singing aloft in the dew ;
 While no phantom of night
 But a form of delight
 Ran with arms outspread to her darling boy,
 And the girl I love best
 On my wild, throbbing breast
 Hid her thousand treasures with a cry of joy.

If there is something of an air of unreality to this, and the limitations of its confinement to the music are perceptible, its grace and skill are equally so ; and while its interpretation of the air is perfect, it has the true lyric "cry." Almost equally perfect in melody and love-sweetness is

WHEN I ROSE IN THE MORNING.

When I rose in the morning,
 My heart full of woe,
 I implored all the song-birds
 Why their mates on the bough
 To their pleading gave heeding
 While Kate still said "No."
 But they made no kind answer
 To a heart full of woe.

Till the woodquest at noon
 From the forest below,
 He taught me his secret,
 So tender and low,
 Of stealing fond feeling
 With sweet notes of woe,
 Coo-cooing so soft
 Through the green, leafy row.

The long shadows fell,
 And the sun he sank low,
 And again I was pleading
 In the mild evening glow :
 "Ah ! Kitty, have pity."
 Then how could she say "No" ?
 So for ever I'm free
 From a heart full of woe.

Among the poems devoted to the interpretation of music is the "Song of the Ghost," to a very weird and touching air that

has a breath of the supernatural as though of the banshees' wail. In the notes it is said to be founded upon a Celtic fragment in which the maiden promises a golden comb to her cock if he will not crow to summon away the ghost of her lover. It bears close resemblance to a similar expression in one of Allan Cunningham's poems, which he doubtless borrowed from the native original :

"I'll make ye a kame o' the beaten gold,"

although in the Scotch song the visitor was of earthly mould ; and perhaps the greater refinement of Irish native poetry cannot be better illustrated than by the difference. There is a temptation to give "'Tis Pretty to be in Ballinderry" and "The Blue, Blue Smoke," a very beautiful and picturesque as well as tender and affectionate lyric ; but "Kitty Bhan," or "Fair Kate," must conclude the specimens specially interpretative of music :

KITTY BHAN.

Before the first ray of blushing day
Who should come by but Kitty bhan,
With her cheeks like the rose on a bed of snows
And her bosom beneath like the sailing swan.
I looked and looked till my heart was gone.

With the foot of a fawn she crossed the lawn,
Half confiding and half in fear ;
And her eyes of blue they thrilled me through
One blessed minute, then like the deer
Away she darted and left me here.

Oh ! sure you are late at your golden gate,
For you've nothing to show beneath the sky
To compare to this lass, who crossed the grass
Of the shamrock field e'er the dew was dry,
And the glance that she gave me as she went by.

In the imagery of this as in other poems Mr. Graves uses the phrases of compliment in early Irish poetry, as universally applied as some of the epithets and comparisons in Scotch and English ballad poetry, and which had their origin in the distinctive features of Irish beauty or natural objects : the breast of the swan, the step of the fawn, the cheek like the hawthorn-berry in the snow, the shape like the branch of bloom—the bough of apple-blossoms—and others, which show how vivid and imperishable are the images of beauty founded on truth to immediate nature.

Mr. Graves' dialect poems include a wide range of themes, from the songs of rustic gallantry to the darker episodes of peasant life, the chants of craft and labor, and incidents of life in the field and on the bay. Their realism is perfect not only in dialect but in turn of thought, which is as eminently original in the Irish peasant as his language. "Father O'Flynn" represents the affectionate regard for the parish priest in his lighter aspects, when he is the light as well as the honor of the humble festival or wedding, and his jocosities have a double effulgence from the delight at his condescension and familiarity. It is the counterpart to Banim's "Soggarth Aroon," which is the deeper tribute to the priest as the minister in suffering and the consoler of wretchedness. The measure has the very lilt of affectionate joyousness:

"Of priests we can offer a charmin' variety
Far renowned for learnin' and piety;
Still I'd advance ye without impropriety
Father O'Flynn as the flower of them all.

Chorus—Here's a health to you, Father O'Flynn,
Slainte and slainte and slainte agin;
Powerfullest preacher, and
Tenderest teacher, and
Kindliest creature in ould Donegal."

"Fan Fitzgerl" has the genuine touch of lightness and absurdity of compliment, mingled with the allusions to the heathen gods and goddesses which are so common in Irish peasant poetry from the traditional learning of the hedge-schoolmaster, while they are brought in without the self-consciousness and labored accuracy of allusion in Lover's attempts in the same line, which showed that he himself shared the pedantry he was ridiculing. No one who is familiar with Irish peasant poetry can fail to recognize the felicity of "Fan Fitzgerl":

"Wirra, wirra ! ologone !
Can't ye lave a lad alone
Till he's proved there's no tradition left of any other girl—
Not even Trojan Helen,
In beauty all excellin'—
Who's been up to half the divlement of Fan Fitzgerl ?

• • • • •
"I might inform ye further
Of her bosom's snowy murther,
And an ankle ambuscadin' through her gown's delightful whirl;
But what need when all the village
Have forsook its peaceful tillage,
And flown to war and pillage, all for Fan Fitzgerl ?"

“Bat of the Bridge” is the story, told with graphic naturalness, of the fine “able” man who was knocked on the head in a scrimmage at the bridge, and has ever after haunted it as an idiot with his stick, so that none of the opposing faction dare to cross it. There is a song of the turf-cutters, the herring-fishers, the smith’s hammermen, the recurrent colloquy of maidens about the qualities of their lovers, a very powerful picture of the rustic witch, and other reproductions of peasant life. “The Wreck of the Aideen” is the pathetic lamentation and farewell of the dying fisherman to his boat; but perhaps “The Black ’46,” a reminiscence of the famine year, will best indicate the strength as well as the naturalness of Mr. Graves’ pictures. It is the counterpart, in rustic expression, to Aubrey de Vere’s noble and mystical odes on the Year of Famine :

THE BLACK '46.

Out away across the river
 Where the purple mountains meet,
 There’s as green a wood as ever
 Fenced you in from flamin’ heat;
 And oppósite, up the mountain,
 Seven ancient cells you’ll see,
 And, below, a holy fountain
 Sheltered by a sacred tree;
 While between, across the tillage,
 The boreens, full up wid broom,
 Draw ye down into a village
 All in ruin on the coom;
 For the most heart-breakin’ story
 Of the fearful famine year
 On the silent wreck before ye
 You may read charactered clear.
 You are young, too young, for ever
 To rec’llect the bitter blight,
 How it crep’ across the river
 Unbeknownst beneath the night,
 Till we woke up in the mornin’
 And beheld our country’s curse
 Wave abroad its heavy warnin’
 Like the white plumes of a hearse.

To our gardens heavy-hearted,
 In that dreadful summer dawn,
 Young and ould, away we started
 Wid the basket and the slan.
 But the heart within the bosom
 Gave one leap of awful dread

At each darlin' pratie-blossom,
 White and purple, lyin' dead.
 Down we dug, but only scattered
 Poisoned spuds along the slope,
 Though each ridge in vain it flattered
 Our poor hearts' revivin' hope.
 But the desperate toil we'd double
 On into the evenin' shades,
 Till the earth, to share our trouble,
 Shook beneath our groanin' spades;
 Till a mist across the meadows
 From the graveyard rose and spread,
 And 'twas rumored ghostly shadows,
 Phantoms of our fathers dead,
 Moved among us, wildly sharin'
 In the women's sobs and sighs
 And our stony, still despairin',
 Till night covered up the skies.
 Then we knew for bitter certain
 That the vinom-breathin' cloud,
 Closing still its cruel curtain,
 Surely yet would be our shroud.
 And the fearful sights did folly,
 Och! no voice could rightly tell
 But that constant melancholy,
 Murmur of the passin' bell,
 Till to toll it none among us
 Strong enough at last was found,
 And a silence overhung us
 Awfuller nor any sound.

Mr. Graves has sought to revivify the peasant poetry of Ireland, as Burns did that of Scotland, by taking the current songs and fragments, and removing their defects and extravagances, while preserving their beauties of expression and finishing their themes where they were imperfect. But in quantity and quality the Anglo-Irish poetry is much inferior to the Anglo-Scotch. At the period most prolific in Scotch song—the Jacobite—the spirit of the Irish nation was almost entirely crushed, and there was not the real sympathy with the Jacobite cause to create any such outburst of passionate loyalty. Again, at this period the language of the peasantry was still the ancient Irish, and the remains of native poetry are to be found in the scattered fragments of Celtic verse. The street ballads and peasant poetry of a later day, although here and there they have a flower of expression amid the uncouthness of the diction, are mainly the product of the professional singers, who are merely chroniclers in stereotyped verse

as destitute of poetry as their cracked voices are of melody. Mr. Graves has, however, found a few worthy of polish and finish, among them "Shulé Aroon" and "The Bonny Cuckoo," and, if he continues his studies in this direction, he will find others worthy of rescue from the broadsheet—such, for instance, as "The Brown Morn" and "The Colleen Bawn of Limerick."

As a whole, Mr. Graves' contribution to Irish poetry has been the worthiest, as most indigenous, for many years, and we trust will not only be welcomed in itself, but have the effect to call attention to a neglected province of English literature which has both an original flavor and a representative quality of great interest.

SOME RECENT VIEWS UPON MIND.*

It is impossible to overestimate the influence which recent scientific research has brought to bear upon philosophical opinions, and the consequent changes these latter have undergone and are still undergoing. Positive science has overstepped its limits in order to usurp the place of authoritative teaching, and none but Catholics now respect views which are not in complete harmony with mere scientific speculations. Protestantism is now, above all other times, reaping the harvest whose seed it sowed when it set authority at defiance; for the latest phase of individualism, in the shape of scientific materialism, the necessary outcome of individual reason as applied to modern physiology, has done away with the *raison d'être* not only of Protestantism but of all religion. Why, indeed, need men wrangle any longer over grace and sacraments and prayer, the chief instruments of salvation, when men no longer believe they have souls to be saved? And that this disbelief is far more prevalent than droning preachers are prone to admit may be gathered from the number of volumes lately written by eminent men of science in which it is openly professed and maintained. A Catholic cannot accept those conclusions, no matter how plausible the arguments by which they are fortified, no matter how insidiously they may

* *The Brain as an Organ of Mind.* By H. Charlton Bastian, M.A., M.D., F.R.S., Professor of Pathological Anatomy, etc., in University College, London. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1880.

strive to creep in upon him under the insinuating garb of science. Catholics, therefore, can alone consistently challenge these erroneous speculations and strive to winnow what may be called the chaff of mere scientific opinion from the golden wheat of scientific truth.

The latest contribution to physiological materialism is from the pen of Professor Bastian, of London, one of the most accomplished physiologists of the day. His book is replete with instruction, and he submits to his readers the most recent facts of neurological science which intelligent and industrious researches in Germany, France, and England have brought to light. With these, however, we have no concern just now, but will consider his attempt to modify the hitherto current views of the mind in order to bring mind and recent neurological discoveries into harmonious relation. This modification he undertakes to bring about in the chapter entitled the "Scope of Mind," and he begins by assuming the incorrectness of the view which holds to mind as an entity distinct from the nervous structure. That this is a mere assumption his own words will prove. He says at the very opening of the chapter: "It is customary to speak of the 'mind' as though it were a something having an actual independent existence—an entity, that is, of spiritual or uncorporeal existence. Consequently we find spread abroad in all directions definitions of mind which, to say the least, carry with them implications of a decidedly misleading character." This is all he says in refutation of what he calls a misleading conception of mind, and he proceeds at once to offer a substitute which will be more in harmony, he says, with the data of physiology. Now, it would seem that when a scientific man rejects a wide-spread and cherished belief he ought at least to consider a few of the arguments upon which that belief rests—arguments that date back to the remotest antiquity, and which were deemed of no small consequence by every philosophical writer from Thales of Miletus down to the compiler of the latest handbook on mental philosophy.

Dr. Bastian, together with all his ilk, evidently deems it a work of supererogation to attempt the refutation of views which are not in consonance with his own. The class of physiologists who undertake the task of building up a new science of mind are men who unfortunately have devoted their lives with untiring zeal and ardor to the consideration of only one side of the question, and that the narrowest. One would take it for granted that the first step requisite in a logical endeavor to substitute a new theory for an older one would be to point out the insufficiency

of the latter, to prove that what Aristotle wrote concerning the faculties of the soul, what Plato wrote, and all that brilliant line of thinkers running through mediæval times down to the seventeenth century, either was erroneous or is insufficient to meet the demands which newly-discovered facts are making. Not so, however; they brush the past aside with a contemptuous wave, and give forth speculations which, as we hope to prove, cannot stand the test of a logical scrutiny. The old-fashioned psychologist, for instance, desirous of knowing how modern materialism is disposed to treat the arguments by which he was accustomed to establish the incorporeal character of the mind, will look in vain for an attempted refutation. He might say: "After all it is true that, if consciousness is in the least trustworthy, it teaches us that an idea is simple and indivisible, and can never, consequently, be made commensurate with a millionth part of a nerve-cell. I wonder what Dr. Bastian and Dr. Maudsley will say to this." But his inquiry is bootless, for those free lances in mental science deliver their blows only where they list, and not where their force might be most keenly felt.

Dr. Bastian wishes to enlarge the meaning of the term mind by including among mental phenomena those nerve-changes which we know to accompany them, and he thus adroitly makes mind a mere function of nerve-action. For if we must include nerve-change among the phenomena of mind, we must make it also cause thereof, since in that case it becomes the mental precursor of mental action. He is, therefore, a materialist of the most pronounced sort, but he is loyally such and does not hesitate to eliminate spirit as an impossible factor in his theory of mind. He divides our sources of mental knowledge into subjective psychology, or consciousness supplemented by what we are able to infer from the words or actions of our fellow-men and lower animals (objective psychology), and what we are able to learn as to the dependence of these subjective states on certain bodily conditions of man and other animals. These being our sources of psychical knowledge, according to Dr. Bastian, we must, in estimating the data of consciousness, not view them only in the light in which consciousness exhibits them, but also as modified in their origin and character by previous nervous conditions. If we were to lean implicitly and exclusively, he says, upon the direct revelations of consciousness, we would inevitably commit ourselves to a system of universal scepticism, needing, as Hume proclaimed, a rejection of all grounds of certainty for our belief in an external world, in body, and indeed in mind as

an entity—leaving to each one of us a mere fleeting series of conscious states as representatives of the totality of existence. Hereby Dr. Bastian paves the way to his favorite opinion, that a knowledge of nerve-change is essential to a knowledge of each and every mental act, since the latter is the natural product of the former. It is strange that the fallacy of this statement escaped so acute a mind. If consciousness be the product of nerve operation, do we not depend upon consciousness for our knowledge of that same, and is not consciousness, therefore, in the last analysis, the witness, not to the act, but to the character of the nerve-operation? Every nerve-change is thus viewed by consciousness as the parent of itself and the only witness to the fact. But how can consciousness recognize the filial character of its relation to nerve-change, since it is the only informant upon whom we may call for testimony as to the truth of such alleged fact?—and surely the product cannot be witness to the character of production, for the character is inseparable from the act. Dr. Bastian admits that the only available knowledge we possess is identifiable with consciousness and cannot exist apart from it; and this admission fully justifies the strictures just made upon the notion of nerve-change being cause of the consciousness, whilst it is itself subsequently supposed to inform us of such causal relation. He says that all knowledge is but the expression and summation of our own conscious states; and in saying this he directly belies the assertion that consciousness is but a tithe of mental life. No matter how fragmentary consciousness may be, how little connected with primary and secondary automatic actions, the fact remains incontestable that it accompanies our knowledge of every fact, that it is the light in which we view truths, and that consequently it lies back of every truth, and that, as regards it, every demonstration of truth is *à posteriori*.

It is likely Dr. Bastian, apart from his educational bias as an experimental physiologist, was led to take this view of the very partial function of consciousness in the enactment of mental processes by the teachings of John Stuart Mill. Mr. Mill says that what consciousness reveals, together with what can be legitimately inferred from its revelations, compose by universal admission all that we know of the mind, or, indeed, of any other thing. Mr. Mill never clearly explained what he understood by the legitimate inferences of consciousness, and certainly it would be difficult to divine what legitimate inferences we could reach independently of consciousness; they should be inferences of which we were not conscious—*i.e.*, of which we possessed no knowledge

that we know of. Yet Dr. Bastian imagines he has found a philosophical clue in Mill's "legitimate inferences of consciousness" by virtue of which he finds it possible to ascribe a mental character to nerve-change as well as to consciousness.

Not only does Dr. Bastian thus arbitrarily extend the term mind to occurrences with which the speech of men has hitherto failed to connect it, but he leaves us completely in the shade as to where he would draw the line between "mental phenomena" and those events of animal life with which confessedly the mind has nothing to do. The expression "nerve-action" is very elastic and applies to every function of life, for no vital action is performed without it; and though digestion, for instance, may give tone and color to mental action, while it undoubtedly implies expenditure of nervous force, no one is inclined to number digestion among the events of mental life. The complexity and variety of mental phenomena, together with their close dependence on purely bodily conditions, render the task of drawing the line between physiological and psychological processes extremely difficult, and those who have been accustomed to note the intervention of nerve-activity in physiological processes only are apt to affirm a like relation of nervous power to purely mental acts. We freely admit a closer relation between mental acts and material changes in nerve-structure than between the same and changes in the other tissues of the body, but we will not agree that such closeness of relation is equivalent to the relation of cause and effect. Dr. Bastian places the phenomena of magnetism on the same plane as those of mind, but the very obvious difference between the two sets of phenomena impels us to set them down to very different agencies. And that very difference, to some extent acknowledged by Dr. Bastian himself, inhibits the notion that there can be anything causally in common between the two. This reference is here consistently introduced for the reason that Dr. Bastian deduces the similar character of magnetism, heat, and motion, with mental exhibitions, from the assumed premise that there is nothing more in the very highest reach of mind than there is in the phenomena mentioned. We will therefore examine to what extent consciousness, which, according to Dr. Bastian, characterizes at least one set of mental phenomena, necessarily separates such phenomena from those of heat, motion, or magnetism, and also, consequently, from all mere changes that take place in nervous tissue.

Consciousness takes cognizance of what passes in the mind, and both constitute what is called conscious thought. Conscious-

ness of thought is therefore distinct from thought, but only logically, for there can be no real distinction where one term of the relation cannot exist without the other. Now, there can be no thought without consciousness; for we cannot see without light, and the eyes, surely, are not that light, much less so are the objects seen.

But if we admit with Dr. Bastian that thought may exist apart from consciousness, is it not evident that such thought must be something very different from the thought of which we are conscious, since it is essential to this latter that we be conscious of it? It matters little whether we call certain conditions of which we are not conscious *thought*; so long as the thought of which we are conscious differs essentially from those conditions they may both be as unlike to each other as any two things under the sun. Dr. Bastian has fallen into the error of supposing that when he bestowed the same term on two sets of phenomena, because of a certain closeness of relationship between them, he thereby succeeded in identifying them. He has found that certain in-going currents of nerve-force disturb the equilibrium of certain cerebral nerve-cells, and that, consequent upon this disturbance, mental activity is enkindled which ultimately finds its manifestation in consciousness. This, indeed, may be true, it is a plausible hypothesis, but it is as unphilosophical as it is illogical to refer such mental activity, thus manifested, to the changes that take place in the nerve-tissue in the same manner as we refer function to an organic cause. So long as it is possible to find another explanation of this sequence of events the mere assertion that thought represents the functional activity of nerve-cells, because it accompanies certain changes in these latter, is entirely devoid of weight. Now, such an explanation is always at hand, and even rendered plausible by the very admissions and discoveries of physiology itself. Dr. Bastian contends that the conversion of distinctly volitional actions into secondary automatic ones is the result of registered impressions in the nerve-cells, by virtue of which they become trained to guide and regulate those actions, and gradually acquire a certain organized experience in directing the muscles over which they preside to the performance of their proper functions with ease, dexterity, and independently of attention. Dr. Bastian herein may be right, and there is nothing in the doctrine that conflicts with the orthodox view of mind. But when he insists that the emancipation of volitional acts from the domain of the will, and their conversion into purely automatic ones, is the result of those trained nerve-cells taking upon them-

selves the complete and exclusive control of them, then he goes a step farther than the facts in the premises warrant. The mind in this case may be likened to one who turns a key in a rusty lock: the first attempts are painful and laborious, but as the key becomes better adjusted to its new function, as the rust of the lock becomes worn away, the person who locks and unlocks finds less and less difficulty in doing so, till at last, especially if the lock has been oiled, the task becomes so easy that he does it without thinking of what he is about. Now, should some ingenious inquirer, to whom the person turning the key is an unknown factor, address himself to the task of discovering why it is that with increased repetition of trial the process of locking has become easier, he will find that a better adjustment between lock and key has taken place, that the lock has acquired new and permanent relations towards the key, and that there exists a purposive adaptation of all the parts, by virtue of which the process of opening and locking has become easier. Should now the conclusion be jumped at that the lock and key have, in consequence of this new adjustment and permanently changed conditions, taken upon themselves complete control of the door in respect to opening and closing, would it not be rash and premature? The real source of action, the person who turns the key has been overlooked, because he does not reveal himself to the senses. In like manner the physiologist who finds that nerve-cells, answering to certain currents of nerve-force, acquire a facility in determining muscular action, concludes too hastily when he says that such acquired facility devolves the whole action on the nerves. In this way may be accounted for the painfully conscious character of unaccustomed actions. The mind, in determining through the will certain muscular actions of an unusual sort, depends for the purpose on nerve-centres whose fitness it has not hitherto tested; it labors hard to secure the proper adjustment and co-operation of co-ordinate nerve-centres, till, in consequence of such efforts, those undergo certain organic changes which fit them more and more for their function, and at last the mind has little or no effort to make in calling them into action. Because, as Professor Bain says, "Of mind we have no direct experience, and absolutely no knowledge," it by no means follows that mind may not exist apart from body, any more than the person who opens and locks a door may not exist apart from such relation, because he has never been seen. Dr. Bastian finds himself as little in position to account for the manner in which consciousness arises from cell-action as the psychologist to determine in what

manner spirit acts upon matter. The latter admits the mysterious and incomprehensible character of the nexus which unites substances that have so little in common between them, but he is no more in the dark than the physiologist when he finds himself confronted by the problem of tracing out the relationship between changes in nerve-tissue and consequent consciousness. He says that the objection advanced against grouping conscious and unconscious conditions under one head "is based upon our ignorance as to the exact genetic relation existing between subjective states and the bodily conditions (or nervous actions) on which they seem to depend." So long as the physiologist cannot bridge this mysterious chasm he has no right to classify conscious and unconscious phenomena together. The attempt to do so is an assumption of their radical identity—an assumption that is entirely incompatible with the admission that we have no knowledge of the exact genetic relation between subjective states and the bodily conditions on which they seem to depend. In view of such professed ignorance it is strange that Dr. Bastian should not hesitate to write as follows:

"It is, indeed, certain that multitudes of nerve-actions having no subjective side (*i.e.*, which are unaccompanied by phases of consciousness) form links or integral parts of our momentarily occurring mental states, and that such mere objective phenomena powerfully assist in determining our so-called mental states. Nay, more, it seems almost certain that the greater part of our intellectual action proper (*i.e.*, cognition and thought as opposed to sensation) *consists of mere nerve-actions with which no conscious states are associated.*"

The former sentence, taken by itself, might be admitted as true; but, judged in the light of the concluding words of the second sentence, it is false and misleading. It may be true, indeed, and we avow the facts point to such truth, that mental states (of course we mean conscious ones) are influenced by previous nervous conditions; but how illogical it is to infer with Dr. Bastian that therefore "cognition and thought consists of mere nerve-action with which no conscious states are associated"! What sort of knowledge can that be of which we are not conscious? Do not the terms unconscious cognition imply a contradiction? Much has been said by scientific writers of the unreasonableness of those who differ with them in their views, but for such unreasonableness on their part out of their own mouths let them be judged. Surely the world—by which we mean the average man and woman in it—would stand aghast if told it actually knows more than it knows it does. We do not speak of for-

gotten knowledge, neither does Dr. Bastian, but of actual knowledge now possessed; and we have no hesitation in saying that it is supremely absurd to say that we are actually knowing and not knowing that we know. All that Dr. Bastian has any warrant in the facts for stating is that certain previous nervous conditions may determine subsequent conscious states, and that a very close relationship exists between the two; but his extreme desire to identify them has led him to strain the truth and reason beyond the premises.

The following sentence will furnish a specimen of such reasoning, while it will at the same time serve as an introduction to the consideration of so-called unconscious cerebration, on which materialistic physiologists mainly rely for their conclusions: "We are frequently conscious," writes Dr. Bastian, "of the first term of some process of thought, and we become aware of the last, *whilst those which intervene, numerous though they may be, do not in the least reveal themselves in consciousness.*" Now, those words which we have italicized are an open begging of the question. How do we know that processes of thought intervene, especially since they do not reveal themselves in consciousness? And if, as is evidently meant by Dr. Bastian, nerve-changes do occur between the first and last term of some process of thought, on what grounds can these be called processes of thought? The facts of unconscious cerebration, to which Dr. Bastian appeals in support of his view, certainly show that some nerve-changes do intervene between processes of thought, but that is all they do show. We endeavor to recall a name or word, but to no purpose; memory will not respond to the efforts of the will, and the attempt is abandoned, when suddenly, and without any effort, the word presents itself to the mind. "Now, it is difficult," says Dr. Carpenter, "if not impossible, to account for this fact upon any other supposition than that a certain train of action has been set going in the cerebrum by the voluntary exertion which we at first made; and that this train continues in movement after our attention has been fixed upon some other object of thought, so that it goes on to the evolution of its result, not only without any continued exertion on our part, but also without our consciousness of any continued activity." Impressed by this and similar facts pointing to the close dependence of mental processes upon nerve-function, Mr. Mill says: "If we admit (what physiology is rendering more and more probable) that our mental feelings as well as our sensations have for their physical antecedents particular states of nerves, it may well be believed that

the apparently suppressed links in a chain of association, those which Sir William Hamilton considers as latent, are really so, that they are not even momentarily felt ; the chain of causation being continued only physically by one organic state of the nerves succeeding another so rapidly that the state of mental consciousness appropriate to each is not produced." In both these extracts we have the facts of "unconscious cerebration" pithily presented, and we accordingly have exhibited to us the grounds upon which Dr. Bastian works for an identification of conscious mental states with changes taking place in the nervous tissues. The question pertinently arises, Are the facts of his unconscious cerebration susceptible of a different explanation and one that is in accord with the spiritual view of mind-function? We hold that they are ; and not only that, but that Dr. Bastian and his followers run ahead of the facts in attempting to make conscious action the sole and simple outcome of unconscious nerve-change. When the mind endeavors to recall a forgotten name and fails to do so, it finds itself out of sympathy with the nerve-cells concerned in that special act of memory, and strives to establish a proper adjustment between itself and them. An agitation of the nerves connected with the memorative process follows, and when the mind ceases to advert to the matter a spontaneous adjustment takes place in consequence of this continued agitation, and ere the mind can fairly return to the search it stumbles over the restored adjustment. Why not this explanation, one entirely harmonizing with the facts of physiology and the admission of a substantive soul, as that other one, which can be admitted only by supposing that coincidence of events is equivalent to similarity of function? Every fact of recent physiological discoveries may be made to consist with the old psychological doctrine of a spiritual agent united to the body and yet substantially distinct from it, and modern science does itself an injustice when it attempts to wrench the beautiful facts which it brings to light away from the groove of their real significance, and make them subserve the ignoble purpose of reducing man to the level of the brute and robbing him of that hope which alone makes life worth living, that there is in him a divine spark in the light of which he reads those words, *Non omnis moriar*.

THE RELIGIOUS ASPECT OF HERALDRY.

THE Crusades deserve particular attention for their influence on the civilization of Europe. One of the consequences of these religious wars was the introduction of heraldry, at least as an art, which tournaments and the many knightly ceremonies of a feudal age soon raised into a science. It was necessary to distinguish by some outward sign the principal leaders of the expeditions to the Holy Land, and their vassals also, consisting of troops from twenty different nations, who could never otherwise have been marshalled under the proper banners. The regulation of the symbols whereby the sovereigns and lords of Europe should be individually distinguished was a matter of great nicety, and was properly entrusted to officers called heralds, who invented signs of honor which could not be construed into offence, and made general regulations for their display on the banners and shields of the chiefs and their knights and followers. As most of the learning of the age was confined to ecclesiastics, it is easily understood how the fanciful, mystical, and often legendary character of these early examples of heraldry was always made by the heralds to bear some religious sense or meaning. Indeed, heraldry was at first so intimately connected with morality and religion that to profess the true faith and be of legitimate birth were essential conditions of being allowed to bear arms. These were originally not refused by the heralds to any thus qualified who were able to maintain a horse with furniture for the service of the sovereign. These ornaments and regulations were, then, the origin of the present system of heraldry, which, with trifling variations due to the rise of families to estates and titles, not for deeds of arms, but for wisdom in council, superior learning, or successful trade, prevails throughout the whole of Europe.

Some of the most common charges still borne by *ancient* families in their arms—such as escalop-shells, bezants, martlets, stars, crescents, alérions, water-bougets, Saracens' heads, palmers' staves, and an almost infinite variety of crosses—were assumed during the Crusades by the knights themselves, or after their return, and were transmitted in their families as memorials of the holy wars, attesting the devotion of some ancestor to the Christian faith and animating his descendants to emulate his spirit. At least one-half of

the charges of heraldry between the twelfth and the fourteenth century had a religious origin. Even the colors used had a deep symbolical meaning; thus, *vert* (green) was the color of hope; *azure* (blue) typified the sky, and hence the joys of heaven; *gules* (red) stood for the blood which the Christian warrior had shed for a good cause; *argent* (silver) represented the color of the placid sea or the plains of Palestine and Egypt. *Or* (gold) was the color of triumph and reward, while *sable* (black) symbolized mourning and sorrow; so that while the former color predominates in old arms assumed about the time of the capture of famous cities and the defeat of infidel armies, the latter is most frequent when an expedition was unsuccessful or the Christian host had sustained disaster. In course of time other derivative qualities were ascribed to the different colors. Thus, the renowned banner of the Knights Templars, called by them *Beauseant*, was sable and argent, or black above and white below, to denote that, while fierce to their foes, they were gracious to their friends. *Gules* is a color seldom found upon the arms of religious orders and ecclesiastical houses, because it is suggestive of war and bloodshed:

“Upon his surcoat valiant Neville bore
A silver saltire upon *martial red*.”

—DRAYTON'S *Barons' War*, i. 22.

The virtues of Christian knights were symbolized also by certain birds, beasts, and fishes, and by imaginary animals whose qualities they sought to imitate. Hence Lord Lindsay (*Sketches of Christian Art*, ii. 49), in noticing the emblematical character of certain monsters as they appear in the porches of ancient churches and abbeys and on the roofs and gargoyles of old cathedrals, alludes to their ultimate adoption by the Italian states as *crests*, and also to their retention to the present day, as the *supporters* of royal and noble escutcheons, all over Europe. “Heraldry,” he continues, “is, in fact, the last remnant of ancient symbolism and a legitimate branch of Christian art; the griffins and unicorns, fesses and chevrons, the very tinctures or colors, are all symbolical—each has its mystic meaning, singly and in combination; and thus every genuine old coat-of-arms preaches a lesson of chivalric honor and Christian principle to those that inherit it—truths little suspected nowadays in our heralds’ offices.” The *cross*, as the most sacred of the figures of heraldry, appears under many varieties and modifications of form, some of them of great beauty. As a charge it used to be commoner in coats-of-arms than any other figure. Berry, in his comprehensive work on heraldry, gives

nearly two hundred examples, without giving all that might be found, of the various kinds of crosses that appear in coats-of-arms. During the wars for the recovery of the Holy Land the troops of the different nations that joined in those expeditions displayed crosses embroidered on their banners and painted on their shields, while upon the military coat or mantle was sewed a cross composed of two pieces of list or ribbon, either of cloth or silk, of equal length—originally red for all, but afterwards of other colors also. From this circumstance these soldiers were called *Crusaders*. Those of France attached their national emblem—the fleur-de-lys—to the extremities of the cross; hence was formed the *cross flory*. Those from the Papal States placed transverse pieces on each member of the cross, and thus formed it into four small crosses springing from a common centre; this was the *cross-crosslet*. Some varieties of the heraldic cross are evidently derived from very early originals in which the sacred symbol was more or less skilfully disguised; such is the *tau cross* (so called from the Greek letter which composes it), made of an upright shaft and two horizontal limbs only; the *cross potent rebated*, which is no other than the “crux gammata,” formed by combining together four capital Greek gammas. This mystical arrangement was anciently called gammadion, and in Old English fylfot or fyftot. Occasionally the small gamma was employed, which gave to heraldry the popular *cross moline*, or anchor cross. A small cross, sharp pointed at the foot, is the *cross fitchée*, and is a touching memorial of the Crusaders and pilgrims, who used the point to *fix* the cross in the ground, or into any convenient place, in order to perform their devotions before it. It was thus a sort of missionary’s cross, and we find it used in their arms by the Scotch family of McDonald (and its Irish branch, the McDonnells, Earls of Antrim) to preserve the tradition that one of their ancestors, a great Lord of the Isles, had conveyed St. Patrick over to Ireland when he went there to convert the natives. The cross figures, under one form or another, in the arms of some of the oldest and noblest families in Europe, which are found in almost every case to have been engaged in the Holy Wars. Such are the Howards in England, the Bruces of Scotland, and the De Burghs, or Burkes, in Ireland and elsewhere. In the olden times, when every person of prominence bore heraldic arms, it was imagined that suitable armorial devices should be assigned to men of mark in earlier ages. Thus the arms of Edward the Confessor, which were long regarded in England with peculiar reverence, although found sculptured as early as the thirteenth century in Westminster

Abbey, were devised long after his death. The shield is blue, and the cross, surrounded by five little birds, is gold. When the limbs of the cross are unequal in length, the lower one, or shaft, being longer than the others, it is called a Latin cross. If placed on steps it is called a *cross of Calvary*. These steps are called "degrees," and are always three in number to represent the Theological Virtues of faith, hope, and charity. Such a cross figures in the arms of the Emperor of Austria—whose style is imperial and *apostolic* majesty—and was granted by Pope Sylvester II. to his ancestor, St. Stephen, King of Hungary. When the Crusaders had captured Jerusalem, and Godfrey de Bouillon been elected king, special arms were granted to the new kingdom by Pope Paschal II.: a silver shield charged with five golden crosses. As it was already then an established rule of heraldry that metal must not be placed on metal, nor color upon color, an exception, which was very rare, was called "arms of inquiry," as there was always some significant reason for a departure from the known rules of the art. In this case it is commonly supposed that the pope intended to give arms which should be unlike those of any other potentate; but mystical writers assert that the crosses were meant to symbolize the five wounds of our Lord, and that the peculiarity of the blazon bears allusion to Psalm lxxvii. 14, in which the singers contemplate the return of a victorious army and their peaceful enjoyment of their possessions: "When ye sleep in the midst of your borders, ye shall be as a dove, whose wings are covered with *silver*, and her pinions with flaming *gold*."

The peculiar character and object of the Crusades led to the formation of those two celebrated military and religious orders called Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, or Hospitalers (but afterwards and now Knights of Malta), instituted about A.D. 1092, and the Knights Templars, who were incorporated a few years later. The arms of the former were a silver cross of eight points charged upon a black shield. The points symbolize the Beatitudes. The present Lord Torpichen perpetuates in his arms the heraldic sacrilege of his ancestor, Sir James Sandilands, grand-prior of the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem within Scotland, who, turning Protestant at the Reformation, got a peerage and the vast possessions of his "preceptory," with the privilege of quartering *a crown and thistle*—the armorial insignia of this branch of the order.

The *pile*, a figure resembling a long, thin wedge, which is borne sometimes single, but oftener in a group of three conjoined in point, and of the color red, is an heraldic memorial of the

Passion, being originally intended to represent the sacred nails. The *escalop*, or *escalop-shell*, was a beautiful and favorite charge in heraldry, being associated with the safe return of Crusaders and pilgrims, who picked it up on the shore of Palestine. It was held in such esteem that towards the middle of the thirteenth century Pope Alexander IV. prohibited all but pilgrims who were truly noble from assuming such shells as armorial ensigns. The *bouget*, or *water-bouget*, is an ancient charge introduced into heraldry during the holy wars. It represents the vessels, of skin or of leathern bags—one of which was swung at each end of a bar which a man carried across his shoulder—used by the Crusaders for conveying water over the hot plains of the East, where wells and reservoirs, besides being scarce, were often poisoned or filled up by the enemy to retard the advance of the Christians, as Tasso has described in the *Gerusalemme Liberata* (cant. xiii. st. 58). *Alérions*, or eagles represented without either legs or beaks, were carried by returning Crusaders as marks of wounds received in battle; while the *martlet*, which was always represented at rest, with its wings closed and without feet, was an emblem of the Crusader or pilgrim safely returned from the Holy Land, which he had reached by sea, as it were like a bird confined in a cage and using neither its feet nor wings to voyage. The *bezant*, or golden roundel, in old arms, representing the Byzantine coin or money of Constantinople, brought back with them from the East by the Crusaders (two or three, perhaps, being kept as souvenirs out of the sum required for their ransom), although comparatively rare in English and Scottish heraldry, is quite common in Italy, as might be expected from the more commercial spirit of the Venetian and Genoese nobles, who took so great a part in all the Crusades. The *star*, which is generally called a mullet in heraldry, was a favorite figure in the arms of the Crusaders. When several stars are introduced in an ancient shield the idea suggested was that of divine guidance to Crusaders and pilgrims, “which carried them over through a great water . . . and conducted them in a wonderful way . . . and was to them for the *light of stars by night*” (Wisdom x.) The *pelican* was always a charge of sacred significance, and figures as a crest or in the shield itself of many noble families. She was represented in two different ways. One was alone and wounding herself in the breast with her beak, when she was blazoned “vulning,” and was an emblem of Christ the Redeemer, who died that we might live. The other manner of representing her was in a nest and feeding her young with her blood, which dropped out of the wound made

by her own beak in her breast. She is then blazoned "In her piety," and is a special emblem of the Real Presence of our Lord in the Blessed Eucharist.

Human figures winged, and vested in dalmatics, and designed to represent *angels*, are occasionally introduced into heraldry, their office being to act as supporters to armorial shields. "The introduction of angelic figures," says Boutell, "which might have the appearance of acting as 'guardian angels' in their care of shields of arms, was in accordance with the feeling of the early days of English heraldry" (p. 247). *

Keys are rare in the arms of old families, and generally symbolize either the capture of some Moorish or Saracenic castle or some close connection with the Holy See. Instances of the former reason are comparatively common in Spanish heraldry, as might be expected, since the existence of Spain for eight hundred years had been one long crusade; and a glorious example of the latter and rarer use of keys is found in the arms of the still flourishing house of Clermont-Tonnerre in France, one of whose ancestors, for having driven out of Rome an anti-pope and re-established the authority of Calixtus II., A.D. 1119, received from the pontiff the privilege of substituting for his paternal coat St. Peter's keys *argent* on a field *gules*, with the loyal motto, *Si omnes, ego non*, from Matt. xxvi. 33.

The *sword* appears earlier as a spiritual emblem in heraldry than in its military capacity, and is then always suggestive of St. Paul the apostle, as in the arms of the city of London, of which he was the special patron. The see of Chichester has for arms a venerable man seated on an altar, his head surrounded by a nimbus, an open book in his hand ("the Word of God"), and a sword in his mouth; and it is a remarkable instance of bigotry that Protestant heralds blazon these arms a *Prester-John* sitting on a *tombstone*, thus putting an imaginary prince out of the depths of Asia in the place of our Blessed Lord as described in the Apocalypse, i. 16: "And out of his mouth a sharp two-edged sword came."

We may here observe that most nations are distinguished by certain heraldic peculiarities, and a country's history, in all its vicissitudes of war and peace, and, alas! even of religious change, is symbolized in the armorial bearings of the nobility and gentry,

*On a seal of Robert II. (1386) the arms of Scotland are supported from behind by a human skeleton—"the paths of glory lead but to the grave"; which reminds us of St. Philip Neri, who, after being offered many eminent ecclesiastical dignities, used to keep "the inevitable hour" before his eyes by having two cardinals' coats-of-arms hung up in his cell, with a *death's head* painted in the centre of each.

if studied in a chronological order. Certain figures, for instance, have entirely disappeared and others have changed their meaning since the Crusades, and much more since the Reformation.

Knowing how inseparably the Catholic faith is bound up with the institutions, the independence, and the glory of Spain, we are not surprised that religious symbols and devices abound in Spanish heraldry, and that even those which *per se* are of a sanguinary character are often intimately connected with some championship of the faith. Take, for instance, that singular figure called *gyron*, in which the shield is divided into several, generally six or eight, triangular pieces, their points uniting in the centre. It is so rare in Scotland that only one distinguished family bears it—viz., the Campbells; but in Spain it is of frequent occurrence, and always in the arms of families whose distinction arose from the Moorish wars, when it was customary for the bodyguard, or closest companions, of the Christian leader to tear up and divide among themselves, in the fierce joy of victory, his surcoat or mantle, some parts of which would be stained with his blood and others retain its original color, which explains why the gyrony is always of two different and alternate tinctures. The term itself signifies in Spanish a gusset or piece of cloth, and the first instance of its heraldic appropriation occurs in the house of *Giron* (from whom the present Dukes of Ossuna are descended), which got both name and arms from such a circumstance under King Sanchez I. of Navarre.

It must be said that in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries a great deal was done to bring heraldry into contempt, as when arms were gravely ascribed to the patriarchal and antediluvian worthies; when Joseph's "coat of divers colors" was called a true coat-of-arms, and armorial ensigns were given to Gideon, David, and Judas Machabeus, and when a lawyer of some eminence, Mr. Dobbs, could maintain that the harps borne by the angels in the Apocalypse alluded to the national arms of Ireland. We make an exception, however, for the emblems of the Passion arranged as armorial bearings, in the spirit of that hymn,

*Vexilla Regis prodeunt
Fulget crucis mysterium,*

in which Venantius Fortunatus in the sixth century seemed to anticipate the chivalrous ardor of the middle ages. Such so-called "Arms of our Saviour" are found carved in Elgin Cathedral, Scotland, in Kilcolgan Castle, Ireland, and in other edifices, generally of a religious character.

What may be called ecclesiastical heraldry, or the blazon of churchmen, differs in some particulars from that of laymen. To begin with the field, or blank space on which the figures are drawn: while for laymen this is always in the form of a shield, of which there are several varieties, for the popes and for ecclesiastics, particularly in Italy, it is generally a rounded oval with convex surface, and is not called a shield but a *cartouche*, as more peaceful-looking. Women, with the exception of sovereigns, always bear their arms in a *lozenge*, a beautiful substitute for the heraldic shield, which was introduced early in the fourteenth century from Flanders, where spinning was the principal occupation of females, and seems to have been suggested by the distaff, which it somewhat resembles in form.

The distinctive heraldic attributes of the Holy See are a cross-keys and tiara. The popes after their election continue to use their family arms, with the triple crown over the cartouche and the keys saltire-wise behind it. This would not be the place to enter into a disquisition on the origin and earliest form of the tiara. It was first used by the popes as a distinctive form of crown, symbolizing their temporal sovereignty, as the mitre did their spiritual authority. The keys were naturally suggested by the promise made to St. Peter. One of the keys was in early pontifical heraldry blazoned *or* and the other *argent*. The symbolism of these different colors is that the golden key loosens and the silver one binds. However, for a long time the keys have both been blazoned *or*.

Ecclesiastics, no matter what their rank or title "in the world," should not use any form of coronet over their arms, although an exception is sometimes made in favor of those of royal blood or who hold benefices to which temporal fiefs were formerly annexed. If *crests* and *helmets* are too knightly to appear over the arms of clergymen, *supporters* which had their origin in those clamorous and often mortal encounters called tournaments are still more incongruous. The *motto*, also, or war-cry, has no place in a clergyman's armorial ensigns. Just as the coronets of the nobility have distinctive marks of gradations of rank, the hats of prelates differ in color and number of tassels, so that, where the blazoning is correct, the rank of an ecclesiastic can be as surely determined as that of a peer. A cardinal's hat is red and has fifteen tassels on either side, which are also red. There is a conventional form for this, and for all prelatic hats—wide, with low crown and broad, stiff brim—very different from the sombrero-like hat, turned up at sides, which is sometimes seen over episcopal arms in

the United States. At first only cardinals used a hat over their arms, but before long inferior members of the hierarchy began to encroach upon this privilege, particularly after dissensions in the Sacred College had lowered the cardinalate in public estimation. This was the case first in Spain, and the earliest known example is that over the arms of Don Roderico Fernandez, Bishop of Jaen, A.D. 1400. In a history of the Council of Constance, printed at Augsburg in 1483, the arms of the patriarchs of Antioch, Constantinople, Venice, and Jerusalem are surmounted by *green* hats. The custom spread over Europe only gradually, and was introduced into France, says Menestrier, from Spain by Tristan de Salarzes, Archbishop of Sens, about 1520. From France Nisbet says that it passed into Scotland, whose higher clergy were mostly educated in that kingdom. In England, also, the hat is very seldom seen over a bishop's arms before the beginning of the sixteenth century. Apostolic prothonotaries began to use the hat before the middle of the sixteenth century, as appears from the heraldic treatise of Charles de Grassaria, published in the year 1545. Since then abbots, domestic prelates, and what are called cathedral or prebendal dignitaries are allowed by custom to put a hat over their arms. The form of the hat itself is the same for all degrees of the hierarchy, but differs in size, number of tassels and frets, and in color, according to the wearer's rank in the church. The hat of patriarchs and archbishops is green, with ten tassels on either side, which are green intermixed with gold. Bishops have six tassels on either side of the hat, which with the tassels should all be colored green. Prothonotaries have the hat black, with green on the under part of the brim, and six tassels on either side of a pink or light-red hue. Domestic prelates have the hat black, and six tassels on either side of a purple color. Deans, canons, and vicars-general have the hat, and three tassels on either side, all black. One tassel of the color of the pendants always issues from the crown of the hat, on either side, just where it connects with the brim.

Cardinals, patriarchs, and archbishops place a cross with double transverse, called in heraldry a "patriarchal cross," behind their shield of arms *in pale*—i.e., erect, exactly in the middle, the upper part occupying the space between the top of the shield and the hat, and the foot or point protruding a little below the base. Bishops use a simple cross in the same manner. The cross, being one of the distinctive insignia of episcopal rank, should never be used by inferior prelates. It is always blazoned *argent*. The mitre and crosier (or pastoral staff) are two other ornaments of the epis-

copal arms, although sometimes carried by inferior and merely titular prelates (apostolic prothonotaries for instance) entitled to the use of pontificals, but with this difference: that over episcopal arms the mitre is represented *affrontée*—i.e., so placed as to show the full face, with its two *vittæ*, or those bands or pieces which hang down from the under portion, slightly raised and displayed—and that the pastoral staff is always represented with the curve turned outwards in sign of external jurisdiction. Abbots have the mitre turned in profile—i.e., sideways—and the pastoral staff is represented with its crook turned inwards to indicate a confined and limited jurisdiction. In all cases in which mitre and crosier are placed over the arms the former must occupy the dexter and the latter the sinister side.* Abbesses carry their arms in a lozenge, of course, and in some instances with a crosier *in pale* behind it (involute inwards) passed through a coronet. Menestrier, a pious Jesuit, and author of a classical work on heraldry (*Nouvelle Méthode raisonnée du blason*), published at a period when abbesses in France were always great ladies and sometimes princesses of the blood, gently reproves their use of a coronet as a thing of worldly vanity, and suggests a crown of thorns in its stead. Their shield should be surrounded by a chaplet or garland of flowers, or two palm-branches tied together at the stems and curving up on either side. In old heraldry a love-knot, or *Lacs d'Amour*, encircled the arms of unmarried ladies, who should not use supporters or crests, or any other parts of an escutcheon directly suggestive of strife. Instead of the love-knot, widows, and occasionally married women, use a knotted cord around their arms, which is called by the French a *cordelière*, and was introduced into heraldry in veneration of St. Francis of Assisi by Ann of Brittany, widow of King Charles VIII., who bestowed a girdle blessed by the Franciscan friars (called *Cordeliers* in France) on all the ladies of her court, exhorting them to wear it and live chastely and devoutly. Priors, provosts, and precentors place a bourdon, or staff—a straight baton of office slightly ornamented at the top—in *pale* behind their arms, the foot coming a little below the base of the shield. The palm-branches are always omitted when a hat and tassels, no matter how few in number, are used. *Marshalling* is the disposition of more than one distinct coat-of-arms upon a shield, so forming a single composition. When the shield is divided into two equal parts by a perpendicular line, the portion on the right is

* The dexter, or right, of a shield is the *left*, and the sinister, or left, is the *right*, of the person looking at it. The terms have reference to the shield as originally worn suspended from the neck and over the breast of a knight.

the dexter side, and that on the left the sinister side ; when divided horizontally, that portion above the line is called the *chief*, and that below it the *base*. Relatively the dexter side and the chief are nobler than the sinister side and the base ; consequently when the official arms of a see, an abbey, a priory, a religious order, or whatever other institution having the right to arms of community are carried on the same shield with one's family arms, they must always be given the more honorable location. • Official arms are not hereditary—although, as we have seen in the case of the Lords Torpichen, they may become so by abuse—except in the families of those Roman princes who have given a pope to the church, in which case they carry as a perpetual augmentation the cross-keys surmounted by a pavilion “*paly*” *gules* and *or*, the colors of the Holy See.

A bishop, then, impales his family arms with the official arms of his see, which ought not to vary. They are often the family arms of the first bishop, or of the founder or patron (in its temporalities) of the see. Otherwise they should be chosen with care and reference to any peculiar circumstance connected with the see, religious house, or other pious foundation, good examples of which are the arms of the See of Mayence in Germany, of the Abbey of St. Gall in Switzerland, of the University of the Sorbonne in France, of the College of the Propaganda in Italy, also of the older religious orders in the church. With regard to the United States, whenever an episcopal see has the same, or nearly the same, title as that of some city or bishopric in Europe, its arms, we think, ought to be those of the original bishopric or town, with some special difference. This might be carried in a *canton*, which is a small, rectangular division of the shield, generally in the upper right-hand corner. Examples of such sees are New York, New Orleans, Boston, Rochester, etc. What this “difference” should be would depend on the ingenuity and taste of the amateur herald and his acquaintance with local history. It should not be a matter of arbitrary selection. For instance, the arms of the archbishopric of New Orleans might be those of the old see of Orleans in France, with for difference in a *canton* *azure* a fleur-de-lys *or*, recalling the Bourbon king who gave his name to Louisiana. Those of the bishopric of Rochester might be the arms of the famous old see of that name in England, with for difference in a *canton* *argent* a shamrock *vert*—the badge of Ireland—to signify that Catholicity was built up in the new see by the *faith* and *generosity* of the Irish. The *pall*, a vestment peculiar to archbishops, is borne as an heraldic figure in the arms of several

sees. However, since it is an ensign of authority which must be petitioned for in each individual case, not belonging of right to the primatial or archiepiscopal office, it is against the principles of correct heraldry that it should ever become part of the permanent arms of a see. In fact, the keys and pall began to appear in the arms of the greater sees at a period not much anterior to the Reformation, when the pride and power of churchmen were at their highest, and the Holy See did not always receive that reverence which is its due.

REVELATIONS OF DIVINE LOVE

MADE TO A DEVOUT SERVANT OF OUR LORD, CALLED MOTHER
JULIANA,

*An anchorete of Norwich, who lived in the days of King Edward III.**

HERE BEGINNETH THE FIRST CHAPTER.

OF Love a ghostlie Revelation this,
That Jesu Christ, our never-ending bliss,
In sixteen shewings made to me.
And First: I saw the cruel crown of thorn
Which men did put upon his head in scorn
To make him suffer rufullie.
God's Trinitie and Jesu's birth were shewed,
How God with human soules doth make abode
In closest union for his love;
With manie shewings faire which wisdom taught,
With heavenly rewth, and gracious pitie fraught,
When Mercie sweet with Justice strove.
And Second: Lo! behold his sad, faire Face
Discolouring with his agony apace
As he did hang upon the Roode.

* In THE CATHOLIC WORLD for April, 1880, was given a chapter of this remarkable spiritual treatise as versified by one of our contributors. We purpose giving other portions of the work which have been treated in a similar manner.—ED. C. W.

And Thirdlie : that Almighty God, the Lord,
Who verelie made all things by his word,
Right so whate'er he doth is good.
The Fourth betokened scourging of his Flesh,
When shedding plenteous blood all hott and fresh
He, fainting, sank beneath the blows.
The Fifth doth shew how Christ's deare Passion charms
The wiles of Satan, and his power disarms,
And his designs towards us o'erthrows.
The Sixth revealèd Heaven unto me
With all the happie, holie saints that be
In mirthfull crowd about God's throne :
How he rewards his faithfull servants deare
Who servèd and who dearlie loved Him here
Now joyned above to him in one.
The Seventh is mysterie of weale and woe
By which the soule is tossèd to and fro :
Ofttimes by gracious touches blest :
Anon 'neath sore temptation heavie lies,
And, wearie of this fleshlie living, sighs
To pass away and be at rest.
The Eighth did mirror Jesu at the last,
In cruel dying, when his soule out-passed
With grievous paines that none may tell.
The Ninth did shew the Blessed Trinitie,
Well liking of Christ's Passion on the Tree,
In which he wills we joye as well.
The Tenth assureth us the Blessed Heart
Of our Lord Jesu Christ did break apart
Full cloven by his love in twain,
That sinners might be shewn he loved them true,
And nought was left undone that he could do
To win them back to him again.'
Th' Eleventh is an high and ghostlie sight
Of her who now with glory is bedight,
Whom called he "worthie Mother deare."
The Twelfth that our Lord God is all in all;
Who doth all creatures into being call
And solace them with loving chere.
The Thirteenth is, that God will have us shun
To wit the secret deedes which he hath done
Of which it longeth us to dreed ;

And paie high rev'rence that he made us best,
And placed us masters over all the rest—

The which doth shew his love indeed—
The full amends he maketh for our sin
Should all our thanks and endles worship win,

For that our blaim is changed to praise.
Thus meaneth he. “Behold, for by my might,
Pure love and wisdom all is made aright,

Though wrongfull seem to human waies.
Keep thou the faith and truth of Holie Church,
Nor seek my hidden privities to search,

Lest thou oppressed by glorie be.
Be sure I shall make well what is not well,
And when it liketh me their cause to tell

More speedfull shall it be to thee.”
The Fourteenth sheweth that our gracious Lord
Is ground of our beseeeking through his word.

Which two faire properties doth shew ;
The which are verie trust and rightfull praier,
And if the both be one like large in share

His goodness will our praier bestow.
The Fifteenth is, we soudenlie will rise
Free from all paine and woe up to the skies,

Which fro his goodness doth proceed,
With heavenlie bliss and joye we filled shall be
Far more than tongue may tell or eye can see,

With our Lord Jesu to our meed.
The Sixteenth saith, the Blessed Trinitie
Within our soules abideth endleslie

In sweet and worshipfull accord ;
Us mightilie befriending for his love,
And doth the wicked enemy reprove
Through Jesu Saviour Christ our Lord.

A WOMAN OF CULTURE.

CHAPTER XII.

MR. QUIP FINDS HIS SPHERE.

To be settled definitively in a certain condition of life is a consolation afforded only to a fortunate minority. The changes incident to Canadian society, situated as it is on the borders of civilization, are capricious, and he who but yesterday found in himself the dispositions, tastes, and tendencies for one settled pursuit is to-day, by a turn of the proverbial wheel, a prey to doubt and indecision as to his fitness for anything. Social shipwrecks are not uncommon in a sea where vessels are left suddenly without helm or compass. Morning suns turn into clouds of portentous meaning, and—

“So I might go on,” observed Mr. Quip placidly to the patient who was awaiting either the arrival or convenience of Doctor Killany—“so I might go on heaping up hyperboles, oxymorons, and similar illustrations, all tending to one fact, shedding light on the same dark subject, that I am out of my sphere, pinning in an uncongenial atmosphere, and, figuratively speaking, dead-broke.”

There was a pause, and the patient looked up admiringly. He was one of the simple kind, who look upon everything professional as something divine; one of the kind upon whom Mr. Quip's most outrageous pranks were played, and before whom he delighted to display his extraordinary and humorous erudition. “I repeat,” Mr. Quip went on, “that I might continue this strain of eloquence. I might build up mountains of rhetoric, valleys of thought, canals of flowing speech silvered over with the rays of reason, and do many other impossible and absurd things worthy of a Demosthenes or a Cicero, and they would not move you one-half so powerfully as the simple fact which I have stated, and which all these figures could but feebly illustrate, that I am pinning out of my sphere and dead-broke. The worst of it is, I know my sphere and can't get into it. But yesterday I was a man of consequence. To-day I am an exile and an orphan, wifeless, childless, moneyless, and heartless too, I believe, for such a succession of griefs must wear away that sensitive organ. I never experience any feeling here,” said Mr. Quip, laying his hand on

his throat, "and that is the region where my heart always was before I came here; for causes of this phenomenon see an account of escaped criminals in the Michigan prison records."

The patient expressed great sympathy, and offered the consoling remark that he seemed to bear these misfortunes quite well so far as outward appearance was concerned. "Oh! I am used to it," said Mr. Quip, with an affectation of stoical indifference. "I have endured it for years. I have known nothing but disappointment since my birth. Even at the first moment of my entrance into this homogeneous world I suffered the greatest disappointment that could happen to any one save a woman."

"Oh! indeed. Might I ask—"

"I was just going to tell you. The shock was severe, and I never have recovered from it, and never will. The effects of it will go down to the grave with me. I am a physical wreck, as you may see. Briefly, it was my pet wish and great idea to be a female; but fate, a cruel fate, an untoward destiny, interfered, and I was born a man."

The mere mention of this calamity brought the tears to Mr. Quip's eyes, and he turned away to conceal his emotion; but the patient, astonished and pitiful, observed him secretly to wipe away a tear. Mr. Quip's face was wonderfully grave after the telling of his first great disappointment.

"You can scarcely understand," he continued, "sympathetic as you are, the pain I felt at this circumstance. Time has shown me that there are greater sorrows in the world, and I have learned to bear mine with resignation. The birth of a son had a bad effect on my father. He died shortly after, anathematizing his luck, and declaring it was better to go than of his own free will into a better world than be hustled into it in his old age by a devil of a son. 'Give me a girl,' the old man said, 'and you may take every mother's son in the world in exchange.' You see my desire of being a female was hereditary. I displayed a great aptitude for music at an early age. It was said of me by a great wizard of that day that my deftness in handling *notes* and *scaling* would give me one day a high place in the world. This enigmatical language contains two musical terms. Why, when five years old I could play the hand-organ."

The patient was almost dumb with admiration.

"At five years old?" echoed he.

"At five years old," repeated Mr. Quip; and he looked the very impersonation of modest, unassuming, but injured and crushed genius.

"Wonderful!" said the patient.

"Incomprehensible!" murmured the other, with deeper emotion than before. "And yet see what I am! See how genius can be blighted and sat upon! To-day I cannot sing a note or play on so much as a jew's-harp. But why speak of the disappointments of my life? They are numerous enough and thrilling enough to be put in print, if you obtained the right kind of a man to compose the book—one of those fellows that would throw in plenty of moonlight, a little philosophy to make the thing sublime, a sunset or two, and a character showing the same amount of respectful sympathy, risible attention, and ponderous capacity for the swallowable as yourself."

"I am honored," the patient gasped.

"I know you are. I am, too. I never met any one half so agreeable. Look at my present situation. The most blinded could see my unfitness for it. It is low and disheartening, particularly so for a man who has once stood high in his profession. I am an M.D. I took out my degree years ago, but the envy and jealousy of my brother physicians have forced me to hide my head in this obscure position, sir—and I would not say this to a third individual in the world save yourself. These physicians here, Killany and Fullerton, are talented men; but if all their knowledge and experience were heaped together they would fit in the cavity over my eye, and would add but a trifle to the vast and ever-extending ocean of my knowledge. These men are good, I assure you. Trust yourself confidently in their hands. But, sir, they make mistakes. I never make mistakes, and I often rectify theirs; nor do I charge one-half so much. Father Leonard was here lately to consult Killany. We had a chat. I pointed out to him on the instant his complaint, and he handed me a dollar. 'Your penetration is astonishing,' said he, as he handed out the bill. Magnificent, wasn't it? His reverence has an income of ten thousand a year. You, sir, are afflicted with liver complication and inborn softness of the brain. I tell you this out of pure friendship. You are so agreeable a fellow that I could charge *you* nothing. Pray don't put your hand in your pocket. The motion is offensive to me, badly as I need money. A dollar? My dear sir, you are robbing yourself. You have not, like the priest, ten thousand a year. Well, since you insist, I shall accept it gratefully. Thank you. There is the bell. It is your turn. Good-day."

The effective tableau of the folding-doors was repeated and the gulled one disappeared within, leaving Mr. Quip in ecstasies.

Fortune did not always so smile upon him. His attempts of this kind as often brought him defeat as success, but his boldness and impudence smoothed the after-difficulties and enabled him to escape detection and its consequent punishment. Much of the information so humorously showered on the individual who had just disappeared within the consulting-room was plain fact. Mr. Quip was an M.D., as far as diplomas could make him one, and had practised to some extent in Canada, his native country, and in the West. An unlucky and criminal blunder in the latter place had banished him finally to Canada, where bad habits and bad companionship had so reduced him from his former glory that he was quite willing to serve as a medical servant to Killany. The position was too good for him. His level was in the gutter, which he was solicitous to avoid by taking the very means surest to lead him there.

He was discontented with his position. The height of his ambition was to make unlimited money with the least possible trouble. It had been his ambition from childhood, but the opportunities had not yet been offered him. However, they were approaching. Killany was desirous of preparing the necessary evidence of the death of the wronged heirs for Nano, and he had chosen Mr. Quip for his instrument. After office-hours of that day on which Nano had come to a momentous decision the doctor called Mr. Quip into his sanctum. He had never conferred such an honor on the gentleman before, and he was interested to observe the effect it would produce on the volatile genius. Mr. Quip would suffer no mental disturbance at even a greater event. The throne-room at St. James and the presence of the court of her majesty would not have daunted him. But, with the shrewdness of his kind, he suspected the nature of the doctor's intentions, and knew that some emotion was expected from him. He entered, therefore, and sat down with the solemnity of an owl, his great eyes fixed immovably on the doctor, his mouth in fish-like repose, his manner a mixture of timidity, smothered wonder, and alarm. The chair he had chosen for his seat afforded him no comfort, as he was posted directly on its edge. He seemed as if momentarily expecting an order to depart. It was a mistake to have invited him into the cathedral color and silence and dignity of a famous room. Killany was satisfied. Mr. Quip *was* awed.

"Make yourself at home, Quip," he said graciously, after a silent survey of his assistant. "We may have a long conversation, and I would like to see you at your ease."

"Wonderfully considerate," thought Quip; but he said nothing, and moved backwards an inch or so in response to the invitation to sit at his ease.

"I have a little piece of work to be done, Quip," said the doctor, clasping his slender hands over his knee and looking with all his eyes into Mr. Quip's unwinking orbs—"a delicate piece of work, requiring a man of some ingenuity, easily tickled at the sight of gold, unmindful of risk, and in the slightest degree unscrupulous."

"I'm not the man," promptly answered Mr. Quip, "if you mean me. I confess to the ingenuity but not to the unscrupulousness. Though given to taking risks, I am not the fellow to be trapped by gold."

"Lofty sentiments!" said the doctor, unmoved by the brevity of his speech or his expressions of sterling honesty. "How would you express what I wanted to say?"

"I wouldn't express it at all, sir. Bargains of this kind are essentially dangerous to the parties concerned, more especially if it ever comes before a jury and you get into the hands of the lawyers. I am in your employ. You want something done by a nice, steady, respectable young man who wouldn't turn from the right path for worlds. I am the man, and I do it. Because of the length and importance of my services my wages are raised to a good sum, and the whole affair goes off according to the strictest principles of honesty, which is all in the terms nowadays, not in the deeds."

"I wasn't aware of it," said Killany; "but the logic is convenient. I want a man who has a firm, honest belief in the death of two children, a boy and a girl, orphans, the boy older than the girl by some years. Any two children will do, and the witness need know no more about them than that they died. But he must have a real belief, and must be ready honestly to swear to their death. Honestly, remember. Bought and studied evidence is too common and too treacherous. If you can find any one among your acquaintances possessing such knowledge—and it is quite probable you can—bring him to me; impress him with the belief that he is concerned in a most important case, where truth and fidelity to facts are so essential as to bring some severe punishment if not adhered to. The more respectable the witness the better."

"I understand, sir," said Mr. Quip, rising, with the same solemn expression of countenance, as if to depart.

"Oh! sit down, sir, sit down," cried Killany. "I have not

finished yet. There are many minor particulars to be attended to. I rely very much on you, and let it be understood that the whole business remains a secret. Not a whisper must reach others of this affair. You may use a sufficient sum of money to pay the witness for his trouble, but not to induce him to tell the truth. Clean and legal the business must be from beginning to end."

"I understand," said Quip for the second time. His owlsh eyes and manner had a depth of meaning in them that would have disturbed Killany had he been other than a desperate man himself, ready for all fortunes, and not to be frightened by such men as Quip. "You need not fear my discretion in the slightest. It is always to be trusted. The job is not difficult, nor are the consequences dangerous to *me*, since I know nothing of the circumstances."

"I will make them dangerous to you," muttered the doctor, showing his teeth evilly. Quip took the expression for a smile. "You may go now, Mr. Quip. When may I expect to hear from you?"

"Not soon, sir," answered he, edging softly to the door; "yet I won't be dilatory. In the meantime I was thinking of speaking to you on the matter of my salary. I have worked well for you in the past two years, attended to minor cases, groomed your horses, and amused you in the interval. Now, if I might ask a few favors on the strength of this faithful discharge of duty."

"You may, Mr. Quip, and I shall be happy to grant them. I never had a better servant, and your reward shall be in keeping with that declaration."

"Then, sir," said Quip, with his eyes cast down in affected humility, but really to hide their mirth and hatred, "I wish that your horses be groomed by those who have been brought up to the trade, and that my salary be raised a little. As for the amusing, I am always ready to use my humble powers for your benefit and pleasure."

Killany was outwardly calmer than an iceberg, and fiercer than a devil at this insolence inwardly. Without paying attention to any other than the request for an increase of salary, he said:

"What have been your wages, Quip?"

"Twenty dollars a month and board, sir."

"It shall be fifty hereafter. You may go."

"But the grooming—"

"Forty dollars, Mr. Quip, shall be your salary. I can get others to do the grooming."

"But, doctor—"

"Every minute you remain is five dollars off your new salary. Good-morning."

Mr. Quip slipped through the door like a vanishing sunbeam, and carried his smiling face to the outer office. The rebuff his insolence had met with affected him as water does a fish. It was his natural element. He never thought of it, but was taken up with some brimstone reflections on his loss of ten dollars a month for the sake of snubbing his employer. For some time he stood at the window drawing figures on the misty glass and smiling inanely into the street. He was realizing his good fortune, slowly waking up to the fact that his salary had been doubled, and tracing in the dim future the outlines of the new pleasures which the additional resources were to bring him. He did not speculate on Killany's motives. He knew that they were bad, and that money was at the bottom of them, and he strongly suspected the parties concerned. He felt certain that all these secrets would come in due time to his knowledge.

"I shall become indispensable to the doctor," he thought, "and in that way get first at the mysteries and then at the gold. This is the first upward mount of my fallen fortunes, and the first rung of the ladder is of gold, gold. Oh! the heavenly metal that surely is coined from the stars. A whole mine of it is open before me. I have found my long-sought-for sphere, and I complain no more against destiny. Nothing to do but the most fascinating kind of brain-work, nothing to avoid but the police and Killany's poisons, and in return I get unlimited treasure. What a glorious future is before me!"

Mr. Quip in his exultation performed a hideous dance through the room, noiseless and wild, with savage gestures and grimaces, looking the while like a vulture, as hungry and fierce, and infinitely more demoniac in expression. When he had grown calm he sat down in a brown study for some minutes. Killany passed out during his meditation, and favored him with a cold, forbidding smile; but Quip did not see him, and went on with his thinking, of which the apparent result was a note directed to Mr. W. Juniper, Insane Asylum, City, and written as follows:

"To-morrow night the circle meets at the old rooms. Cash is plentiful, and a general attendance expected. Don't miss the fun, my Juniper, as you love and regard Quip.

"P. S. The change in your circumstances, from the dissecting-room to

the asylum, from stupidity to insanity, has made no change in my affections.
Q."

This epistle being written and despatched, Mr. Quip, perched on his study-chair, seized a medical book in his claws, eyed the letters for a few minutes gravely, and finally fell asleep in a most studious attitude.

CHAPTER XIII.

A BAND OF. REVELLERS.

THE evening mentioned in the note sent by Mr. Quip to his familiar, Juniper, was ushered in gusty and wild. The day had been one of severe cold and high winds, and the night threatened to be even more tempestuous and disagreeable. The snow lay deep in the streets, and the wind caught it up in powdery masses, and flung it against the buildings and in the faces of those who had ventured to brave the fury of the storm. It was piled high on the roadways, and left the unfrequented lanes open to the travellers that never thought of passing through. The plate-glass windows of the rich gleamed cheery defiance at the storm, which fretted its snowy pinions against them. The rags and paper of the poor offered only the show of resistance to the enemy. Where it was not wanted it came with a rush and a roar, as if sure of a welcome, creeping through chinks and crevices with noiseless feet, staring in its ghostly silence at the misery which alone perforce would greet it. The wealthy looked at its deadly beautiful face from the protection of a luxurious fireside. The pauper shook it with a dreary smile from his pillow and his coverlet, and laughed to see how boldly it lay in the cold fingers which should have melted its treacherous life away. Around the lamps at the corners the flakes sported like white-winged beetles, and the light falling on the crystals seemed to create for itself a new medium and shone with weird splendor. Where the great buildings formed a barrier against the wind, and with their lights opened a pathway through the darkness, it was pleasant enough to walk and to watch the hurrying and listen to the voices of the tempest; but in the more retired streets it was severe labor to make headway against the drifts, the wind, and the blinding snow. The blackness was Egyptian, and the eyes were of little service.

Mr. Quip and Mr. Juniper, who had responded promptly to his friend's invitation, were breasting the wind and the night in

one of the streets of the West End. It was close on eleven o'clock. The violence of the storm did not seem to abate with the advancing hours, and forward movement was such desperate work that neither gentleman was in the humor for talking. Mr. Juniper was, moreover, in a mood. He was displeased with the situation, with his companion for bringing him into it, with the wretched inclinations which were strong enough to force him from warmth and comfort and safety into the misery and actual danger of the night. He was very superstitious and imaginative, and every moan of the tempest struck a new terror into his heart. Every unaccountable noise startled him. He was glad to walk with his eyes shut and his hand on Quip's arm, and he grumbled for mere sake of the companionship which Quip, stalking along gravely and silently as a crane, seemed disinclined to show.

"And only for what's coming," said he, stopping with his back to the wind, that he might breathe easily for a few minutes before starting out again, "only that I want to see how the men who helped to spend my money can spend their own, I wouldn't think twice about getting back to the asylum."

"Your taste for whiskey has more to do with your coming than anything else," observed Quip sneeringly.

"I learned that from you," retorted the other. "But as yet I haven't the nose for smelling it out which you have, nor your impudence for drinking it at the expense of my neighbor. Hold on! Don't start yet. Let us rest alongside this railing, for I can't stand this wind-choking any longer."

"Don't forget the antidotes, Billy. Cheer up, my lad, and forward. There is but one block more."

"Hold on, I say! I'm going to rest if I were at the very door," yelled Juniper sullenly. "*You* can face the wind, for you're not even breathing hard."

"There's a reason for it, Juniper, as there is, I suppose, for the existence of a great many things in this world. I haven't said one word to your twenty in the last hour."

Juniper did not at once reply. They had braced themselves against the railing, and, freed from the persecution of the wind, could talk more freely and hear more distinctly. A dull roar from the lower end of the street had struck upon Juniper's ear. It was a solemn, steady sound, sometimes lower, sometimes higher than the crash of the storm, and it impressed him unpleasantly. He was silent from awe.

"What noise is that?" he asked after a pause.

"The devil of the storm shouting his orders, I suppose," Quip answered in a tone purposely serious and broken. "If he is anywhere in the city, he is in this street now. It is a terrible place, Billy."

"In what way, Jack?"

His voice was become tremulous. The mysterious sounds of the night, the darkness, the neighborhood, which Mr. Quip's solemn manner and words had suddenly invested with a painful interest, had set him shivering. Before replying Mr. Quip looked impressively up and down the street. Very little of its real character was visible, but what could be seen was most ill-favored. The houses were for the most part low rookeries inclined at every possible angle, and threatening the lives of the dwellers and passers-by. Shutters, when they hung anywhere, were never closed, but rattled and screamed and banged incessantly. So little of glass was left in the windows, and so many opaque substances had supplied its place, that lights could be seen only at long intervals, the feeble glimmer of a poor fire or poorer candle indicating the poverty of those within.

"In the wickedest way, Billy," said Mr. Quip, after a pause sufficiently long to allow of his former remark making a due impression on Juniper's heated imagination. "If a mark were put upon every house in this street where a murder had been done, not one would escape save this we are standing by. Crime lurks everywhere. That house opposite is a shelter for every criminal in the city while the officers are after him. Look at that fellow stealing out now. Night, and such a night as this, is the only time he would dare to venture forth. Perhaps he is stained with blood or with a lesser crime. The lake is below us, and an old wharf lies there. It has not been used for years except by the unfortunate who looks for rest in the waters under it. Sometimes a girl is found floating there with her hair twisted around the rotten beams; sometimes a poor fellow with his head battered in. I was there myself one morning after a meeting. It was four o'clock, and there was a heavy fog out. I saw the harbor police busy about something, and I went down to look on. They were dragging out a poor devil, stiff and water-soaked. I can see him yet with his fingers clutching at nothing and his eyes full of the slime of the lake. It beat the dissecting-room, I tell you. There! do you hear that yell? It was a woman, and one that won't be alive to-morrow, I'll warrant. Ah! look, there she comes."

As he yet spoke a door not far distant opened. A woman

came flying out on the pavement as though hurled there by an iron hand within. A few muttered curses were heard as the door closed. Then there was a painful silence, the woman remaining where she had fallen. Juniper would have gone forward to assist the unfortunate to rise, but his cooler companion held him back.

"She is not the kind," he whispered, "to understand or appreciate gallantry or pity. Lie close and watch her. I could wager any money on her next move."

The woman at last rose slowly and with evident pain. She did not see the two men almost at her side, and they in turn made no effort to attract her attention. Supporting herself on the same railing against which they leaned, she looked silently for a long time at the house from which she had been so summarily ejected.

"At last," they heard her say, and her voice, broken and harsh though it was, spoke eloquently of her wretchedness and misery—"at last my time has come. It was not so very long in arriving, and now it is here. No to-morrow—no to-morrow for me! O God! what an ending. Oh!"

"There was a sigh," whispered Quip, touched with a little pity, "that broke her heart."

Juniper was in agony. He was young, and still blessed with a sensitive, kindly heart, and it required a vigorous pinching from his friend to restrain him from rushing at once to her aid.

"It will take all the poetry out of the thing, if you do," argued Quip. "She doesn't want to be interfered with, and you'll get a smart bit of a very smart tongue for your trouble. Cry, if you feel inclined, but be practical and stop where you are."

The woman remained but a short time in her present position. Moaning in a piteous way, she staggered down the street, and in the light of a lamp at the corner they saw her stand for a moment, throw her arms in anguish towards the sky, and with a mad laugh of despair run off towards the lake.

They resumed their way in silence, and arrived before a building which by daylight must have presented a more respectable though not less neglected appearance than any on this famous street. It stood far back from the road, had a high, dilapidated fence running close to the sidewalk, and presented the general appearance of an old, decayed family mansion. The gate was cunningly fixed in the high fence and opened outward. Mr. Quip opened it, and they entered at once upon a snow-hidden pathway, thickly covered over with trees and vines, which led up

to a side entrance. Another key admitted them into the lower halls, where a few lamps burned with light sufficient to enable them to find their way in safety. A new stairway to the upper story had replaced the old, and they mounted quickly, passing along the hall until they reached a door at the extreme end. From the moment of their entrance the sound of voices, mingled with uproarious bursts of laughter, singing, and the clinking of glasses, had reached their ears. From the room before which they now stood these noises came. They had an animating effect on Mr. Juniper. His cheeks glowed, his breath labored as if he were still buffeting the wind. As with every forward step the uproar became more distinct and more musical, his excitement became more uncontrollable, and at last he burst into the room with a shout that silenced the revel in an instant.

Before it could be resumed a voice cried out :

“The symposiarch.”

And the assembly, numbering twenty young men of various ages, rose respectfully, and, with a clinking of glasses and a rattling of bottles, cried out :

“The symposiarch.”

Mr. Quip moved majestically to a seat at the head of the table around which the company was gathered.

“I am late this evening, gentlemen,” he said. “It is not my intention to make any excuses, but our friend Juniper became so conscience-stricken on the way by a few startling incidents that I was compelled to halt for a time and dose him with moral philosophy. It belongs to you to finish what I began. Continue the revels.”

The symposiarch, waving his hand authoritatively, sat down, and on the strength of his permission the Babel commenced with renewed vigor. Mr. Juniper, who was admitted into the assembly because of his former standing as a medical student—for such each gentleman professed himself to be—was surrounded at once by a fun-loving crowd, and severely cross-examined as to his scruples of conscience and his life at the asylum.

The room was filled with smoke, and the outlines of objects could be seen but dimly. The apartment was large, and in its glory might have had about it considerable magnificence. The walls were panelled, and carved with great taste and skill. The ceiling, darkened by time, neglect, and ill-usage, was of valuable wood, and the floor and old-fashioned furniture seemed to be of similar material. The students, who had rented the place as a society-room for the carrying-on of their orgies undisturbed by

the police or by exacting boarding-house mistresses, had disturbed nothing that was fit for use; and when the air was clear and the sun let shine through the windows a suspicion of old-time refinement, and grace, and mystery hung about its faded walls.

Mr. Quip enjoyed a distinction among the company that was quite enviable. He owed it to his unsurpassed impudence and his interested but apparently open-hearted generosity. For Mr. Quip spent money with the freedom of a millionaire, and never dreamed of a return. We have seen how he recompensed himself in a few instances. His real character was unknown to the individuals over whom he presided. It might not have mattered much if they had known. Many of them could not lay claim to better deeds or dispositions, and were secretly indebted to the symposiarch for advice, useful sympathy, and trifling money loans. Mr. Quip might be trusted to make good use of the influence which he had thus obtained. He was politic but not backward in using it. Relentless as a money-lender, pitiless as a tiger, he yet understood the peculiarities of his own position sufficiently never to attempt the high hand with his victims. He was always the friend, the consoler, the injured party—a new-world Pecksniff in all the outlines of that famous but overdrawn character. Juniper was perhaps the only individual besides Dr. Killany who had a clear insight into the man's character. But Juniper was looked upon as a fool, and the book was never closed for him. He had not sense enough, in Quip's sarcastic opinion, to make anything out of the printed page. If he had, thought the symposiarch, sipping his punch lazily, he would not be here to-night; or, being here, he would drink less whiskey and keep himself ready for danger.

"Roseleigh," he said suddenly to a pleasant young fellow who sat beside him, "come to the other side of the room. I want to talk with you."

"You must keep an eye on Juniper," he said when they were out of hearing of the others, "and not let him drink too much. See that he drinks enough to loosen his tongue, for I must get some information out of him, which is my reason for bringing him here to-night. He's so close a fool that if he suspects what I am after, drunk or not, he won't open his lips to-night. You understand?"

"Perfectly," replied the genial Roseleigh, whose readiness to obey the chief arose from the fact of his slight indebtedness to Quip. "Trust me to manage him."

A whisper in Mr. Juniper's ear brought the gentleman, after

a short struggle with the tipsy students, to the symposiarch's side.

"You are drinking too much," said Roseleigh. "The boys are filling you purposely, and wish to lay you out along with themselves. I heard them plotting the thing."

"They are a little too late," laughed Juniper, with his eyes fixed rather curiously on Quip. "You saved me in the nick of time, for I would have gone on until the jug had been finished."

Mr. Quip paid no attention to his friend. He resumed the conversation which seemed to have been interrupted by Juniper's appearance. He was giving a detailed account of his adventures in other climes than Canada, with a view to excite in Mr. Juniper's breast a desire to excel them by the relation of his own. It was a bait that took easily. The symposiarch's deeds of old were brilliant in themselves and excellent in the telling, but they were of a kind which might happen to any Bohemian. There was no mystery about them, nothing of the indefinable charm which leaves the listener so many questions to be asked with no possibility of a satisfactory answer. In this respect Mr. Juniper had the advantage. He was reputed a fine story-teller, and never lost an occasion of adding to his laurels. His faculties were now misty with unlimited punch, and he was nettled at a certain air of conceit which the volatile Mr. Quip purposely displayed.

"I know a tale worth twenty such as you have been telling," he said after Quip had finished.

The bird-like eyes snapped with delight.

"The old thing you always drag out on big occasions," said he contemptuously. "It's like fire-crackers on the queen's birthday, and as old as Roseleigh's hat. Couldn't you vary it, Juniper, in some unexpected way? Bring the children to life; have them discover the man that cheated them; let the girl fall in love with him, marry him, and so keep the fortune in the family and one man out of jail—couldn't you do that, Juniper?"

"Yes, I could and shall, if I choose," answered the other sulkily.

"Then I command you to begin," said Quip, with the air of one who expected to laugh heartily for the next ten minutes. Juniper was more nettled than ever.

"Let the boys gather round," he said; but Quip objected:

"I had no such audience, and they are too tipsy to listen."

The story, therefore, went on without the boys. Roseleigh and one or two more sober fellows formed the group of listeners, and displayed an attention as flattering to Mr. Juniper's vain soul

as the assumed indifference of Quip was galling. By degrees, however, the symposiarch's manner awakened into interest. His eyes began to glisten. He moved himself into an easier position and nearer Juniper, the better to hear every word. Not a movement was lost on Juniper. He drank in slowly the triumph that seemed so insensibly offered him, and exerted himself to throw all the charm of a stirring romance about the adventures of two children who had fallen with their fortune into the hands of a faithless guardian. When the narrator arrived at the point where he usually described the death of the wronged orphans, Quip cried out with a snarl of triumph:

"And the children died."

"No, they didn't," answered the victorious Juniper, with an expression of countenance quite indescribable. "They lived, they grew up to be man and woman, and they will yet meet with the man who injured them and give him his deserts."

"Not dead!" growled the symposiarch profanely. "The devil!"

"You hold the chief place in this Inferno," replied Juniper. "Answer your own invocation."

Mr. Quip remembered himself immediately and became silent. But later, when the whole party had turned their attention to the jug, he drew Juniper aside.

"Were you in earnest," he asked, "when you said that those children were living?"

"What does it matter to you, Quip, you infernal schemer? Have you another plot hatching to poison some innocent?"

"Take care, my boy," cried the symposiarch, with a fierce intensity of tone that made the other tremble. "I wouldn't think twice of spilling you over the old wharf to-night on our way home. You know too many secrets for your own good."

"I beg your pardon," meekly replied the offender. "It was unintentional."

"I can understand that it was," sneered Quip. "But it may not always be so harmless. Were you in earnest, I say, when you asserted those children to be living?"

"I was, and be hanged to you! You get no more information out of me."

"It isn't wanted. I only wished to inform you that by this new ending to an old story you have lost a cool hundred dollars or more."

Mr. Juniper stared.

"The explanation is," continued Quip, "that not long ago I was commissioned to find a man who could swear to the death of any two children, provided that they were a boy and a girl, orphans, whose parentage could not be easily traced, and were of such an age as to have been twenty-nine and twenty-two respectively had they lived to this day. It was to be a perfectly fair and honest transaction. No perjury, everything legal. There was nothing to be done but declare before a lady, or perhaps before a court, the death of these two children, and for so simple a service you would have received any sum from one to ten hundred dollars. I had heard this story of yours before, and thought to benefit you and save myself trouble by giving you the chance. I suspected that you lied in your former version. I brought you here to muddle your head and nettle you into telling the truth. You have done so. You have lost a great opportunity and I have earned additional labor. So much for not sticking to a good solid lie when once you got hold of it."

There was too much sincerity in the symposiarch's manner for Juniper to doubt the truth of his words, and the resulting grief at his ill-fortune found comical expression in the gentleman's face.

"One to ten hundred," he muttered. "We can always make asses of ourselves."

"You are a shining illustration of your own remark," snapped Quip, who was really annoyed.

"Suppose," ventured Juniper, after a long and thoughtful silence, "I should be willing to swear to the death of these two children, no matter what the facts might be?"

"Simply impossible," answered Quip, with a grim smile. "It is probable that if the case came before a court—which does not now seem likely—the career of those children would be traced up to the last degree of certainty. Jail for very respectable people would result. No, no. We want facts; and as you haven't got them, the opportunity is for ever lost to you."

Mr. Juniper's avarice once excited, he was not to be put off by decision of manner or emphatic language. He began, therefore, a maudlin assault on Mr. Quip's heart, with a view to weakening his resolution. The symposiarch remained inexorable, and at last pretended to dismiss the matter altogether.

"I am sorry to see you so cut up over it," he said, "and I won't object to doing you this much of a favor: If I fail to find any one who has the requisite knowledge of facts, and if we must come down to perjury, I shall call upon you. I know I am run-

ning a risk, but I have run risks before. It will be worth more than your life to you to dream of ever going back on me."

Juniper's protestations of undying secrecy and rock-like faithfulness fell unheeded on Quip's ears.

"I never thought your foolish soul could be bought so cheaply," was his inward and sneering comment as he walked to his seat at the table.

The hilarity of the early part of the evening had yielded to a more than Dutch gravity among the students who sat round the council-table. A few had surrendered themselves to the demon of sleep, and were musically engaged under the table. The others, staring with watery and uncertain eyes through the smoky atmosphere, babbled and laughed to their companions, and sang snatches of drinking-songs with funereal solemnity. It was near four o'clock, and Quip made preparations for immediate departure. Some prescribed ceremonies were gone through with. Roseleigh, standing up, murmured thickly :

"The symposiarch."

And all the gentlemen, following suit with some difficulty, clinked their glasses and responded :

"The symposiarch."

The effort of assuming a standing position was more successful for many than the attempt to sit in the same seats again, and as the symposiarch and his henchman left the room most of the convives found their way to the chorus under the table.

The night had grown calmer. The winds were silent, and a ragged rent in the clouds had given liberty to a few stars to twinkle coldly in the frosty air. Juniper shivered when the unceasing roar of the lake reached his ears. It would have a disagreeable association for him in the future. He could not help thinking of a white face and clinging hair down among the rotten beams of the old wharf.

CHAPTER XIV.

AN EVENING RECEPTION.

DURING the month of February McDonell's convalescence was slow but assured. The muscles of the arms and legs gradually resumed their old tension, and he could drag himself about feebly and make a pretence of attending again to his business, going at long intervals to the office, consulting with partners, business men, and customers, directing a little, resting much, and persuading

himself that by degrees he would become able to resume all the old duties, with the provision that younger and healthier men be permitted to do the greater part of the labor attached to them. It was necessary that he should employ a secretary, a confidential clerk. Wisdom and prudence counselled that he should select from the many deserving men in his employ. Some had already been recommended for the position by influential friends, and he had promised to consider the application. He never intended to keep the promise, for his mind was already made up on the matter. A new idea, born of his earlier crime and his recent illness, had seized upon him. The ideas that visited him during and since his illness were of a stubborn, crotchety, and often foolish nature. They might be reasonable or unreasonable, practical or poetical, distasteful to those interested or hurtful to himself, and he would still persist in retaining, fostering, and developing them. As Killany said, paralysis had not affected his muscles alone. He had become feeble-minded. Fretfulness and peevishness were now his distinguishing qualities, though, with the memory of what he had once been still strong in his recollection, he strove bitterly and eagerly to maintain the dignity and calmness of his perfect physical health. The business blunders which he had already begun to make were of higher significance to the outer world and to his associates than he dreamed, and aspiring clerks smiled knowingly, and experienced partners and friends shook their heads gravely and doubtingly, when the leader's latest mishaps were mentioned. The new idea was as fanciful as could be imagined. He determined to hunt up the heirs whom he had defrauded, make the young man his secretary, and prepare him gradually for the sudden descent of good fortune. It was probable that he was good-looking and intelligent, if he at all resembled his parents; and it was possible, too, that a marriage between him and Nano might take place. The minor obstacles in the way of his design never intruded themselves on his meditations. The young man might be in the other world, or engaged in a profession which he was decidedly unwilling to leave, or a not very good character, or already married. Mr. McDonell never gave these difficulties the slightest thought, but proceeded straight to the accomplishment of his end. The result was too glorious, too rosy with the promise of settling all his present troubles to permit him for one moment to descend into the regions of plain, prosaic fact.

Nano, in the meantime, had passed through every stage of mental agony that a woman so gifted, unfortunate, and exquisitely

sensitive could suffer. A kind of repose—the repose of exhaustion—had been given to her from the fatal day on which her resolution to hold the property at almost any cost had been taken. Her conscience seemed at rest, but it was only the torpor of an opiate. Under it lay hidden the pain of the dumb beast, so bitter from its want of expression—a deadly ache that never ceased day or night, in pleasure or pain. The sight of Olivia, the sound of her voice, the glance of her eye, the touch of her hand—avoided when possible—the mere remembrance of the fairy innocent, tore her heart with anguish. That she should be so pure in her poverty, and herself so vile in her wealth! The appearance of her father, his mournful helplessness and senility, his need of the gentle and unceasing care of a daughter, smote her with grief. Every hour she compared her own actions and dispositions with those which Olivia would surely have displayed in the same circumstances, and every hour derived fresh humiliation from the comparison. Yet her resolution was never recalled. She went on in quiet and unexpressed misery, wondering if still greater agony were in store for her. Her fair outside told nothing of the inner pain. Her pallor was greater, but was attributed to the close confinement of the sick-room, and the deeper melancholy and strange hardness prevailing in the expression of her eyes added too much to the beauty of her face to be commented upon unfavorably.

Her father having recovered sufficiently to render the sick-room superfluous, her thoughts turned once more to that society which she so scorned for its shallowness, so loved and respected for the honor and deference it paid her, and from whose pleasures she had been separated for more than a month. The McDonell mansion was the centre of the winter in-door festivities, and was besides the Mecca of the Canadian transcendentalists, whither they turned their faces weekly to worship at the shrine, to pour out libations of tea or Burgundy, to read and comment on the Koran, the *Novum Organum*, or the Bible, and to exchange the latest sweets discovered in the literary bouquets of the high-priest, Emerson. Miss McDonell was the priestess. Her beauty and her wealth were the chief text upon which the cultured disciples descanted. Their cry was, "Great is the religion of humanity, and Miss McDonell is its Canadian prophet," and they went on their knees to the prophet, offered their incense, drank her tea and her Burgundy, and went away only to have the pleasure of coming again to sacrifice. The sudden illness of the master of the house put an end to festivity. Transcendental-

ism languished while the shrine remained closed. Society's stream found a temporary channel, and flowed on less smoothly, perhaps, but none the less surely and indifferently. Culture, however, stood at the gates disconsolate. It writhed a little at sight of a priest entering where it was forbidden to go, and raged when that familiarity which was denied to it was offered freely to the upholders of the oldest superstition of modern times. Its principles forced it to be silent.

There was a general waking of all parties when the cards for the first reception at McDonell House began to circulate in their plain, sober envelopes among the privileged of the city. Mrs. Strachan, happening to call on Olivia the morning after the invitations had been issued, gave expression to the public sentiment in her vigorous style.

"Are you going, Miss Olivia?" said she.

"Of course," the sprightly young lady answered. "How could I stay away? *Her* receptions are so delightful!"

"It takes but a short time to find that out," said the general. "I have attended receptions and receptions, and have been jammed, crushed, heated, flattered, and slandered to my heart's content; but the model for such an entertainment is at Miss McDonell's. It is like a poem, the harmony and smoothness of everything. After all, I believe very much in culture, so far as it does not conflict with settled doctrines."

"And I believe in it so far as it does not conflict with common sense, which it offends against quite as often as against religion. But do you know, Mrs. Strachan, I am in a nervous state over my dress, and I want you to look at it. I submitted it to Harry—"

"And to Sir Stanley," interrupted the general slyly.

"Certainly," said Miss Fullerton with serene confidence. "But these awkward men never know the nice points of a costume. If you ask them to look at your train, and tell how it hangs, they will look at your eyes and answer, 'Like stars, to be sure.'"

"They couldn't say much else," said the general good-humoredly; "and you will admit that the gentlemen have great taste in those matters."

"But not always correct, Mrs. Strachan."

"So says Mr. Strachan when he comments on his taste in marrying me. But come, you are going to show me the dress."

They went off to the wardrobe.

The evening of the reception found Olivia paying her re-

spects to Nano in a costume as faultless in taste as the most cultured could desire—so faultless, indeed, that in spite of the unpretending material and the counter-attraction of the pretty face above, female eyes grew envious or admiring as they took in every detail of the dress. The company assembled was large and distinguished, as all Miss McDonell's gatherings were, but the house was roomy and the usual crowding was avoided.

"Bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men."

English faces predominated, and English uniforms—for it was in the time of the military occupation—gave a tone and a brilliancy to the affair which the same gatherings do not now enjoy. Music and singing floated from one room, the clinking of glasses from another, the shrill but subdued tones of warm, polite argument from a third. In the drawing-room, where Nano held state, transcendentalism reigned supreme. Its disciples were a fine-looking body, but it was easy to see from their manner towards the mistress whence their inspiration was derived. In the alcoves and curtained windows love made itself known by its soft laughter and whisperings. These points of vantage Cupid and his modern other self, Flirtation, had seized upon early in the evening, and, with considerate delicacy, no one ventured to intrude.

"You will come back to me, dear," said Nano, after Olivia and she had exchanged the customary greetings. "There will be some conversation on your favorite topics. I am not in the humor for conversation this evening, and you may take my place. Besides, my little firebrand, it will be to the advantage of every one to hear your vigorous attacks on culture."

"I do not like it," answered the firebrand promptly. "There is no interest for me in listening to the sometimes blasphemous platitudes which your true pantheist can roll off by the yard. I am wearied ridiculing and laughing at them. I am sick, too, with seeing what fools people can make of themselves when they have put down God and put themselves up in his place—little calves of clay, not having even the merit of being gold."

"Now you may go," said Nano severely, yet detaining her with her hand. "You are more than ill-humored, and it would not do to have you heard by my friends. Calves of clay! To think we should receive such a title!"

"If I am going, do let me go," said Olivia, "and pray that I may not return. Should that happen I shall throw into your camp

bombshells aimed, not at your doctrines, but at yourselves. I shall strike at your conceit, the Achilles' heel of your moral nature, and the elect will fall—by tens," she added, looking around in rapid calculation; "for I see that you must have here over twenty of the school. I did not suppose one city could muster so many."

"Indeed! We are increasing every day."

"I can believe it—among the rich! You need receptions, and bric-à-brac collections, and expensive editions of Carlyle, Kant, and all the other apostles of every shade of pantheism to keep your poor souls together. If it were to tramp to Mass of mornings at six o'clock, and confess your numerous peccadilloes three times a year—ah! but I must preserve the discussion for your friends. I see that Sir Stanley is making desperate efforts to reach me, so that I must fly."

She fluttered away by an opposite door. Nano followed her with her eyes, sighing. Had she but a heart like that, so content, so cheerful, so loving, so pure! She pressed back her vain regrets and turned to the company, next to herself the idol which she most honored and worshipped. For their good opinion, their esteem and adulation, she had sacrificed her soul, and she would exact her price to the last farthing.

Meanwhile Olivia, having fled to avoid Sir Stanley, found him waiting for her at the door of the music-room, and walked straight into his arms. He tried to inveigle her into an alcove.

"No, sir," was the decisive reply. "I am a rover to-night, a freebooter, bound to go where I list, and I shall be tied to no one. Nano was refused a similar favor, and are you bold enough to imagine that I will give to you what I refused to her?"

"I am bold enough to think I can persuade you to it," he said, with one of his dangerous glances, "if you will but give me time. I am a diplomatist, you know, having served three months on an embassy; and if I never exercised my powers much, still I remember how to make the disagreeable agreeable, and to put you under the impression that you were mistaken before."

"You are too confident, Sir Stanley, and too conceited, as most of our young men are, and I shall do a praiseworthy thing in snubbing your conceit."

Then the baronet, forgetting his assumption of indifference, became serious and angry.

"I am going to lose my temper," he said, "if you are to put me off in this way, Olivia. You know—"

"Sir Stanley, good-night. You are forgetting yourself. This

is a public hall just now, and really the music is charming. Excuse me."

She slipped through the door, leaving the baronet mortified and enraged at his own stupidity.

"Your diplomacy was nearly overdoing the thing that time," said Dr. Fullerton's voice in his ear. He was laughing. "The general and I were behind the curtains yonder and heard every word. 'Coquettish,' said I. 'Stupid,' said she; and you may infer to whom these words were applied. However, since she is determined you shall win, she has gone off to capture Olivia and use her influence in your behalf."

"She is kind," said the baronet briefly and mournfully.

"I fancy," the doctor remarked consolingly, "that there was no necessity for that move. Olivia will return of herself."

"Thank you for your encouraging words. But I am doomed to play disconsolate for the rest of the evening."

Olivia in the interval, with a distinct sense of injury rankling in her breast and almost betraying itself in her lips and eyes, fled through the music-room without giving any thought to the players and vocalists, and endeavored to take refuge in a room beyond. She rushed tumultuously into the midst of a party of gentlemen so deeply engaged in a political discussion that her intrusion was unnoticed. Killany sat near the window, talking in his slow, dulcet tones, and around were McDonell, pale and peevish, the priest with his humble self-assurance, Sir John with his perennial smile and Disraelian nose, and two other gentlemen of no appearance whatever. Sir John, who was evidently awaiting a chance to withdraw from the circle or to change the conversation, was the first to catch sight of the young lady, and he rose gallantly and somewhat eagerly to bring her forward. This won for her the attention of the company.

"I beg you pardon, gentlemen," she said with a blush and a smile, and the pretty boldness of a privileged miss. "I thought the room was vacant."

"And so it shall be for you, Miss Walsingham—"

"Fullerton, Sir John."

"Ah! to be sure—my poor memory, you understand—so it shall be for you, Miss Fullerton, if you desire it. Your reverence, permit me—"

"We are already acquainted," said the priest, smiling.

"Dr. Killany—"

"I have the same honor," curtly observed the doctor, bowing.

"Mr. McDonell—"

"No need of introductions at all, Sir John," cried the peevish invalid. "Miss Fullerton is better known than yourself, and, what is more, can give a straightforward opinion on this question of Canadian policy with regard to the United States."

"Um!" said Sir John aloud. It was non-committal. His thoughts, translated into speech, were:

"The devil himself seems at work to force an admission of some kind from me to-night."

"We were just discussing," the priest courteously explained to the new disputant, "the advantages and disadvantages of annexation to the United States."

"And its probability," put in McDonell.

"And its political significance," said Sir John beamingly. He had to say something, for Olivia was looking at him inquiringly, and he brought out in consequence the most sounding and senseless remark he could manufacture.

"And all having given their opinions on these points," said the priest—

("Sir John coming out strong on the political significance," muttered McDonell scornfully.)

—"will it be asking too much of you, Miss Fullerton, that you give an opinion also? These gentlemen will receive it with the veneration of the knights of old, and defend it as the truth against the world."

"O gentlemen," answered the maiden, still blushing, "you do me too great an honor. I own that I am interested in these questions, and that I think a little and read a little about them. But it does not become me to put upon you such an obligation as you propose, or even to speak where those who have made a study of these things have spoken."

"Modestly and truthfully said," observed Sir John with some enthusiasm.

"But if you will receive my proposition, I appoint Sir John, our representative Canadian, to speak my sentiments, and I shall adhere to the doctrines he utters."

"There's the difficulty," broke in McDonell abruptly. "You will have nothing to adhere to. For since we began let me be hanged if our representative Canadian has given one tangible opinion on the question. Speak for yourself, young lady; there will be at least sincerity in what you say."

Olivia looked in surprise at her appointed champion. The priest was smiling, and Killany had retired to cough at the far end of the room. The other gentlemen, with the exception of

McDonell, seemed to be suffering from some concealed emotion. Sir John alone was serene as a summer sky, although a comical glint in his eyes as he looked at the priest argued the existence of a predicament.

"Miss Fullerton," said he persuasively, "please do not regard the utterances of the gentleman, or attach to them the importance they would have if our friend were in perfect health. In appointing me as your spokesman you honor me, and I am grateful. But I must ask you first to speak, and then you shall have a representative opinion from me—one, too, that gallantry, and patriotism, and sincerity shall be patrons of, I can assure you."

This was evidently fair and emphatic. So unequivocal a declaration from the attorney-general seemed to create considerable interest among the gentlemen, and they closed around in various attitudes of respectful and deep attention.

"Yet before I venture to be so bold," said Olivia, "I should like to hear what has been said by each of the disputants on the subject."

The priest was about to take upon himself the reply when McDonell sharply interrupted:

"To do that would take some hours, Miss Fullerton, for all of them, with the exception of Killany, perhaps, were as verbose as you could desire. Sir John managed to say nothing in a great many words. His opinion amounts to this: if the weathercock people swing one way, so will he; if they swing another, so will he."

"Mr. McDonell!" said the knight reproachfully.

"His reverence," continued the invalid, "who has spent most of his life in the United States, and was born in Ireland, attempted, with the genius of a cosmopolitan, to take the question from an Irish, an American, a Canadian, and a papal point of view; but they all so flatly contradicted one another that he ended by leaving the solution to the future. A pretty hole to crawl out of, upon my word!

"Killany, in spite of his English birth, being an out-and-out American sympathizer, said that the attention of Americans had not yet been directed to the annexation of Canada—in the face of '76 and 1812 he said that, Miss Fullerton—and he added that thinkers like himself were decidedly averse to it. It would be to the advantage of neither country: not to the United States, which would become altogether too unwieldy for management; and not to Canada, which would suffer in losing her nationality.

"I said annex, looking at it from a commercial point of view, and these gentlemen agreed with me. There's a synopsis of an hour's conversation, and you can see just how much sincerity there must have been in what we said. Now, my dear, give us a plain, square, patriotic, sensible opinion, and, as his reverence has remarked, we will hold to it, for to-night at least, through thick and thin."

"I always feel too deeply on Canadian subjects," said Olivia, "to give what you hard, money-getting men of the world would call a sensible opinion. I love Canada, and I hate her enemies. For that reason alone I am opposed to annexation."

"And you consider, Miss Fullerton, that the United States is a menace to your country?" said Killany.

"Certainly. And not only to us but to the other countries of the continent. Her citizens seem to aim at nothing less than the dominion of the New World. She considers it an honor to the state which she forces into her abominable Union."

"Abominable," muttered McDonell. "Twaddle!"

"Abominable!" cried Sir John. "Miss Fullerton!" And it was hard to say whether he meant his words to be of encouragement or reproof.

"It is not often," said Killany, for once in a virtuous mood, "that we hear that word applied to a political system which is the admiration of the world."

"Well, gentlemen," laughed Olivia, with a sweetness and indifference that astonished herself, so fierce was she apt to become in argument, "you have asked for my opinion, and you have it. Make the most of it. And now shall we hear from you, Sir John?"

"By all means," cried several together.

"You are very, very warm and somewhat poetical," said the politician, with a most flattering smile beaming from his countenance. "But you are not far from the truth in many things, and your clever foresight does you great credit. So few of our young ladies *think* nowadays. But in questions of this nature, Miss Fullerton, the element of patriotism, while holding a deservedly high place, must suffer itself to be guided by prudence and by sound policy, and must often submit to force of circumstances. Our Canada is a growing country, but as yet disunited, young, and weak. Our neighbor is powerful, wealthy, united. It would be mere foolishness to irritate her by empty display. But in the future what may not happen? All that your ardent young mind has conjured up in its dreams may be more than realized.

I congratulate you on your knowledge of Canada's needs, and I thank you for the honor you have done me."

"There," said McDonell, with a triumphant snarl, "how do you like that as a specimen of sincerity, gallantry, and patriotism? It is of the purest political quality, warranted to stand the wear and tear of a campaign, and to hold its color in spite of the washing it may receive at the hands of opponents. It is of the color which washing least affects—white. If we were annexed to-morrow you couldn't twist one of those sentences into hostility against the American government. If we were to leap at a bound into greatness Sir John would be the observed of observers, as the man whose rhetorical and far-reaching mind foresaw and foretold it one evening at a reception."

"You are severe to-night, Mr. McDonell," said the priest in mild reproof. "I consider that Sir John has been very explicit—"

"From what point of view, your reverence?" growled Diogenes. "From the papal, American, etc.?"

"Let us say from all. He has subscribed to the doctrine put forth by Miss Fullerton, and is become an opponent of annexation, and by consequence a believer in our future independence."

"Will you say amen to that, Sir John?"

Olivia had been disappointed at the knight's reply. She felt that it was not open or candid; that he had said nothing about annexation; and that what he had said was not in accordance with her high conception of Sir John's character. She hoped he would accept this opportunity of retrieving himself. Her knowledge of the ways of statesmanship was primitive, and she knew nothing of the little filthinesses in which constitutional and popular rulers almost unavoidably indulge.

"These gentlemen are becoming facetious," was all the attorney-general could be brought to say. "Let us leave them, Miss Fullerton. I hear music in a distant room. I am fond of it. Will you guide me to the temple of the Muse?"

There was nothing left but to retire. They went away amid the smiles of the company, and Olivia knew that they were laughing at her simplicity. McDonell laughed in his hard, peevish, snarling fashion.

"Father Leonard," said he, "you can yet learn a thing or two from Sir John. It is a neat trick to be able to hold some twenty or thirty different opinions on the same subject and present a new one to every comer. But it is risky. Give me the man who can talk eternally and yet express no views at all. An

ass does it naturally, I know. In a man like Sir John it is the perfection of art."

Olivia made it her duty to slip away from the knight at the earliest opportunity. Having met with the general, who had been looking for her a long time with the intention of bringing her to a sense of her obligations to Sir Stanley, she foisted the politician adroitly upon her, and so unintentionally checkmated the good lady. Then she went looking for a quiet spot wherein to rest for a few minutes. She was feverish, disappointed, and aching with regrets only half understood. The late conversation had disgusted her a little, and she wondered if the patriotism her mind had conceived as belonging to the true lover of his country was anything more than a creature of her own imagination. Evidently it was not compatible with the idiosyncrasies of an attorney-general.

In her search for a retired nook it was her fortune to run unobserved on Sir Stanley. He, too, had sought a retirement in which to hide his disappointment, and disconsolate as any love-lorn youth looked the handsome baronet when he thought no eye was upon him. Her heart relented.

"I was too hard," she said, "and it was but natural for him."

Then she threw a book on the floor, and came rapidly into the apartment to find Sir Stanley—gone. It was disappointing to her good intentions, and she got out of humor at once, but made the most of circumstances by falling asleep on an inviting lounge. The sound of voices in the next room awoke her a few minutes afterward. Two persons seemed to be the talkers, and she speedily recognized the tones of Mrs. Strachan and Killany.

"Impossible!" the general was saying in astonished accents.

"Mere fact," Killany answered. "It is known to very few besides myself. Father and mother they never had lawfully. They have hidden their base birth under the title of orphans, and so sought the favor and pity of the world. It is a base imposition on society."

"It must be seen to," said the general slowly, and Olivia knew by the tone of her voice that she was still doubtful as to the truth of what she had heard, yet did not wish directly to question Killany's veracity.

"He is a slanderer, too," thought Olivia, rising to return to the company. "When will the true character of this man be known? What poor unfortunate has fallen under his displeasure now? Yet Nano tolerates him because he is useful. In what way? Can it be in anything good, I wonder?"

She rejected this last thought with indignation, and chided herself severely for thinking even inadvertently so poorly of her friend. When she reached the parlors once more the general seized upon her and carried her off to the music-room.

"For you have left that sweet voice of yours shamefully alone," said the general, "and have not made a single effort to amuse any one this evening."

But before they arrived at the music-room Sir Stanley, who must have been lurking somewhere in the vicinity, was taken under the general's protection. Olivia was anxious to atone for her previous hard-heartedness, and smiled and spoke so kindly that, indifferent as he pretended to be, his heart was beating, and he secretly blessed Mrs. Strachan, to whose good services he attributed this favorable change in the mood of his lady-love. There were few persons in the room when they entered, and the piano was silent. Dr. Fullerton sat alone at a table looking over some engravings. His face was grave as usual, but sadder, and his attention seemed anywhere save on the pictures.

"Look at him," whispered Olivia to the baronet when the general went off to hunt up some music. "He is in love, Sir Stanley, and believes it to be hopeless. He has moped like that the whole evening, stealing into the presence of his charmer, and stealing out again, guiltily; afraid to go, and dreading to stay in her presence. And he wears her photograph next his heart."

"And who is the favored one, Olivia?" asked the baronet with real interest.

"Who but the divinest of her sex, the glorious Nano?"

"Not quite the divinest," said the amorous baronet, with another of his effective and meaning looks. "But I am very glad to hear it. They are made for each other, and he will be her salvation."

"My very thought," said Olivia rapturously.

"'Two souls with but a single—'"

"Sir Stanley, you may turn the music," interrupted the general. "Your musical talent has been developed enough for that office, I trust."

"My cool-headedness you mean," returned the baronet.

"Or cold-heartedness," said the general. "I will engage that you are not often disturbed by the sound of a voice or the glamour of blue eyes."

"Only in one particular instance, Mrs. Strachan. Come, Olivia."

When she had finished her song Dr. Fullerton came over to the piano with gentle reproach in his looks.

"Where have you kept yourself during the greater part of the evening, Olivia?" he asked. "We looked for you everywhere in vain."

"Not everywhere nor vainly," answered she. "I must have been somewhere, and I have rewarded your search with a very fine song. Sir John played the gallant for me a few minutes, and I do believe I fell asleep afterwards in a little room at the other end of the hall. The sound of Mrs. Strachan's voice woke me, or I would have slept until the evening was over."

Before any remarks could be made the general, with a smiling face, drew the young lady away from the gentlemen altogether, and went with her to another part of the room.

"Did you hear any of the conversation that passed between Killany and me, Olivia?" she asked, with a searching glance into the girl's face.

"A few words," replied Olivia, with a scornful curl of her lips. "Enough only to confirm the opinion I always had of Killany. He was slandering, then, in his mean, dark way, some innocent people."

Mrs. Strachan seemed disconcerted and troubled for a moment, and she kept her eyes fixed peculiarly on Olivia's face.

"He was speaking of you and of your brother," said she calmly.

A deadly paleness overspread Olivia's countenance. She had to struggle with herself severely before daring to speak.

"Of me and of my brother he dared to say *that*?" she gasped, and her blue eyes looked up with the fear of a startled bird in their depths. "Oh! can hatred of the innocent go so far?"

A silence of some minutes intervened. The general was regarding her compassionately, and sternly too, the very impersonation of society.

"You are waiting for an answer of some kind," said Olivia at last, "but I am not the one to give it to you. I never knew my father and my mother, but my brother did, and he can refute the calumny, no doubt, and punish the calumniator. How Killany, whom we never knew until we met him in Toronto, should presume to know so much of our affairs is strange. He hates me, and would injure me if he could. But he has gone too far for once. This will cost him more than he dreams of."

Her significant glance at the doctor gave the general infinite satisfaction. Mrs. Strachan had no faith in Killany, and was

consequently disinclined to believe him in any respect. Yet unless he was a low villain of the elegant cut-throat type, he would scarcely venture on so daring an attempt to injure the fair fame of the Fullertons. It behooved her to move cautiously in the matter, and not commit herself precisely to either side. Her sympathy was with Olivia.

"I understand you, my dear," said the lady, "and I think I understand Killany. I advise you to say nothing to your brother of this just now, as it might lead to bloodshed. Young men are hot, and such a report as this is sure to kill one party or the other. Look quietly for proof sufficient to put the lie on this upstart, and then, having the lash in one hand and the knowledge of his guilt in the other, you will not spare him, nor will I, you may feel certain. Now let us return to the gentlemen."

"Thank you ever so much," said the grateful, distressed girl. "Your confidence is consoling, and I shall work harder to satisfy you than to satisfy the world."

"Very proper," murmured the acute old lady, whose present sympathy, like Sir John's opinion on annexation, was very doubtfully expressed and meant absolutely nothing.

"I wish to go home," was Olivia's first remark to her brother. "I am tired and ill."

"Brief and commanding," said he good-humoredly. "Let us go, then, to make our farewells to Miss McDonell."

"So soon?" observed that lady reproachfully. "Why, Dr. Fullerton, I have not had the pleasure of exchanging words with you this evening. I was in hopes that my friends would have the honor of hearing you demolish some of their pretty theories. Olivia tells me you are a great reader and admirer of the fathers."

"So I happen to be," the gentleman gravely answered. "I regret that Olivia's indisposition makes it necessary for us to go."

"Are you really ill?" Nano said, "or is it only an affection of the heart?" she added in a whisper.

"Sick unto death," answered Olivia, with a smothered sob. "I have been stabbed to-night, and in a mortal part, by one who is called a gentleman. You shall hear all by and by. Good-night, Nano. Oh! good-night."

And the brother and sister went away smiling. The hostess smiled, too, as pleasantly as they, while all three held the most aching hearts that ever beat in human breasts.

TO BE CONTINUED.

PETRARCH CANON AT LOMBEZ.

THE first ecclesiastical benefice Petrarch received was conferred on him by Pope Benedict XII., who appointed him to a canonicate at Lombez, a small town in southwestern France entirely out of the beat of the tourist. It stands on the right bank of the Save, one of the tributaries to the Garonne, in a fertile region that formed part of Queen Eleanora's dowry when she married Henry II. of England. The country around has no striking features to give it any claims to the picturesque, but there is a calm, pastoral beauty about the valley enclosed among gentle hills through which winds the crystal Save. The hillsides are covered with vines, the fields abound in the choicest wheat, the orchards are filled with the plum, the fig, and the almond tree, and the pastures are well stocked with fat kine of a soft, creamy hue peculiar to this country. The beneficent heavens above are pure, radiant, and tempered by cool mountain winds. Chains of low hills run from north to south, from which you have a fine view of the Pyrenees on the one hand, and on the other of a beautiful undulating region extending to the valley of the Garonne. In every direction are rural villages and pretty châteaux. East of the town is the wide plain where encamped the army of Louis XIV., under Vendôme, on its way to Spain. Not far off is the château where lived the poet Salluste du Bartas, ambassador of Henry IV. to the courts of England and Scotland, whose poems Milton loved to read in his boyhood and whose "Week of the Creation" was translated into English by Mrs. Bradstreet, wife of one of the early governors of Massachusetts. The ruined towers of Coucillès and Mauvezin in another direction show traces of fierce warfare. A little to the north of Lombez is Samatan, the ancient stronghold of the lords of Comminges, which prides itself on being the first to check the Huguenot Montgomery when devastating the country with torch and sword. Further off is Ile Jourdain, the ancient *Castrum Ictium*, in a beautiful, fertile plain on the borders of the old forest of Bouconne, where St. Bertrand, the great thaumaturgus of the Pyrenees, was born, and where, in the church of St. Martin, may be seen the shrine of St. Odo, the second abbot of Cluny. Not far from Lombez, at the west, is Simorre, with its ruined Benedictine abbey founded by Clovis, the first Christian king of France, whose abbots gave laws

and administered justice to the people, and where Montesquieu spent part of his youth under the tutelage of a relative who was one of the monks.

This part of Aquitaine was once a Roman province called Novempopulania, because inhabited by nine different peoples. Past Lombez runs the old Roman road that went from Clumberis (Auch) to Tolosa. Ancient remains have been found on a hill overlooking the town where a villa or encampment once stood—fragments of marble columns and ancient pottery, a bronze Mercury, some antique lamps, and a great number of Roman medals and coins. But there seems to have been no town here before the sixth century. Lombez, in fact, is one of those places, so numerous in Europe, that have grown up around the tomb of a saint. Its foundation is due to St. Majan, or Mayan, the great apostle of this valley. Ancient traditions say that St. Majan was a bishop of Antioch in the sixth century, who, after a pilgrimage to Rome and St. James of Compostella, came into Aquitaine by way of Bayonne, and, arriving at the valley of the Save, was so filled with compassion at the barbarism of the people that he built an oratory to the holy Mother of God, with a small cell adjoining in which he established himself and spent the remainder of his life in laboring for their conversion. He also encouraged them in clearing and cultivating the land, and introduced new fruit-trees, among others a kind of plum known here as the peregrine, one of which became famous at Villemagne for springing up and bearing fruit as often as it was cut down. He is also said to have extirpated the wild beasts and venomous reptiles, and delivered the country from an enormous dragon that infected the neighborhood with its poisonous breath and devoured every one who fell in its way, by casting his episcopal ring into its yawning mouth, at which the earth opened and swallowed the monster up for ever. A fountain sprang up on the spot that has always been considered miraculous. Whether this legend is to be regarded as literally true or merely symbolic every one must determine for himself. St. Majan at his death was buried in his oratory, which stood on a height overlooking the present town, and his tomb was held in such veneration that a village was soon formed around it.

In the year 810 Count Raymond of Toulouse gave Lombez and the surrounding territory to the Order of St. Benedict. The monks did not delay taking possession of their new domains, and when they saw the fertility of the valley they decided to build a convent at Lombez, which took the name of Notre Dame de la

Save. The mild rule of the gentle-mannered monks drew around them new settlers, which increased the size of the village. For three centuries they and their vassals labored in cultivating the lands now covered with harvests, and in planting vineyards which are still the pride of the valley. As long as their labors were unproductive they lived in peace; but as soon as the valley was covered with orchards and rich wheat-fields, and the hills of Savez were draped with luxuriant vines, the neighboring lords, as was not uncommon, stretched forth their hands to reap what they had not sown and gather what they had not planted. It was a virtue in the thrifty monks to bring wild lands under cultivation, but culpable avarice to cling to the fruit of their labors. Accordingly, Bernard, Count of Comminges, laid claim to the abbey lands, and the monks, without means of defence, appealed to the noble house of regular canons at Toulouse, who agreed to aid them on condition of becoming the suzerains of the abbey. The concession was made and the lands were vigorously defended, but the contest lasted one hundred and fifty-nine years before the counts of Comminges renounced their claims. Notre Dame de la Save became the fief of the canons of Toulouse, who finally superseded the Benedictines. From this time monastic life flowed uneventfully along on the banks of the Save till John XXII. ascended the pontifical throne. He was a native of Cahors, and, desirous of increasing the splendor and influence of the Gallican Church, he created twelve new sees in France in the year 1317, among which was that of Lombez. The first bishop was the son of Count Bernard VII. of Comminges, Arnaud Roger, who had renounced his rights to the succession at the age of twenty to become a regular canon at Notre Dame de la Save. After Lombez became an episcopal see the population naturally increased, and many people took refuge here when the Black Prince invaded the country in 1335, pillaging and laying waste as he went. But it was never a place of much importance. Before the Revolution there were twenty-five hundred inhabitants. Now there are only about fifteen hundred. One great disaster it never recovered from—the loss of St. Majan's hallowed remains, which took place a few centuries after his death. The account of this robbery is very curious, but not without a parallel in the middle ages. Just before, the body of St. Mark had been seized and carried off from Alexandria to Venice—an act many looked upon in those days as only a pious larceny. And a little after, that of the great St. Nicholas at Myra was borne off in a similar manner to Bari, where it is still honored. In this instance two monks of

Cognas, in Narbonnese Gaul, Sylvius and Centulle by name, desirous of enriching their convent with the possession of St. Majan's remains, then famous for miracles, came secretly to Lombez for the purpose of carrying them away. Finding it would be difficult to execute their design on account of the constant crowd of pilgrims, they established themselves in a hermitage on St. Majan's hill, and were finally entrusted with the keys of the chapel and the guardianship of the tomb. In this way they were enabled to get possession of the saint's relics in the night-time. They put them in two baskets and set off in haste for Cognas. The robbery was discovered in the morning, and the infuriated people went in pursuit of the monks, who only escaped by taking refuge in the dense forest of Bouconne, where they had marvellous proofs of the saint's power. They succeeded at last in getting safely back to Cognas. Their brethren came out with great pomp to meet them, and bore the relics into their chapel with triumphant music. They afterwards built a church in honor of the saint, the belfry of which still remains to attest its magnificence, and the name of the town itself was changed to Ville-Majane, since corrupted into Villemagne, by which it is known to this day.

The chapel of St. Majan, with its empty tomb, continued to be held in great honor at Lombez. It stood on a hill just north of the town, with two or three small vineyards around it given by the canons of Notre Dame de la Save for its maintenance, and on the eve of the saint's festival the clergy, followed by the people, used to ascend the hill in solemn procession. Vespers were sung in the chapel, with a commemoration of St. Prim and St. Clair, two of St. Majan's fellow-laborers martyred for the faith. On St. Majan's day (June 1) a great crowd assembled in the chapel, especially those who had any affection of the eyes. The Gospel of the day was read over them, and they bathed their faces in the fountain. In time a portion of St. Majan's relics was obtained and placed in the cathedral. His venerated chapel disappeared at the Revolution, but a cross marks the place where it stood, and a procession is still made thither every year on the first of June to sing an antiphon in honor of the great apostle of the valley. The abbey of Notre Dame de la Save is also gone. The principal feature of the town now is the cathedral, with its tall, octagon tower of five stories, crowned by a gallery and lighted by lanceolated windows separated by slender colonnettes. The arches of the nave have the arms of the early bishops on the keystones. The Gothic windows are beautiful in design and brilliant of color,

but were injured a good deal at the Revolution. In their solemn light you go from chapel to chapel, despoiled of their former riches, but still containing many tombs of the bishops with their Latin epitaphs, some with recumbent effigies on them. There is the chapel of the Agony, and another of St. Majan. That of Our Lady has a good deal of old *boiserie* from the ancient church of the Capuchins. The chapel of St. Sepulcre once had its group of Holy Women with their vases of perfumes, and Nicodemus and St. Joseph of Arimathea wrapping up the body of the Lord in spices. They are now gone, and in their place stands a baptismal font of lead—a curious work of the twelfth century—on it symbolic figures of hunters slaying wild beasts with their arrows. The stalls of the choir have the apostles carved on the panels, and *miséricordes* and partitions decorated with quaint animals of impossible anatomy.

The see of Lombez was suppressed in 1801, and it now forms part of the archdiocese of Auch. Of its line of thirty bishops, some of whom wore the Roman purple, the following may be mentioned as noteworthy :

Arnaud I. (1379), a Benedictine monk, regarded as the author of the twelve treatises *De Operibus Christi cardinalibus*, sometimes wrongly attributed to St. Cyprian ; Gerard de Chamo, who in a great famine went out in search of the needy and brought them into his own palace, where he lived among them as a father, serving them with his own hands ; Pierre de Foix, son of one of the old Captals de Buch and of Isabella, countess of Foix, whose bust is to be seen in the capitol at Toulouse among the illustrious men of the province, he having founded the college of Foix in that city, and endowed it with twenty-five *bourses* for poor scholars ; Cardinal Jean Grolaye de Villières, one of the greatest bishops of France—a member of the royal council and sent on a diplomatic mission to the court of Ferdinand and Isabella, an influential member of the Council of Trent, and a benefactor to the hospital at Lombez, to which he bequeathed ten thousand livres ; Charles de Maupeou, of a noble family in Normandy, who, true to his name of pontiff, built the fine bridge over the Save, with his arms on the principal arch, where once stood an oratory to invite the passer-by to pause and say a prayer ; Ferdinand de Lamothe-Fénelon, nephew of the illustrious archbishop of Cambrai, a man of apostolic zeal and piety, who, after spending fourteen years at court as the king's almoner, was made bishop of Lombez and now lies buried before the high altar of the cathedral ; and Côme Roger, of the order of Feuillants, a noted

preacher, to whom Louis XIV. always listened with fresh pleasure. He left part of his property to the poor of his diocese, and was buried at the foot of the episcopal throne with the simple epitaph: "Of your charity pray God for the soul of Côme Roger, once bishop of Lombez." It was in his time lived Père Ambroise, a Capuchin friar, styled "of Lombez," who sprang from the ancient family of Lapeyrie, in this region, and was the author of several remarkable works on the spiritual life—among others the well-known *Paix Intérieure*. The last bishop of Lombez died in exile at London in 1805.

But the most distinguished man, perhaps, who ever occupied the see of Lombez was Giacomo di Colonna, the second bishop, who belonged to the princely family of the Colonnas at Rome, but was born in exile in consequence of his father's taking the lead in the political faction against Pope Benedict VIII. This was Stefano Colonna, who was reconciled to the church under Clement V. and took up his residence at Avignon, where he became the patron of Petrarch, who called him "a phoenix risen from the ashes of the old Romans." It was he who, when his fortress of Præneste was demolished, being asked where now was his stronghold, grandly replied, "Here," as he laid his hand on his heart. His son Giacomo was quite young when appointed bishop of Lombez, but he had won the affection of Pope John XXII. by a service that endangered his life. The pope had drawn up a bull of excommunication against Louis of Bavaria for seizing the patrimony of the church, and young Colonna, who possessed great boldness and courage, undertook to proclaim it at Rome, then occupied by the emperor. He entered Rome by the Porta del Popolo, accompanied by three masked cavaliers, and rode the whole length of the Corso till he came to the Piazza di San Marcello. Here he proclaimed the emperor a felon under the ban of the church, and, after the old knightly fashion, offered to maintain and prove it with his sword against all persons whomsoever. He then fastened the papal bull to the walls of the church of San Marcello, and, springing on his horse, made his escape to Palestrina in spite of the emperor's endeavors to capture him. His nomination to the see of Lombez soon followed. The pope granted him a dispensation on account of his youth and allowed him a year to prepare for holy orders. The young bishop took a serious view of his obligations, and, as soon as he was consecrated, hastened to visit his see, taking with him a brilliant cortège of young Italians, among whom was Petrarch, who had been his fellow-student at Bologna. The latter says: "Colonna, who

took pleasure in my poems in the vulgar tongue, into which I threw all the fire of my youth, forgot the claims he had on me, and, instead of commanding, only entreated me earnestly to accompany him." They left Avignon the latter part of March, 1330, and passed through Montpellier, where Petrarch had previously studied and had first read the old romance of *Pierre de Provence et la belle Maguelone*, which he is said to have retouched. Thence they proceeded to Toulouse. The Jeux Floraux had only been established six years. The Abbé de Sade thinks Petrarch was present at the distribution of prizes that year, and says his intercourse with the poets of this region helped form his taste and influence his style. He found Lombez less attractive. The town was small and poorly built, and the people were rustic in their manners. Lamartine says: "Colonna took Petrarch to an obscure and illiterate place at the foot of the Pyrenees among the sources of the Garonne." The country, however, at their arrival was in all the freshness and beauty of spring, and the bishop acknowledged the skies rivalled those of Italy. As for congenial society, the bishop was distinguished for his elevation of mind, the refinement of his manners, and his love of literature. He was a lover of poetry especially, and wrote an occasional sonnet, and therefore sympathized in the pursuits of the poet. And there were two persons in his household who became Petrarch's dearest and most confidential friends. One was Lello Stefani, the Lælius of his letters, and the other Luigi de Campinia, who was so remarkable for depth of mind that Petrarch always called him "Socrates." A great number of his letters in after-years were addressed to these two friends, and the entire collection of his *Lettere delle Cose Familiari* is dedicated *ad Socratem suum*.

Some details of social life at the Evêché of Lombez have been preserved. Among other things it is related that Colonna and Petrarch in their leisure often discussed the ancient authors, especially the Fathers of the church. The former preferred St. Jerome, but the tender, poetic nature of Petrarch made him give the preference to St. Augustine. "There are," says he, "a multitude of stars in the firmament of the church, all luminous, but of various degrees of glory. One is Jupiter, another Hesperus: St. Augustine is the sun of the church." The sensibility and fervor of St. Augustine's character, the struggles between his passions and his piety, and his unflinching dissection of his own nature made Petrarch regard him as a kindred spirit and seek to enter into intimate communion with him. He wrote dialogues with

St. Augustine on the contempt of the world, in which he enters into an analysis of his own soul, laying bare his weaknesses and fathoming their origin. He always carried about with him in after-life a copy of St. Augustine's *Confessions*, given him by Cardinal de Cabassole, one of his most intimate friends. He tells about taking it out one day on the top of Mt. Ventoux and accidentally opening at the passage: "Men go far to examine the summits of mountains, the waters of the sea, the beginning and course of rivers, and the immensity of the ocean, but they neglect to examine themselves."

In their hours of familiar intercourse the bishop used to rally Petrarch about his gray hair and his passion for Laura. Petrarch was then only twenty-six years of age, but was already somewhat gray, perhaps to his mortification; for he had a weakness as to his personal appearance, and acknowledged in after-years he was pleased when thought younger than he really was—a kind of infirmity he justified by the example of Cæsar and Virgil, after the taste of his time for Latin erudition. As for his attachment to Laura, whom he first met only three years before, we have no intention of entering upon its history. However elevated in sentiment, however Platonic, however mystic the veil he throws over his passion, exalting it into a kind of religion, it has no attraction in our eyes. It was a universal custom, it is true, among the troubadours and poets of the middle ages to choose, like the knights, some *dame de ses pensées* at whose feet they could lay their choicest garlands of poesy; but Petrarch was identified with the clerical order by receiving the tonsure and binding himself to a life of celibacy, though he was never raised to the priesthood, and was, to all intents and purposes, a layman. The preferments he received were only honorary, and he never accepted any office that involved the direction of others. He says himself: "I never would, and never shall, accept any bishopric, or any cure of souls, however richly endowed. I have enough to do in taking care of my own soul, if, indeed, by God's grace, I suffice for that." Although Petrarch in his sonnets pretends this sentiment of love for Laura directed him toward the supreme good, we know it was not potent enough to secure him from yielding to other influences and showing infirmities that reduce his constancy, as Gustave Planche says, to very human proportions, and excite great doubts as to its purifying effects and its value as the directing influence of his life. In an imaginary dialogue with St. Augustine he acknowledges this by the words he puts in the mouth of the saint: "You say you owe to Laura what you are,

that she has led you to quit the world and elevated you to the contemplation of celestial things. . . . It is true she has drawn you out of some vices, but she has also prevented the growth of many virtues. In tears and complaints you have spent the time which should have been devoted to God. The best effect of this attachment, perhaps, is its having made you eager for glory. . . . As to everything else, I venture to declare that she has been your destruction by nourishing a passion she ought to have suppressed. She has filled you with a love of the creature rather than of the Creator, and this is the death of the soul."

With the leisure for literary pursuits, the society of such friends as Colonna and the members of his little court, a climate of happy temperature, and a country of varied beauty, though somewhat wild, perhaps, at that time compared with Italy, Petrarch could not have been unhappy at Lombez. His restless nature, however, prevented him from taking root here, though he professed to regret only his own country :

"Non è questo 'l mio nido
Ove nudrito fui sì dolcemente :
Non è questa la patria"

--This is not the nest in which I was softly nurtured ; this is not my native land. What he really sought was the peace he found at the end of his days when the storms of his soul had died away. It was then he recalled with pleasure the life he led at Lombez. "It was a delightful period," he says in his Epistle to Posterity, "I might almost say heavenly. I cannot recall without regret a summer spent so agreeably. Those were the pleasantest days of my life."

After spending the summer and part of the autumn at Lombez, Colonna went to Avignon to see his aged father. Petrarch accompanied him and took up his residence in the house of Cardinal Giovanni Colonna (the bishop's brother), which was the resort of all the cultivated men at the papal court. The bishop of Lombez had barely time to embrace his father before he was obliged to set out for Italy, where he had first occasion to display the bold intrepidity of which he had given such brilliant proofs before his elevation to the episcopate. He met Petrarch some time after, while a guest of Orso de Anguillara, who afterwards crowned the poet at the Roman Capitol. Anguillara's wife was Agnes Colonna, one of those noble women, says Petrarch, who can only be duly praised by silent admiration. They lived in the castle of Capranica, a stronghold among the mountains of

Etruria, governing their vassals with gentle, patriarchal rule, and gathering around them men of talent and learning. The whole country around was then ravaged by war, but the bold bishop of Lombez found his way through the enemy, attended only by one hundred men. With such companionship Petrarch acknowledges he scarcely sighed even for Rome, which some think he symbolizes under the name of Laura, so great was his love for the Eternal City.

At the accession of Pope Benedict XII. Petrarch addressed him a Latin sonnet imploring him to restore the seat of the Papacy to Rome. The pope, though by no means inclined to follow his advice, was so far from taking offence that, at the request of Cardinal Colonna, he appointed Petrarch canon of the cathedral at Lombez. This was in January, 1335. The pope himself was born on the banks of another branch of the Garonne, and was doubtless familiar with the valley of the Save. Petrarch was not disposed to take possession of his benefice during the bishop's absence, and when the latter, after declining the patriarchate of Aquileia, was at liberty to return to his see, the poet had taken up his residence at Parma. He was, however, about to visit Lombez when he heard of the bishop's death. This was in 1341. How much he deplored such a loss is proved by his coupling the bishop's name with that of Laura in one line :

“ Rotta è l'aita Colonna e 'l verde Laura ”—

My Column's fallen, my green Laurel dead.

He likewise apostrophizes the bishop in one of the most touching of his sonnets :

“ O aspettata in ciel.”

Petrarch relates a curious incident connected with the bishop's death in a letter to Joannes Andreas, professor of canon law at Bologna, under whom they had both studied : “ I saw him in a dream in the night. No one was with him. He was crossing the little stream that bounds my garden. Filled with astonishment, I went to meet him. I asked him a thousand questions : where he came from ; where he was going ; why he was in such haste ; and why he travelled alone. With the smile and pleasant voice I was so familiar with he said : ‘ Do you remember the summer you spent with me beyond the Garonne, and how insupportable you found the thunderstorms of the Pyrenees ? I, too, am weary of them, and am going to Rome never to return.’ By this time he had reached the end of my grounds. I begged him

to take me with him. He gently repulsed me twice with his hand, and then with altered tone and look replied: 'No, this time I do not wish you to accompany me.' I looked at him attentively and saw death in his pallid, colorless face. Filled with terror and grief, I cried out, and as I awoke I heard the sound of my voice dying away. . . . Twenty-five days after I received the news of his death, and, comparing the dates, found he appeared to me the very day he left this world for the enjoyment of a better, as I hope and believe."

"With what pleasure," wrote he to his friend Lello, "I looked forward to the day I thought near when I should, as he had affectionately urged me to do, go from the Apennines to the Pyrenees to present him with two humble but sincere proofs of my veneration, the new cantos of my *Africa* and the Roman laurel with which I had been unworthily crowned, as to which he had congratulated me, testifying his joy in a poem of extreme elegance. But God has frustrated my plan. I did not merit so happy a day."

And he thus wrote Cardinal Colonna: "As a bishop your brother showed the most scrupulous exactitude. . . . I recall with pleasure his meekness in spite of his exalted rank, his modesty with such gifts of nature, his natural dignity and youthful grace, his pious observance of the sacred rites, and a gravity old men might have envied so young a bishop, without the hope of acquiring it. . . . Two places that have nothing else in common divide what remains here below of the departed. Rome preserves the high and imperishable renown of its citizen; Lombez the venerable remains of its bishop, and never, if I am not mistaken, will Providence grant that church a more glorious honor if you consent to leave them there for ever." But three years after Bishop Colonna's death his remains were transported to Rome. Petrarch then resigned his canonicate at Lombez. The last tie that bound him to the place was severed. Some say he revisited southwestern France later in life, when time had moderated his feelings and his chief inspiration was the thought of death, which then seemed the refrain of all his sonnets, as in the following: "Virgin, Star of our stormy sea, behold the sudden blast that has overtaken me rudderless. I feel already the chill of death, but in thee my soul puts its confidence. It is stained with sin, I deny it not, but, O Virgin! I implore thee, let not the enemy overwhelm me in the storm. Hasten, for my days are flying swift as an arrow. Death awaits me. Commend me, then, to thy Son, that he may with thee receive my last sigh."

BLUNDERS OF DR. EWER.

ONE is often surprised, in reading or hearing the numerous attacks made by Protestants against Catholic faith or practice, at the immense depth of the ignorance of some of these assailants who have the best means of informing themselves, and who are considered by their brethren as learned men, on points which lie at the very basis of our simplest theological education. It is plain that even our little catechisms are a department of literature far beyond their ken; and yet, strange to say, they sit calmly in judgment on matters which it would seem they must know they have never studied, and make mistakes which would be thoroughly amusing if they were not often deplorable in their effects on those who look to these men as guides.

One is surprised, we say; really at a loss to account for this strange phenomenon. Men do not usually blunder in this way in the other affairs of life, unless, indeed, we except those who try to show that the circle can be exactly squared or that the earth is flat. Invincible ignorance, of course, suggests itself to the charitably disposed as an explanation of the course of these critics of ours; it seems that they can have no idea how absurd they are making themselves. But we are inclined to think that in many cases they have a pretty strong suspicion of it, but that they do not care much about it, and this for a very simple reason: that is, that all those with whom they associate are as ignorant as themselves and will not detect their mistakes, and that they care little for derision which does not reach their ears.

These general remarks are suggested by an article recently brought to our notice, on "The Roman Doctrine of Intention," which appeared in the last number of a magazine called the *Church Eclectic*. Its author, Dr. F. C. Ewer, who is tolerably well known in a limited circle as the head of a somewhat ritualistic congregation in this city, takes up a subject which is an eminently practical one—one on which he must know that all the Catholic clergy act on precise and well-understood rules. He must furthermore know that these rules are not handed down by word of mouth in secrecy, but contained in common manuals which are frequently in the hands and before the eyes of every priest and every theological student. He must also be well aware that these

books are not printed for private distribution, but are to be found in every bookstore containing works of an ecclesiastical character. He may, it is true, have some alarming though ill-founded idea that they would not be sold to him if he were known not to be a priest; but if he really fears a mortification of this kind, he certainly might muster up courage to ask some "Roman" cleric, at least by an anonymous letter, if these works could not be procured in any way. But no; he prefers to hazard a guess as to their contents, knowing that if he betrays his ignorance his friends will never hear of it.

Yes, Dr. Ewer remains in ignorance because he does not care for information. And in this he resembles many others who attack the church. This is generally the true explanation of their conduct. Occasionally, no doubt, they make charges which they know to be false. Dr. Ewer, for example, in this very article, does not hesitate to tell his readers that the church says: "Don't think; simply swallow. I'll do the thinking for you." Some Protestants, of course, believe this; Dr. Ewer, however, is not of their number. He knows a little too much for that. But when it comes to the main matter of his article he is off soundings; he knows that he is ignorant, and he knows little more. So he sets out to sea, knowing that he is at sea, but not caring whether he is or not.

It is for the most part a needless labor to answer attacks made by such men. We know that they will not listen to us, for the same reason that they will not read Catholic theological works. And their particular coteries will, as a rule, follow their example; generally, however, in better faith than their leaders. Among them, however, and in the Protestant world at large which depends less on guides, there are men and women who are really seeking their way to the truth, who would like information, but do not know how to get it—in both which respects they differ from Dr. Ewer. To them, then, it may be worth while to say a few words exposing his absurd errors as to Catholic doctrine; but to him, or to men like him, we have nothing to say. His statements and his arguments, if such they may be called, we may notice; himself we shall not address. Let this be distinctly understood.

So much premised, let us proceed to the point. What is this "doctrine of intention" which Dr. Ewer is talking about? It is the teaching of the church as to the intention in the mind of him or her who administers a sacrament which is required to ensure its validity; and the conclusion he tries to draw is that this doc-

trine, if true, would expose the validity of the sacraments to great and continual danger.

To discuss this matter, to explain the "Roman" doctrine, Dr. Ewer takes one canon of the Council of Trent, which we gladly quote: "If any one shall say that in ministers, whilst they effect and confer the sacraments, there is not required the intention at least of doing what the church does, let him be anathema."

Yes, this is Roman doctrine, assented to, understood, and acted on by every priest in the Catholic Church. But Dr. Ewer shows no sign of having any idea as to what it really means. In the first place, he entirely confuses the distinction, well known to every student who has made a short course in moral theology, and obvious, indeed, to common sense, between "intention" and "attention." He innocently remarks: "A priest's mind may wander—indeed, it may be a perfect blank—at the critical moment" (let us not laugh, my friends: yes, the critical moment) "of effecting and conferring a sacrament, while at the same time he is very far from having within him a spirit of ribaldry. Can Rome mean that such an internal attitude of the priest would be sufficient to invalidate a rite?" Can Rome mean? Why does not the man study up and find out what Rome means? If we do not understand what any one means, and really want to know, we go to him, if he can be easily found, and ask him. We do not know Dr. Ewer's precise residence, but Rome is undoubtedly within a few blocks of him. Any priest knows perfectly well that distractions, causing a most lamentable want of *attention* to what he is about, do not invalidate his sacramental acts. We are not angels, but men, and Rome knows that perfectly well; we sometimes are, though of course we ought not to be, *inattentive* even in the most solemn acts of our ministry; but however a priest wearied by hours of work in the confessional, and hardly able to keep his eyes open, may accuse himself of distractions, no scruple enters his mind on this head as to the validity of his absolutions, as far at least as his own part was concerned, if he has a reasonable certainty that he actually pronounced the words of the sacramental form.

But we need not ask why Dr. Ewer does not study up. We have already given the reason.

He goes on to say: "But surely the decree calls for something in advance of such a negative blank in a serious mind." Of course it does, or in any kind of a mind. What it requires is "intention," not "attention." And what is "intention"?

This, of course, Dr. Ewer might easily find out. For the bene-

fit of those, however, who could not so easily ascertain, we will make a brief explanation.

Intention is, in the common language of theologians, which Dr. Ewer will not take the pains to learn, "the act of the will tending to some end; or the act of the will by which any one intends to do or omit something." We quote from Gury, who merely repeats the common meaning of the term, just as some scientific man would give the technical definition of force or of energy. When talking on professional subjects we must be professional; and a scientist would rightly complain of, or more probably ignore, one who ignored the distinction between force and energy; though the mistake would be more excusable than that of this dabbler in theology, since the term "intention" is, after all, used by us in its common English sense, well brought out and clearly stated in the definition.

Very well, then. Intention is, of course, of two plainly separate kinds. I may intend to do something to-morrow or an hour hence, or I may intend to do it now. It is probable that if I make the intention some considerable time beforehand I shall renew it at some subsequent time nearer to the performance of the act; so that the act will proceed from the later intention rather than the earlier. But the last intention made may easily be separated quite a while from the act. In this case the act is said to be performed by a *virtual* intention; if the intention, on the other hand, immediately precedes the act, as is generally the case, it is called an *actual* one.

Now, according to the universal teaching of theologians, perfectly understood and sanctioned by the church, this *virtual* intention is amply sufficient for the validity of the sacraments. You cannot expect the church, in its canons and decrees, to give a course of theology for the benefit of the unprofessional. You cannot expect her to explain this distinction which I have just laid down. She says: "Intention is required"; everybody understands that virtual intention is not shut out by this statement.

We will give an instance of this virtual intention, to bring out more clearly its meaning and application. Suppose that a priest is called to the church to baptize a child. He goes to the sacristy, gets his surplice and stole, and of course with the intention of performing the baptism desired. Afterwards he proceeds with the various ceremonies prescribed by the ritual, and finally comes to the baptism itself. Now, it is hardly possible that he should be much distracted in the actual administration of this sacrament; experience, we think, shows that it is not likely. He

will have actual *attention*, but it is probable that he will not stop, before pouring the water, to make an actual *intention* even to do what the church does. He would hardly be counselled to do so; such a course would be apt to develop unreasonable scruples. He simply goes on carefully to apply the water with the proper form of words, but does not renew his intention any more than he renewed his intention to speak to God at the beginning of each one of the preceding prayers. The whole act, including the prayers, the ceremonies, and the administration of the sacrament itself, is probably done in virtue of one intention, made at the time he left his room.

Dr. Ewer's "critical moment" is an entire delusion, an absurd blunder. The church requires for the administration of the sacraments only that amount of intention which is required for the performance of every human act. The only real question about the Tridentine canon is what is meant precisely by the intention to do what the church does.

Here again Dr. Ewer blunders, unless, indeed, he does something which is really worse—that is, unless he purposely steers clear of what he may happen to know is the common teaching on this point. He makes various wild guesses or theories which would entitle him to some credit for ingenuity, had he not probably borrowed them from somebody else.

For the information of those whom the doctor endeavors to deceive and confuse, we will state in the first place, what is well known to all theologians, that this canon was directed against the errors of Luther, who claimed that the external performance of the sacramental act was all that was required. This opinion of Luther is contained in the twelfth of his propositions condemned by Leo X.: "If any one (*per impossibile*) having confessed should not be contrite, or if the priest should absolve not seriously but jocosely, nevertheless if he believes himself absolved, most truly he is so." This error was a piece of Luther's doctrine of justification by faith alone. "Luther," says St. Alphonsus Liguori, "said that a jocose action was sufficient, because it sufficed to excite faith."

So far, then, as the immediate occasion of this Tridentine canon (and of another, sess. xiv. can. 9, which the learned doctor of course fails to notice) would indicate, we might suppose that its only object was to exclude jocose administration of the sacraments, or to declare that what Dr. Ewer calls "ribaldry" invalidates them. But in discussing the meaning of the definitions of the church we should act very superficially if we should take, as

he does, merely the particular definition by itself and proceed to speculate on it.

This phrase, "doing what the church does," was not excogitated, as this eminent theologian innocently imagines, by the Council of Trent. It was but using well-known terms, used long before its time by the councils of Florence and Constance. "All the sacraments," says Eugenius IV. in the first of these, "are accomplished by three things—namely, things as the matter, words as the form, and the person of the minister conferring them, with the intention of doing what the church does." And the Council of Constance prescribed that one suspected of heresy should be asked "whether he believes that a bad priest, with the proper matter and form, and with the intention of doing what the church does, truly makes and confers the sacraments." This was directed on account of the errors of Wickliffe and Huss, who taught that the power not only of jurisdiction but even of order ceased if the minister was in the state of sin; as, for instance, in one of the propositions of Wickliffe condemned in this council, "If a bishop or priest is in mortal sin, he does not ordain, consecrate, or baptize."

The church in these councils, then, of Florence, Constance, and Trent, was simply laying down its unchanging doctrine, opposed by different errors: one making the sacraments open to constant suspicion of invalidity on account of the unknown moral state of the minister, and practically annihilating them; the other making them a mere external machinery, always working as far as the mere action of the minister was concerned, not, however, really conferring grace, but being only an occasion which might be the means of the recipient's making a salutary act of faith.

The church, however, never maintained, in condemning Luther, that the sacraments, when applied to the soul, justified or sanctified it independently of its internal conditions; nor did she teach against Wickliffe, on the other hand, that the minister was a mere machine to pronounce words and apply matter; no, she taught that though his *moral* state did not necessarily affect the validity of the sacraments, yet he must act as a *reasonable agent to whose lot it has fallen to perform a Christian rite or ceremony*—either one which any person might perform validly, as in the case of baptism, or one for which he had received special powers not accorded to others, as in that of the consecration of the Host.

This is the sense in which the general consent of Catholic theologians has interpreted the words which give occasion to Dr.

Ewer's blunders; and it is the true sense, as can easily be seen by a little consideration.

For it is quite plain that the church does not require any faith in the efficacy, or even in the supernatural character, of the sacraments on the part of those who administer them. Dr. Ewer's idea that one must, according to the Council of Trent, "have the general intention to effect by the sacraments what the Catholic Church claims for them," is simply absurd. To say nothing of the decisions of Rome in early days on the validity of heretical baptism (which Dr. Ewer, with singular bad faith, omits to notice, as they must be well known even to him), repeated at Trent, canon 4, *de Baptismo*, Pope Nicholas I., when consulted by the Bulgarians on the validity of baptism given by pagans or Jews, answered that it was valid if given with the proper matter and form; assuming, of course, that they intended to do what was asked of them by or for the subjects offered for their ministration—that is, that they intended to perform a Christian rite or ceremony, though they might not only not believe in its efficacy, but not even understand what efficacy or grace Christians attached to it, which was, of course, probable then, as it would be at the present day.

It is evident, then, that the church does not require faith in the ministers of her sacraments as a condition of their validity. Still less does she require probity, as we have said, and is confirmed by Trent, canon 12, immediately following the one quoted by our learned friend. There is, then, nothing in the mind of the church or its teaching to justify the scare which he attempts to get up about his secretly Jewish clergy in Spain and Portugal, or his jesters about the ordinances of the church in the Roman court. So far from there being a "serious possibility, if not, indeed, a probability, were the doctrine of intention true, that Holy Orders have failed in all these countries," there is no possibility at all on the ground which he states; for no Catholic theologian would dream of requiring even consecrations to the episcopate to be "honestly and seriously intended by them" (those conferring them) "to be supernatural in their effects." Such blundering as this is simply inexcusable and, we might say, almost unpardonable.

Such, then, as we have said, and no more, is the "Roman" intention. It may indeed be absent; the minister may never, as it were, have realized the situation. It may also possibly fail in another way. There is no doubt that if one conferring a sacrament absolutely withholds the required intention, the sacrament

will be nullified. This is evident from a proposition condemned by Alexander VIII., which runs as follows: "Baptism is valid conferred by a minister who observes every external rite and form of baptizing, but inwardly resolves in his own heart: I do not intend to do what the church does." This serious intention to defeat the object of the sacrament is as fatal to it as a mere jocose administration of it would be. In fact, in the jocose administration this negative intention is implicitly involved.

But these possibilities are evidently unavoidable, unless we reduce the minister of a sacrament to a mere machine for pronouncing words and going through certain forms. Something like this, a sort of modification of Luther's doctrine, seems to be Dr. Ewer's view of his position and office. He says: "Catholicity teaches, in opposition to Rome, that so long as the man is publicly recognized by the church as her priestly agent, so long the people can depend upon it that the sacraments he formally administers are sacraments of God and valid." We may remark, in the first place, that this statement, as it stands, leads to the following remarkable conclusion: that if even an unbaptized man should succeed in passing himself off on the church (whatever the doctor may mean by the church, of course, is doubtful) as a priest, he could validly absolve and consecrate, though he had never gone through anything pretending to be a form of ordination. It is a good specimen of the loose style of writing and thinking common to men of his class; but we will credit him with meaning by a man being publicly recognized by the church, that he should have gone through some such form according to her ritual. We must, then, making this allowance, understand him to say that if such a man, even in his sleep, or in any other way unintentional in a technical sense, should pronounce the words of a sacramental form, the sacrament would be effected. If, for instance, a priest lately ordained were studying the form of absolution in order to commit it to memory, a sinner could take advantage of his repetition of the words to obtain absolution for himself. For no intention whatever, no direction of the form to any particular person, is necessary, according to Dr. Ewer's statement. We really do not know whether our learned friend will accept this conclusion or not; but though his words have, as is evident, no precise meaning in themselves, they seem to amount just to this: that if the matter of a sacrament is present, and the person (if a person is required) to whom it should be applied, the sacrament will be effected (and administered to the person, if person there be) by the mere pronunciation of the sacramental form by a duly quali-

fied minister. Or, as we have said, the minister of the sacrament is reduced to a mere machine; no consciousness on his part is required of the presence of the matter or of the person; all that is required to assure the validity of the sacrament in the minds of those concerned is evidence that the machine has done its external work correctly.

Now, Dr. Ewer is welcome to hold this view if he pleases. If it seems to him or to any one else more worthy of God that his minister should act as a machine rather than in a human and rational way, really intending (virtually, at least, that is) to do what is expected of him (which is the Roman doctrine, as has been shown), we have nothing to say. It is simply absurd, however, to try to make out, as he does, that his sect, which he calls "Catholicity," alone teaches that Almighty God is the real agent in the sacraments, and that this peculiar theory is necessary to make him so; for that he is so is the most commonplace doctrine, obviously true and perfectly familiar to "Roman" ears. It may be found, for instance, in the homily on the Gospel, in the Breviary, for the Octave of the Epiphany, which we read, of course, a little while ago. Everybody, then, knows this. But that it is in the power of the human minister nevertheless to prevent God's sacramental work necessarily comes from the very idea of a sacrament, which Dr. Ewer really seems (though we could hardly have believed it) not to grasp. His mechanical or automatic priest will not help him out of the difficulty. For though wound up by Dr. Ewer, and warranted always to go off on proper occasion like an alarm-clock, he is a man after all; and the doctor cannot prevent him from using some other inodorous fluid instead of water in baptism, or saying some other words instead of the right ones. Uneducated people would never know the difference, and in some cases no one could know it. Yes, it is evidently possible that the minister in this and in the other sacraments should deceive the people purposely or accidentally, and thus, as we have said, prevent God's sacramental work as well as by want of intention. Mind, we say his *sacramental* work. The Almighty can, no doubt, effect the desired result extra-sacramentally; but the very idea of a sacrament is his *binding himself by a promise* to accomplish a certain work on definite conditions; and if those conditions are not verified, of course the promise does not hold, and we cannot be sure, but only piously hope, that the work is accomplished. Dr. Ewer must agree to this, unless he wishes to reduce the sacraments to mere answers to prayer; that is to say, to teach that when the faithful think that they are entitled to expect the grace

attached to them, they will have them because their petitions are good and presented in a spirit of faith.

This attempt to ensure the sacramental graces by impugning the common-sense doctrine of intention is a very short-sighted and superficial one. It is plain that, by the very nature of the sacraments, we never can have absolute or mathematical certainty of their validity. We should need analytical chemists to examine their matter, and phonographs to record the pronunciation of the form. Slips undoubtedly do occur, probably a hundred times by defects in matter or form for one frustration by voluntary withholding of intention or by want of intention—that is, by the minister never having realized the situation or merely pronouncing the words accidentally. For the rectification of these, after using all possible care to avoid them, we trust to the providence and mercy of God, but not to any absolute promise on his part, unless where they would endanger the perpetuity of his church, which is hardly a conceivable case.

In conclusion, we will briefly notice a few other blunders of this learned doctor, which do not bear so directly on the main issue.

The first is his saying that “no Roman layman anywhere in the world can make an act of faith that he was ever baptized, etc.” As we have just shown, there is no way of being absolutely certain, even on Dr. Ewer’s theory, that one has been baptized—that is, of having the testimony of the senses to that effect—unless one is baptized at adult age, and is an analytical chemist in order to be sure with regard to the matter (which must be tested to ascertain its real nature), and, moreover, insists on the words being pronounced in a language familiar to himself and in a distinctly audible tone. So that no non-Roman layman practically has any more certainty than a Roman one. His best chance would be if he were a Baptist; then, indeed, he might be quite sure about the water, and also (if his head were not under at the “critical moment”) about the words. Similar remarks might be made about the other sacraments which he mentions. But this is not precisely the point we wish to notice. It is our friend’s talking about making “an act of faith” in such matters as these. Has he any clear idea what is meant by faith? Faith in general is belief in something on the word of another; in this sense, according to him, a “Roman” would have more room for its exercise than a Ritualist of Dr. Ewer’s particular shade, though both, as we have shown, would have plenty. But in the theological sense, in which he must be supposed to use it, it is belief in something revealed

by Almighty God ; and the idea of the particular fact of the baptism of this or that person being revealed by him is sufficiently preposterous to need no further comment. Nor can he escape by saying that, according to his theory, the validity of the sacraments is assured, where they seem to be valid to the recipient, by the promises of God. For unless, as we have said, the sacramental graces are mere answers to prayer, their validity depends on facts with regard to matter and form which usually cannot be certainly known.

The second blunder is the extraordinary guess which, in his ignorance of common theological terms, he makes about the use of the plural in the words "ministers whilst they effect and confer the sacraments." As we have seen, the singular number is used by the councils of Florence and Constance. Rome does demand a specific and individual intention of the kind we have mentioned, and runs on no "shipwrecking rock," or rock of any kind, in doing so.

The third blunder, a most extraordinary and almost incredible one, is his supposing that the Catholic and common-sense doctrine of intention could have any effect in preventing sacrilegious consecrations of the Eucharist, or was devised for that end. Though there is, indeed, grave doubt whether one species alone could be validly consecrated with the intention of not consecrating the other, as in the dinner-table example which he gives, yet it has never been defined that it could not, and the more common opinion is that it could ; and, at any rate, there is no more doubt that a priest could validly consecrate on improper occasions than that he could treat the Eucharist improperly and sacrilegiously after it had been consecrated. The intention of doing what the church does will no more save him from effecting the sacraments unworthily and sacrilegiously than from administering them or in general treating them so.

The fourth blunder is perhaps the most remarkable of all. Our learned doctor here actually misunderstands the sense of one of the Articles of his own church. This Article—the twenty-sixth—is simply Catholic doctrine as opposed to the errors of Wickliffe, which the worthy imitators of that pestilent heretic in the sixteenth century did not happen to fancy. But our doctor blunders, as usual, and imagines that wickedness means "bad personal intention," as he calls it ; whereas every theologian knows that this Article refers to the fatal dogma maintained by the patriarch of English Reformers, that a bishop or priest lost all his power by falling into mortal sin.

A good example of Dr. Ewer's ignorance of theology is also found in his fumbling round after a sort of intention which he fancies will fit the plural form in the single canon of Trent, which he goes at as if it were an inscription in some unknown tongue. He comes to the conclusion that all which Rome really requires is "a general intention in the life, character, and mental disposition of each priest." This seems to mean what is known as an "habitual intention"; if he knew anything about Catholic doctrine he would know that such an intention is not sufficient. But he is an average Protestant, and of course, as he says, "the average Protestant" is in "ignorance as to what Rome is driving at in her statements of doctrine generally." He is like a cobbler reading a treatise on astronomy.

Here we will take leave of this ecclesiastical dilettante for the present. There may be other absurdities in his article which we have not fully realized or brought to the surface. But these will suffice. "*Ne sutor ultra crepidam*" should be his motto for some time to come. He is, strictly speaking, a layman, and these matters do not fall in his province; though if he really wants to study theology, there can be no objection. But let him study before writing again, unless he likes to make a show of his ignorance. We shall be happy to furnish him with any assistance he may require, and would suggest to all interested in his welfare to kindly do the same.

TWO SAINTS.

ST. HILARION once went to the island of Cyprus, whose primate was St. Epiphanius, his countryman, and formerly his disciple. At his table a fowl was set before him. Hilarion declined to partake of it, because, since he had borne the habit of an anchorite, he had never tasted anything that had had life. "And I," answered Epiphanius, "since I have worn this habit, have never suffered any one to retire to rest with anything against me in his heart, and I myself have never laid me down to sleep in discord with any one!" "Forgive me, my father," replied Hilarion meekly; "thou hast followed a better rule of life than I."

THE WRAITH OF THE ACHENSEE.

A TALE OF OLD MUNICH, IN TWO CHAPTERS.

(Founded on fact.)

CHAPTER II.

THE following morning Moida, mindful of a certain promise she had made, betook herself to Carl's studio. But on her way thither she stopped at St. Michael's Church to say a prayer. For Heinrich was right—she prayed a good deal; yet, in sooth, not more, nay, not so much as Carl. And as Moida approached the altar dedicated to St. Joseph, the patron of purity, whom should she discover kneeling there, rapt in deep devotion, but the very sculptor whose studio she was about to visit.

Softly she knelt down behind Carl, and, despite herself, she could not help looking at him. And while Moida watched him fervently praying—his eyes fixed upon the image of the saint—she said to herself: "How unlike he is to Heinrich! Not once has he ventured on the least familiarity. How all the angels must love him!" But presently Moida remembered the cruel slap she had given poor Heinrich, and she inwardly added: "Well, well, he deserved some return for that cuff, and I hardly think it was a sin for me to let him steal a second kiss. But I wonder what Father Paul will say the next time I go to confession? Will he give me a very long penance? I really meant nothing wrong. And Heinrich is such a good fellow—so good, so warm-hearted!"

Moida now clasped her hands and breathed a short prayer, after which she noiselessly rose from her knees and withdrew on tiptoe, pausing a moment at the holy-water font. Her fingers had already dipped into the blessed water, and she was about to make the sign of the cross, when suddenly another hand appeared close in front of her, and the sunlight which streamed down through the stained window overhead fell full upon this hand, and the gleaming dagger which it clutched caused Moida to start back and utter a cry.

"Why, dear Moida, what is the matter?" exclaimed Carl, hastening to her side. "Your shriek startled me. What is the matter?" But the girl made no response; she continued blankly

staring at one of the side doors of the church, through which a muffled figure had swiftly glided out. "Speak! Tell me what is the matter. I see that you are trembling," pursued Carl.

"By and by—some other time I may tell you all about it," Moida answered. "But now let us go to your studio. You remember—" "Yes, yes, I remember you promised to come there this forenoon," said Carl. "But before we go you might tell me what has frightened you." And as Carl spoke he wondered whether Otto von Kessler had aught to do with her agitation. For by this time he knew how jealous and revengeful Von Kessler was, and he had discovered, too, that this student had been forced to flee from a university in Hungary on account of some dark suspicion connected with his name.

"My studio is pretty high up—five flights. But you are strong and will not mind climbing so high," said Carl, when in a few minutes they entered the Art-building. "It is a hateful stairway," answered Moida; "but you are with me, and I shall not mind how high I have to climb." Yet while Moida had no dread at this moment of Otto von Kessler, she could not but think how very awkward it would be if she met Heinrich, who would surely suspect that she was going to sit as a model to Carl. "You still look quite pale," said the latter, when in a little while they reached his studio. "I do think you might tell me what alarmed you awhile ago in church. Did that miserable Otto von Kessler insult you by any vile speech? O the base wretch!" "Some other time, some other time I'll speak about it; not now," answered Moida. "At present let me distract my thoughts by examining these many interesting heads and figures which I see scattered around me." Then, after a pause, she added: "Did you make them all yourself?" "Yes, all myself," replied Carl—"all with the exception of this." Here he pointed to a *Venus de' Medici*. And now, to Moida's surprise—her unutterable surprise—Carl fell on his knees before her. "Dear girl," he went on, "I beg you do not be offended if I renew the appeal which I made evening before last. You remember under the willow-tree by the Isar I begged you to let me carve a chaste image of yourself in spotless marble. And, believe me, not the faintest blush would mantle your cheek if you saw my statue completed. You said no. But now—now—" "O Carl!" interrupted Moida, "I believe what you say; but I really cannot grant your request." Yet even as she spoke she was tempted to laugh at poor, excited Carl kneeling at her feet. "Oh! but, dear Moida," pursued the youth, "I am sure it would not be a sin. My master, Schwan-

thaler, has ordered me to make a statue representing a water-wraith. It is to be placed on a rock in the Achensee, where thousands of eyes will see it and admire it. And, Moida, I am very ambitious. I am determined that my work shall be a masterpiece. But to succeed I need a model as fair and pure as yourself. No, no! it would not be a sin to let me transform you into marble. However, if you think it would, go ask your father confessor. I have already asked mine. He is Father Paul, a most holy monk. He has even blessed beforehand this work of my chisel. And, Moida, all I ask of you is to assume a garb more befitting a water-wraith than the peasant dress you are now wearing; and in yonder little room, concealed by that curtain, you will find a fantastic habit, spangled with water-lilies, which I know you will not object to."

"Well, well, then I yield," said Moida. "You may have me for your model, all except my head; that you cannot have."

"Oh! a thousand thanks," cried Carl, springing to his feet. "But pray, dear girl, why not your head?" "The reason why is a secret," answered Moida, who felt sure that Heinrich, if he chanced to see Carl's statue, would not know whom it represented if there were no head upon it.

"But now, Carl," she went on, "I wish you to make me a solemn promise—namely, never to tell a living soul that I am your model." "You may rest assured nobody shall ever know it. I vow to keep it a profound secret," answered Carl, who already felt certain that Schwanthaler would award him the prize of victory; for he did not doubt that ere he got through with his work Moida would consent to let him put the crowning touch to it by modelling her classic head.

And now, while the girl buried her face in her hands and sighed: "Is it possible? Is it possible? I have broken my word to Heinrich. Alas! what am I coming to?"—Carl burst into a laugh and said: "You are indeed very different from any other young woman that I have ever met in Munich. Yes, you are a dear, darling puzzle. But now let us waste no more time. I am anxious to begin my work. Make haste, make haste!"

During the hour which Moida passed in the studio Carl entertained her with a number of anecdotes of student life. He told what wild fellows many of the youths were. He spoke of their duels and love-affairs. He told, too, of the poverty in which some of them lived. "Why, you will scarcely believe me, Moida," he said, "but I know two students who possess only one suit of clothes between them; upon my honor this is a fact."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Moida, feigning astonishment; yet inwardly she murmured: "And I know who those two poor fellows are." For she saw that Carl's jacket had lost some of its binding, just in the very place where her scissors had clipped off a bit of binding from Heinrich's jacket; while Carl, who perceived a smile playing on her lips, added: "I see you do not believe me. Yet I swear it is true!"

When the hour was ended Moida felt somewhat fatigued, for she had been kneeling on one knee most of the time, and she was very glad indeed to rise to her feet again.

But ere she withdrew from the studio she followed Carl's example and passed several minutes with him praying before the small shrine of St. Joseph—praying the saint to ask God for the grace to remain pure and chaste in thought, word, and deed.

We need not say that Carl escorted Moida down the stairway—the detestable stairway. She did not dare go without him. Nor was he at all unwilling to accompany her.

"Perhaps you have heard a horrible story about these stairs?" said Carl, as he walked beside her; "and that is why you asked me to come with you."

"Yes, I have heard that they are haunted," replied Moida. "But do you believe it?"

"I do," said Carl solemnly. "And we are just coming to the spot where many years ago a poor girl—a model, I think—was murdered by a wicked student who was jealous of her love for another." At these words Moida grasped Carl by the sleeve and looked nervously over her shoulder.

Carl now proceeded to relate a fearful tale—a tale which had made the hair of even common-sense Heinrich well-nigh stand on end: how one moonlight night, as he was descending from his studio, holding his rosary in his hand and praying, there suddenly appeared— But when he came to speak of the unearthly sight which greeted his eyes Moida cried: "Hush! hush! Don't tell me another word." And for a moment Carl was afraid that she would fall into hysterics. Of course his ghost-story went no farther, nor did he open his lips again until they reached the big door which led out into the street. "Before we separate," said Carl, "I wish to ask if you will take a stroll with me this afternoon in the English Garden—say at four o'clock?"

"Oh! anywhere but in the park," answered Moida. "I have a horror of it, there are so many shadowy nooks there." "Why, I declare, you are as superstitious as I am," said Carl, smiling. "Well, well, then let us walk through the broad, sunny meadows

west of the town, and I will show you the spot where my master intends to erect his colossal statue of Bavaria."

"Agreed," said Moida. And with this she hastened away, thinking to herself how odd it was that she should have discovered the two students who wore the same clothes. "And they are both so good to me!" she said. "But for them I would leave Munich at once. I should not dare to stay another day."

At the appointed hour Carl and Moida set out on their walk. And again the girl observed how different he was from Heinrich; for Carl did not ask to hold her hand, whereas Heinrich had insisted on walking with her—Munich fashion—hand-in-hand. But it would be a mistake to suppose that Moida, innocent and pure as she was, liked Carl any the better for this. She had a great deal of human nature in her. "And dear St. Joseph would hardly think it a sin," she murmured to herself, "if Carl took my hand." But Carl thought otherwise; at least he did not wish to lead himself into temptation.

But despite his asceticism he was a cheerful fellow, imitating in this many an old monk. And in him was exemplified what St. Thomas à Kempis says: "True quietness of heart is gotten by resisting our passions, not by obeying them."

And so this afternoon Carl was disposed, as usual, to laugh and chat. But not so his fair companion; and when presently he looked at Moida and perceived a shadow on her countenance he exclaimed: "Why, dear girl, what troubles you?"

But Moida did not answer. She was afraid to tell him that she had caught a glimpse of Otto von Kessler, who had ground his teeth and clenched his fists.

And well it was that Carl did not see him, nor hear what he muttered, as he peeped at them from around a corner.

"Well, I promise you, kind friend," spoke Moida after a brief silence, "I promise you that, in case of urgent need, I will come to you for help. Do not ask me to explain what I mean. Enough to know that I look on you as my protector." "Your words are clear enough to my mind," returned Carl. "I cannot again fight a duel with Von Kessler—Father Paul has forbidden me—but I can horsewhip him. I can—" "O Carl, dear Carl! do not strike him. Shun him; he is a serpent, a wild beast. Otto von Kessler is capable of murdering you," interrupted Moida, her eyes filling with tears. "I am not afraid of him," answered Carl. But although this was true, still Carl, during the remainder of the walk, was not in such blithe spirits as before Moida told him that she had seen Otto von Kessler.

A week now passed away, and a fortnight, and a month, while Moida by turns was Heinrich's model and then Carl's. The girl had no longer even the shadow of a doubt that her two friends were very, very poor, and she deeply regretted that she was not able to lay by enough out of her starveling wages to buy them each some new clothes.

Moida's conscience, in the meantime, was ill at ease. She had deceived both Carl and Heinrich. "Each one believes that I am his own model and nobody else's," she would often murmur to herself. "Oh! what will Father Paul say the next time I go to confession?" Nor did it add to her inward repose to hear Carl praise her piety and devotion, and Heinrich call her an angel; for Moida knew that good girls and angels would not deceive and tell lies. It was during this month that she became conscious of a feeling within her which was not like any other feeling she had ever experienced before. It caused her heart to flutter in the daytime. And more than once, in the still hours of night, Moida had a dream wherein she saw her two kind friends. But never in any of these sweet visions did Carl touch even the tip of her little finger. Then, when she opened her eyes, she would ask herself: "Is it a sin to love to dream about them? I cannot help dreaming." And, with just a tiny scruple on the subject, Moida would hie to church to pray to dear St. Joseph. Of course every second evening, as usual, either Heinrich or Carl repaired to the "White Lamb," where, half-concealed in a cloud of tobacco-smoke, they enjoyed a pleasant hour or two with genial comrades. And Carl, Heinrich, and Moida greatly rejoiced when they were informed that the hated Otto von Kessler had left the city and returned to his home in Hungary.

"May he never come back!" said Moida. "But if he ever does, good-by! good-by!" "Why, what do you mean?" said Heinrich one evening as she stood beside him, holding a glass of beer to her lips—it was Heinrich's glass, who always insisted on her taking the first sip. "Do you mean to say you would fly off to the Zillerthal before my work is completed? Would you leave me only your head to remember you by?" Then lowering his voice, "Dear Moida," he added, "I will never be satisfied with only your head." Whereupon she gave him an arch look and answered: "Nothing more, nothing more." But scarcely had Moida uttered these words when the rosy hue of her cheek changed to a deathly white. "Why, Moida, you were smiling a moment ago; now you are trembling. Speak!" exclaimed Heinrich. "Do you see the villain we were just talking about? Has

he come back?" "Yes, Otto von Kessler is here again," replied Moida, setting down the beer-glass, for she could not taste a drop.

"Well, by St. Ulrich, I'll fight him, and to the death!" said Heinrich in a voice so loud that many of the students stopped smoking and stared at him. "O Heinrich! I implore you do not challenge him. He might kill you," continued Moida in a semi-whisper, and at the same time grasping Heinrich by the arm. "Besides," she added, "Von Kessler is already gone. He only peeped in for a second." "Well, I have not yet spilt any blood for you," went on Heinrich, "but now I am going to do it." "No, no, not this evening. Wait until to-morrow," said Moida, who was determined to prevent a duel; yet in her heart she could not help feeling proud of Heinrich, who was evidently as full of pluck as Carl.

Presently, after she had persuaded him to resume his seat, "Heinrich," she continued, "I never doubted your courage—never. But let me tell you—and I am in downright earnest—if you persist in sending Von Kessler a challenge I will immediately leave Munich." Here Moida lifted her finger and shook it at him. "What a dear tyrant you are!" said Heinrich; and with this he began sipping his beer. But during the rest of the evening he spoke very little, and his silence troubled Moida. "Alas!" she sighed, "it is time, it is time. I must tear myself away. Something dreadful will surely happen if I stay in Munich." And this night Moida had a ghastly dream.

"I declare, I have a good mind to tell Carl all I know about this interesting creature," thought Heinrich when he went home. "Two heads are better than one, and I should not wonder if Carl advised me to speak to the chief of police about Otto von Kessler." It would have been well if he had done this, for Carl had a wise head. But Heinrich was very sleepy, and put off speaking of Moida and the bad student until some other occasion; and so Carl was left in the firm belief that Von Kessler was far away in Hungary.

The following day, at the usual hour, Moida was toiling up the weary staircase which led to Carl's studio. But she did not come this time to sit as his model, but to bid the young sculptor adieu. Moida intended, likewise, to confess that she had broken her word to him when she promised to be nobody's model save his own, and to beg Carl's forgiveness. At the same time she dreaded to make this confession; for Carl had a fierce eye. "And I will ask him, too," murmured Moida, "to carry my adieu

to dear Heinrich. Him also I have deceived." Presently her eyes moistened, and she wondered if she would ever meet these two kind friends again. "But, alas! alas!" she sighed, "I am not worthy of being remembered by them. They will only think of me in scorn." And so slowly and sadly the poor girl mounted the stairs, with only one bright thought to gladden her heavy heart. She knew that she would soon be out of reach of Otto von Kessler. "Yes," she said to herself, "before the sun goes down I shall be a good many miles from Munich."

But, Moida, the sun is not yet below the horizon; you are still in imminent peril. And now look! What object is that crouching yonder scarcely six steps from you? Do you not see it? Yes, the trembling girl saw the jealous, cruel student; but she did not distinguish what was in his hand, for there was no sunshine to make his dagger glisten. Moida's head grew dizzy; we shudder to tell what might have happened if at this critical moment, when Von Kessler was about to spring upon her, the footsteps of two persons had not been heard rapidly approaching, one ascending, the other descending the stairs. The latter was Schwanthaler.

But without waiting to recognize the professor Moida turned and made for the bottom of the stairway with all the speed she could; but on reaching the main door of the building she paused, looked round, then, uttering a great sigh of relief, dropped on her knees.

"Ha! This is Carl Schelling's pious model, and who is somewhat eccentric, too," exclaimed Schwanthaler, smiling, and resting his hand on Moida's head as she was about finishing her prayer. Then, when she had risen to her feet, "But this is a chilly spot for your devotions," he added. "Why do you not go into St. Michael's Church—it is close by—or else up to Carl's studio, where there is a pretty shrine and where it is nice and warm?"

"O sir! if you knew—if you knew what I have just escaped, you would not laugh at me for offering up thanks to God in this public place," answered Moida, drawing her sleeve across her eyes. "For those stairs, you know, are haunted: a poor model was once murdered there, and you might have found me murdered, too."

"What do you mean?" said Schwanthaler, who perceived that she was exceedingly pale and was weeping; yet as he had always considered Moida half-witted since Carl had revealed to him that she would only allow her body to be modelled, not her

head, he was now inclined to think that the unfortunate girl was simply a little madder than usual. "Never mind what I mean," replied Moida, who longed to be out of this horrid building and on the way to her native mountains. Then, touching Schwanthaler's hand with her forefinger, "But now, before I pass into the street," she said, "listen to me a moment; for I have a secret, a weighty secret, to tell you." "Indeed! Well, I like secrets and mysteries. Go on. What is it?" said the professor, smiling inwardly; and he could not help thinking what a pity it was that so beautiful a model should be half-witted. "Well, you must know," said Moida in a low voice, "that your pupils, Carl Schelling and Heinrich Bach, are extremely poor. They have only one suit of clothes between them. That is why they never come to their studios on the same day. For God's sake help them!"

This was all Moida spoke; then off she flew with winged feet towards the Isar-Thor.

"Is it possible? Can it be true?" murmured Schwanthaler, as he watched the girl hurrying away. "Moida is very eccentric, yet what she has just told me may be true." Then shaking his head, "Ay," he added, "the mystery is solved. Now I know why Carl and Heinrich are never at work on the same day. Poor, poor fellows!"

But other eyes besides the great sculptor's were following Moida as she sped down the street. From one of the upper windows of the building which she had just quitted Otto von Kessler spied her.

Let us now return to Heinrich and Carl. On the morrow morning imagine their surprise when they discovered a big bag lying outside their bed-room door, and in the bag two suits of brand-new clothes. "Oh! what good angel has done this?" exclaimed Carl, making the sign of the cross with one hand, while he held up the elegant coat and pants with the other. "Well, by St. Ulrich, I'll say my prayers this morning," answered Heinrich, who could not contain his delight. "Ay, the sight of these fine clothes makes me pious." And now, for the first time in many months, Heinrich did say a prayer. We need not add that Carl joined him. Then, when they had risen from their knees, the happy fellows lost not a moment in donning their new garments, after which they set out for the "White Lamb," determined to enjoy an extra glass of beer. "And a dish of sauerkraut and cheese, too," said Heinrich, "for this extraordinary piece of good luck makes me hungry as well as prayerful."

But they had not proceeded far when Heinrich's countenance

fell. He had begun to think of Moida; and now he determined to tell his friend all that he knew about her, and ask his advice in regard to the hated Otto von Kessler, who had so unexpectedly reappeared when he and Moida hoped that he would never come back from Hungary. Accordingly, as they walked along Heinrich frankly told Carl how he had made the girl's acquaintance at the "White Lamb." "And really," he said, "she is a most bewitching girl. I have often wondered that you did not speak about her. And she is the model whom I have chosen for my water-wraith. But, Carl, she will only allow me to copy her head; and every time I see her I tell her that I cannot complete my statue with only her head. But she is very stubborn. However, I do not give up hope. Some day I may conquer her scruples, and then, oh! then, Carl, what a peerless model I shall have." While Heinrich was speaking Carl had stopped short; and now he was staring at his friend with a dazed look, which puzzled Heinrich and made him say: "Carl, Carl, what is the matter?" "Nothing, nothing," answered Carl, letting his eyes fall to the ground and shaking his head. "Go on. Have you anything more to tell about this young woman?" "Well, yes, I have," said Heinrich. And now the latter went on to speak about Otto von Kessler. "What! is he back? Is he persecuting poor Moida again?" exclaimed Carl. "Why, then you know something about the villain?" said Heinrich. "Oh! yes, Heinrich, I do. I know as much as yourself—perhaps even more. Poor, dear Moida! we must save her from him; for I believe he is capable of doing almost anything. Ay, jealousy has well-nigh made Von Kessler a madman."

And now Carl was as frank with Heinrich as Heinrich had been with him; and he told how Moida had allowed him to model her graceful figure, but not her head. Whereupon Heinrich exclaimed: "Carl! Carl! who would have believed it? The dear girl has managed to throw dust in your eyes as well as mine. I thought that I had her all to myself; you thought you had her all to yourself. Oh! who would have imagined that she was such a coquette?"

"Well, I forgive her," said Carl. "So do I," said Heinrich; "and after we have drunk our beer we can have a brief talk with her, and then go tell all we know to the chief of police, who will take Moida under his protection." Carl and Heinrich were not long in reaching the "White Lamb"; and when they entered the beer-hall and cast their eyes around for Moida, then perceived a strange girl waiting on the guests, they immediately began to fear that something had happened. "Moida went away yes-

terday about noontime," said the host in answer to their question; "and I much regret her loss, for she was an excellent servant, even if she was a little prudish and shy in her ways." "Well, come, let us lose not a moment in seeking for her," said Carl. "Yes, yes, we must make haste," returned Heinrich. Whereupon off they went, determined to get track of the missing girl; and woe to Von Kessler had he crossed their path in their present mood!

In less than twenty minutes they discovered that Moida had been seen crossing the Isar-Thor bridge on the afternoon of the previous day. "She appeared flurried and nervous," said the old woman who gave them this information, "and she asked me which was the shortest route to the mountains. She said she wanted to go to Eben, a village just beyond the Achensee, where one of her aunts, it seems, is wedded to a miller. So I bade her cross this bridge, and then keep straight along the highway for seventy-five or eighty miles." "Well, not a quarter of an hour after that girl whom you are speaking of passed over the bridge," put in an old man who was listening, "a student, whom I have often seen at the 'White Lamb,' asked me whether I had seen her going in this direction, and I answered yes. For I know Moida well; she has handed me many a schoppen of beer. And now, young gentlemen, it seems that you also are anxious to find her. Why, how many lovers she has! Ha! ha! ha!"

We need not describe Carl and Heinrich's pursuit of Moida. They contrived, poor as they were, to hire a couple of nags—for in their trousers' pockets the good angel had dropped a few florins—and, thus pretty well mounted, they took the road leading to the Achensee, asking at every quarter of a mile whether Moida had been seen. And Moida had been seen, now trudging afoot, now riding in a peasant's cart. But when they had gone three-quarters of the distance, and spent one night on the road, all traces of the girl disappeared. Carl now proposed that they should journey on to the ancient castle of Rafenstein, which stood, as we know, hard by the Achensee lake.

"It is not far off," said Carl. "One of the roads to Eben runs close by it, and there we may perhaps get tidings of Moida."

To this Heinrich agreed. And so to the half-ruined castle they went, urging along their jaded horses; for black, angry clouds were beginning to darken the sky, and thunder-peals were heard.

The fugitive girl likewise heard the thunder approaching. "But never mind the storm," murmured Moida. "I am now

close to my dear mountains, and I may consider myself out of danger."

But if Moida rejoiced to think that she had successfully eluded Otto von Kessler, a feeling of sadness blended with her joy. "For who knows," she sighed, "whether I may ever meet Carl and Heinrich again?"

But of the two Moida felt that she regretted Heinrich more than Carl, for he was more full of human nature, more like to herself; and now the very thought of him brought tears to her eyes.

The big rain-drops were falling not many rods behind her when Moida got to the border of the Achensee. She might have continued along the highroad, which skirted the south end of the lake; but a peasant, in whose hut she had passed the night, had informed her that by taking a boat she might considerably shorten the distance to Eben.

As good luck would have it, a skiff lay partly drawn up on the beach, while the ferryman stood leaning on his oar beside it, as if he were waiting for a passenger.

"Well, well, I'll venture it," thought Moida. "He has stout arms; the storm-wind is in our favor, and he will soon row me across to the other shore."

The boatman needed only a wave of her hand to shove his boat into the water. "And he is well clad," said Moida inwardly, "for such rough work as this. The huge cowl which covers his head and conceals everything except his eyes will shelter him from every drop of rain."

Moida was right. The fellow was admirably protected against rain, and hail, and sleet; nothing could be seen of his features save two glittering eyes. In less than a minute the boat was darting forward amid the waves; and one billow, higher than any of the others, at once rose up behind and kept close, very close to the stern where Moida sat, as though it was striving to overtake her and swallow her up. But the wind, which was now howling like ten thousand demons, kept the bounding skiff ever a few feet in front of this hungry, chasing billow. Already the Rabenspitze and other high mountains encircling the lake were becoming veiled by murky clouds which, as they rolled swiftly along one after the other, took all manner of fantastic shapes; and presently naught was left for the eye to rest upon save the tiny bark, the raging waters, and the boatman, who was plying his oars with all his might and main. Of a sudden, while Moida was vainly endeavoring to get a glimpse of the farther shore, an

immense fiery serpent darted zigzag athwart the sky, followed in an instant by a tremendous peal of thunder.

The girl, who had seen many a vivid flash of lightning, but never before such a flash as this, now began to tremble, and said to herself: "Oh! why was I so impatient? Why did I not wait until the tempest was over?" And while she was trembling down poured a torrent of gigantic hailstones; and poor Moida bowed her head and groaned and prayed aloud as they fell upon her. "Boatman, boatman!" she cried, "why did you let me venture forth on the lake in such a furious storm? Rash man! did you not know what was coming?" "I knew what was coming," answered a voice which Moida had heard before; and she felt a cold stream through her veins and scarcely dared to lift her eyes as she heard this voice. "Merciful God! Holy Virgin!" cried Moida, appalled by the sight of Otto von Kessler, who had flung back his cowl and was now staring at her with a pitiless look. "Merciful God! Holy Virgin!" again she cried; and this time her wail was answered by a fiendish laugh. "You are not in St. Michael's Church now, you are not on the stairway of the old Academy," spoke Otto von Kessler. "Nobody will interrupt me here. And if Carl Schelling and Heinrich Bach wish to find their 'Liebe,' they must seek for her among the fishes of the Achensee." So saying, Von Kessler grasped Moida by the shoulders—in vain she struggled, in vain; her imploring words fell on ears of stone—then into the foaming lake he tossed her. Having done the deed, the murderer stood a moment balancing himself in the rocking boat, straining his wild eyes to see whether the body would rise to the surface. While he stood thus looking, and clutching in his right hand a big stone which he meant to fling at his victim if she reappeared, another fiery serpent darted across the heavens. Then, without a cry, without a groan, down fell Von Kessler, struck dead by a thunderbolt.

"I have never seen the Achensee agitated by such a tempest as this," spoke Carl to Heinrich, as they stood by one of the tower windows of Rafenstein Castle, watching the angry waves breaking on the beach. What added to the wildness of the scene was the hour: the shadows of nightfall were beginning to steal into the chamber, and gave to an ancient suit of armor hanging against the wall a weird, ghostly appearance.

"And you know they say that the black rock in the lake, which is now hidden by the scud, is haunted," pursued Carl. "It is said that piercing cries are occasionally heard coming from

it." "Ha! one might think you believed that silly story," replied Heinrich. "Well, laugh at me, if you will," went on Carl. "I do firmly believe in ghosts and spirits: I am not a materialist." "Nor I," returned Heinrich; "and yet I have no faith in ghosts, hobgoblins, water-wraiths, or spirits of any kind making themselves seen or heard by mortal eyes and ears."

He had scarcely uttered these words when an old woman, who, along with her husband, had her home in the half-ruined castle, climbed, with all the speed she was capable of, up the tower steps, exclaiming, "Do you hear it? Do you hear it? Listen! listen!"

"What mean you?" inquired Heinrich, smiling at the granny as she crossed herself and murmured, "Holy Virgin! pray for me." "She means the water-wraith; and I hear it, too," said Carl, who likewise made the sign of the cross, and speaking in a tone full of awe. Sure enough, at this moment a shriek was distinctly heard, wafted from the lake, and it was presently followed by another and another; and the shrieks seemed to come from the very rock where the water-wraith was sometimes said to make her appearance.

"I must hasten down to the chapel," said the old woman—an ancient chapel was attached to the castle, where Mass was occasionally offered up. "Holy Virgin! pray for me." Nor did Carl lose a moment in following the frightened, credulous crone, while Heinrich trod close on Carl's heels; down the stairway they went at a breakneck pace—one false step and they would have broken their necks—and as they descended Carl murmured a couple of Ave Marias. Then into the chapel both he and the old woman ran. But not so Heinrich, who parted from them at the threshold, then straightway turned his steps in the direction of the lake. "Good! good! Here is a boat," he exclaimed as soon as he reached the water's edge. Saying which, into the boat he sprang, and never were oars plied more vigorously than these oars. Yet, strong as Heinrich was, he could barely make headway in the teeth of the angry wind. Little by little, however, guided by the loud cries, he drew near to the haunted rock. Only for these cries he might not have reached it, for all around him was naught save pelting hailstones and darkness. At length, when the shrill voice warned him that he was very near the rock, Heinrich lay on his oars and listened. And while he was listening there came a huge wave which dashed his little craft violently against a sharp, projecting ledge, and only that it was very stoutly built it would have been shivered in pieces. As it was, a

big hole was stove in the bottom of the boat, through which the hissing water rushed.

"Quick! Make haste, whoever you are! Jump in!" cried Heinrich, who saw that there was not a moment to lose.

"Gracious God! I am saved. Blessed Virgin, your prayers have been heard!" answered Moida, as she fell into Heinrich's arms. But this was not a time for sentimental talk, for explanations ever so brief. Nimbly the oars were plied again. But while the brave rower pulled with his whole might, in through the ugly gap at his feet the water kept pouring.

But the Blessed Virgin's and St. Joseph's prayers had indeed been heard in Moida's behalf; and just as the boat was about to sink into the lake the welcome shore was reached.

"Dear, gallant, noble Heinrich!" were all the words Moida could utter as the young man pressed her to his heart. Then, as she burst into glad tears, "Darling girl!" answered Heinrich. "Never again shall we be parted—never again. I love you too much."

"Holy Virgin! Dear St. Joseph! Do I deserve such bliss as this?" murmured Moida. Then presently she added: "Where is Carl? What has become of Carl?" "In church, praying," replied Heinrich.

"Well, it is just like him," went on Moida; "yes, just like him. What a good, pious fellow Carl is!"

Let us now be brief with our story. Instead of conducting Moida to Rafenstein, where the old woman would have given her a snug night's lodging, Heinrich led her to a peasant's house in a neighboring hamlet. And here towards midnight he left Moida clad in dry garments and too excited to sleep; for she had plighted Heinrich her troth. Nor was her lover able to obtain any sounder rest than herself: when chanticleer crowed the next morning his eyes were still wide open. But now to come back to Carl. "What strange adventure have you had?" exclaimed the prayerful youth, when, after anxiously waiting hour after hour for his friend to return, he saw Heinrich enter the tower precisely as the clock struck twelve. "Oh! you can't think how I have worried about you," continued Carl. "The tales the crone told me about goblins and demons agitated me ever so much. I began to fear I might never see you again." At these words Heinrich smiled; then, after Carl had embraced him, "Well, you see, dear friend," he said, "that no devil has caught me. Here I am safe and sound, and before another sun is many hours high I will prove to you that I need not envy the happiest man in Bavaria."

"Upon my word, the dear fellow talks very wildly," thought Carl, who had never before seen Heinrich's eyes so bright nor his cheeks with such a brilliant glow in them. "I pray God he is not bewitched." And when, a few minutes later, the clouds passed away and the moonbeams shot in through the iron-barred window overhead, Carl turned towards the couch where Heinrich had flung himself, and said: "Dear friend, what has happened? Are you ill? Why do you keep muttering to yourself and looking up at the moon?"

"The sun will soon be up! The sun will soon be up! God bless the sun! I wish it were already shining," was the only response Heinrich gave to Carl's anxious question. The latter, despite the concern which he felt for his friend, in a little while closed his eyes—for he was very tired—and after a few hours of fitful slumber he was awakened by Heinrich exclaiming: "Rise, dear Carl, rise! The cock is crowing! Rise and come with me to the village church, for to-day is to be my wedding-day, and you must act as my groomsman."

"Your wedding-day! Going to be married!" said the bewildered Carl, rubbing his eyes. "Pray, to whom?" "To a water-wraith," answered Heinrich, bursting into a laugh. Whereupon Carl fetched a deep groan, for now he could no longer doubt that his best, his truest friend had lost his wits.

Then, as soon as they were dressed and had gone down-stairs, Carl made haste to call a couple of peasants who were on their way to the fields, and whispered to them: "I beseech you, help me to keep a vigilant eye on this unfortunate gentleman. Not a worthier being treads the earth when he is in his senses. But now, alas! he has gone mad."

And so, watched by half a dozen eyes, the merry, laughing Heinrich walked, or rather danced, his way to the church, whose bell was already ringing a joyous peal.

What Carl uttered, what Carl felt, what Carl did, when a few minutes later he found himself in Moida's presence, who told him of her perilous adventure on the lake—how Otto von Kessler had tried to drown her, how she had swum to the haunted rock, how Heinrich had rescued her, and, finally, how she had promised to be Heinrich's bride—we leave to the imagination of the reader. But this much let us say: the poor fellow could hardly believe what his eyes saw, what his ears heard; and as Carl gazed on the radiant maiden's face the vision of a thousand might-have-beens passed before him, while from his lips escaped a sigh. But presently he mastered his feelings; then, placing himself between

Moida and Heinrich, and taking each of them by the hand, "Come into the church," he said, "and offer thanks to God for this happy day. You, dear girl, have been saved from a watery grave; while you, Heinrich, need not envy the happiest man in Bavaria."

They were still on their knees praying when the minister of God made his appearance. Then the candles were lit, a couple of rings glittered on a plate close by, and Heinrich thought, and so did Moida, that the Sacrament of Matrimony was the dearest and sweetest of all the seven sacraments.

During the Mass which followed the marriage ceremony a boat half full of water drifted ashore; it struck the beach opposite Rafenstein Castle, and in it was a dead body. Stamped upon the forehead of the corpse was a small black mark, and its garments were singed and rent by the avenging fire of Heaven. But this ghastly object was all that marred the beauty of the landscape. Calm was the lake as a mirror; not a cloud floated in the azure sky; and the simple country folk who greeted Moida when she came out of church declared that this glorious day was made expressly for her.

When Heinrich and his bride returned to Munich the first thing he did was to throw open his studio and reveal to Carl Moida's lovely head; after which Carl showed his friend the headless figure which he had modelled. Whereupon Schwanthaler—who of course was present—exclaimed: "Quick, Heinrich, go fetch your bewitching head and place it upon this faultless body. It is all that is needed to make the statue perfection."

And the great master was right. When head and body were joined together he could scarcely speak for very surprise and delight. But what enchanted him most about the statue was its fanciful drapery, which revealed with so much truth, yet at the same time so very chastely, that which we may call the fairest work of God.

Then, embracing his two favorite pupils, Schwanthaler promised them all the assistance in his power. Art, he said, was not a lucrative profession. But they would succeed, ay, surely they would; for whatever the world might think of his own genius, his mantle had already fallen upon Carl and Heinrich.

The young sculptors had indeed produced a masterpiece, and ere long it was set on the rock in the lake, where the gleaming marble does really appear like a thing of life. Just out of the blue water the wraith has risen. She is kneeling on one knee. One hand is twined in the mazy ringlets of her hair, while

the other she holds up to her ear, as if she were listening intently to some far-off sound—perhaps the song of a shepherd, perhaps the faint thunder from a cloud still hidden behind the mountain.

And on this rock the water-wraith will no doubt be kneeling for many a generation to come; and if there were nothing else worth seeing in the beautiful Tyrol, it alone would well repay a visit to the Achensee.

THE LIFE OF CHRIST.*

I.

THERE are several different classes of works having for their object the life and works of Our Blessed Lord. One class comprises the Harmonies, in which the simple narrative of the Four Evangelists is merely arranged in an order of regular sequence. Then there are the Histories which are in the form of a periphrasis of the sacred text. Thirdly, there are those which aim at a construction of a history based on the gospels, but composed in the language of the author himself and enlarged by the introduction of historical and descriptive accounts of persons, places, and events briefly mentioned or alluded to by the sacred writers, or connected with the subject-matter of their narrative. There is a fourth class composed of commentaries more or less extensive and minute on the text of the gospels. Meditations and contemplations on the various events, acts and doctrines comprised in the life and work of Christ make a fifth class. Finally, there are those works of imagination whose authors draw upon their own faculty of invention in the way of romance or theory. These different kinds of writing may be more or less mixed up with each other in the same book, and in whatever way the life of Christ is taken as a theme, it is one which is inexhaustible and capable of being treated with a variety of method proportionate to its many-sided aspects, and to the diverse conceptions whether true or false which the mind of man is capable of forming from the contemplation of the Ideal which is presented in the gospels.

* *La Vie de N. S. Jésus-Christ.* Par l'Abbé C. Fouard, Professeur à la Faculté de Théologie de Rouen. V. Lecoffre, Paris et Lyon. 1880.

When this theme is treated by an author who writes for the purpose of giving instruction and edification to the great body of the people, according to the truth of the Catholic Faith, his object must be to aid them in some way better to understand and profit by that which is recorded in the inspired pages of the gospels. The most immediate and highest spiritual good is to be derived from meditation on the more hidden and interior mysteries and truths involved in the life of Christ, from his conception to his ascension. The sacred literature of the Catholic Church is abundantly rich in works of this contemplative kind. We take this occasion to mention one in particular among modern collections of Meditations on the Life of Christ adapted for retreats and other exercises of private devotion, viz., that which is contained in F. Ciccolini's Book of Spiritual Exercises according to the method of St. Ignatius. We have never met with anything equal to these meditations for fulness of spiritual instruction and exquisite beauty of form, and we know of several most competent judges who concur in this opinion. They were written in Italian, and we believe, have been translated into Latin and French. We are speaking particularly of the Meditations which are expressly on the Life of Christ, a part of the complete collection of exercises for a retreat of thirty days, containing fifty exercises which are quite sufficient by themselves to make a small volume. A translation into English and publication of these Meditations separately from the entire book, if the work were done as perfectly as the excellence of the original demands, would be, in our opinion, of very great utility and add to our list of good spiritual books another of a kind which is thus far not to be found in so excellent a form.

The presentation of the exterior part of the life of Christ, the consecutive narration of events, the depicting of the historical scenes and actions according to their outward and sensible aspect, is the object of a second method of instruction in aid of the study of the gospels. This is the scope of the work of M. l'Abbé Fouard, and, as he explains his own intention, it is to prepare and aid the devout adorers of Jesus Christ to seek in the gospels themselves their more hidden treasures by meditation. We express, at the outset, our judgment that the learned professor has succeeded admirably and much better than any of his predecessors in fulfilling this task. The translation of his work into English is, therefore, much to be desired. It must be done, however, by a perfectly competent person, who is not only a master of the French and English languages, but acquainted also with sacred

science. For, although the text of the work does not require scholarship in order to be understood, and is suitable reading for any ordinarily educated person, the notes and apparatus are more learned and critical, and the Abbé Fouard's *Life of Christ*, as a whole, is a book for scholars as well as for ordinary readers. With this book as a guide to the study of the gospel narrative, and F. Ciccolini as a guide to meditation on its deeper meaning, one would not need any other books, although this is not to say that one might not derive great profit from several other most excellent works, as for instance those of F. Coleridge, whose exposition is so minute and exhaustive. Indeed, those who have taste, leisure and opportunity for study, when once they have begun to look into this most attractive subject can never satisfy their desire of exploring more and more into all its recesses, and are allured by what they discover to continue their search, like the monk in the legend who followed a beautiful and melodious bird from tree to tree and meadow to meadow for a hundred years, which seemed to him to be only one afternoon.

It is plain at a first glance, that one who studies the life of Christ in the spirit of faith and piety does not want to be amused by myths, legends, romantic inventions or imaginary theories. We want to know the real facts and the truth about the Lord and Saviour of men. The gospels contain the only authentic history of his life. How then can any other Life be written and what is the use of attempting such a task?

The Abbé Fouard explains clearly what his own conception is of the proper nature of such a Life and in what manner he has undertaken to give it shape and body in his work. The history itself must be in its essence a harmonized narrative following and explaining by the aid of critical science the records of the evangelists. These records give the facts in a brief, simple and artless fashion, and they furnish the means of discovering with more or less probability the sequence of these facts in the order of time, where this is not obvious on the surface. The interpretation of the doctrine taught by Our Lord is furnished by Catholic Tradition. What additional and illustrative information is there, which can be derived from extraneous sources, to cast light on the inspired records and to bring out in clearer relief the reasons, motives and plan of action and teaching, implicitly contained in the apparently disconnected series of events and discourses related in the concise memoirs of the four evangelists? It is evident that these memoirs written by the disciples of Jesus, were to themselves and their fellow-disciples of the earliest period of

Christianity, very different from what they are to us. They represented and preserved an adequate picture of the Christ in his person, words and works, of his actual environment, of all the scenes of his earthly life, because the background, the whole canvas, the entire complement of these brief records, existed distinctly in their knowledge, their memory and their imagination. It is this which we are obliged to restore and make our own. It is necessary to paint the picture of the places where Our Saviour lived, to learn from contemporary traditions what thoughts and sentiments occupied the minds of the people of that time and those countries, to inquire from history respecting the men whose figures appear in the narrative of the gospels. A whole vanished world must be reanimated, with its customs and manners, its arts and geography, its polity and religion, its personages and events, its chronology and its languages, so that we can in imagination place ourselves in the position of those who wrote and who heard or read the accounts preserved to us in the gospels, in the beginning of our Christian era. This is rendered possible by the perfection which the sciences of archæology, of ancient languages, of chronology, of historical criticism and other cognate matters have attained. It is aided, also, by the thorough and intelligent explorations of travellers among the places and the remaining memorials or vestiges of these past scenes and events in the drama of humanity. The present time affords, therefore, greater facilities for the task of historical reproduction and the arrangement of known facts of past times in due historical perspective, than any previous age has done since these epochs of antiquity vanished from actual existence. Other reasons conspire also to make the fulfilment of this task useful and opportune.

After the apocryphal gospels and the reveries of extravagant heretics had disfigured the true idea of Christ, the simple presentation of the harmonized narrative of the gospels by such writers as Tatian in the second century, Ammonius in the third and Eusebius in the fourth, sufficed to dissipate this thin and bodiless mist of absurdity. The fathers who followed generally applied themselves to doctrinal and moral expositions of the teachings of the Lord and his apostles. During the mediæval period the great writers, such as St. Thomas, St. Buonaventura and Ludolph the Carthusian, who made expositions of the history of Our Lord, indulged chiefly in the contemplative attraction which they felt so strongly, and rather chanted the praises than investigated the human traits and actions of Christ. Their successors em-

ployed themselves chiefly in the theology of the Incarnation and were solicitous to consider and develop the divinity of the Son of God more than to study into his human manifestation as the Son of Man. After the reformation had entered into its second and rationalistic phase, the sacred books of the Bible became the object of a long and obstinate attack until at length Strauss and others denied that the history of Jesus was anything more than a pure myth, or a mythical transformation of facts which had no supernatural character. The latest outcome of neology and rationalism has taken the shape of ingenious and arbitrary hypotheses based on the theory that the gospels were compilations made from the recitals and traditions current among the Christians of the first century, which have been enlarged by subsequent additions; so that all certitude is taken from the history of the life and acts of Christ and the apostles, leaving a so-called criticism free to create a conjectural history of the author and the beginnings of Christianity.

These multiform attacks on the very foundations of the Christian religion have called forth on the part not alone of Catholics, but of the sounder Protestants also, a defence of vast erudition and masterly ability. It has proved victorious, and the result of such searching investigations and acute reasonings concerning the whole matter of the documentary evidences of the facts, doctrines and organization upon which the structure of Catholic Christianity is founded, has been to give increased solidity and accuracy to that part of theology which treats *de Religione et Ecclesiâ*.

The most popular of all the books which have emanated from the modern school of infidelity have been those of Renan. He has had the art to throw the charm of sentimental romance around his flimsy productions. The glare which they have emitted has been transient. The German rationalists have contemptuously condemned the *Vie de Jésus* as a nullity in the view of science, a superficial and eminently Parisian production, and it has long since lost whatever credit it enjoyed for a moment in France. Its popularity was due rather to the charm and interest of the subject and to a certain seductive and imaginative style possessed by the author, than to anything specious or plausible in his ideas. The popular fancy was caught by the brilliancy and the skilful adjustment of the drapery, without perceiving that the real historical figures and events had been transformed into ludicrous travesties. The illusion has disappeared, and yet something may be learned from it, namely, the advantage of drapery, provided the figures themselves are unaltered. The popu-

larity of Renan's sentimental romance, the interest with which the hypotheses of more learned theorists have been received, are an evidence that the transcendent beauty of the Ideal which the evangelists have sketched in its grand lineaments has lost none of its attractive charm for the intellect, the imagination and the heart of mankind. The Abbé Fouard has therefore judged correctly that the time is propitious for an attempt to draw from the evangelists, as historians whose authority is beyond question, a true delineation of the character, life, teaching and work of Jesus Christ, with the restored landscape and perspective of the age and country in which he appeared, as its environment. Others had already undertaken this task. The most elaborate and remarkable effort of this kind is Dr. Sepp's *Leben Jesu*, a work which has been translated into French and thus been made accessible to a much more numerous class of readers than it could be in its original language, and one which is well worth reading. Full of learning, and in many respects valuable in its matter as well as attractive in its style as this work is, it lacks a certain quality of common sense and an art of historical narrative which are especially requisite in a book of this kind. The author has indulged too much in fanciful speculations which are more poetic than probable, and even in the march of sober narrative and exposition he is too inclined to loiter and stray among pleasant by-paths. Farrar's and Geikie's *Lives of Christ* the present writer has not yet read. Veuillot's *Life* disappointed the expectations we had formed of it. The others in common circulation do not come up to the mark which the Abbé Fouard has set up so clearly and with so much precision, and which we have endeavored in our preceding remarks to describe. Our present author has spared no pains in preparing himself to attain it. He has studied and read most carefully and extensively. In his long list of authors whose works he has consulted, we find not only the principal Catholic writers of standard books both ancient and modern, and the eminent modern scholars of the European continent, but many English and American authors, such as Coleridge, Davidson, Ellicott, Farrar, Geikie, Milman, Robinson, Stanley and Thomson. Moreover, he has carefully explored in person the entire Holy Land, from Dan to Beersheba, from Gaza to Tyre and the Libanus, "following the Master step by step, on the hills which were the witnesses of his birth, in the land of death where he was tempted, on the banks of the lake which he loved."

In respect to the chronological order of the narrative, M. Fouard follows St. Luke and St. Mark in general, and St. John for

the earliest period of the Lord's public ministry, filling in the details from each one of the evangelists who recounts something not found in the others. His translations from the sacred text are made critically from the original with a free use of the best various readings and versions and accompanied by numerous critical annotations at the bottom of the pages. Several short critical dissertations are appended to each of the two volumes, together with a General Index and a tabular Concordance of the Four Gospels in parallel columns, at the end of the second volume. The entire work contains above one thousand octavo pages in large, clear type, nearly one-half of this space being occupied by the notes and other appendices to the text. The text itself, as we have already said, is free from the encumbrance of an erudition which is above the capacity of general readers. The narrative runs on smoothly and consecutively, in a clear and reasonably concise manner, and the style has the grave and austere beauty which becomes the subject and yet gives enough of poetic coloring to the recital and exposition of the history and teaching of the Saviour to satisfy the imagination and give play to pious emotions.

There are two qualities of a more elevated character which we have found in this Life and which are the principal motive for the preference we give it above all others with which we are acquainted. The first is the exposition of the reason and the connection of the movements and acts which are recorded by the evangelists in their narration of the series of journeys which our Saviour made and of the works he performed in the fulfilment of his public ministry. The second is the elucidation of the discourses and parables of Our Lord, showing the particular point which each one has, its appositeness to occasions and persons, the motive for selecting certain topics, and the immediate circumstances which suggested the illustrations of doctrine drawn from sensible objects and incidents of common life. The only way by which our readers can be enabled to understand and appreciate the manner in which the Abbé Fouard has accomplished this most serious and difficult part of his undertaking is to give a synopsis of his work. We may endeavor to furnish those who will not, at least for some time to come, have the opportunity of perusing the work itself, with a synopsis of this kind in some future articles. Meanwhile, we offer one or two specimens translated from the author's text which may give some partial idea of the character and quality of the work as a whole, omitting, however, all the annotations.

THE ANNUNCIATION.

"Six months after Elizabeth had conceived, Gabriel received from God another mission, one not to be fulfilled like the former one by descending into the temple or even into the holy city, but by visiting Nazareth, an obscure village of Galilee. His message was to a young relative of Elizabeth whose name was Mary, betrothed to a descendant of David whose name was Joseph. She was likewise a descendant of the great king, the daughter, as tradition testifies, of Joachim and Anna, and had one sister, who was also called Mary. The parents of these two sisters, having no male offspring, had been obliged to secure the legal transmission of their property in their own family, by affiancing their daughters to two young men who were their near relatives by blood.

"We do not know what circumstances had caused the removal of these descendants of the King of Israel from Bethlehem which was the cradle of their race; but we cannot doubt that in common with the other members of the royal family they had sunk down into a poor and obscure condition, since neither their birth nor the prophecies which promised the throne to a son of David had caused the shadow of Herod's suspicions to fall upon them. Since the time of their betrothal, Joseph and Mary had been living separate from each other at Nazareth in a humble condition bordering on extreme poverty. Joseph was a carpenter, and Mary was also dependent on her own labor for her livelihood.

"It was into the lowly dwelling of Joachim and Anna that the messenger of God came down. There, according to the custom observed by the daughters of Israel, Mary had remained in strict seclusion from the time when she had been promised in marriage. It was not, however, the virginity of a few days only that Mary guarded in this retreat; for a light, not given to other maidens destined to become mothers in Israel, had revealed to her the merit of perpetual continence, and she had resolved to preserve her own virginity for ever inviolate. How could this purpose inspired by heaven be reconciled with her engagement to Joseph? This had been a sore and perplexing trial to Mary ever since she had been affianced, and the trouble in her heart was deepened in that hour when she received the angelic message.

"On the eastern side of Nazareth a fountain flows which is named the Fountain of the Virgin. In its vicinity the Greeks have built their Church of the Annunciation, believing that on this spot the angel saluted the Virgin, who had come thither at even-tide from the village for the purpose of drawing water. This is a mere legend taken from the apocryphal proto-gospel of St. James, and has no probable foundation whatever. There is much more verisimilitude in the idea which Christian art has embodied by representing the apparition of the angel as taking place in a secret apartment of the house, where the Blessed Virgin was kneeling in the attitude of prayer.

"Doubtless she was invoking in pious aspirations the speedy coming of the Messiah when the messenger of heaven stood before her eyes and exclaimed: 'Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee, blessed art thou among women!' While she listened to these words her heart became troubled, and she reflected upon the meaning of this salutation with anxiety. But the

angel continued : ' Fear not, Mary ; thou hast found grace before God. Behold, thou shalt conceive in thy womb, and shalt bring forth a son, to whom thou shalt give the name of Jesus. He shall be great, and he shall be called the Son of the Most High, and the Lord God shall give him the throne of his father David : he shall reign for ever in the house of Jacob, and his kingdom shall never have an end.'

" Mary had meditated upon the prophecies and therefore could not fail to understand what the angel announced to her. This child, the Son of the Most High, an everlasting King and the Saviour of men, was the Messiah, and to her belonged the honor of giving him birth. But the daughter of David had determined to remain a virgin, and, despite the promise of becoming the mother of a divine son, she continued firm in her resolution. Neither the assurance that the message came from God, nor the sight of the angel caused her to waver. During an instant, the most solemn among all that have been or ever shall be, the salvation of the world remained suspended, and at the mercy of Mary. Being mistress over her own will, the Virgin had regard only to her own purity. "How shall that be, she answered, since I know not man?" but nevertheless, being equally submissive to the will of God as she was solicitous to preserve her virginity, she desired to obey the orders of heaven. The angel enlightened her at once. "The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, he said, and the power of the Most High shall overshadow thee : therefore the holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God. And behold thy cousin Elizabeth has herself conceived a son in her old age ; and this is the sixth month with her who was called barren : for with God nothing is impossible." This was to demand of Mary a perfect abandonment to almighty power ; she bowed her head, exclaiming : "Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it done unto me according to thy word." And immediately the angel departed from her."

This may suffice as a specimen of the Abbé Fouard's historical and narrative style, although it is not one of those passages in which occasion is furnished for much more than a paraphrase of the sacred text itself. We will now offer a translation of one of F. Ciccolini's Meditations, as an illustration of the contemplative manner of treating the subjects furnished by the gospels, and a specimen of the particular manner of the distinguished Jesuit whose book we have so highly commended.

CONTEMPLATION ON THE VISIT OF THE SHEPHERDS.

FIRST POINT.

"The greatest of all mysteries had now been accomplished in the darkness and silence of the night of the Nativity. The divine Persons and all the angelic hosts contemplated from the heights of heaven the infant of celestial origin in whose minute form this mystery was embodied, with a delight ineffable and unceasing. And meanwhile the greater number of men buried in gross indulgences, given up to gluttony, dissipation and all kinds of foolish pursuits, complete the work of their own perversion by an utter indifference and contempt for that in which heaven and earth have been so

deeply interested for more than forty centuries. All kinds of men in general were involved in this corruption; but those classes of society which are the least depraved and led astray by the fascinations of pleasure, by pride and by the abundance of earthly goods, were still capable of not resisting a heavenly illumination. And lo! not far from Bethlehem, some poor and simple shepherds were keeping guard over their flocks. These are the ones chosen to receive knowledge of the great mystery hidden from ages and generations. A spirit of the most exalted rank darts suddenly from the throne of God, vested in the most dazzling light of glory, his countenance radiant with joy, and announces to the shepherds that the time of lamentation is over, that expectation has reached its end, that finished is the sighing for the happy birth of the desired of all nations, the King of kings, the Saviour of Israel. *I announce to you good tidings of great joy, for to-day a Saviour has been born to you in the city of David.* But what are the signs by which they can recognize the new-born Saviour? They are no other than these: *You shall find the infant wrapped in swaddling-clothes and lying in a manger.* Be persuaded, then, that the signs by which to recognize Jesus, and the means for finding him are only humility—poverty—and mortification. Reflect also on the simplicity of heart with which the shepherds believed in the words of the angel, on the new joy which sprang up in their bosoms because they were not agitated by tumultuous passions, on the conversation which they held with one another, on their speedy preparations for starting on their road, and applying all this to yourself, reproach and blame your want of eagerness and zeal in searching for Jesus, and your small degree of earnestness in his service.

SECOND POINT.

“ They went with haste, and found Mary and Joseph, and the Infant lying in the manger. See how the shepherds call their companions from the neighboring hills, divide into groups, gather together some small gifts, hurry one another, and full of desire and beside themselves with excitement hasten over the road, that they may verify with the sight of their own eyes the glad tidings from heaven. Already the ones who have outstripped the rest have set foot within the grotto, and have beheld lying upon the coarse straw that divine babe whom the angel had announced, and wholly transported with joy they are impatient of the delay of their comrades to whom they make eager and jubilant signals from the cave’s entrance, that they should hasten to share in the wonderful spectacle. O dear Jesus! Thou wouldst have gladly seen all men worshipping at thy feet in that hour, but thou didst receive only these few rude men, who had nevertheless preserved some lineaments of the beautiful image of God impressed on their souls by thyself in their creation! And oh! how affecting this spectacle! Those simple hearts seeing the little babe all radiant with light, beholding the young virgin-mother and her holy and venerable protector prostrate before him, hearing the angelic hymns whose melody resounded in the air, all fell simultaneously upon their faces on the ground, and offered up to him their poor little presents. And when they saw now Mary and then Joseph imprinting affectionate kisses upon him, they asked permission from both the one and the other

to imitate their example. Then each one questioned Joseph or Mary about the way of their coming into that place, and where they were from, and about every circumstance of the birth of the desired Saviour; and were never satisfied with asking information of the most precise and minute particulars. Consider how they keep their eyes intently fixed upon the infant Jesus, and how their bosoms are inflamed with holy love at the view of a God who has so belittled himself for the sake of men. But the sighs, the tears and the shiverings of the little infant soon interrupt this blessed ecstasy, and being seized with a lively compassion they quickly set to work to collect boughs and interlace them so as to repair the doorway and the apertures of the cavern and partially shelter from the cold wind the child who by right should have been born in David's palace. And what, now, are you doing? Why do you not also prostrate yourself with the shepherds before that manger, to adore a God hidden and annihilated for your sake? Why do you not ask permission from Mary to touch that bed of straw and to kiss those sacred feet? If the thought of the sins you have committed restrains you from so much familiarity, remember that *Christ Jesus came into this world to save sinners*. Draw near, then, and join yourself to this group, to gaze upon, to bless, to praise Jesus, and to offer him some gift that will please him. Such a gift can only be your own heart. But it is thine, O happy mother! to present my poor heart to Jesus; ask him to accept it and to dispose of it as he pleases, for I give it to him irrevocably, with all its powers, all its movements, with all its life, for time and for eternity.

THIRD POINT.

"These good people would have wished to remain always in that happy grotto, which was for them like the very source of light, like a furnace of love, a treasury of infinite blessings, a paradise of delights. But they had to go away. Already the song of birds and the bleating of lambs announced the approach of dawn. They therefore took their departure and all were in haste to carry the news of the wonders they had seen. Still there are a few of them who do not seem able to make up their minds to quit this blessed spot. O how painful it is to part from Jesus! O might we ever remain here with him! These lingerers renew their kisses and their adorations, and promise to return soon again with new gifts. Finally, all have left. Go with them as they walk along the road and listen to their talk as they call to mind the stories they have heard from their progenitors, the genealogy of the royal family, all the prophetic signs and predictions, and whatever they have learned from the readings and sermons of the synagogue; all of which concur to confirm what they have heard from the angel and witnessed in the sacred grotto regarding the birth of the Saviour. Besides the joy, the exultation, the consolation which these things awaken in their hearts, they feel hope and confidence that great things are coming, they are filled with sentiments of praise and thanksgiving to the Most High, and they have a holy pride in the honor conferred on themselves, to be the first called to the knowledge of the Nativity of the Messiah. Some talk about the infant, others of his mother, one speaks of their poverty, another of their beauty, this one tries to whistle or sing some bars of the

angelic music, the other repeats over the words spoken by the angel. And you yourself? Of what do you love to speak? What is the nature of your conversations? Are they not generally idle and worldly? Are you not one of those foolish persons, *who are wholly of the world and therefore speak according to the maxims of the world?*"

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN THE DIOCESES OF PITTSBURGH AND ALLEGHENY, FROM ITS ESTABLISHMENT TO THE PRESENT TIME. By the Rev. A. A. Lambing, author of *The Orphan's Friend*, *Mixed Marriages*, *The Sunday-School Teacher's Manual*, etc. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benziger Brothers. 1880.

Excepting Maryland, no one of the Atlantic States shows so early a trace of Catholic movement and enterprise as Pennsylvania. Though Father Lambing's work professedly deals with the Catholic history of the western dioceses, it throws light on much of the history of the eastern dioceses as well.

In 1755 Catholics—mostly Germans—were so numerous in Berks County that five justices of the peace, in a great state of alarm, notified the governor of the danger to be looked for in these papists, who, they declared, were "bound by their principles to be the worst of neighbors." The poor justices were of opinion that they and their fellow-Protestants were "subject to a massacre whenever the papists [are] would be ready," but with heartless indifference the Provincial Council endorsed their communication with the remark, "We apprehend there is very little foundation for that representation." Thirty years before (in 1725) nearly six thousand Irish had landed in Philadelphia, and Father Lambing thinks that some of these were Catholics. Possibly; but that was the epoch of the large emigration of Irish Presbyterians, who were forced to leave their country through the tyrannical English legislation they had themselves so much contributed to strengthen. In the absence of evidence to the fact it would scarcely be safe to assume that there was a large Catholic element among the Irish immigrants to Pennsylvania then.

In a supplementary chapter Father Lambing examines what he deems to be errors as to the early history of the church in Pennsylvania. These are regarding "the old priest" mentioned by William Penn in 1686; the first priest to say Mass in Philadelphia; the first church in Philadelphia; and Miss Elizabeth McGawley's chapel near Nicetown. The "old priest" he concludes to have been no priest at all, but a Swedish Lutheran minister. With regard to the second of these errors, he quotes from Westcott's *History of Philadelphia* some results of investigations which Father Pamfilo da Magliano—a few years ago provincial of the Franciscans in this State—had made in the archives of his order in England. These results, which Mr. John Gilmary Shea had communicated to Westcott, seem to establish that the first Mass was said in Philadelphia by a Franciscan friar before 1720, either by Father Polycarp Wicksted or Father James Haddock,

both of whom were Englishmen. In discussing the first church or chapel Father Lambing cites the well-known letter which Penn, then in England, wrote in 1708 to Logan: "Here is a complaint against your government, that you suffer publick Mass in a scandalous manner. Pray send the matter of fact, for ill use is made of it against us here." There was little peace for the poor Catholics in those times! But this "publick Mass" must have been in a private house, and was probably celebrated by one of the friars mentioned above, as, according to Father Lambing's own showing, St. Joseph's Jesuit Church was the first, and that was opened by Father Greateon, who came from Maryland in 1730 or 1732. Complaint was made against it by some zealous bigots to the Provincial Council, but the church was not molested. May not an explanation of this indulgence be that the lieutenant-governor then was Patrick Gordon, from the name evidently a Highlander, and therefore, if a Protestant at all, less imbued with Puritan animosity against the Catholics than most of the Protestants of that period?

A fact pertinent to the educational question of to-day is the attitude of Catholics of German origin with regard to the schools. Father Lambing says (p. 154): "If there be one trait more conspicuous than another in the character of our German co-religionists, it is their ardent devotion to the cause of religious education. With them it is second in importance only to the profession of their faith itself; and the German congregation must be very small and poor, as we shall have ample evidence in these pages, that will not be found able and willing to support a parochial school." This, it is true, may be explained partly by the Germans having been accustomed in their native country to an excellent system of denominational schools, and partly by their desire of bringing up their children in a knowledge of the German language. But, whatever the reason for their superior steadfastness to a religious education, it is a fact that throughout the country the public schools have, in proportion, fewer children of German Catholic parents than of any others. Yet the Germans are not the only ones who cling to their native language. At the Church of Our Lady of Consolation in Pittsburgh, dedicated in 1868, sermons, says Father Lambing, have been preached in Irish oftener than in English, and, indeed, many members of the congregation can speak no language but Irish, while many of the children belonging to this congregation, though born in Pittsburgh, are as fluent in Irish as are their parents—a fact which no doubt is cheering to the friends of "the Gaelic revival."

Father Lambing's book will be very interesting to Pennsylvania Catholics on account of the great fund of local reminiscence it contains; but what will give its greatest practical value to the general Catholic reader is the wholesome hints to be had from the detailed history of the various parishes and missions, which is frankly and fully told, whether narrating success or failure.

POEMS OF MANY YEARS AND MANY PLACES. By William Gibson, Commodore United States Navy, author of *A Vision of Fairyland, and other Poems*. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1881.

These poems are as varied in merit as they are in subject and style of versification. There are passages in many of them that men much better

known to fame as poets than the author might be proud to claim—lines of deep meaning, of haunting melody, and a happiness of poetic expression that can only come from true inspiration. On the other hand, not a few of the poems are ordinary enough, both in thought and construction; not that any of them are badly done, but of a kind that many might execute without claiming or being entitled to the name of poet. Commodore Gibson claims no such title for himself. He modestly sends out his modest volume without a word of preface. As a rule people do not look for poets, any more than for philosophers or theologians, among sailors. To come across one, a man of fine culture, warm imagination, and rare delicacy of expression, is all the more delightful for its rarity. Commodore Gibson is certainly all this. He has evidently moved about the world armed with the alert strength of a man whose life is passed in battling with the elements, yet softened and chastened by the tender fancy of a girl whose young eyes and warm heart are open to every changing beauty in the inexhaustible face of nature. Here is how he sings of nature in the opening poem, "Persephone":

"Lean low, and list:
 A murmurous motion in the growing grain,
 An audible flow in the ascending sap
 That thrills the tender shoot as with delight;
 The beating of minutest arteries
 In time and tune with the great sun and moon;
 Yea, at all points of all this visible frame
 Put thou a finger on my pulse. I live!
 For I am Nature. And my child is Beauty,
 The thing divinest in divinity,
 Save Love—and Love is but the holiest Beauty."

"The Doves of Saint Mark" is a very pretty poem. There is a doubtful attempt at glorification of Victor Emmanuel in it that jars on the ear, and one or two passages of a similar tendency occur in other places. The union of Italy was desired by no man more earnestly than by Pius IX. The union that he desired and that all honest men desire remains yet to be accomplished in Italy. It was certainly not accomplished by Victor Emmanuel. "Holy Week in Rome" reads like a beautiful prayer of a humbled heart. Here is a verse from "The Bells of Florence," that, if we mistake not, appeared in *THE CATHOLIC WORLD*, as some of the best of the collection did originally:

"O bells! O bells! the worlds are buoyed,
 Like beacon-bells, on waves profound,
 In all no silence as no void—
 The very flowers are cups of sound.
 We dream—and, dreaming, we rejoice—
 That we, when great Death draws us nigh,
 Hearing, may understand the Voice
 Which rocks a bluebell or the sky,
 And, with new senses finely strung
 In grander Eden's blossoming,
 May see a golden planet swung,
 Yet hear the silver lilies ring!"

The volume throughout, though consisting of a collection of fugitive pieces, will be found of exceptional excellence and well worthy of careful perusal.

THE QUR'AN. Translated by E. H. Palmer. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press. 1880.

New translations of the "Sacred Books of the East" are now being issued under the editorship of F. Max Müller, and this translation of the Koran of Mohammed is Mr. Palmer's contribution to the series. In the introduction Mr. Palmer gives us his views of the great Arabian prophet, and although these views are not new, they are yet a little singular.

He is of opinion that Mohammed was perfectly sincere in the beginning of his prophetic career, and was the honest victim of hallucinations that were but the natural outcome of his own nervous disorders. This may be a scientific way of explaining the peculiar mental characteristics of the pseudo-prophet, but we doubt if it be altogether satisfactory. It certainly is not easy to conceive of a shrewd, practical Arabian trader in the fortieth year of his age becoming the unconscious victim of his own absurd conceits. It is much more probable, we think, and his subsequent conduct is a sufficient proof of it, that Mohammed was a designing, ambitious man, who dealt in duplicity from the very beginning.

It may indeed be true that he was sincere in his desire to elevate the religious ideas of his compatriots, but it is manifest that he sought his own elevation too, and practised on the religious feelings of the people as the most certain means to obtain power and authority. How could he have sincerely believed in the divine character of his revelations when he was so ready on occasion to compromise the one fundamental doctrine of his faith? Policy, expediency, were his guides throughout, not his supposed revelations. If Mohammed were sincere, then we have no hesitation in admitting the sincerity of the modern prophet of the religion of lust and licentiousness. For Joseph Smith and Mohammed have employed the same means to secure the same ends. Distance and great success have thrown a glamour of greatness around the character of the founder of Islâm which separates him, in our minds, from the vulgar, commonplace character of the Mormon prophet; and this is about the difference between the impostor of Mecca and the low vagabond who so closely imitated him in our own time and country.

Mr. Palmer is of opinion, moreover, that Mohammed could neither read nor write, and consequently could not have studied the Bible. If this be so, then he must have lived in daily intercourse with those who were familiar with both the Old and New Testaments, and he must have had a prodigious memory besides, for the imitation is such as to warrant Lacordaire's speaking of the Koran as "that plagiarism on the Bible by a student of rhetoric at Mecca." It is, of course, well known that there were communities of both Jews and Christians in and around Mecca towards the latter half of the sixth century, and Mohammed must have gathered from them his not inconsiderable knowledge of Scripture and tradition. This, together with his Oriental imagination and the poetic language and exaggerated meta-

phor of Arabia, gave him all the materials he needed to work up his book of pseudo-revelations. This, too, is Mr. Palmer's summing up on the Koran. "Regarding it," he says, "from a perfectly impartial and unbiassed standpoint, we find that it expresses the thoughts and ideas of a Bedâwî Arab in Bedâwî language and metaphor."

The Koran has always been considered the most perfect piece of composition in the Arabic language; but we fail to discover its great literary excellence in its English dress, and few persons, we think, will have the patience to wade through its one hundred and fourteen chapters of disconnected rhapsody.

The translation now before us is no doubt a faithful one and the best that has yet appeared. We are rather surprised, however, to find such an accomplished writer as Mr. Palmer make use of slang phrases, and it will be difficult for him to justify the example of this kind that we meet with on page 5, chap. ii. vol. i. He has, moreover, materially altered the spelling of proper names and places, and he persists in writing the word Koran itself Qur'ân; this may be the result of more accurate scholarship, but it is very confusing. Sale and other translators had agreed on a uniform system of orthography for these Arabic names, and it would have been just as well, we think, to retain the form already established. The day will yet come, we trust, when the book and the religion of Mohammed will be nothing more than a literary curiosity in the world. Moslemism is now divided into seventy-two sects, and there are signs of disintegration on every side.

CRITICAL DIALOGUE BETWEEN ABOO AND CABOO ON A NEW BOOK; or, A Grandissime Ascension. Edited by E. Junius. Mingo City: Great Publishing House of Sam Slick Allspice, 12 Veracity Street. 1880.

This little squib from New Orleans is a Creole's protest against *Old Creole Days* and *The Grandissimes*, in which Mr. Cable sought to portray under certain aspects the Creoles and the Creole manners and customs of Louisiana in the early part of the century. But the author of *Aboo and Caboo* charges that Mr. Cable has "written for the prejudiced and inimical North, against the olden customs, habits, manners, and idiosyncrasies of the Southern Creole population," and in the supposed dialogue between the resuscitated spirits of two old Creoles he indignantly lashes with ridicule what he deems to be the malicious misrepresentations contained in Mr. Cable's books.

We confess, however, this indignation and this ridicule seem to us undeserved. We fail to perceive in Mr. Cable's portraits any appearance of ill-nature or of a desire to do injustice. That there was something picturesque about the remnants of the early Spanish and French settlements of the lower Mississippi was long known, but Mr. Cable has been the first—in English, at least—to give them a careful study. That he has been *artistically* successful is, we think, generally acknowledged. But Mr. Cable, though, as we believe, a native of Louisiana, is not a Creole, and he apparently wrote from the point of view of one who believes the English-American—or, to use a cant phrase, the Anglo-Saxon—element to be the normal American element. Hence, in spite of what looks like a real sympathy with the scenes and characters he describes, he has been unable to avoid a

somewhat patronizing and superior air, which is undoubtedly Anglo-Saxon, and which seems to have given offence where, as is likely, no offence was intended.

After the dialogue are a "chorus of frogs" and a "solo by a Zombi frog." This last, in "Zombi," "Gumbo," or Louisiana negro-French, satirizes Mr. Cable's supposed method of studying the *Voudou* superstition. We give the first stanza as a specimen :

Savan Missié Kabri,
Ki konin tou gri-gri,
Prosh koté For-Pagnol,
Li té kouri lékol
Avek vié kokodri,
Ki té in Gran Zombi ;
Kan soleil té koushé,
Dan ti kouin biyin kashé,
Li té sorti bayou
Pour apprande li Voudou.

CHINESE IMMIGRATION, IN ITS SOCIAL AND ECONOMICAL ASPECTS. By George F. Seward, late United States Minister to China. 8vo, pp. xv.-420. New York : Charles Scribner's Sons. 1881.

Mr. Seward's aim in this work is to counteract the anti-Chinese movement in California and the neighboring States. His earlier chapters are largely made up of extracts from the testimony taken before the Congressional committee on Chinese immigration. With a few unimportant exceptions, however, the testimony has been quoted of contractors only, or others whose main concern it is to obtain labor at the very lowest possible rates. Yet from this testimony it fairly does appear that Chinese labor has at times been all that some Californians could procure at any terms. As one example of a great many given. The manufacture of jute grain-bags was begun a few years ago in San Francisco. Previous to that time these bags had to be imported from Scotland. The proprietor of the factory testifies : "When we ordered the machinery we ordered a whole cargo of white people to come with it from Scotland ; but they left us," because "when we engaged them they thought they had a good thing, and when they arrived it seemed they could do better." As no others could then be got, Chinese had to be employed. But, according to the testimony cited by Mr. Seward, the Scotch are not the only people who are less reliable than the Chinese. American citizens generally, native-born and naturalized, "Anglo-Saxons," Irish, Germans, Swedes, and French, seem to have a horror of work as soon as they come under the seductive influence of "the glorious climate of California." A "Rev. Mr. Brier" was asked if he had ever seen a native-born American maid-of-all-work. He answered : "I never knew but one in California," and "she was rather living there as a home, but received wages."

Mr. Seward does not like the discrimination that is made against the Chinese. He inquires : "Do we ask the clod-hopper from Ireland, the operator from England, the peasant from France, or Italy, or Germany, into our drawing-rooms, and invite them to marry our daughters? . . . Do we treat the Chinamen in such manner?" But then these "clod-hoppers," whether from Connaught or Kent, or any other part of old Christendom,

will marry somebody's daughters, and will be the fathers of native-born Americans, some of whom will have "drawing-rooms," and many of whom will have "daughters," as well as sons who will be true, muscular Christians. How about the Chinese?

According to the weight of the evidence as cited by Mr. Seward, there is not a good foundation for the general belief that the Chinese immigrants are imported as Coolies by the Six Companies. Mr. Seward remarks that—

"the Chinese who have already reached our shores have come because of a demand exceptional in its nature, and which is passing away, and their labor is not of a kind which will enable them, speaking generally, to compete permanently in the labor market of the country."

He does not believe in any very great increase in the Chinese immigration, and he points to the fact that the three hundred millions who constitute the Chinese Empire have made no really aggressive movement against any of their Asiatic neighbors. He says:

"In all ages dominating races have used inferior races to advance their purposes. But the spontaneous outward movement of a less vigorous people for the purpose of winning bread in lands not only controlled but occupied by a more vigorous race has not been witnessed in any quarter of the globe where political and industrial conditions have been normal."

From the appendix we learn that, according to the census of 1880, the total number of Chinese in the United States is 105,448, California having 75,025, and the city of San Francisco alone 21,745.

REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONER OF EDUCATION FOR THE YEAR 1878. Washington: Government Printing-Office. 1880.

This report, which might be made very useful and instructive, is nevertheless thoroughly unsatisfactory from its lack of order in the arrangement and clearness in the division of matter. A great many pages, too, are given to obituary articles of private persons, presumably friends of the commissioner or friends of the commissioner's friends. The pretext for introducing these articles is that the persons they refer to had been "friends of education." Who is not a friend of education? What would be said if the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States should devote a great deal of the space in his yearly reports to laudatory notices of men who had died during the year previous, and had been known as "friends of commerce"?

DE RELIGIONE ET ECCLESIA. Prælectiones Scholastico-Dogmaticæ quas habebat Camillus Mazzella, S.J., in Gregoriana Universitate, etc. Editio Altera. Romæ: Ex Typ. S. C. de Prop. Fid. 1880. (For sale in New York by Benziger.)

This is called the Second Edition of Father Mazzella's new work, now published, so far as we know, for the first time. We suppose from this, that the First Edition was printed at Woodstock as a part of the Course of Theology of that college, for the use of the scholastics but not published. It is a large royal octavo volume of nine hundred pages, and of course far more thorough and complete than the treatises contained in ordinary classical text-books. The same skill in stating questions and making the arrangement of the parts of general theses, the same logical accuracy of ar-

gument, and the same profound erudition, together with an uncommonly clear and precise diction which have characterized the learned professor's former works and given him so great a celebrity as a theologian, are found in this Treatise on a most important subject. It suffices merely to announce its publication to secure for it the attention and circulation it deserves among the clergy.

MEMOIRS OF A NEW YORK DOLL. Written by herself. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1880.

The very little folks will here find the sayings, doings, thoughts, and observations of an upper-class doll who was bought in the first place for "twelve dollars," and then saw the very pleasantest side of life, surrounded by all sorts of comforts, and luxuries even, and by people who were mostly very rich and very good—a combination very gratifying to find.

ENGLISH TYRANNY AND IRISH SUFFERING. Dedicated to the Irish Land League of Memphis. By Avery Meriwether. Memphis, Tenn.: R. M. Mansford, publisher, 298 Main Street. 1881.

This pamphlet is a cool-headed American's concise statement of the Irish situation, and within its few pages contains all the facts necessary to enable one to form an honest judgment.

THE SCHOLASTIC ANNUAL FOR THE YEAR OF OUR LORD 1881. By J. A. Lyons, University of Notre Dame, Notre Dame, Indiana.

This is the sixth year of the *Scholastic Annual*, and it is very creditable to Professor Lyons, whose taste and discrimination are apparent in the well-arranged and selected contents.

ST. MARY MAGDALEN. By the R. Père H. D. Lacordaire, of the Order of St. Dominic, and Member of the French Academy. London: Burns & Oates. 1880.

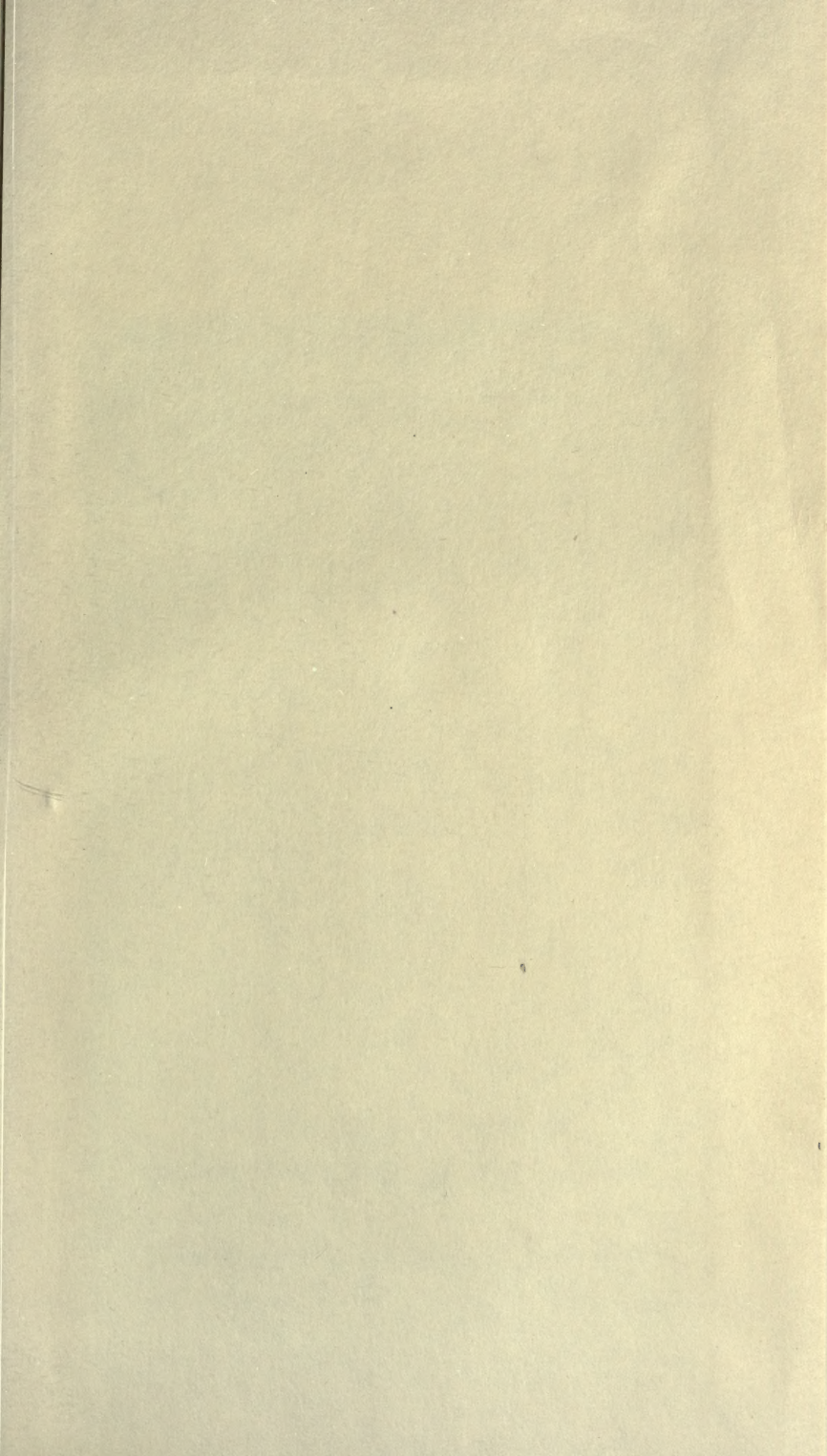
SADLIERS' CATHOLIC DIRECTORY, ALMANAC, AND ORDO for 1881. With a full report of the various Dioceses in the United States, British America, England, Ireland, and Scotland. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co. 1881.

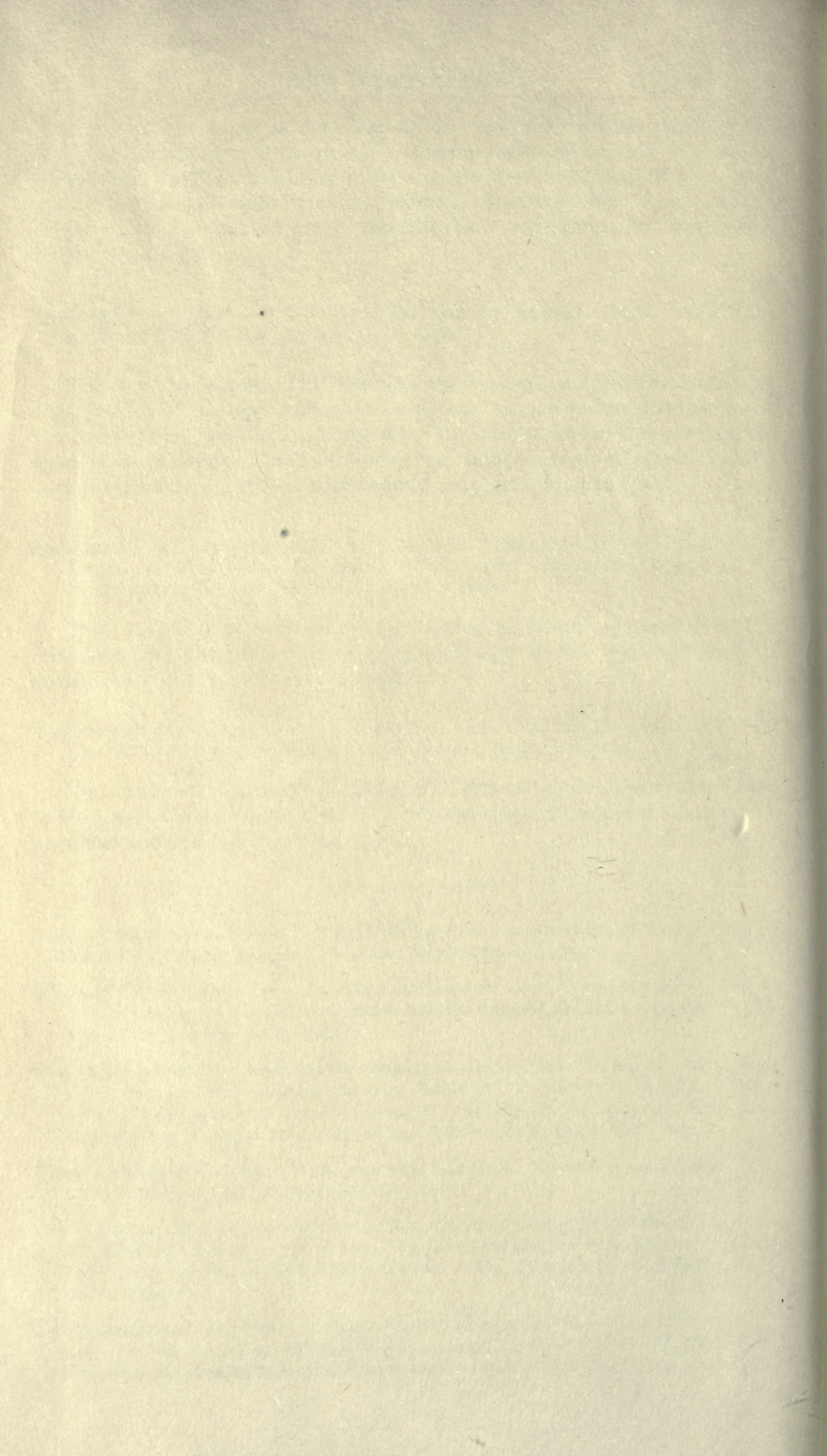
MEMOIR OF GABRIEL BERANGER and his Labors in the cause of Irish Art and Antiquities, from 1760 to 1780. By Sir William Wilde, M.D., author of *Beauties of the Boyne and Blackwater, Lough Corrib, its Shores and Island, Catalogue of the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy*, etc. With seventeen illustrations. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1880.

THE DOMINICAN HYMN-BOOK. With Vespers and Compline. London: Burns & Oates. 1881. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

THE PAROCHIAL HYMN-BOOK. New and revised edition, containing prayers and devotions for all the faithful; including Vespers, Compline, and all the liturgical Hymns for the year, both in Latin and English. London: Burns & Oates. 1881. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

THE PRIEST OF THE EUCHARIST; or, A Sketch of the Life of the Very Rev. Peter J. Eymard, founder of the Society of the Most Holy Sacrament. London: Burns & Oates. 1881. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)





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